The Mighty Maus (HaM side story)

December 17, 2014 by Gingyflame

A little story about a third Maus super-heavy tank and her lover. Quite violent at the end but what do you expect from a huge war machine?

The Mighty Maus

April 21st 1944, Frank Licten was standing before the largest prototype tank he'd ever seen. He had volunteered to oversee the SenTech project's attention to the new Porsche designed super-heavy Panzerkampfwagon VIII, affectionately called the Maus. Frank looked all up the hull side; the armored plating seemed to be seamless and connected to the frontal glacis plate. This puzzled Frank; *How are they getting to the bogies? There's no way to remove the track covers to reach the return rollers!* He thought of the many problems with this feature but also of the ways this is better, then he looked at the turret. It sported a fifty-five ton turret with a 12.8cm main gun and a 7.5cm coaxial secondary armament giving it a funny looking mantle and silhouette but even still it was a force not to be reckoned with. He was going to incite the tank to reveal itself when the tank finally decided to talk to him.

"Hello sir. Fine afternoon isn't it?" She seemed a little confused as to how she should spark a conversation. He was a new person and out of her field of view.

"Yes, yes it is. Well you're a big girl aren't you?" He choked, instantly regretting his comment. Not only did he not want to upset this monster but he also needed to be on good grounds with her. This was also a shock to him as he expected a male tank to work with and was unprepared to be with a female.

"The biggest!" She replies as she pops her front up in a gesture of power. Frank was relieved at this; she had a good sense of humor. "So if you don't mind stepping a little more to my front that'd be nice. My eyes can't see that far behind me, bud." Frank complies and moves to her front and notices how thin she is for a tank her size. "So new guy what's your name?"

"I'm Frank." He answers. "You got a name yet?"

"I'm Minnie Maus, like that American cartoon Minnie." Frank liked this comedy surrounding Minnie. "What's your job here new guy Frank."

"I'm here for you, to sound cheesy, but in detail my job is to keep you comfortable and welcome as well as answer almost all questions you have about yourself and your existence. To what I know already, of course, but some future tests will be performed."

"Yay trials!" She lifts her front again in a manner of making it obvious she was only joking. "So what stuff I want to know you'll tell me? And things I need to be comfortable you'll do as well?"

"To the best of my extent for both. What do you want to know first?" She pondered about it. She wanted to l[illegible] a lot.

“What makes me alive and Dumbo over there not alive?” She asks in accordance to the Maus hull 205/1 running trials.

“Well, we don’t fully understand yet but a special Earth molecular compound of metal traits is what gives you life. We can’t stick it onto any old machine and boom life, we need to melt it down with the metal and blend it into the perfect ratio between the alloys to create a constant electrical flow throughout your body which gives you life along with a sense. You have the sense of touch everywhere because that’s the basic sense the alloy has is pressure, a more concentrated amount in, let’s say, areas of your eyes produce the ability to precept light and colors with the combination of other materials. The more sensitive areas like on your hands and your… ‘temple’ …is because of another ratio of the alloys and your… ‘temple’ …is a lot heavier of the alloy because of its function and required abilities along with your tongue and other areas. That silver fluid you find if you salivate or-um-‘play’ with yourself is a form of the alloy that cools your key areas and for other various reasons.” With that he indicated he was done and Minnie looked confused.

“Why do you call my vagina my ‘temple’?”

“Because my sister called hers that and now that’s just what I call it to put it lightly.”

“Well while we’re on that topic…” Frank was pleading in his mind for her not to ask it. “Where do babies come from?”

“God…Damnit.” He began. “Well, there are the two types of tanks-boy and girl-and when they want a baby the boy’s special tool humans call a penis gets hard and long, and he’s supposed to put it into the girl tank’s vagina, and get past into your super sensitive grip you can move called a cervix, in the best way. After a few motions that rub the two together for a while the boy and girl may experience a tremendous rush of pleasure, maybe not at the same time but for a baby the boy will and that means he’s releasing sperm seeds. When he does that they travel into the cervix and then on to the girl’s eggs. Only one egg at a time will make a baby and it takes a lot of the seed to make one. If they want certain traits for the baby they can do this while she is pregnant to do this.” Minnie was grinning.

“I already knew about sex, Frank, just wanted to know if you would explain it.” Frank looked annoyed. “But I’m still curious as to why I have two.” She moved a long thick elephant like nose-trunk to about her face and looked at it. Frank felt a little uncomfortable, she was real outgoing. Frank looked around and noticed no one was around, *what’s she doing?!*

“Uhhh- that’s really only for fun as I know, I heard that with a lot of effort and willpower you can make it able to receive sperm and impregnate but the birth would be at the larger main one… Could you put it away now?”

“Why? Are you gay? Heterophobia in your mind? I thought you were entitled to make me comfortable.”

“I am entitled to do that and no, I’m not afraid of it, just, you have it out where all can see it! It’s uncomfortable to me.”

“I’m comfortable with this.” She thought up another test, rather pleasant one for her at that. “Although I’m both curious and could be even more comfortable…”

“Oh *fuck* you!” Frank protested. Instantly hitting on her test and not enjoying it as much as she would.

“That’s exactly what you’re doing here.” She moved her trunk to the side of his face and soothingly pleaded with him. “Haven’t you ever wondered what it feels like? Now’s your chance, Frank! Don’t leave me like this, Frank, how could you leave a girl that’s open out like this? I won’t bite and I don’t mind if you do…”

“Fine! But this is secret and only a hand-job.” He grabbed it with his right hand and brought it to about the center of his chest before he wrapped his left fingers around the top and looked down at it. He was surprised at how soft it appeared to be, looking like a ball of gunmetal gray dough with a seam running [illegible]igh the middle for about ten or eleven centimeters before it came to an end at the top in a [illegible]nometer fashion end while the other end just stopped abruptly. *It’s not too bad looking,* he thought to

himself as his left thumb began rubbing up and down the slit. *Wow this is metal?! This is too soft to be metal! Metal my ass, I don't know what this is, everything about metal but it's too damn soft… so soft…* He grimaced at the realization he was hardening.

Minnie at first wasn't turned on at all; she was again just testing him and hoped for a good time knowing he wouldn't put it anywhere of significance for him. She was quite thrilled at him doing this however, and soon she wanted him to do even more to her. Frank couldn't stop thinking about shoving it into his pants and fucking it properly, he soon noticed that a silvery bulb had formed at the top end and was oozing slowly from the pursed lips that seemed to be seething with large amounts of heat along with the whole apparatus warming up in his hands and this made him want her pussy in his pants on his dick now. Minnie looked to him and noticed he was hard staring her 'temple' and had grown in his 'temple' region and she started growing fond of his steeple. He started making intentions toward stuffing himself into her when she ordered him to do something about it.

"Frank! Merge your steeple with my temple already!"

"Yes Ma'am!" With that she yanked her 'temple' out of his hands and went to the bottom of his pant leg as he sent his right hand into his pant leg spreading the opening to receive her trunk vagina. As she rushed it up his leg she grabbed him and pulled him closer to her hull where he leaned his back against her left track cover and grabbed the temple, guiding it to his steeple. Once he felt it on his end he pushed it through her doors and was met by a very satisfying feeling. Minnie felt a little lofty for him at first, but she soon grew tired of how he wasn't quite as large as she wanted him to be so she decreased her size on him and felt him much better. She started reciprocating her temple on him and let her ass end sink until it rested on the suspension covers on either sides of the tracks Frank pushed his back into her more, the alien feeling down under making his legs stiffen up, and she was either pressing his body to her hull or just feeling his pecks and abs quite roughly. Frank wasn't accustomed to her relentlessness at all and his cuming was fast appearing.

"Minnie I'm close!" He choked out.

"NO! You don't finish yet!" She refused him exiting and had one of her small tendrils enter from the top and pinch his base hard so he wouldn't spill. When it did come it had nowhere to go and this ensuing pain made Frank slam his head against her armor in erythematic sync with her thrusts onto him. When she finished it wasn't a major gush of her cum, instead it formed a puddle in the indent area of her blunt end soaking Franks testicles and parts of his inner legs with hot luscious liquid. They sat there while Frank was seething pain induced noises from his clenched teeth when Minnie pulled off letting him cum at last where he shot it into her little jizz pool and sighed loud and long, slowly sinking to the pavement.

"You do your job well, Frank."

"Thank you, Minnie." *I'd say we're on pretty good grounds already.*

"You'll fuck the other one later…"

The day went on like normally for Minnie while Frank's was filled with introductions, tours, and enduring the same trials as Minnie did. By that he simply accompanied her on her tests and exams. The Maus was a tank never before attempted and the biggest in the world to their knowledge. Minnie weighed around 188 long tons with armor thicker than the average man was and carried a 12.8cm, or in naval terms a 5" gun. The tests performed throughout the week strengthened the belief that they'd be swarmed by infantry, as the four machine pistol ports and lone roof mounted MG could not protect her in a rubber bullet simulator. She would have been detracked, then set on fire, then breeched in less than six minutes of sustained infantry assault if this was a real situation. She wasn't satisfied by this. Eventually Frank learned from some mechanics that Minnie, not hulls 205/1 or 205/2, her direct copy, were pretty much *hated* by Ferdinand Porsche.

"Why would he hate his living child instead of his dead ones?"

' see Frank, Porsche loves the living machines, but he hates the military ones. Like his first Tiger and the
. .inand tank destroyer."

“Why? Aren’t they the same as the cars?”

“Yes they are, but he hates them because they never had a choice to be what they are supposed to be, ruthless killing machines. Well it’s not so much *hate* the machines, more like *pity* them while he hates those who make living weapons of war meant to be expendable and heartless. A car or truck can be militarized into transports and scouts, but a tank or battleship can’t be made civilian use. They have no life outside of war. That’s why.”

Months pass while Frank slowly comes closer to Minnie in both terms of friends and lusting want for her sex. So far they’ve only fucked that one time in their first meeting, and Frank never did satisfy her primary temple. Then news of the Russians gaining ground forces Adolf Hitler himself to visit the Maus in very secretive orders. It was no secret that Hitler loved his machines, especially the living ones, but Frank had what he found as jealousy toward him and anger that he was alone speaking to Minnie secretively. Once the doors opened and the Führer departed, Frank rushed to Minnie, sad and despaired for the first time in Frank’s knowing of her.

“What happened? What did he do? Did he touch you?” He rapidly asked her.

“No you jealous perv, he wasn’t in the best mood either. He didn’t like doing this.”

“What?” Frank sulked, the other two were ordered to be destroyed. *Oh God not her too! Please God no not her!*

“I’ve been ordered to head into a special hideout bunker fit for me and one person to live in. He said to stay low for a long enough time for things to die down and the world to accept me whole fully. Or,” She began to break down in tears, “-Or when I can’t take it anymore.” Frank walked to her left track and leaned his back up against the armored cover. “I can either take one person with me or no one.” Frank knew why she wasn’t saying ‘you’re coming with me’, there was another guy that had gotten close to her, more outgoing and authoritative than Frank and she was contemplating him or Frank.

Frank sat with her for a time, then went to his quarters, closed the door, locked it, and cried himself. He knew he wasn’t getting picked. He wasn’t as big as the other guy, attractive as the other guy, with Minnie as much as the other guy, or even experienced as the other guy in anything except knowledge of how she was alive and maybe having sex with her. He shook himself enough to pack his essentials and ready to evacuate the facility. He looked at his P38 pistol, and dreary thoughts came to mind. *I’m going to die by the Russians caught or fighting, Minnie’s not picking me, I have some of the worst luck in dating, might as well save someone else the energy.* He picked up the pistol admiring the craftsmanship in the grip, chambered a round, switched safety off and stuck it to his head. “Goodbye world, don’t miss me.”

Bang!

Dipshit how could you do this to Minnie! You’re her friend and you’re just going to hurt her like this in a time like this? She’ll never forgive you. His sister’s voice was echoing in his head, she committed suicide when the war started and this hurt the whole family with unspeakable pain. *You know how you felt when I killed myself, right? Well for her it’ll be a thousand times worse than what you felt like. Why don’t you at least stay until she disappears with that Hurkle fella, then she’ll never know what you did. Painless to her.* Frank put the safety back on and unloaded the gun. He continued packing his things, then cried himself to sleep with the painful memories of his sister.

His eyes were red in the morning when he awoke. He looked at the calendar and noticed his birthday would be the next day on December 17th. *Some way to end life, killing yourself on your very birthday.* He dressed and went to Minnie’s hanger without breakfast. *Save it for the survivors.* He looks to a sad grin Minnie and sighed.

“Well Frank, you’re coming with me.” Frank looked puzzled; he knew for sure she wouldn’t pick him.

’ ıt about Hurkle?”

“I asked him very late last night. He declined me without a second thought.” Frank was asking why when Minnie sighed: “He’s got a girlfriend already back home. So unless you’ve come to crush my heart then you’re going with me.” There was much hope in her voice. Frank couldn’t believe it; Hurkle was too attractive to be single after all! Frank instantly agreed and that’s when Minnie told him all she knew from the briefing. They would be leaving in a day and would arrive by train. The bunker is mainly fit for Minnie stockpiled with excess metals, ammunition, and moderate amount of fuel reserves, parts, manuals for maintenance and that ordeal of operations. Some entertainment had been installed such as a radio, music box, some books, board games, paints of various colors, along with utilities such as light bulbs, cleaning equipment, building materials, etc. For human presence there was a lot less in stock as far as water, food, clothing, and other basic necessities but Minnie said she had a method of dealing with the human needs problem. Frank also knew what this was and knows that this is the worst pain a person probably could endure, and he wasn’t looking forward to that.

Later that day when their preparations to move Minnie to the town near the bunker are complete Minnie asks Frank to sleep with her for the night. Frank collects his things, stows his P38 that almost killed him, and merrily walked out the door when he noticed a letter on his duffel from Hurkle:

Dear Frank;

I hope you know by now you’re being sent to the bunker with Minnie. Good luck man. She asked me last night but I said no instantly, saying I had a girlfriend, I don’t, really. I just couldn’t comprehend being cooped up in a tiny bunker with her for almost a lifetime, probably, and it’s nothing against her but I couldn’t say that to her face. I couldn’t for two reasons; 1. She’s too fragile for that bluntness. 2. She’d kill me. You can show this to her later WHEN YOUR IN THE BUNKER. Well really to be honest I don’t think I could please her in sex, she’s awesome and I’d love to fuck her all night just that she’d get nothing from me, I feel like. Good luck to the both of you, may you remain sane, and may you somehow please her all night, brother!

-Johan Hurkle

Frank smiled at this. His little knowledge and experience he has over Hurkle proved to be his salvation. He couldn’t feel anything but pity for him, still. It seemed he loved her too but felt he couldn’t love her in the dirty fashion well enough. Then Frank saw some reversed letters bleeding through the paper, turning it over he read: *P.S. Grow some balls man. Stand your ground you’re very meek around Minnie and officers. Assert yourself. Then insert yourself if you catch my drift.* He couldn’t help but laugh at that. He carried on to Minnie’s hanger bringing a pillow and a blanket disregarding his cot; he had a plan. As he walked in he announced his cot was too big to travel on the train and before he could say anything else Minnie responds:

“You weren’t bringing it anyway you’re sleeping up here.” She patted the engine compartment roof just under her gun and gun mantle. Frank happily obliged and somehow hauled himself up with no problems as he usually did before without anything in his arms. He sets up with his head toward her turret and back on the engine fans. She was still running the engine softly only generating a decent amount of heat. Frank would have no problems staying warm tonight. She pulls him up under her turret upslope where her mouth was with a *“get up here”* to draw him into a kiss goodnight. Frank lifts his chin and mouth up to meet her halfway and is greeted with lips just like her ‘temple doors’ he was in the mood for, only this time he tasted her metallic and diesel flavored mouth and tongue reason why is because it sits right over the engine block. The kiss was warm and inviting, and prompted his steeple to erect itself suddenly. Minnie caught sight of this and sorely denied.

“Sorry sweets but not tonight.” Frank frowned and laid back down looking like a scorned puppy. Minnie sighed with remorse and let him watch as she slid a hand from one of the engine intakes to under the blanket then into his night pants where she wrestled with the steeple. “Fine! But this is a secret and only a hand-job.”

The two laughed at the pun as she went about doing so. With the pleasure around the steeple, the warmth, and the engine vibrations, Frank fell asleep before he came. Minnie soon followed. The two woke at about 05:00 and began loading onto the train. Minnie had a special car developed just for the Maus line, and it [illegible]entirely necessary to build. At around 06:30 they departed for a 150km trip to a small village in just [illegible]ut nowhere. Frank sat inside Minnie the whole way, talking to her about how long they actually found

love in each other. Minnie explains to him that she never went after him when she seemed to be the type to do that because she wanted him to make the first move, ever since she tested him did she want him. He said about the same except he needed to get off almost every day because of her. *That's nasty. Shut up I was lonely*. That sort of stuff.

Once they arrived they unpacked, dismounted, and embarked on a muddy trail to the awaiting bunker. Hitler prized his living machines and didn't want the Russians getting any sort of information out of them, knowing that they'd be tortured. If anything he'd hope the Americans to find them first, knowing the Americans aren't as prideful as the Russians, and would be much fairer. That's why the bunker was so well hidden, it was absolutely massive, but not as big as one would think on the inside, much size came from the yards of concrete used to protect this crown jewel of a tank. The two huge cast steel/iron doors loomed up to the sky, very thick and quite short, they are intended to be covered with dirt, then opened from inside carrying and pushing the dirt away letting the inhabitants inside out, which only had about a meter's gap between the open doors as Minnie moved towards the inside.

"They said that there's paints in here right?" Minnie asks as she looks around the concrete gray and steel colored main room.

"Yes they should be in that room there."

"Because this color is not going to work."

"Well looks like we have our first time passer already."

"Other than sex."

"Well if I have too many orgasms I could die, Minnie, you don't have that problem. Oh shit I shouldn't have said anything." He drops his box of stuff and looks over to Minnie, a cocky smug grin on her lower turret portion.

"I can fix that and you know it." *FUCK NO PLEASE MINNIE I'M NOT READY!* "I'll make it easier on you; while you're sleeping tonight I'll do it, alright?" Frank trembles as he nods. They explore around. Minnie has access to only three of the eight rooms. She can enter the main room, go straight back to her room and shut a door or turn right and enter the fuel and ammunition storage room. The other rooms she can't enter are the kitchen to the left of entering, it's an open wall but a lower overhang, from there the right is on the way to Frank's room and joining that is a bathroom connected to his room and the main room. On the kitchen's left is the giant food storage pantry with many other utensils as well. The last room she can't enter is the tool and materials shop in the back of the fuel and ammunition storage room where the excessive things are kept. The walls have shelves filled with games, books, the radio set, the music box, and those sorts of things. On his explorations Frank found a large box of condoms in his nightstand drawer. He smirked and softly chuckled at this, he had to find the person who did this and give them a pat on the back. That was great. It took almost four hours to get everything settled and once it was finished, Frank met with all who helped him that day and gave a heart-wrenching speech about how much it means to him.

"One last thing! Whoever put that large box of condoms in the drawer- well done they'll be useful." The group breaks in laughing, knowing there was about twenty-nine more for them to find.

Frank and Minnie watch as the last light of day they'll see in almost a lifetime slowly be shrunk as the doors close. The doors close and lock with heavy pins moving into place. The two remain at their positions, savoring that light for what felt like an eternity. As Frank looks around, Minnie starts slowly smiling and singing that old tune…

"♫*Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you…*♫" Frank starts laughing, he forgot what day it was but she didn't. "♫*Happy birthday dear Frank, happy birthday to you!*♫" Frank couldn't stop laughing, Minnie had an excellent voice, truly superb, but she never liked to sing. Frank loved whenever she was off-guard and would sing unconsciously, he fell in love with all of her, even her dislikes turn habits was adorable. He stops ' hing and catches his breath.

“So birthday boy, what do you want first?” She asks seductively as she leans away from him and pulls her trunk-vagina out to show him the subject. He stares at that then tries to look under her hull at the area of her primary hull-vagina to no avail. His eyes continuously dart between the two options.

“Make up your mind already we’ve got a long night ahead of us!”

“But it’s barely past four.” He pauses then remembers the condoms were in the fourth drawer. “Hold on I’ve made up my mind!” He shouts as he darts for the box.

“No you’re not jerking off you prick! Get over here and FUCK me!” She shouts after him then notices he’s carrying a very large box. “What’s in the box?”

“This!” He dumps the open box onto the floor creating a large pile of condoms followed by the packaging box slowly sliding out of the container.

“Only three hundred sixty-five? That won’t be enough!” She exclaims sarcastically reading the box label.

“Maybe so, but I don’t need it for every time, remember?” He looks at her with a naughty grin.

“So that’s what we’re doing? You’re going in all the way. Good choice.” She says as she starts removing his clothing then stops with a thought. “Let’s do this in my room.” She carries Frank and a handful of condoms to her room right behind her. Once they get into the room they shut the massive door with ease then finish stripping. Frank walks around to her ass and crawls under; Minnie following him with both a lusting gaze and a bunch of her non-hand manipulators then encircles him. She then opens them up, and inserts them into a screaming, pleading Frank.

“I’m sorry, sweets, but my first gift is a sort of… immortality. You aren’t immortal, but you’re a lot harder to kill. I’ll fuck you till the dusk of time to make it up, baby.” She begins to pump him full of her fluids, it completely reconstructs his innards and converts his entire body with the worst pain in the world- the body feels like it’s being crushed, ripped apart, set ablaze, slowly churned to nothing, then plastered to everything. He was finished converting in around five minutes, at this time Minnie drags him across the soft covers and mattress probably placed in her room only for when they had sex, opened up one of her ‘breast feeding’ ports under the forward towing eyes and shoved the nozzle into his mouth and had him drink some of her fuel and oil to feed his brand new energy system. Frank found the taste he was appalled by yesterday to be very tasteful and satisfying today. Once she found him full she removed his nozzle feed and admired his unchanged exterior as he did as well. There were a few changes, however, his veins and blood vessels weren’t blue or red, they were shades of silver, and his saliva was also a silver fluid as well. Then as he looked around more he saw the head of his erected cock was also silver along with the underside and more sensitive than before, Minnie said under his tongue and at the very edges of his eyes was silver too, really the only parts of his body that once was flesh colored pink-red and wasn’t silver was the majority of his mouth, his lips, and nose.

“I feel… more… energetic to start with.” Frank says in awe of what has happened.

“Good, we’ll fuck for a *very* long time then.” She responds dragging him back to her better temple for his new steeple to be merged with. This time he can see a lot better than when he initially climbed under, and marvels at the beauty that is Minnie’s vagina. It was much more elegant than her secondary, and a bit smaller, with a large profound bulb to the front, elegant parted and extending lips, and dripping wet. Perfect. He slid over to align, then as he pushed gently through her first greeting he encountered firmer resistance: the cervix. The cervix didn’t want to give no matter how much Minnie pleaded for him to stop dicking around and break through already he couldn’t. So Minnie had enough and reached for his steeple, grabbed it, and shoved it through her cervix with a mighty roar and moan sounding from her and her engine cranking as strong as it can. At first when he punctured it’s clutches she raised up off of it a bit, then slowly settled down on him again, all the while he could feel every crevice, bump, ‘muscle’ strain, and the fluid sloshing around his elongated sweet shaft. Minnie took some more deep breaths after settling down then announced she was ready.

ght… I’m ready, baby… happy birthday…” She said. He was about to let his wildest, naughtiest dreams

come to light and become reality when he remembered something.

“SHIT! The condom!” He darts out, fumbles for a condom that Minnie had already picked up and was trying to put onto his dick. Once she gets it on, without even tightening its strap, she falls onto his waiting steeple and moans and roars her engine again. Frank is hypnotized by the sudden rush he got out of that then regains himself after Minnie pinches his dick and rises back to her usual suspension height. Frank lets his naughtiest dreams unfold in the real world. Minnie is caught off-guard and jumps onto the top of her suspension’s height but there’s no escaping Frank’s pent-up lust. Her eyes go wide, her mouth gapes and drools, her engine starts steaming and smoking it’s so worked, and her suspension begins to quiver, her 12.8cm and 75mm begin to coil back, her breath becomes very long and drawn out for much air to cool her engine. She keeps this up until she cums, that’s where she made a little hop and landed right back down on him, back to his unending loving. As she soaks his legs she scrambles to ask him:

“HOW HAVEN’T YOU CUM YET?!! OOOHHH FUCK!” Frank is literally going at her like a machine.

“I-DON’T-KNOW-I-THINK-I’VE-CUM-A-FEW-TIMES-NOW-I’M-JUST-EN-JOY-ING-THE-FUCK! He is completely focused on keeping his steeple in her temple, thrusting in and out, and the feelings he’s getting from her ever changing grip from gentle to firm to tight to strangle-hold back to gentle.

“STOP STOP! I CAN’T KEEP THIS UP!” She trips him then slams down on her armored body with the tracks sinking into the wells of the armored covers on both sides of either tracks.

“God. I thought you said I wouldn’t last long.”

“NO! You-said-that-you-would-die!” She grasps for breath to cool her extremely hot engine.

“Right… well if you’re all machine why’d you stop? Hmm?”

“My engines about-” she pauses to reach for even more air, “-to fucking EXPLODE!”

“Sucks for you!” He shouts to her as he reinserts his steeple into her temple and lays there moaning with his head propped on his hands in a laid-back fashion. “This’ll be great.”

“Frank… I think I’m going to sleep, alright? Wake me if you tear the condom inside me so I can override it, alright baby?” She asks sounding completely exhausted leaving herself to sit on her body with Frank’s throbbing dick buried inside her wonderful vagina.

“Sure thing, I’ll just be relaxing here. One more thing, please, if you can please get your secondary down here too please?” He asks her, she gives to him via another hatch above his head, placing it under his right arm onto his chest then asks him why. “Because you’re going to have a wonderful time asleep, that’s why.” She soon falls asleep, Frank takes in the heat radiating from her vaginas, and the gentle throbbing of her primary around his sensitive cock, and the slow drizzles of cum she has slowly sliding from her primary. *You know, this might not actually be all too bad. I’ve got a beautiful woman who will fuck for seemingly forever, we’ve got loads upon loads of books, quite a bunch of games, I could paint her after we paint the walls, life’ll be good for quite a while.* He reaches for her secondary, pulls it to his mouth, and starts licking and drinking her glorious silver nectar he’s come to love and enjoy in his mouth.

December, 2014, 70 years after Minnie and Frank were locked into the bunker.

“Happy birthday Frank!” Minnie says as Frank wakes up. He’s lying on her engine compartment and leans up to give her a long French kiss good morning.

“Damn already? How old am I this year?” He barely changed in the seventy years past since they adapted him. He was thirty-one at the time he was changed but only looked thirty-five.

“You’re one hundred and six years old, grandpa.” Minnie had been painted around four times in the seventy [illegible], and the bunker interior painted around twelve times. Minnie was a mix of red-brown, yellow, and [illegible]n spots and marks while the bunker was a homely and comforting light brown that complemented the

tile-steel floor well.

“Well you’re still seventy so you’re a grandma for this grandpa.” They smile and kiss again. Frank gets up and hops off her pulling away his bedspread and pillow, then moves to make a small meal of food. “What do you want this morning, babe?” Minnie had grown a liking to much human food along with fuel as her source of energy, though small may those food portions be.

“Canned ham, please.” Frank nods and fetches the can and returns to the counter. “With a side of beef cake Frank.” Frank smiles and Minnie looks at him innocently.

“What’s on the news of the outside world, hun?” Frank asks, Minnie rolls to the nearby radio and switches the old thing on to the radio channel’s frequency.

IN BREAKING NEWS TODAY A NEW TERRORIST GROUP HAS A SMALL LOCAL TOWN THEY CLAIM IS HARBORING A NAZI BUNKER WITH A LIVING TANKTHEY MUST PUT AN END TO. THE GROUP HAS BEEN NOTED TO GO AFTER ANY AND ALL SO CALLED LIVING VEHICLES BUT USUALLY END UP IN PROPERTY DAMAGE AND INNOCENT CIVILIANS KILLED. MANY BELIEVE THEY ARE OUT TO START ANOTHER WORLD WAR WHERE THEY CAN GAIN POWER AND DESTROY THE WEAKENED COUNTRIES THAT OPPOSE THEM. THE POLICE AND MILITARY HAVEN’T DONE ANYTHING ABOUT IT DUE TOO THE CIVILIAN HOSTAGES AND THE LARGE NUMBERS OF EX-SOVIET COLD WAR TANKS THE GROUP HAS BROUGHT. IF THERE IS A TANK THERE, THEY ARE READY FOR IT.

“What the fuck?” Frank says. “How the hell would they know that? This is a secret bunker and as far as I know the records are destroyed. But still we can’t let them do anything to the civilians, that’d be-”

“Shut up Frank. Something’s on *my* radio?” She seems confused, the bunker is extremely thick. “I’ve never gotten a radio transmission before except when they were…”

“Oh shit. They’re here!”

“Right…on…top…of us…” She said dark and shocked.

“Well we aren’t going to sit here! This is German land and they aren’t going to bring harm to ANYONE on German soil when we can do something about it!” He sounded very angry, just like the breakup of Germany in ’45 he was pissed. “Gear up Minnie; we’re going out into the world again. Why are you so excited in a time like this? They’re threatening our people!”

“Because now I get to shoot some poor bastards! Finally a use for all my fuck-ton of training!” She hollers as she rolls into the ammunition and fuel room. Frank follows her in after grabbing his old field uniform from his service time. They load up the external fuel tank and fill the internals completely. He hands her shell after shell of 12.8cm rounds then a box of 75mm rounds for the secondary gun, she handles them and places them in her turret’s ammunition racks and unhooks the roof mounted 7.62 MG 42 off the wall and smiles as she hands it to Frank.

“Hell yeah, Minnie.” The two reenter the main chamber, Frank climbs up to mount the MG and load it while Minnie loads and APCR shell into the 128 and a HE shell into the 75, revs her engine to test it, purring like a lion, and finally Frank walks to the switch board and grabs the old lever that opens the doors. “Ready, sweetie?”

“I’ve been waiting seventy years to kill something. Do it.” He pulls hard on the lever as it screams and creaks and groans. Then he races for her hands offering a boost up as the heavy set doors crunch and push away at the years of dirt piled up outside. For the first time in seventy years, daylight breaks into their eyes. “Let’s fuck these bastards up!”

They lurch forward as fast as Minnie will go, she climbs out of the bunker and into a landscape not like the one they left behind, being all white and tranquil except for the ass-fucks drilling into the hillside about a [illegible]red meters to the left. Minnie turns her turret and turns her body towards them at the same time to get [illegible]e T-62’s side as soon as possible. The T-62 wasn’t expecting a fucking barn to emerge out of the side

of the hill and the commander stood like a scared cat gawking at the size of the mighty Maus and the gunner desperately cranking the turret to them… to no avail. Minnie shoots right into the side under the turret just as the surrounding men open fire with small arms automatic rifles. The 12.8cm rips through the side and sets off the ammunition storage, sending the turret upwards into the sky in a plume of fire and smoke and coming down near the hull of the T-62. Frank blasts the standing men with bursts of the world's second fastest machine gun in the world, first being the mini-gun, and the four men standing soon fall to the Earth tasting what so many men had in the years the 42 reigned supreme.

"THAT WAS FUCKING AWESOME!" Minnie screams happily.

"Fucking hell yes, Minnie, let's do it again!" Not a moment too soon as another T-62 comes out of the town's shadow and fires at Minnie's front. *PLUUNGGGGG!* The shot bounces off the thickest armor in the world with no hope of even hurting this mad beast.

"Ah that tickled you fuck!" She yaws back, shooting another shot into the spot just beneath the turret. This time no ammo is hit but the engine in the back is shredded and bursts into flames while the terrorist crew are burned and shredded to death by the metal fragments the shot brought with it from the armor meant to protect them. "Aww Frank, they think they're people." Minnie and Frank race to the town to encounter the other T-62's they find with their radio communications. They come up on the ass of one and shoot right into the engine block, sending the moving tank into a lurch forward and the turret blasted off into a third floor apartment room. More men run into the streets to be met with a hailstorm of bullets that rip them limb from limb. One man in the back looks to be holding a weird looking Panzer Faust aims at the face of Minnie, he sends it off and runs for safety while the RPG smacks Minnie right in the mantle, spewing hot molten metal everywhere.

"FUCK THAT BURNS!" She wails the only real pain she had was due to something that barely chipped the surface. She fires an HE into the street, sending shrapnel and debris in all directions, they heard no screams. "I don't think we got him." They press forward into a T intersection where a shot just barely glances off the rear plate traveling across; just a foot inward and the ammo on Minnie could have been hit. "You PERVERT! How dare you TOUCH my ASS?!" She bellows and turns to face the courageous tank trying to put this beast down. She lines up square on it and gets shot in the middle of the lower glacis plate, the weakest part of the front, and it does nothing. *PWWUUUNNNGGG!* She lets out a happy sigh: "I love that sound," she fires into the ground. "FUCK!" The T-62 begins to move backwards as it fires another round, this time at Frank who's crouching in the commander's hatch manning the personnel defense weapon. "FUCKING HIT HIM MINNIE!" She fires at spot opposite the commander's cupola and silences the tank as it gets caught in a wreckage of a car, tracks hopelessly spinning with no ground to grip. "Let's crush 'em!" She moves toward the stranded tank with a very disturbing grin. She slowly climbs on top of the tank, using all 188 tons she has to flatten a tank. As the tank crunches beneath her she makes another remark: "I think I like that sound just as much." Suddenly a rocket screams past the fuel tank from the other side of the street. "FUCKING HIT HIM FRANK!" He brings the gun around and lights up the entire set of windows the rocket's smoke trail came from, followed by a man with flesh falling off him tumbling out the window.

"FRANK!" Minnie screams as a war-crying man jumps from a window onto Frank's backside dropping his stupid Panzer Faust on the roof. Frank throws him off his back but is met with a pistol to the face. Minnie screams as the man pulls the trigger three times. Frank sits there questioning what the fuck just happened as the bullets met his head and bounced off leaving silver indents like on Minnie's body. A malicious smile comes across his face; he climbs out of the hatch and stands above the quivering attacker. He fires more of the mag into Frank, in the head, chest, legs… no-no square. The man trembles as Frank moves forward, then smiles wickedly as he puts the gun to his own head and pulls the trigger… *Click! Click! Click!* The man's face twists into that no one's face should turn into; Frank picks him up and asks Minnie: "How do you think he'll sound?" She responds with: "Let's find out, shall we honey?" Frank tosses him off the back right in line of Minnie's right track and she begins to roll backward onto the screaming, pleading man. "I don't think I like that sound." She says a little horrified that his guts were seeping through the track links and she could feel them on her wheels. "I'll give you a foot rub later." He says, climbing back to his position with authority. At the end of the road was another T-62, only this time the building at the end was a diner with an open window pane wall, behind that was all the citizens rounded up inside, above them was a massive number of rists in the windows with stupid looking Panzer Fausts and machine guns aiming at Minnie and Frank. .." A man with a bull horn made an offer: "Lay down your arms turn your backs to us, and they will not

be hurt. We're here for you and you only. You have ten seconds to start moving or the tank plows through the diner."

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" Minnie asks gesturing to the rocket launcher on her roof in Frank's reach.

"Let's do it!" Frank reaches for the launcher; Minnie fires and HE shell into the top of the second floor obliterating it, just as the T-62 starts bolting toward the diner Frank aims and fires the rocket, smacking it in the engine's side and thus killing the tank's mobility. Frank tears the bull-horn man to pieces with the 42 then aims at the T-62, whose crew was exiting the tank with their hands up in surrender. Just then a tank with the new German flag rolls up from behind and passes them where they can read *Blitzkrieg* off the side while military trucks and medical vehicles roll in behind. Frank unloads the 42 as Minnie spits the 128 shell out the back of her gun.

"Boy, some birthday. Now we've got to deal with this." He says as a young man approaches them.

Fin The Mighty Maus

Here's a 'little' song that goes with the end battle and pretty mush sums up the Maus. It's Disturbed's Indestructible; a heavy metal song to warn yall for I love metal music. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aWxBrl0g1kE

Gingyflame, HaM, Maus, side story, superheavy tank, World War II
13 Comments

Hansel and Marion Chapter 20

December 2, 2014 by Gingyflame

Well I'm back to HaM! This installment is pretty long because for some reason I can't make short entries anymore. By the way it's almost ALL SEX, and dirty sex for that matter… Well Ratbat it isn't sexy ship love but dirty tank fuck! Hope yall enjoy anyway. 😉

Chapter 20

E looked over to her left and saw the small group of the male machines stationed there so far; Fritz and Mini-Rommel, along with the usual group of guys that hung out with them; Whacker, Inbred, Banker and one of Fritz's crewmen. E was interested in them and asked Irish who they were.

"Who are those *guys*?"

"Oh those guy men are people you don't want to associate with, but the tanks are Alter Fritz and Mini-Rommel." Irish told her in his usual cheery mood; Edwards had bolstered him back to his usual self.

"How did their names come up?" She chuckled at the somewhat inappropriate names, Alter meaning old and the Panther named after one of the most feared generals to walk the Earth. Edwards piped in:

"Alter Fritz came up because he reminded me a hell of a lot of my great uncle, he served in The First Great War and would talk softly, smooth, and wisely about things. Much like he does; or did at least. Mini-Rommel came about because of his sly and cunning character. Little shit." While he explains this, Fritz moves over and kisses Jäger to perk her up while Kramia, sporting her new armored skirt panels, runs over to Mini and lovingly rams his side, pushing him in the soft mud. E sinks her suspension a bit and sighs.

"Ah don't worry E, I'll be here for you. I'll find a nice guy for you sometime." Edwards looks to Irish and points to him. Irish shakes his head no yet at the same time shrugs in a 'maybe' fashion. "Where's that new Tiger guy? What's his name?" Irish asks.

"I don't know either one. He's got a thing for his radio op I thought… She's pretty hot I'll give him that, but I

heard the loader boasting about being a stealth unit. Stealth my ass! You operate a damn house for stealth." Edwards chats.

"Well they're good at disappearing I'll give 'em that." Irish concludes.

Hansel was taking great strides towards Marion's tank house. He knew how he was getting laid this night, even after disappearing for the whole day. He knew they'd roll out soon, and wanted her to look spick and span when they did, and knew how she told him before she loved a good cleaning, so that's what he'll do. He passed by the tool shed grabbing a bucket, hose, soap, rags, sponge, handled brush, etc. and almost galloped to Marion he was so excited. *A little too excited.* He thought to himself. He tried to cover it as much as possible, even his boner, as he walks through the man door.

"Oh thank God it's you, Hansel, you had me worried sick! Where the hell you run off to!?" She exclaimed, raising her forward hull up in excitement. She herself was a little… horny. She noticed the bucket of cleaning supplies and bounced a little more. She adored getting washed, the warm water, the cleansing soap, the massaging brush, rags, sponge, hands, she loved it all. Not to mention she loved the way she looked afterwards.

She helped Hansel unbolt the armored skirts for the lower hull and place them down for a hosing, then closing her eyes smiled and swayed side to side giddy with anticipation as Hansel stared at her new figure. He especially liked the shape of the hull more without her skirts, she was most definitely sexier. He finished hosing off the skirts then moved on to her body, he first started by hosing her off top to bottom all the way around, then he grabbed the soap and mixed a chunk of it into the bucket with hot water. As he did this Marion moved up an shut her door outside, then slithered back into her spot, overjoyed that Hansel could finally see what pleasure a bath gives her. He grabbed the sponge, soaked it, removed some mud off the track links to climb up to her turret roof, where he got to his hands and knees and scrubbed all the dirt they track onto her roof away. He noticed since she revealed herself she's been a lot different from her days of hiding; she was generally warmer to the touch, and other than the dirt, smoother and softer seeming to Hansel. *Maybe because I actually beat in her softest parts, that may work.* He focused mainly on the optics, i.e. the commander's cupola and loader's view periscope, and then he lowered himself to the hull roof and proceeded to rub the dirt out of the niches of her anti-magnetic paint. The paint was in smooth stripes and crosses, like fabric, and enjoyed rubbing his hands all over her turret back, sides, and front, noticing she veiled her eyes for the washing, but left her mouth open and drooling a bit. Displaying her sharp tiger mimic teeth for the first time, making Hansel woozy knowing what appendages he holds dear being shoved in there regularly He noticed she was purring like a cat, and was amused by this.

He ran his hands over her wet turret for the feel, so smooth and softer than expected, and her massaging paint job sparked a little bit more oomph from her deep relaxing moans with purring and low engine rums. Hansel couldn't be harder as he massaged her sides, and put great effort into her ass portion, as this gave the most pleasure noise for him to lust over, especially the exhaust mounts and shafts. As he moved back up to clean her gun, she licked her lips as she eyefucked the large bulge in the crotch of his pants. He simply smirked as he looked away and essentially gave the gun a giant hand-job while cleaning it; then grabbed the bucket and slid down her frontal glacis plate, noticing the shit load of dirt in her cable eye mounts. He grabbed the left side one and jerked on it to shake off as much as he could, or at least in thought he would, in actuality the ring came up, and out hinged the entire mount, revealing a nozzle underneath.

"Uh Marion, what the hell is this?" He asks childishly.

"That's my sensitive fuel transfer nozzle," *Sensitive huh?* He starts grabbing at it with wet soapy hands, inversely fondling it, "Mmm yes, they're sensitive and that feels *so good,* but it doesn't make me any more sexually active. It's used for my offspring when they just come out. They're sensitive yet still need fuel, so I would have them suck on this with their mouths to get their fuel instead of possibly harming their small sensitive fuel intake that I would use. Mine is fully developed, theirs isn't. Typically its cover is locked down but I let it go, I was just so mesmerized. Mmm."

"You could have just said it's for breast feeding you didn't need to make it so complicated." He says as he [illegible]y pulls it out of the cavity showing a connection hose he's seem before, *she has two of them, one on [illegible] side I've seen them, always wondered what they were for, they're not in the illustrations.*

He gets back to cleaning her front, the last section. He uses the handled brush to reach the top, then presses down to his reach where the sponge takes over again. Marion continues purring and her engine rumbling, Hansel leans on her slope as he scrubs, feeling gentle reverberations around his thighs as that's closest to the transmission housing. He works the newer shot bounces shiny gray and wonders why Marion wants to keep them gunmetal gray. He feels them, rubbing the edges before swiping into the crevice of the projectile's change in course. *She's not softer, stupid Hansel, it's comforting-no-welcoming. Her hide is welcoming!* Hansel moves onto the lower glacis plate, buffs that out and is about to start drying her off with the rag when she proposes something to Hansel's liking…

"Why don't you grab that flashlight and clean my belly?" She motions this so smoothly and sexually Hansel can't stop himself from doing so, like he was hypnotized. When really he was going to rub the shit out of her clit to make her *very* horny.

He climbs under head first from her ass end, crawls to the front, switches on the light and realizes he's probably been fucking the dirt and shit instead of her actual pussy it's that dirty. Nonetheless he gets to scrubbing, and in the first time in about two months he sees her factory yellowish-tan paint job, his cock demands some relief, and with the pain building he's forced to unzip and pop his dick out. As he works down he admires how clean he's made her, and thinks how dirty he's about to make her, once he gets down to her special area and starts cleaning the armored cover panels, he spots bright silver-ish liquid, like smelted silver, dripping from the corners of where the panels probably separate… *No fondling required!* He decides to finish up cleaning and sits still under her, feeling a line of intense heat coming down the center of his face, and once he throws the brush out from underneath, the slab of hull above him drops down startling Hansel, then as they separate he's met with one of the most elegant machine pieces he's seen.

It's always been dark whenever he has the opportunity to observe her elegant genitals, this time he has a light. The area the plates cover is spotless in dirt but covered in her cum, as Hansel has decided to call it, and the cum is a lot lighter in color than her actual gorgeous vagina of gunmetal like her shot marks. It drops into his face in hot spools, significantly warmer than before-*she's VERY horny*-and looks smaller than a human's-*she's going tight*-and was lowering it onto his face when he stops her.

"What, you want to stare at it a bit longer babe?" She jests to him.

"That too, but I want to pay you back first… the cleaning was only half." Marion was interested; she let him guide her up until she was almost at the end of her suspension lift then sat in wait as he set himself up. "Alright Marion, come down s-l-o-w" She did as he asked, and felt four thick ridges press against her lips, winding her engine up a gear more. Then as it grew more and more, deepening inside her, she felt a cavity towards the rear and-

"OH MY GOD!" Marion shrieks as Hansel thrusts his arm deeper inside, to the cervix about half his forearm's length deep. Her forward half crashes to the floor, her gun drops like a dead weight, her eyes shoot wide and her 'jaw' is set as open as she can open it while her engine roars louder than ever before. The fact that she's at almost her tightest setting and not expecting a literal limb of her lover to be thrown inside her is definitely a shocker. "HOLY FUCKING SHIT HANSEL!" She grasps for breath, feeling Hansel's every vein and knuckle and joint and muscle better than her manipulators could, while Hansel's arm is vibrated numb by her compression and her engine in overdrive, probably more than overdrive, her moans are more like screams as he pulls it in and out of her like he did loading the 7.5cm guns at boot camp. Her engine sends its vibrations all throughout Hansel's body so ferociously the mud on his boots from cleaning was shook off.

"So do you like this, Marion?" Hansel asks her rhetorically. She replies with a loud moan and slamming her cervix down on him.

"OH-H-H-H-H! YOU'RE OPENING IT NOW!" She awaits no protest from Hansel but pushes the cervix down as hard as she could. With seemingly no stopping it, Hansel decides to give in and lifts his middle and ring fingers pointing then up for a spearhead. It worked. Marion is hit with one of the most intense feelings she's ever had. She felt like she could feel the individual hairs on his arm it was so tight. Hansel felt an immense feeling as well, once it opened the shaft above him seemed to open into a tunnel and the sides squeezed his [illegible]nd wrist, he could also feel a gentle vacuum up and deeper inside her. Her entire frame was shivering, [illegible]sel's arm felt like spaghetti, and after a few more agonizing punches in-and-out, Hansel felt like his

bones would shatter under the pressure she has on him. She was close.

“FUCK! FINISH ME HANSEL!” She screams to him. Hansel thrusts his arm deep inside her, up to mid-bicep, and this is enough to send Marion’s body up in a response of shock then fall back down to the previous height releasing a massive amount of cum on him, drenching his shirt and face. He slowly pulls his arm out while Marion’s engine slowly winds down. Once he’s free he leans up and licks her slot from bottom to top, collecting a good amount into his mouth. He spins himself around while circling her slot with his finger, then aligns his cock with her oozing hole. She surprises him by dropping down on him to his body, shoving his dick flat against his abdomen.

“Kramia taught me something fun today!” She chats to him. “Have you ever heard of grinding?” She begins rolling back, up on his shaft, pressing hard and slow as she slides on him. He releases a nice, deep pleasure sigh of acceptance, and lets her do whatever she wants with him. “You seem to like it too!” Yes he did. She continued grinding, every now and then she’d venture too far north and his head would insert itself nicking just inside giving Marion a buzz. She smoothly wrapped some manipulators under his ass, and lengthened her pussy for his dick’s length then pushed his midsection with his dick against her parting lips letting it rocket skyward into her before tightening up again.

“Now babe, remember not to cum inside, otherwise our service term may be delayed due to a child.” She said like a mother. Hansel replied “Yes, sugar.” She lifted enough for him to fuck as he wished, and just in preparation locked her suspension, for good reason. She let the feelings bombard her, with the cervix penetrated she was prone to impregnation, but it felt EXTREMELY good, better than anything before. She felt his veins, his entire shape, his slack at the base, his compressed folds as he thrusts inwards, his taught shaft as he pulls outwards, and his massive force he’s fucking her with tonight. Her engine was in high gear again in no time, and the enhanced constraint on his package made Hansel feel every piston strike that combined with the slight vacuum pull on him meant he was in fucking heaven. He almost forgot he had to pull out until Marion reminded him do the opposite, to his shock.

“OH I DON’T CARE FUCK ME ALL THE WAY! AH CUM INSIDE ME I DON’T CARE JUST FUCK ME HANSEL! OOO SEED ME!” She too was in heaven, as much as she loved the fisting, it seemed a little too much, but this… this was golden. Hansel panicked, he was on the verge but couldn’t get out. He thrust up as hard as he could, pushing Marion up to follow, then pulled down as fast as he could. It wouldn’t be enough to get completely out but enough to leave her cervix, when she fell back down on him his bomber slipped into a well in between the vagina wall and the cervix lip entrance where his bomber couldn’t hold out any longer and he released his payload. Hansel laid there shaking in terror, as much as he wanted a child he didn’t want to knock Marion out of her only calling, and didn’t feel ready to become a father. He took a breath of relief as he felt his seaman slowly sliding down his dick, meaning it hit a roof and didn’t enter the cervix… yet. He reached down with his hands, one to pleasure Marion to her climax and the other to scoop out all the cum it can out of Marion, it was awkward but proved successful, almost all the jizz was plucked out while the rest stuck to his stick. He wiped his cock off then pounded Marion into her finale, which drenched his pants and lower portion of his body in a great tidal wave of smelted silver.

He went down on her again, bringing his face up to her quivering lips and embracing the hot plush steel-like lips in a nice French kiss began to pluck and pinch at them, sparking Marion’s engine to turn over with every toying at it while her vagina’s production of her own jizz skyrocketed to help cool her sensitive area off. All this flooding made Hansel feel he was under an outside water faucet on a hot summer day sucking the hot liquid out and letting it slather on his face, it felt magnificent. Once she came she pulled Hansel out, and as he complained and asked why she let herself drop to the floor, her wheels shaking exhausted from his onslaught. She was breathing very heavy, and Hansel noticed as she exhaled she vented steam, same as what her exhaust pipes and direct engine vents where doing. She was steaming, soaked, sexier without her skirts, and Hansel wanted even more of her glorious ass. *And that’s what I’ll shove it in next!* She turned her turret to the left to see Hansel admiring her ass, and eyeing her pipes.

“Go. (She gasps for air) Ahead.” Hansel smiles with glee as he walked to her rear, stepped onto the heavy mounted jack, leans to her left exhaust port, using his right arm reaches for the right port, and proceeds to give it a rim-job and finger circles the other. Marion feels exhausted but lets her lover use what he can to -e himself; she was not expecting, however, this form of pleasure. She did know she could open it for . As he circles the two pipe ends with his tongue and fingers for the other, he watches as the vertical

metal bar in the pipes, used to prevent a grenade form entering the engine, retract and the pipes beginning to collect more condensation of at first water, then noticeable amounts of her smelted silver.

"Fuck it already." She gets out rushed in a single breath. He stops circling, and climbs onto the left armored cover around the pipe's base, he gets a good foothold with his boots as Marion removes the soaked shirt off his shoulders to see his admirable muscles, she bends it downward to his crotch for his ease and so he could go deep, he bends over, after aligning, to get a good hold for his upper body. *What the fuck am I about to do?* He thinks, he thrusts in anyway. *To awesomely fuck my love that's what!* He is met with a hot, wet, vibrating pipe tightening its grip on him as her eyes close to enjoy this and her body jolt upward in pleasure then rest again. Each pounding he exerts on her ass makes her body retaliate by rolling forward slightly then rolling back as he withdraws. Hansel is quickly exhausted from all the day's dealings and when he cums inside Marion's left tail pipe he lets himself slump onto her chassis and continue his orgasm inside her.

"Looks to me you're done, sweetie." She says to him very tiredly.

"Yes, I'm finished, I wanted to fuck the other one though." He says swimmingly to brighten up Marion.

"Hm-hm-hm, you can do that one next time, alright?"

"Yeah. Damn I don't want to move but I need a change of clothes and it's supposed to get really cold tonight!" He wails like a child. He backs off Marion and zips up his pants and puts his wet shirt back on to head to the barracks to get his sleeping gear. As he creeps out into the black night, Irish turns the corner and a face of pure awe overcomes him before he utters his word.

"Damn." Hansel blushes as Irish approaches him. "I mean you made her *scream* but did she eat you then piss you out or something!? My God!" Hansel murmurs his intentions of going to get his things before Irish responds again. "Jesus Hansel, you've definitely got some package down there and you sure know how to use it! I'll get your shit you'll freeze out here, get back in there!" With that Hansel steps back into the tank house while Irish fetches his kit and returns it to him. Once he's all sorted he resumes the spot he was in before he left, reinserted himself, decided to fuck her pipe one last time before spooning for the night. As the two fall asleep Hansel wonders what the right pipe will feel like.

Note to all: don't write porn in skinny jeans

I have a request of you all: I have been thinking of two side stories that will EVENTUALLY get worked on and posted. One is on the Mighty Maus and the other the Awsome Prinz Eugen. They both will have MY (not Ratbat's or Delta's or Cerebral's) explanation of the living machines and a new name for them, both take place for the majority in the close modern era (you'll see) and are indeed related to HaM. I want your help on deciding what to do first… For me it's to hard to pick between these sexy goliaths and I'm really torn as to what first. Whichever one you guys would like to see first will really help me settle my inner conflict between the options. Thank you guys and gals!

German, Hansel and Marion, tank, Tiger 2, World War Two
8 Comments

HaM side story: The Mighty Bismarck

November 14, 2014 by Gingyflame

A side story of HaM. It took me longer than it should have, nonetheless enjoy. 😉

Friday 23rd May 1941, 22:50, a young man stands shivering in the cold Atlantic breeze at his post next to his 3m night rangefinder mounted on the port-side wing of the Admiral's bridge. He was a fresh sailor, on the Fatherlands' newest warship, the Bismarck. He stood there alone and in the dark because earlier their battle [illegible] had been spotted by a British destroyer a few hours past and the ships was on 'black-out' where no light will escape the ship to be spotted by any peering eyes, leaving this poor soul outside alone in the

blistering cold wind.

“Damn it’s lonely out here, and this cold might just drive me insane! Some position I got alright.” He walks over to the rangefinder’s operator seat and sits down to adjust his pant legs and jacket collar.

“Then it’s a good thing you have me to talk to.” The voice seemed to be coming from the front left of him, right over the railing. He was confused, it’s a two-and-a-half meter drop down, and besides, the voice was a girl’s voice, and all the other men on the bridge at this hour had deep raspy sailor voices. This seemed fresh and soothing.

“Hello there? Anyone to reassure I haven’t gone mad?” He calls as he stands up and walks to the bow facing railing. He leans over to check the deck down below him, then looks left then right where he gets a glimpse of the moonlight reflecting off something white and pointed like shark teeth. They were below the windows and at the center-line of the bridge and the darker line above ran from one window port of middle to starboard of middle, about two meters long he figured. On the windows two port and two starboard of the center bridge window were dark eye-like pupils looking into his. “That’s new.”

“No you’re not mad, it is pretty nippy up here isn’t it?” The teeth were flashing as the voice spoke, they were part of a functioning mouth, the man figured. He had experienced a machine ‘speaking’ to him but there was no mouth, nothing but a voice in his head whenever it was near him, this was new however, but not frightening. He went over to his seat and sat down trying to hunker from the wind.

“I’m not the first you’ve told am I?” He asked, trying to figure out why she came out on such a night.

“Well you seem to need a friend, you don’t talk to many other people regularly or willfully, and I kind of need another as well, Prinz Eugen isn’t going to be enough for me. This is also a really dark night so I can show my face to you without anyone else seeing it, I’ll still talk to you but my face will be concealed so I stay hidden.” She said this so gracefully to him, she didn’t even know him, and he only knew her name, designation, and route from his post to his quarters to the mess hall and bathrooms. He felt flattered that this ship opened to him first, his luck may be changing. “I’m sure you know my name, what’s your name? I’ve heard people call you ‘Red-nose’ and ‘Reindeer’ and I’d like to know why if you care to share.”

“That’s what the others call me,” He said darkly, with agony, pain, anger, and sarcasm, “The reason why is because my name’s Rudolph Jürgenstien. Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer!”

“You don’t seem to like that at all, I won’t call you but what you want me to call you as, you can call me Biz.” She said with her voice so beautiful, angel like and magical to Rudolph. He felt warmer when she spoke to him; she made him smile just by talking to him personally. “I don’t see why they’d harp on you like that, you seem nice and friendly. Personally I’m jealous of your name.”

“You can call me Rudolph or Jürgenstien, why would you be so jealous? Your name is powerful, you’re named after-”

“A *man!* I’m named after a *he* when I’m a *she*, you see now? At least your name is of your gender.” She cut him off, he nodded and leaned back, thinking of all the other discriminating names he’s been called by people. The only one he could count on to have his back was Hansel, but he refused to join the *Kriegsmarine* and went into the *Panzerkampfwagon* division. He too only had one friend; *wait if she hasn’t talked to anybody then how is she talking to the Prinz Eugen?*

“Hey, Biz, if you haven’t talked to anyone how do you talk to Prinz Eugen?” Bismarck explains that the two of them use their radios to talk discretely, then the two talks about how no one’s noticed before. She explains that her eyes are one-way, where her pupils are clear on one side, and visible on the other while she can also make her pupils go clear to hide them, then that her mouth has a cover for that. “Basically I have all that a human girl would have! Except hair, I don’t have hair.” Rudolph brought up legs, she said they weren’t physically legs but her propellers were fugitively legs. Then she emerged a tentacle-like arm with a hand like object at the end, “My manipulators” she explained with a shiver in her voice. The manipulators, she tells, are nsitive, if not more, than the same sensitivity of a human hand. She locks up as Rudolph heads inside thicker heavy-duty coat for the snowstorm they’re approaching. She talks to Eugen about him.

He's not bad, seems nice and friendly, kind of cute, too. She sends to Eugen, Eugen replies:

Go after him Biz! Don't make the same mistake I did! You probably won't find a man of us out here; if you do it'll probably be British or American. All other guys are typically stuck up civilian snobs looking only for a good one-night deal.

I'll think about it, Eugen.

Don't, just go for it, you won't be sorry.

Rudolph gets back and Eugen sends one more before shutting off her radio for the night. **DO IT.** Biz gets to see him clearly as he steps out, moving her left eye over to her left side, switching from where it was to the center window on the port side of the bridge, she had plentiful opportunities before but she never cared to pay attention, this time she was with lustful eyes. He was on the shorter end of life, maybe a little over one-and-a-half meters tall, his coats hid his thickness but he seemed pretty fit with his movements, he had jet-black hair and a smooth, but bold, nose that was red and runny because of the cold temperatures, he had rounded cheeks and a soft brow transition with a soft-point chin with cold and trembling lips. She cursed the need for clothes to protect him from the cold; she also cursed the cold for making his appearance altered by constant shivering and trembling. She talked to him some more, about his shift, his experience so far, his past, basic stuff to lead into something a bit more… emotional. They talked for hours, forming a bond quite strong, not to the point Bismarck wants to be but close before Rudolph had to retire his shift for the night. *Damn! So close!* Bismarck thought as he left, she knew he's going straight to sleep, no more time to talk.

Holy shit. Rudolph thought to himself on his way to his quarters, *I don't have any friends on this ship but one, and that one IS THE SHIP! Wow, that's really ironic, I think she liked me; her eyes would dart up and down my body like, like Anna did to Hansel!* He silently celebrated; someone's finally got the hots for him. He entered the room filled with twenty other men sleeping in their hammocks quietly, he changed clothes, climbed into his hammock, and his final thoughts as he drifted to sleep was Biz saying "Basically I have all that a human girl would have!" and wondered what exactly that included…

Saturday 24th May 1941, 05:47, all crewmen called to battle stations and all doors sealed, two British warships spotted on the horizon. Rudolph hurries to get into his fatigue as fast as adrenaline mixed with an hour of sleep permit him, then he races to his position on the night rangefinder next to Bismarck's 'head'. As he runs through the door the door slams shut and locks behind him, Biz shut it. Rudolph doesn't care as he needed to do that anyways; he mounts the rangefinder and says good morning to Biz. All of a sudden a whistling sound shrieks into his ears followed by a plume of water. A salvo just barely missed Biz. Rudolph is in awe by the monstrous eruption of white water foam and spray. He regains and starts cranking the rangefinder toward the two ships on the distant horizon, as he looks into the eyepiece marking and relaying the numbers he notices the ship on the horizon is the British pride, H.M.S. Hood.

"Here we see the Hood, trying desperately to attack a much greater foe, although it is supported by a King George class, there is no hope for the little Hood." Biz comments as her four turrets named Anton, Bruno, Cäsar, and Dora wielding two 38cm naval guns each align onto the Hood using the numbers from Rudolph to get the area down. She sends a salvo on Eugen's cue, negative on hits. This repeats until Eugen scores a hit on Hood with the 4th salvo round, then two rounds later switches to the King George V class as Hood traverses port to bring the rear turrets into operational use, on Bismarck's 5th salvo, the once mighty Hood erupts in a massive explosion, lighting up the dark morning sky so beautifully. Biz smiles when she sees that Rudolph is in awe, watching the fireball like a child at a fireworks show.

"You're so amazing, Biz." He says, and then cranks the rangefinder to the King George V class; he peers in and notices that the forward turret with four guns is unresponsive, in that it's still aiming to the bow instead of port, where Biz and Eugen sit with concentrated fire upon it. Then the bridge erupts in an explosion, and the King George turns tail south and flees with a smoking superstructure. Rudolph kept a mental count on the hits; Biz scored a hit on Hood and four on the other, while Eugen scored one on Hood and three on the other. "Biz. You. Are. Amazing." He says, taking pauses for dramatic effects, and to take deep breaths to slow ' eart-rate down. She takes the comment and persuades him to stay with her, she was hit three times. . olph apologizes for not noticing; she doesn't mind but tells him where she was hit.

“I was hit in section XX port passing through XXI starboard no explosion, however the forward pump room is flooded so we can’t pump fuel to level the flooding, I was hit amidships in section XIV and caused minor flooding of the port dynamo and I think there’s some water in port boiler room two, they’re probably going to shut down the affected generators and possibly the affected boilers too. The third hit the Admiral’s gig; no real damage was done but the pressure tank for the Arado’s catapult lost all its air, something damaged the system somewhere.” She reported, although Rudolph did take this to concern her voice made him feel like nothing could ever hurt them, that she was unsinkable and he and the crew would be fine. The battle group changed course 180° southward. The doors were unlocked and opened; the danger had passed, but due to the damages Bismarck was slowed to only 24 knots. She knew she could go 30 knots, quite a feat for any ship her size much less a heavy warship. Rudolph stays with her on her bridge wing having a confusing three-way conversation between Biz, Eugen, and Rudolph, after a while this grows confusing and tiresome for Rudolph, who has only had an hour of sleep, and he takes a nap in the rangefinder’s seat. After about two hours, Bismarck is turned around 180°, leaving Prinz Eugen to go about on her way.

Well looks as though we’re parting, Eugen.

Yes it seems, Rudolph didn’t seem bad at all, I’m actually jealous. We’ll still be able to communicate with each other just as we are now. Godspeed, Bismarck.

Good luck to you Prinz Eugen, and good hunting.

Good luck for you with Rudolph. Remember the tricks I taught you.

Thank you again, and Godspeed to you as well.

She ended the radio message and turned her invisible eyes to Rudolph, sound asleep in the chair. She ran a manipulator up his back and over his shoulder up to his forehead and started to gently rub it with her ‘thumb.’ *Soon you’ll be all mine, Rudolph.* She thought of the old Christmas tune. *Rudolph my little reindeer, with your eyes so right, won’t you guide my shots tonight?* She giggled at her little joke, his fire control system guiding her shots on target. Then she thought of another little rhyme: *Rudolph my love I’ll protect you, would it be you love me too?* She closed her eyes and thought of their love, she started wanting him, intensely. *Rudolph my little reindeer, let’s make love where all will hear!* She squirmed her manipulator into his pants but stopped. She knew she couldn’t do it here, she couldn’t bear the shame for it, and either Rudolph wouldn’t want to do anything sexual with her or he’d never forgive her for the shame she caused him. It’ll need to be at night. She sulked and removed the manipulator inches from Rudolph’s package she desired so badly, to Rudolph’s dismay.

DAMNIT! She was this close! He screamed in his head, he was initially awakened by her rubbing his forehead, he was a very light sleeper, and knew the whole time she was eyeing him, even if he couldn’t see her eyes. *Well I may still have a chance with her, or…* he didn’t want to admit thinking it, *…or she doesn’t want me, she just wants to torment me.* He settled on the latter due to past attempts at getting a girlfriend and being terribly turned down by all just obliterating his sociality and confidence. He started to cry without a sound, burying his face deeper into his coat to hide his tears. He loved her, he knew it, he loved her. He had hidden lust for her ever since he saw her at the dock. She was the biggest thing he’d ever seen, she was so powerful and demanded respect and fear, her hull was very curvy and streamline, that alone turned him on, but at the same time her superstructure was so bold, defiant, and awe-inspiring the combination meant an instant hard-on from the first sight. *And she just said no…*

“BATTLESTATIONS! I REPEAT; BATTLESTATIONS!” The Admiral sounded the alarm.

“What’s happening!?” Rudolph snaps up frantically, asking anyone who would have heard.

“Two contacts starboard-bow! Hey Rudolph, are those tears? Were you crying?” Biz answers then asks in a deeply concerned voice.

“Uhhhh- bad dream.” He says unsurely. Biz thinks to herself if she did something that hurt him. They two [illegible]acts are the ship from earlier and a light cruiser, many shots were exchanged, but none hit either side. [illegible]sks why he was crying. She continued pressing him for it over and over and over for three hours until he

agreed to tell. He sat down on his little seat, took a deep breath, and heard his stomach rumble like a beast.

“Actually I’m going to go eat first…” Biz sighed in disapproval, but allowed him to go to the mess hall. He got lost, *a year on this ship, and I still get lost!* He thought to himself, she guided him to his usual mess deck. He got his food and sat by himself, as always, and as usual four other crewman confronted him, they taunted him, pushed him, took some of his food, and pretty much ruined the rest of his dinner before leaving without him even lifting a finger to try and stop them. He returned to his post and Biz slammed the door behind him, pushed him and sat him down in his seat, and confronted him sternly of what he allowed to happen.

“How the hell can you let them walk over you like that!?!” She verbally strikes at him. “Seriously? You let them do that? They insult your handsome name then they harass your sex life and take and ruin your food and you just sit there and take it?!” She sighs painfully, seemingly disappointed in him.

“Because I’m a fucking loser!” He shouts back then slumps into his seat sobbing again. Biz is surprised and regrets what she said instantly. She was only trying to help him…

“Oh, shi-, um, look I’m really sorry Rud-”

“You don’t have to be! They’re right anyway! I’m just a loser who doesn’t have a chance getting a girl.” He stops Biz right in her train of thought. “That’s why I was crying, okay? You woke me up when you rubbed my head, I thought you liked me when you went in but then you left me completely, I know you don’t like me but that’s just fucking cruel Bismarck, that’s fucking cruel…” He drops his head into his lap, sobbing vigorously letting fifteen years of bottled up emotions out in front of the one who cares about him the most in his life. She was silenced, unknowing of how to respond. She decided to come clean.

“Rudolph… I… I… I love you; you did find a girl…” Rudolph quieted down and picked his head up to clarify. “Yes I didn’t do that to hurt you but out of my own lust for you… I thought you were asleep still and I stopped myself because of the shame that would follow… I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you; I was only looking out for you.” Rudolph stopped crying while she was continuing on, but started crying again.

“Why are you crying now?” She asked ashamed of herself.

“Because you’re the second person to ever care about me-” He spread his arms up for a hug, but realized he couldn’t hug her bridge wall, and looked around before turning around and trying to fully embrace the three meter wide optical equipment. Biz returned the embrace and held him tight, he ceased to shed any more tears before he said “And the first to love me back.”

They stood holding each other, Rudolph holding his instrument and indirectly his ship, and Bismarck holding her little love. They let go and Rudolph sat in his seat, he ponders on how fast time flies when you’re with the ones you love. He checks his watch, 11:27 PM, Biz notices how dark it is, the moon’s not very bright…

“Hey Rudolph…” She asks in a sexual tone.

“Yes Biz?” He asks her, in a very interested manner.

“It is quite dark, no one would see us… doing…” She smiles with the same grin as last night.

“Ah! I know what you mean…” He walks to the railing she wraps him in her arms and hauls him over. He’s a little uneasy, even though it’s only a 2 meter nonlethal fall it’d still hurt, but she doesn’t let him slip away as she carries him first to her mouth. He knows what she’s implying first and leans up to a long kiss. The kiss is awkward, Biz sealing the majority of her mouth to accommodate his means his tongue will be the one venturing out, so it does and it relays messages of soft, hot lips and a steamy mouth to welcome him. Her tongue and his touched together, she noticed it was softer than his groin area when she tried wriggling her way into his pants earlier, and a lot warmer and comfortable, she was excited by this and her mouth started to ‘water’ into his as they pulled at each other’s lips. He felt a nice tingling as the fluids touched and entered ’ outh, like a shiver going down a spine only sustained in the mouth area. She felt his breaths against ‘ upper lip become stronger and hotter, he was horny… She let a hidden platform down from under the

bridge overhang and set his legs on it so they could still kiss, then she started tugging and pulling at his crotch area of his trousers. He smiled and undid the belt. Then Biz's eyes snap up and she curses. She gently puts a confused Rudolph down at his post and closes the platform.

"What's wrong honey? Did I do something?" He asks her concerning.

"Radar's got eight small fast movers, they're planes! Starboard!" that was the other side, he felt helpless as he wasn't allowed to leave his post now, the alarm sounds and he feels her massive turbines pumping as fast as they could. He sat down and took in the feeling of the vibrations, she counted the torpedoes launched, all eight planes dropped them but she grabbed Rudolph for comfort as only seven were going to miss! She whimpered as it hit her, he saw the explosion of water and knew it was amidships; she held him and slowed her engines down for the crew to give a full damage report and assess the situation. Once it reached the admiral, Biz's hopes sank into Rudolph's attempt at a reassuring hugging of the instrument he operates.

"I knew it, port boiler room two completely flooded, and the collision mats were loosened in the bow, I'm listing even more. They are trying to make repairs but for now, its 16 knots max." She sulked into Rudolph, he talked to her for hours, comforting her, promising her, and eventually cheered her up, along with news that minimal repairs finished and they can go 20 knots again. She in turn lulls him to sleep, and holds him tight against the cold wind.

Sunday 25th May 1941, 12:00, Rudolph is woken up by Biz, surprisingly no one commented or cared that he slept out on the bridge wing, or that he slept till noon when that was really only about nine hours of sleep for him. He gets up and stretches, then gives a good morning to Biz and heads in to deal with his morning wood, take a shower, change clothes, and eat in that order. He gets to his footlocker and grabs his clothes and grooming kit, gets lost again on the way to the bathrooms, and sits on the shitter and starts beating his morning wood. Then one of Biz's manipulator hands slaps his hand and he hears her say "No! You save that for me later!"

"How did you-?" He asks her.

"I can pretty much sense you and what you're doing, if you're asking about me speaking to you, I can talk through my hand speakers." She turns the hand over and shows him a little black speaker in the palm of her hand. Being the morning and Rudolph brain dead as a brick, he stares at it like it's the most interesting thing in the world and not the talking ship it's attached too. She eventually slaps him into the world again and orders him to finish cleaning up. He heads to the shower room and is greeted with an empty shower for once, be merrily turns on a shower and starts cleaning himself, when Biz starts rubbing his body as well, he feels a little trumped on in his ability to shower himself.

"So you're in control of my wood dealings *and* my cleaning duties?" He asks her jokingly.

"You're mine, and I'm yours, who else cares what we do to each other? Besides, a couple can't shower each other?" She says seductively as she moves to his testicle sack, squeezing them a little too hard for comfort.

"AH AH AH! Watch it! A few areas are more sensitive than others…" He snaps, she loosens on his sack but still fondles them while they clean him. She continues harassing him all day whenever she can, in attempts to make him sexually enthusiastic and last and/or want for a long, long time. She is successful. The time is 22:31, the moon is covered by stormy clouds, but the sea is calm and flat like glass, Rudolph's body is ready, being tormented for hours, he's finally going to do it. Loose that damn virginity of his. They do the same as last night, with the platform and the tingly kissing; but undo his jacket and shirt, baring his bold chest and abs, only this time when he unlatches his belt Biz pushes him deeper into a kiss. He undoes his button and fly, opens his underwear fly, and releases his beading cock, ready and waiting for the opening. Then he panics as he looks down at his probe.

"Uhh, Biz, how am I going to fill you? First off, where am I going to fill you?" He asks panicked.

"Don't worry, The one I knew I had is down below the waterline, in line with the keel about three-quarters
ɲ bow to stern and that one could eat two of you without me noticing you were in there."

“That doesn’t help, Biz…”

“The one Prinz Eugen told me about is smaller, adjustable, for some reason at the base of my chin-and-neck, and best of all,” A long and thick tentacle-like shape approached Rudolph where he sat at the edge of the hanging platform, drawing closer it looked more like an elephant’s trunk with its flat end, but it had a long vertical slit instead of nose holes… “It’s retractable!”

Rudolph looked at it intrigued, it wasn’t too big, actually a decent size and a little smaller than he hoped it may be for his size, it was maybe 5 inches in diameter. He smiled as he grabbed it in his hands, brought it to his mid-chest, and rubbed his thumbs up and down the slit. Payback’s a bitch. Biz whimpered and groaned much the same as the previous penetration of the sorts she didn’t want, but these whimpers were loving and welcomed, Rudolph vigorously slid his thumbs all over the thickening lips, he began to feel a greatening wave of heat and warmth from her chin above him, she whined and stammered as he relentlessly pressed harder and harder, then a little bulb appeared at the top and silvery liquids spilled out of her vagina slowly. As they tricked onto his pecks and caused the pleasant tingly feeling like on his lips, he brought her pussy to his face, and out of nowhere he decides to rub it all over his face. Biz is confused but not questioning of his decision, instead takes in all the feelings of his smooth, soft face rolling over her clit and pussy lips, she groans and moans a little loud for complete comfort of stealth, but Rudolph and obviously she doesn’t care. He slathers his face with her silvery tingly juices before applying the clit to his nose and inserting his tongue inside her a massive wave of heat is sent out like the fire from her guns, steaming his face and warming his face from the cold airs, she yelps out and breathes heavily, then he randomly he twists her cable onto its side and begins to make out with her hot and soft lips… She completely lets go of attempting to control her appendages and lets her arms rubbing in her juices into his body and the thick trunk-vagina go limp and fall onto Rudolph, safely lying on the low-hanging platform under her bridge chin. She grows closer, and closer, and thinks to herself that’s not how she wants to cum on him for the first time, and asks him to stop.

“No, not yet.”

“Ru-dolph…pleeease stop!” She gasps out, also panicked.

“Beg me to, cry it out for me.” He seemed to love the control he had in the first time in his life, and it was over one of the most fearsome woman in the world…

“Rudolph please! Agh please Rudolph stahop! I beg you stop! Please not like this for the first time, please!” She pleads to him, he accepts, but first locks his lips over her pussy’s lips and drinks in as much of her liquids as he can. A long silver strand connects his lips to hers as they part. He asks her where she wants it now, she says it’s all up to him, he’s in control. He looks to his throbbing and standing dick; he knows where to put it. He moves it down to his member, and rubs the head on her lips slowly and dramatically, Biz’s hull and superstructure starts creaking and groaning, easily recognizable to anyone else as caused by the damages taken, not by the ship’s ‘loser’ fucking the ship. He has his fun and taunts her no more, he himself feeling a little bit ashamed causing her stress, when in all actuality she somewhat enjoyed not being the one in control for once, let someone else do everything for her, he grabs her with both hands tightly and thrusts his lower portion into her soaking wet cavity. The feeling they felt was unreal, Biz knew she would give them away, but knew Rudolph would want to hear her loving cries. She remembered a way, she closed her mouth panel and pressed it hard against her mouth to muffle her loving sounds, she switched to the radio to be sure she wouldn’t make a sound outside, and finally she put one of her speaker-hands near Rudolph’s right ear and let it all out.

Prinz Eugen was enjoying the peaceful night; it was a nice ride, good skies, and a perfect moon. She wondered how Biz was doing with Rudolph, if they were dating yet, she longed for her old love, she missed her sweet, sweet gunner so much. Out of the blue she gets a radio transmission from her new friend right then, she laughs at the irony of the situation. She lets the message go through…

OH FUCK YES! OH FUCK ME RUDOL- She switches it off, shocked at what she just heard, *well that answers that question,* she thinks about it, loving a human, she becomes a little… interested. She switches it back on and listens with jealousy; soon she starts to think of her old crush sexually… She rubs at her slit down under, she stops and rubs her secondary vagina, same place as Bismarck’s to get as close as possible. She is and turns her mic really low in case she too starts making noises, she thinks of his features, his bright

hair, his high cheeks, his slim chiseled body, his chin and his size and how deep he'd go and his eyes, she'll never forget his eyes, they were like a storm so beautiful… She inserted an arm inside herself and kept rubbing her clit intensely, the combination meant she wouldn't last as long as the two on the other end but she didn't care, she'd fuck herself again if she didn't finish with them.

Rudolph was pounding Biz, she wasn't prepared for his brutality or enthusiasm she built up in him, she did have help from years of pent-up aggression to help fuel him. He pushed rapidly, full-auto, nonstop, and Biz loved every moment of it. She was continuously yelling and shouting with pleasure and love, demanding Rudolph not to stop for anything. He started to grow weary from his onslaught and slowed down, Biz had none of that, she pinned him down and forced him to use his hands to continue. He didn't last long there at all, and that's when she took over. She slammed her pussy down on him hard and fast, Rudolph simply melted away enjoying the feeling of losing his virginity to this beautiful behemoth he loved dearly. The sex they had was beyond either of their wildest dreams combined, Rudolph felt his coming, he tensed up his dick, making it harder in the same process, in turn making Biz grow louder with stimulation in his ear praising him with *I LOVE YOU*s and *FUCK ME HARDER RUDOLPH*s and other things like that, he struggled but was able to emit something:

"Biz I'm close!" He thought to himself, *So, these are my final moments of being a virgin, the last time I'll feel before it ends, will I remember how it felt?… Nah! I won't miss it!*

"THE FUCK CARES?! KEEP IT GOING! CUM IN ME DON'T STOP!" She hollered through the radio and her hand, Rudolph pleased by her command, let it out.

He went limp by the power and force the orgasm hit him with, leaving him brain-dead like in the mornings and moaning like broken record, Bismarck was surprised she felt it, burying his cock deep inside her and letting her attuned sensors take up every bit of the feeling, she felt his hot molten cream shoot up her cavity and tingle and tickle a sweet-spot she knew wasn't her G-spot but knew she'd cum very, very soon. Actually right now.

"GRRNERRK-AAAHHHHHH! She exploded onto Rudolph with quite a showing of power, the expulsion of her tingly silver cum completely drenched Rudolph; he was still engulfed in his long orgasm inside his love. Once he finishes, he's greeted with the warm, tingly fluid he's come to love all over his body and still being pumped out from her tender lips. She reached up with a hand and rubbed his forehead with her thumb, just the way he liked it. The two sat there, enjoying and savoring the pressure one another imposed on the other's genitalia, they hear a third party's innocent moaning and aspirations of breath.

Having a little fun over there Eugen? Biz asks her amused friend.

Yes, why do you ask? You're obviously enjoying him, how is it? How is it to not be a virgin anymore?

The best feeling I could ever imagine… Then Rudolph grabs Biz's hand and brings it close so he can talk, **Because I want to know if we could go again, just to make sure we lose our virginity, of course.**

I was just about to ask you the same, baby. She replies, Eugen laughs and 'joins' them with what she can do. The couple make love for a long, long time losing all sense of time, they fucked in more ways any cared to count; orally, vaginally, hand jobs, he thumbed her clit while he first orally fucked her then used his cock to sedate her, at one point he attempted to fist her, but was forced to reconsider due to the pain *he* felt fitting it in, she loved it. Eugen got off a good time before Biz and Rudolph ceased, exhausted to hell, for the first time Rudolph slept heavy and sound, while Biz finally slept that wasn't because of boredom, they dreamed of one another, possibly even linked somehow… where they were with each other in dream, to fuck even more than before, to love even more… Bismarck forgot she was a warship, she forgot she was in a war; she forgot that she was damaged badly; she forgot that the officials prepared the crew to lose the upcoming battle, she forgot all… except Rudolph, her little reindeer.

Monday 26th May 1941, 17:00, the day has been dreary at best, the crew knew the British were on to them, and system failure after system failure destroyed morale. The two lovers awoke quite early for the past
's fun, yet still considerably late in time, they had their morning kiss and a little morning run to deal
an erected extremity but that silvery, tingly fluid couldn't escape his mind. He brought some into the

light and it stopped tingling as it warmed. *How strange, I guess it's just temperature sensitive, which explains why I never felt it inside her.* He wiped the fluid off and proceeded to another empty shower, something he and Biz liked, and showered the same as before. Only when around 14:45 did his joy and upbeat behavior be questioned, by the usual gang, he found out that they were posted on the 20mm Flak Verling a few decks above him and wondered if they heard anything last night, hoping to rub something in their faces. The typical shenanigans ensued followed by a remark at how Rudolph was smiling the whole time. He nodded and silently his affixed face said *I beat you all last night.*

"This blows worse than I did you." Biz says, commenting on the fact everyone knew the entire British fleet was on her tail.

"No Biz, you were great, better than I think any human woman could do in her wildest dreams." He says actually truthfully, without a hint of sarcasm or brown-nosing. And he meant it. Bismarck blushed and shushed him, he continues on until a desk officer interrupts his blabbing unaware of what Rudolph was talking about.

"Petty officer Jürgenstien, Luftwaffe Lieutenant Stone has requested to see you personally." He turns around and mumbles: *Enjoy the feeling while it lasts.* Then a tall and thick man emerges from the wheelhouse and crosses onto the port wing platform to shake Rudolph's hand.

"Well you know me and you're the only one on this ship named Rudolph so we seem to be in the right place." He starts, he sounds young and energetic yet still wise and veteran. Rudolph gestures him to continue, "And I have to make a special request of you and Bismarck." This shocks Rudolph and Bismarck, how did he know? What gave it away? What the fuck could he be asking about? *It's blackmail!*

"I… um… need to get a certain Arado off and it needs to be secret, that's also how I know of you two, is a *rumor* about last night…" Biz asks how he knows anything what-so-ever about her and Rudolph; demanding to know why her scout plane needs to leave. He breaks under the pressure and onslaught of Biz.

"Because she's *pregnant!*" The two interrogators are shocked. Biz asks how and Rudolph comments on how he didn't know him as in a human could knock up a machine so she's pregnant, and then realizes what he did all last night inside Biz.

"No, no, no, no! I didn't knock her up! She says it was another plane that she fell in love with and doesn't want the child to have a miscarriage or anything like that; she's scared of the situation… She heard on the radio of you two, she's both happy and distraught for you two, and she told me you would be able to help." He ends his request there, Bismarck instantly allows it but decrees that it must happen at night, so nothing is found until they're long gone, and Rudolph sees the situation he's in, and requests one favor and one favor only. A delivery. The deal is agreed upon and the time is set. Not too long later, at 20:30, the aircraft alarm is sounded.

The men rush to the anti-air guns, the 15cm fire their anti-air shells and the 105mm shoot their guns while 2cm, 20mm, and 37mm pepper the skies desperately trying to repel the attacking biplanes, Rudolph noticed the shots were all going over the slower biplanes, the sights were for faster modern planes, not these slow shits. He holds his breath as two torpedoes look as if their hits, and curses in anguish as he hears the explosions and cries of his beloved Biz. He loses hope as she solemnly tells him that her rudder was hit… she can't turn on her own will, doomed to forever go in circles. She starts to weep, Rudolph tries with all his ability to comfort her, but he too is distraught… he pulls out a piece of paper, and writes a letter for Stone to take with him to his only other friend. Bismarck fires at a destroyer, turning it away without dealing hits, and later is constantly repelling a flotilla of destroyers that are constantly harassing her, one of them alive and *sexually* harassing her. She doesn't respond but with a hailstorm of steel rain, the whole time she embraces Rudolph openly without care if their caught or anything, she only wants to hold her little reindeer close and tight.

The time comes when they will launch the plane off the catapult to safety. The guns are constantly flashing and sounding, still repelling the destroyer flotilla, everyone is concentrated on the tasks at hand so they pay
ind to the hanger No. 2 door being opened, or the Arado being maneuvered onto the extended
pult. Rudolph greets Stone as the engine turns over, he wishes the two of them the best of luck, and

hands a small envelope to Stone with an attached description note as to who it goes too. Stone and the Arado wish Biz and Rudolph all the luck they can get, and are about to launch when suddenly- nothing happens.

“It’s the pressure line! I knew it was cut!” Biz exclaims, the Arado weeps, Stone admires the port side crane.

“Hey Rudolph, if you could get that crane to put us into the drink I could take off like a seaplane.” Stone was previously a Trans-Atlantic seaplane pilot, and knew the complicated workings of taking off in stormy waters. Biz is happy to do whatever she can, and unlocks the crane to drop them into the raging swells of the battle-ravaged seas. Stone pilots the Arado out of the hailstorm just as the other Lt. for the Luftwaffe spots this, he runs over to Rudolph and bear hugs him.

“Yes! Yes! Thank you! There’s a way to touch home after all!” With that he departs and runs for the admiral, to tell that he can get off with mail home and the war diary. Rudolph sulks back to his post, and embraces Biz again.

“It’s out of our hands now.”

“The crew’ll be so demoralized when they find the catapult is broken.” Biz replies, tightening her embrace on Rudolph. They fall asleep together, waiting for the final moments upon the sea, before they sink beneath it.

Tuesday 27th May 1941, 07:45, Rudolph awakens to a distraught and demoralized setting; Biz is going in massive circles, the crew knows they won’t escape alive, they’re all alone with no chance at a friendly rescue, the ship is damaged badly and openly crying, and probably the worst is they can’t even touch home. Earlier that morning the pilot that witnessed the launching tried to launch another Arado off the catapult, but as the pressure cable was cut there was no propulsion, leaving the war diary, the crew’s letters home, and any hope left on board, to sink within the day. The stores are free to whatever the men wish to take, there is no dress code or work shifts, there is no tidiness policy, all abolished by the Admiral in view of the final hours of the men’s lives, they all turned to drinking, sleeping, or sulking about the ship. No one noticed the ship holding a man to its bridge face, and those who did cared little or were intoxicated and thought they were hallucinating, in all reality of things the ship was crying and holding her one love to her close pleading with God, Poseidon, Neptune, hell even British Prime Minister Winston Churchill to spare her and her Rudolph. To no avail.

“Biz, it’ll… it’ll be alright…” He says to her, trying to help her through it.

“NO! NO IT WON’T! YOU KNOW THIS!” She breaks down crying again, clutching him like her own offspring, her own little reindeer Rudolph. She goes on, bringing much pain to Rudolph, *all my life I’ve felt so alone and hurt, now she feels the same, on the brink of the end with no one to help her through it… how did I get this far? How could I just SIT here and let HER, my only desire in this world, how could I let that SUFFER!?NO! She will not die like this!*

“Baby, remember the time we had together…” He starts, drawing her everlasting attention to him to focus, “the talks we had, the battles we fought, the *sex* we had! Remember the best things about them, the best of the best memories, keep replaying that inside your head. That way, I don’t hurt when you cry; I don’t want you to cry because that was how I felt every day of my previous existence without you… and it hurts to go back.” She doesn’t cry anymore, instead they talk in silence, in that telepathic dream world they experienced after their night of sex. In that world, there was no pain or damage or enemy, only Bismarck, Rudolph, and the high seas…

At 08:00 the alarm sounded, four ships were encircling them, and drawing closer; it seemingly takes an hour to finally receive fire from the WWI era battleship off the port bow, then the same class battleship as the survivor with the Hood to fire. Rudolph spots the targets, conveying the numbers to Bismarck and the gunners to fire-and miss-the fast approaching enemy battleships. Shots ring out until the hour really does change, that’s when Biz is hit for the first time of the day, then suddenly, is bombarded on all sides from the British onslaught… Her foretop range finders are disables. Then the main gun turrets Anton and Bruno are ’ ked out. Rudolph is ripped out of his position and held to the bridge wall by a bawling Bismarck as s converge onto the command posts, knocking them out before resorting back to the main armament,

which is knocked out at ten minute intervals… All that's left are the secondary 15cm and 105mm guns, firing sporadically at anything that isn't German…

Bismarck is screaming in pain and all the while in shock. She looks around and sees nothing but dismantled corpses, disembodied limbs, puddles of glop where men once existed, there were men running, screaming, dying and holes in her hull blown out of proportions where portholes once stood was a ravaged hole big enough to drive motorcycles out of… She couldn't take any thought of similar instances happening to the one man in her clutches, and when the guns ceased and the order to scuttle arose she panicked and contacted her only other friend she could.

EUGEN PLEASE HELP ME! I'M LOSING! I'M SINKING! I'M DYING! This last part was sent with greater emphasis to Prinz Eugen, although the whole message sounded like that wasn't the problem, she and Bismarck both knew that when a ship sinks it doesn't die, not until it is completely rotted away will it die. It's the beauty in being a machine.

Yes… I'm sorry old friend-but-what is the ACTUAL problem Biz?

I DON'T WANT TO LOSE HIM! I WANT TO STAY WITH HIM! MY REINDEER! Eugen did know of *one* way to preserve him, more like a transformation however, she only knows about it by playing with herself and some meat from a pet seagull turned dead seagull.

Biz, I haven't told you everything. There is one way, a transformation really, where he becomes a sort of metal-morph being that has to do with your silver essence. That fluid is really an extension of your life ability, and if it engulfs a being from the insides it creates an inner shell and repurposes the internal organs for a new life as pretty-much a machine, only he'll still be himself with a same outward look with artificial skin. It's somewhat like-

GET ON WITH IT HOW DO I SAVE HIM!?

Those arms you have, without the hands, those are concealed injection needles. The way I found to open them is first press their ends into his body at various points EVERYWHERE, then think of needles stabbing into the flesh, and then think of cumming, actually, a lot like you're the guy and Rudolph is the girl.

THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU! I LOVE YOU EUGEN! I'LL TRY TO TALK TO YOU AS LONG AS WE CAN! With that she turned off the radio, swarmed a confused Rudolph, and executed the steps.

Rudolph screamed in pain, the worst pain in his entire existence. She opened the rounded ends and stabbed into him with thick long needles, that was bad enough then his body felt like fire, like dead weight, like pure unadulterated HELL. He couldn't hear Bismarck's soothing voice trying to dull his pains. He screamed, hollered, and cursed anything he could in the eight minutes of hell he was in. Once it finally ended, the scuttling charges were in place and two torpedoes struck the starboard side, men are running, jumping overboard and panicking while Rudolph is quietly led to the bridge shelter, and patiently sits down waiting the sinking.

"Hey Rudolph!" A familiar voice chimes from the stairwell behind him, he turns and is met by the desperate gaze of one of his bullies, bleeding and beckoning him to join him. "The ship's kaput, we got to go! Come on, I know I've been a real dick but you're still important, man! Let's go!" Rudolph stood up, walked to him and held him like a father giving his son a wise talk.

"Rupert, I forgive you for all you did to me, and I also thank you. Sadly I must turn down your offer, I'm staying with her."

"I know you love her-I love her too-she has been our home but she's just a ship! We need to go!" He pulled at his comrade, who seemed a lot colder and heavier.

things you did to me set me up for this, I love her more deeply than you think. She's more than a ship, *alive* and…" He loved saying this to him, "we're *lovers*," Rupert looked at the mechanical tendril come

around Rudolph's chest in a bear hug. He looked first confused, and then nodded in acceptance. He came close and hugged Rudolph like a brother.

"Good luck reindeer. Shit sorry, bad habits, Rudolph." He says, then Rudolph comments; "Actually, I think I'll keep it Rudolph the reindeer. Biz seems to like it." He smirked and looked toward the ceiling. Then the two once enemies locked eyes until Rupert left the two for safety. "Good luck to you too, Rupert."

Then it was the two, Rudolph laid on a metal table as per instruction while another tendril without a hand came to the back of his neck, only when it opened it was a series of smaller needles, and inserted them into his new nervous system. As the two slipped beneath the waves, dumping anything lose out into the sea, Biz took his conciseness into hers, apparently, and entered that dream world again. The only difference is Biz knew more about it.

"We are in my alternate world, so to speak, my sweet. Where we can do anything we wish we can so in the physical world here." She announced as he walked the bridge, admiring an open ocean with calm waves.

"So… it's like a simulation place?"

"Yes, a place where we can do everything, except die. You won't escape me that easily." She jests at him. He chuckles and trembles as her expression twist into pain.

"Wha-what's going on!?" He cries out.

"GRAHGNUG! AH-AH-AH! I'm tearing apart!" Rudolph panics, but is reassured by Biz that nothing will happen to them.

"We'll be fine, babe, we'll be fine. I still have control over my entire hull and structure however, and for the most part I'm still in well-built chunks. So… what shall we do first…?" She says, the latter portion stated as she pulls off his shirt seductively.

"Oh, about a couple years' worth of sex to start…" The two embark on their voyage through time; awaiting the above world to visit them, all the while loving, talking, dreaming, and still communicating to Prinz Eugen throughout her service; even after she's scuttled at Bikini Atoll after the nuclear bomb testing. They did see real light on the 8th of June, 1989…

I hope yall enjoyed that. Right here it says Page 15 in Word. Shit. Well I hope yall feel it's worth the immense wait I caused. If you have any questions feel free to ask, I want to do a FAQ sometime but I really get no FAQs (Frequently Asked Questions). See yall real soon.

Battleship, Bismarck, Gingyflame, Hansel and Marion, Prinz Eugen, side story, warship, World War Two

14 Comments

Hansel and Marion Chapter 19

November 5, 2014 by Gingyflame

I hope yall enjoy, this is a really long chapter compared to the others because I forced myself not to post or "elaborate" on any ideas I had for the story. It still ended up as pretty much two chapters worth of story, well this is chapter 19: Our house, in the middle of the street!?

Chapter 19

Hansel was jolted awake the next morning by a loud explosion that made him instinctively spread his arms and legs out and straighten his back but was still wrapped in Marion's arms and balled up in the back of her turret, where he knocked himself in the head, legs, and wrists real bad. He was inattentive of the pain and ut of the space and hurries to see outside, he unlocks the commander's hatch, pushes and throws the swinging saucer out of his way and the first thing he sees are black bomber silhouettes. He stands upright in

the cupola, quivering as the full sounds of anti-air Flak guns and the air-raid siren strike him at his heart. Marion tries to get through to him, to calm him down and quell his emotions, she tries to push his head away from the sight of bombs falling on his home city but he keeps snapping back to it, all he hears in his head are Hitler's cries and promises: "Not one bomb will fall on German cities!"

"He lied. He lied! Marion he lied!" He continues ranting on as Marion finally forces him into her turret. *He lied! He lied! He lied Marion you see? He lied!* She tries comforting him as she attempts to dress him into a proper outfit but Hansel just sits there unmoving, going on and on and on in complete and total shock, he begins to cry without a care.

After the bombers disappear and Hansel clears his mind to function somewhat properly, Marion rolls back up to camp to regroup with the others. Hansel sits on the periscopes on top of the cupola as she drives to the tank houses, and backs into her open slot, he spots Anton and Faust passing by, and runs out to meet them, Anton too is hit hard by the raid and Faust is trying her dearest to reassure him everything's going to turn out fine. Hansel hitches a ride with them; Faust fills him in that she's trying to get clearance to go into the city to help Anton get past it, Hansel agrees and hails Edwards and the Colonel for their attention and to approve of it too.

"Morally I'd send you in right now, but regulation says we have to get an accountability report and inventory check so for right now, permission denied, but I'm hammering asses to get this done in under forty-five minutes, so in fifty your permission will be granted. Only one thing; Faust, is it, will be outfitted with a rubble plow to clear the godforsaken streets. Dismissed." With that he left and Edwards turned to fill them in on what's going on and the damage known so far; "Alright, Kramia's getting fitted with her new skirts right now, Fritz and Rommel are with her helping, two Flak guns and one ammunition shed went to hell, and the old metal house we were going to use for Marion's skirts as a gift was hit, and there's no more so you're out of luck on that, sorry." Hansel acknowledged, "One more thing, Jäger's road wheels got fucked up by shrapnel so Irish is out in the field replacing them, could you help me by giving this to him, I'd do it myself but I've got shit to do." With that he hands Faust the electric bolt gun and points into the field where they were.

Faust runs them over to Jäger and Irish and drops off Hansel and the bolt gun, then turns around to get herself fitted with the plow, Anton fell asleep at his post in the loader's seat. *He never could stay awake after his emotional moments,* Hansel thought as he walked to Irish's side, he was working on the center road wheel on Jäger's port side; it was obvious that a bomb raped the shit out of two outer ones, and some marks were on her armored skin too, it had the anti-magnetic paint like Marion did. He stared at the textured net-like skin, he loved it, it was like a powerful hide where the bold indents, shapes, and angles of the hull turned him on slightly, but was snapped out of his thoughts by Irish yanking the bolt gun from his hands.

"Fine don't hand me the drill," Irish said rhetorically, "God, I *hate* those *fucking bombers!*"

"Why's that?" Hansel asked.

"Well, I like them, they're pretty sexy, but at the same time I **HATE THOSE MOTHER FUCKING COCK SUCKERS** that I wouldn't mind if one were to suck mine." Irish replied cheerfully, then in a dark angered voice, then cheerfully again, this literally sent Hansel reeling back stunned, and looked to Jäger's face plate, she was looking up and right, unresponding.

"Whoa, first off, you're attracted to machines too!? Secondly why do you hate them like *that?* Thirdly why isn't Jäger inputting on this?" He asked in a concerned tone overall, but hinted amazement at the first question.

"Jäger? Nah she can't hear us, she's daydreaming. HEY JÄGER YOU THERE?" No response from Jäger, "See she can't hear us right now, and yes I'm very attracted to machines too, even more than any human could turn me on. And, at one time I didn't hate them at all, in fact I was almost a pilot for one, but," His voice began to fill with emotions of rage, terror, and sadness, "but then they bombed US… My family was killed [illegible]e my eyes in a… bombing," the anger left his voice, it was only sadness and terror now, his bottom jaw began shaking and rattling as he spoke, "Those *swinehounds* dropped one down my house roof, into the

kitchen, at supper time too, I was at the front door looking in through the window… one moment they were there… and the next… they were gone… the whole house fell in, they were gone…" He continues quivering, still haunted by the memory. "I never wanted that to happen to anyone and wouldn't bring myself to commit such atrocious acts on another, so I didn't go into the Luftwaffe, instead I'll fight them on their weak field, on the ground, where they stand no chance at fighting back." With that he reestablished his wits, and went to work unbolting the road wheels. Hansel put his hand on Irish's shoulder steadying himself, fearing what happened to his family and frequently checking his watch to check on the remaining time.

"So uh, do you ever… to Jäger?" Hansel asks Irish, gesturing about masturbating in the pause. Irish frowns and tightens his mid-face thinking how to respond, he waves his hand signaling 'maybe' and proceeds. Once Irish gets the bolts out he signals to Hansel that the replacements are leaning against Jäger's rear plate, but before Hansel can retrieve them Irish removes the shredded one and with it fall the two inner road wheels that were behind it.

"God damnit! This is why we can't have anything nice, because of shit like this." Hansel proclaims, Irish looks to him sluggishly and replies "No this is why we can't have anything. Period. We just can't have anything, nice *or* shit."

Irish bolts the inner wheels back into place while Hansel holds them in place, then they replace the first shredded wheel and, without a hitch, the second one. Jäger enters reality and greets Hansel, then notices the wheels were replaced and takes them back to the base, asking Irish to put the armored skirts and plating on her under the case of 'she feels like a naked whore' and that she wants a tattoo.

"A tattoo? I don't think that's going to work Jäger, the needle is only about a few centimeters long." Irish replies.

"You know what I mean you dumbass; paint my name right on the side of my ass."

"Where the fuck did you come up with this?" Irish bursts out, almost laughing.

"You don't need to know, all I need you to do is paint it on the side of my right ass cheek, but on the armor skirt panel."

"Whatever you want, I'm not going against you anymore, not after last time." With that Hansel slides off the side and walks toward Anton and Faust, who was prominently showing off her plow mounted to her front, Hansel waves goodbye to Jäger and Irish as they continue on. He walks to Faust and Anton, and notices that the fifty minutes is up, they can go in.

"Faust are you enjoying that plow?" Hansel yells to her sarcastically.

"Yes I am, very much so!" She yells back, Anton runs to him and grabs his forearm pulling him faster to Faust. Once the two are aboard Faust drives to the checkpoint, checks out, and heads for the bombed city of Munich. She speeds at top gear to the city and gets there in about two minutes, she's a lot faster than Jäger or Marion, after all she is smaller and lighter. They head into the city; Anton and Hansel are stricken in horror, their home, their childhood, their very hearts, have been hurt, destroyed, crushed, and shattered by this one twenty minute incident. Once they turn the corner their very hopes are all but eradicated. Where their once inviting and homely apartment home once stood; was collapsed into the street and a ghostly cluster of pillars and walls only stand. Anton wept and Hansel sat in silence, gawking at the place he once called home. Faust was hugging Anton much like Marion holds Hansel, Hansel started letting tears out of their wells. Faust wrapped an arm around his body in an anaconda's hug. She maneuvered around the clusters of people standing in the road and stopped at the base of the rubble from the building left in the road. There were average citizens and home guard soldiers all clearing rubble, searching for bodies, both dead and alive, Hansel had lost his family, like Irish did before he-

"It'll take a lot more than a bomb to kill this old hag!" Hansel and Anton spin around at the same time, elated at the sound of Mrs. Walter's voice. "Yes, yes, we're alright, come on down here!" They race to her and
st tackle her off her feet in an embrace, then Hansel's father joins, followed by Gretel and a young
e guard soldier. They sit there in the mass huddle, then Faust is beckoned to join by Anton and figures

‘why the hell not’ and encircles the six people with her arms.

“WHAT THE HELL JUST TOUCHED ME!” Gretel screams as Faust’s arm rubs by her.

“FAUST IS TOUCHING YOU! WHY ARE WE YELLING?!” Anton yells a response, Faust retreats her arms as Gretel breaks free and squirms around.

“WHO the HELL is FAUST!?” She yells, as the group calms her down they explain the living machines to her; she composes herself but is still quite uneasy about it. The group somewhat disbands but none stray too far from one another. Gretel was about eight inches shorter than Hansel, but four years his senior; she had gray eyes and dirty blonde hair with full lips and thick cheeks. She was physically stronger than many men of her age would be, she wasn’t afraid to get dirty as her face and hands where darkened by the soot and dirt in the rubble and is definitely a tom-boy. Gretel appears stable and makes a comment and a joke about living machines, trying to enlighten herself; “That must be a hotdog down a hallway, I wonder if he’d put it in the exhaust pipe.” Hansel is somewhat offended by this, as it insulted a relationship with one as ‘one is too big for the other’ and being emotionally compromised he strikes back a little harsh for the situation.

“Hey! I’m dating one and it’s nothing like that at all!” His retaliation horrifies Gretel, she snaps back at him and they begin to quarrel like immature children. Their father over hears them and moves over to intervene.

“He’s not the first, Gretel, shut it.” Gretel stands frozen by this, “Before I met your mother, there was a beast I loved in my service days. She was Germany’s first tank model, her name was Elfriede, and we loved each other dearly. I still hate myself for abandoning her even if she begged me to save myself, but I’d hate myself more if I didn’t meet Sarah and have my two beautiful children named Gretel and Hansel!” He brings them under his arms and kisses both on the forehead affectionately. “Love is powerful, dear, you must accept it wherever it lies to be truly happy.”

Gretel nods and then aspires to her curiosity; she asks a multitude of questions in rapid succession. Hansel and their father try to answer to the best of their knowledge, conflicting in some areas, once her questions are answered to the best possible, she calls Max over, her fiancé, to finally meet Hansel, she then leaves with their father to assist with clean-up duties. The two shake hands and introduce themselves. Max is a tall fellow, taller than Gretel but shorter than Hansel, and slimmer than both as well. His muscles are quite defined and make his dark tanned skin attractive to the opposite sex, his dirty-blonde hair and brown eyes round out the face and chin, making his face an oval shape. His hair is a loose cut that needs trimming to fit the standards but fit him perfectly.

“After all this time you finally get to meet your sister’s fiancé, if I’m correct you’re a captain, correct?”

“Yes you are correct and now I know who to beat if you break my sister’s heart.” The two jest and play, sharing stories of their service careers so far. Hansel brings up how fit he seems, and asks why he’s not in the whermacht.

“Well I was, but because of my asthma I was transferred to ‘home guard’ or the ‘cripple army’ as we call it. Now that I think of it, you also might not recognize me now but years ago I had an instep, and my legs weren’t as defined, but some new surgery pretty much fixed that, does that ring a bell, Hansel?” Hansel pondered and found that he did remember him; he was shorter and lankier than a string bean.

“Yes, I remember you now, wait, how come you kept your composure back there when Gretel did?”

“Ah I did the first time I met one too, he was a kubelwagon on the training base, I eventually got over it and we became really good friends, but my asthma relocated me and not him so I haven’t heard from him in months, I think.” The two then decide to become useful and join in on clearing the rubble, talking and joking the whole time. Sadly, however, they came across five victims, two children, an elderly couple, and a policeman; they said their prayers and laid the bodies under cloths to await identification at a later time. The children hit them the hardest; they must have only been of ten and nine, huddled together like they were sheltering from the American onslaught of hell-rain. Hansel stared at those children, in the back of his mind knew he’d never pity another American, that he would kill, without mercy, any American soldier wielding a gun, or a bomb, or a tank, he would avenge these poor souls whose lives were taken by them without their

ability to defend, without a chance, without fairness. *Damn you all, you Americans can send all the fucking Shermans they want at me and Marion! As long as we've got shots we'll kill all of you bastards! How's that for a fair fight you fucking child murdering little swines!* He thought to himself, he'll tell the others, if he didn't Anton would. They wrap up a few hours before dark and say farewells then Anton, Faust, and Hansel head for base. They arrive at base and Hansel finds and confronts a commander, the LTC, about their recession from the front.

"We're currently awaiting one more tank, some experimental super-heavy tank to show up. Oh that reminds me, the board demands that, uh, what's his name-Irish, be reassigned to 'her' because of the 'hundred-twenty-eight millimeter long gun on it. Don't worry; he's the only crewmember so no one else will be moved." Hansel follows him over to Jäger and Irish, who was painting Jäger's name on the side of her right ass cheek portion of her added armor skirts, as she demanded earlier. He was painting in white probably because that's all they had left.

"First-sergeant you have fifteen minutes to pack your duffel bag with your personal belongings and accessories and have it on the ground. You are being re-assigned to a new super-heavy tank. Oh, and congratulations on your official promotion to tank commander." Irish and Jäger look heartbroken, standing wide-eyed and jaw-dropped as the LTC turns around and walks away. Jäger pulls him to her side and protests in a cry "No you can't! He's *my* little sniper! You can't do this to us!" The LTC stops and spins back to snap: "He's still your first-sergeant! Stop your yapping and do it! You will see him again." He spins back and continues marching away. Jäger is devastated, never has anyone stood up to her like that, ever, and she doesn't know how to react but to continue pressing Irish against her body, not letting him go. Hansel wonders if they have a *deeper* relationship than this. *Heh heh, deeper.* Irish finishes her 'tattoo' and mopes about as Hansel helps him move out of Jäger, Irish pulled out his duffel, and threw much of his clothes in it without caring if they wrinkled, Hansel sat in Jäger's rear fighting compartment door well, watching Irish collect his things in the spacious cabin, watching it was hurting him too.

Out of nowhere Irish perks up, and pushes one of the shot-charges out of the way and pulls out a baseball cap with a flattened brim and a pair of American Aviator sunglasses. He rejoices and exclaims to Jäger he found it, perking her up a little. He puts his canteen down and throws the cap and glasses into the duffel. Hansel remembers he had a pair of glasses just like them, *given to me by family from… America! But I couldn't be fighting them, the parents would be too old and the children too young, well one may be of age but wasn't the name… Jennifer?* As Hansel ponders Irish grabs the last two items, an empty Russian vodka bottle and a filled Molotov cocktail, the latter intended for use but didn't shatter, the rag was charred at the end and pristine at the spout of the bottle, it was close to ending Jäger. Irish turns to the corner and reaches for a Mauser Karabiner 98K, but hesitates and decides to leave it.

"Jäger I'm leaving my Karabiner, for a token I guess." Jäger sniffles and replies okay, Hansel points to the Molotov and Irish begins to explain. "This almost killed me, my crew, and Jäger, it landed right there behind where your sitting. I barely saw it, I threw anyone in my way aside and threw those doors open, I didn't have anything to snuff it out so I did this." He unbuttons his jacket and undershirt and reveals burn marks under his right arm and on his visible rib cage. "You ever try to snuff an oil fire before? You don't put it out instantly, you let it burn all its oxygen, and in my case the fire spread to my jacket, burning and scarring me. This is my prize." With that he put it in the duffel and stuffed the empty bottle in an exterior pocket.

They exit Jäger and sit in quiet, Jäger hugging Irish, Irish hugging her arms back, until Hansel asks if Fritz would be insulted by it, both of them said he wouldn't, he knows how attached a crew is. Just then Edwards walks up, he heard the news. He climbs up to the roof with Hansel and Irish and plants himself next to Irish, looking into his bag he notices the empty bottle and pulls it out.

"Didn't you collect this from a KV-2 you knocked out?" Irish nods, then smiles as he grunts a laugh. "Aren't the KV-2 turrets hand-cranked?" Irish nods again, and then goes wide-eyed.

"Damn I feel bad for the man in there!" The two begin joking about having a long crankshaft with three-four men on it with vodka bottles on the ceiling as their motivation, the turret is tall enough, they said. While they joke Hansel spots something that looks like a Tiger II heading their way. It must have been the new ' v tank, Hansel was admiring the sloping armor glacis plates, it must have been sloped at 30° above the ˛ontal, 20° better than the Tiger IIs, and the lower glacis was sloped about 30° below the horizontal, the

shape turned him on a bit, it looked sexy. The tank had no hull gunner port, and the forward mud catchers were in line with the glacis, looking like the whole upper glacis had no cuts for the tracks. The turret was an exact look alike of the Tiger II, only it sported two 'eyes' or armored rangefinder balls on the side of the turret, above the forward cheek but pretty far up on the slanting roof. The gun and mantle were monstrous, the 128 was HUGE, and the mantle was a symmetrical bell shape with large bolt-like inserts surrounding the gun brace, the muzzle break looked like a cheese grater to Hansel, but figured it worked better than Marion's or Fritz's. The beast of a tank turned to pull up next to them, when it did Hansel noticed two drive sprockets for the tracks, one in the front and one in the back. There were also less road wheels, though they were significantly bigger than the Tiger II wheels. The engine exhaust was also different, on the end of the pipes where radiator fans like on Mini's exhaust pipe, Hansel still wasn't sure what it did but it's there for a reason he figured. Irish noticed and grabbed his bag and bottle and jumped down and sluggishly walked over to the new tank. The tank unveiled itself, somewhat catching Hansel off-guard, he completely forgot that they could do that. The tank spoke and greeted Irish in proper military format, the tank was clearly feminine.

"I am an experimental super-heavy tank designated E-75-" Irish cut her off, "Drop the regulation shit we really don't play that game." He stood upright and presented his hand out for a handshake.

"I'm called Irish, come up for a name for yourself yet?" He asked as she extended a manipulator and met his handshake.

"Just E I guess."

"Nice to meet you E. So I've been told I'm your only crewmember, are you aware of this and approving?"

"Yes to both, go ahead and climb in." She gestured him up to the commander's hatch, where he reluctantly mounted, and entered. Edwards peered into Jäger's hatch and saw Irish's canteen still in there, he reached in and grabbed it, then slid down and walked to E's side.

"I don't think I can remember when Jäger last had a completely white coat in her. I feel like I dropped something," Irish feels around his belt and finds his canteen is missing, he starts frantically searching for it, at the same time admiring the 128mm gun receiver, breach, and mount system along with all the fancy new equipment he'll need to learn how to use.

"Ahem," Edwards says holding the full canteen over the open hatch, Irish sits up and looks up and sees the canteen, he's about to cry *don't* when Edwards releases it. It drops down into Irish's lap, specifically his sack, knocking him hard; he coils into a loose fetal position and falls over to the floor, groaning. E and Edwards laugh.

So this is the special elite tank unit of talking tanks, fascinating. Ah well, not long now, soon we'll be killing any foe in our way. Marion's probably worried sick about me; she'll have my ass if I don't get to her soon. E has a really nice ass, damn E's really giving me a hard-on, maybe I could pay Marion off tonight and get a little ass for myself too. Hansel walks over to Marion's tank house, where he finds her worried sick, and craving him.

Fin Chapter 19

Gingyflame, Hansel and Marion, Stories, tank
2 Comments

The Hansel and Marion story chapters 1-18

October 29, 2014 by Gingyflame

Well, this is my first post here, and I don't think I'll get over feeling like I'm intruding on Ratbat's site, anyway, this is my story (more like a book) that I've been working on for a while. If anyone has been ving any of my previous comments or found my story on my Tumblr page then you already know what its about, for those who don't the story's set in 1944 in the middle of WWII and is in the viewpoint of a

German King Tiger tank crew, specifically the tank commander, and the tank. It follows them on their adventures they face and encompasses some comedy, love, firefights, friendships, and yes, sex. I hope the story doesn't crash anything, Word says it's about 62 pages in it's entirety, something that still amazes me in I'd a never thought I would ever compile something this long, and its still going! A thanks goes to Ratbat for letting me post here, well enough of my yapping, here's my story. Enjoy.

Chapter 1

"*Dear: Mother, Father, And Sister Gretel,*" Hansel wrote; "*To answer your question on how my first battle as Panzerkommandant faired, I only have one remark: I fear the Communist more than the Americans! My reason is the American tanks are ill-equipped to combat the most modern and advanced Panzers the Fatherland has to offer, their only strength, as I have seen so far, is the vast quantity they can employ against our inferior numbers…*" Hansel's mind drifted as he wrote his letter home. He couldn't help but think about the poor souls trapped in their "Tommy Cookers," who died moments after being penetrated by a German high-caliber round. How heartbreaking it must be for their families back home, their sons and brothers and fathers dying in a foreign land, never able to attend a funeral, or burial ceremony. He thought of his family then, his father served in the "First Great War," then after the service, his father met his mother in a pub in Munich, his mother was a bartender and they began seeing each other, they both had common interests as jokers and comedians, as well as a love for old literature, hence their first child being named Gretel, Hansel's older sister, and their second child named Hansel. Comedy runs in the family, and as children growing up in the 30s, Hansel and Gretel were immersed in propaganda and their parents' comedy. Hansel's mind wondered about, until he finally ended his letter. "*To satisfy your thirst for my progress, I have claimed seven kills in only the time of an hour and twenty minutes. Farewell for now, I must attend to some maintenance.*"

"*-Love, Hansel*"

As Hansel closed the note and gently applied the address label over the seam, he was called for. "Hey Sell," Sell was a nickname for Hansel, he made most of his money as a child as an errand boy and a marketer, selling anything he found interesting at the weekly market. He grew to be more proficient at the task, and would sell things to his bunkmates in boot camp, hell he even sold stuff to his officer! He could sell salt water to a sea sailor; Hansel took a step out of his tent and was greeted by Inbred the gunner, a lanky, average height, white-blonde hair brushed back with a scruffy look to it, he's got scars all on his back and his broad shoulders so broad, a wooden crate wishes its corners where that square. Inbred was whipped as a child, whipped by an ox that is, the ox wore a harness for the plow to be mounted on, and they tried plowing during the ox mating season, when the ox got rambunctious, and started bucking while inbred was in the pen, the ox threw the child's chest against the wall, and the hardened leather straps whipped him, until his pa shot the ox. He was used to hard work, being that his great-grandparents where from Alabama and that he's an American-redneck descendant, but Inbred was scared to the point he doesn't work with most large animals anymore.

"It's that damned radiator again, Meats says it won't flow."

"Again? I just fixed that last week, is Meats sure?"

"He's positive- hey Sell, I'm pretty sure I've already asked this before, but, why do you always work the tank? Isn't Meats the field mechanic?"

"Yes, Meats is the designated field mechanic, but I love machines, I used to fly crop-dusters, once, but I'm passionate for ground machinery, you know I built my first car right?"

"No, but that doesn't help my understanding-"

"I feel at home, when I'm working on the tank, or anything, I feel a- a special connection between me and machinery, and I trust Meat to do a good job, but it doesn't feel right for me to operate a vehicle I haven't checked or worked on. Now do you understand?"

' sir, I understand completely… So do you ever dream of-"

“DAMN RADIATOR!”

A large, hefty, robust man squatted aft of the King Tiger’s turned turret, his hands digging into an access hatch opening, the curses he rambles on echoes in the engine compartment, making his deep cello voice even more god-like. He stood up when he heard Hansel’s call; it’s a miracle how he fits in the tank: 5’11”, 280lbs, bulky broad shoulders, a chiseled chin, jaw, and brow with a bald head, his arms look like he could punch through a brick house with one swing, bold defining pecks assist that, strong legs apparent as his pants bulge at the calf and thighs and this is only displaced by a beer-belly. This is one of the rare times Meats gets to work on the Tiger, about 65% of the time Hansel does the work, and is typically overseeing the 35% he doesn’t do the work. “Hey Captain, have you come to oversee? Or are you “relieving” me of shift?”

“I’m doing both, Meats, I’ll oversee your progress then make some changes, I honestly think there’s more we can do to the radiator, so we don’t have to fix the junk later.”

“Good idea, Sir, Whacker’s on the radio right now. He might be able to radio-”

“The local girls,” Said an echoing voice. “I can do that right now, it’ll only take a second.” Whacker climbed out of the hull machine gunner/radio operator’s hatch and made his way to the antenna. Whacker was a little short for his age, 32, being only 5’5½”, and a little rounded, he has every other quality of a stereotypical Irishman- strong upper body strength under the flab, an excellent drinker, bright red hair, a thick mustache, chiseled cheekbones, and thick sideburns. He always wears pilot’s cap on, he wanted to be a pilot but he was too short for his want-to-be role, he could fix anything regarding radios and electricity, his step-father was an electrician, his father died in the “First Great War,” ironically killed by British tanks, he grew up in the inner-city, surrounded by poverty and crime and groups trying to seize political power, and isn’t interested in going back. He has a masturbation problem, hence nickname number 1, nickname number 2 is Whackaholic, and he also has a drinking problem. When he gets to the antenna, Whacker starts messing with it to receive a better signal.

“Gah lemme fix this up-”

“No, Whacker,” interrupted by Meats, “Radio command and inform them of radiator problems and that we are in control of the situation working on repairs now. Right, Cap?”

“Hold off on that, Whacker I want you to look for the nearest town, we might be able to find some better materials than what we’ve got. Then tell me of our options, after that we’ll inform command about where we are and the situation.”

“You’re the boss. Got it! Hey, Captain Sell, want me to wake Banker? He does have the map and he isn’t doing anything.”

“So what is he doing?” Inquired Inbred, “he’s sleeping again isn’t he? I’ll go wake him up!”

“Oh boy, Inbred really has the peeve of lazy workers; let’s see what he does this time shall we?” Hansel commented, they all gathered around as Inbred grabbed the toolbox, marched to the driver’s hatch, and flings it open.

“WAKE UP YOU SPOILED *SCHEIßE KOPF!*” Inbred then dumps the toolbox contents through the hatch, waking Banker, who then freaks out, along with releasing cries of pain barely louder than the noise all the tools striking the metal components and flooring.

“WHAT THE HELL WAS THE BIG ASS IDEA!?” Banker jumps out of the tank and confronts Inbred, who is a lot smaller and the youngest, about the action. They start to quarrel, and then limbs swing, and Banker loses. As always. Inbred gathers up the tools as Banker retrieves the map. Once everyone has settled, Whacker reports a town with a steel mill 50 Km east, Banker confirms. Banker is the second youngest; only 21 years old, with Inbred close behind at 19, but is the most immature. He acquired his nickname by ranting on about how his family owns a bank and how one day he would uphold the family tradition and take over the business; he never really stops talking, ever. He’s average height with blonde hair, blue eyes, white-as-silk skin, to sum it

up he looks like the Aryan man you'd see on a Nazi poster, and absolutely HATES being called Aryan; he is not a strong supporter of the Nazis, but applauds the accomplishments and improvements they made to Germany in its darkest hours. With everything organized and agreed on, the crew packs up the tents, and set out on the journey east.

"Don't go any higher than fifth gear, we don't want the engine overheating, we didn't fix the radiator yet, alright Banker?"

"Rodger that, commander"

Fin Chapter 1

Chapter 2

After about 100 minutes, the crew arrived at an occupied French town whose name none of them knew how to pronounce. They bartered with some locals for a place to house the King Tiger for repairs, and another residence for them, the residence was abandoned but clean. The downside was there were only four beds; someone was going to pitch a tent or sleep in the Tiger's barn or the Tiger itself. After a lengthy debate *after* Hansel said they could have the beds, proving the argument that unveiled right after his announcement unproductive, they all decided that the 6'2" officer was to sleep outside/Tiger house/Tiger. Indeed, Hansel is the tallest of the crew, being 6'2", 225 lbs, and only 24 years old. Damn. Hansel didn't mind, he loved the Tiger, it gives him confidence, it makes anyone who stands next to it insignificant in comparison. It's just so big: 10' tall, 39' long, 12¼' wide, really anything on land that moves is insignificant to it.

Every time Hansel closes and locks the commander's hatch on it, he feels invulnerable, powerful, destructive, feared, but most importantly, he feels a unique connection- stronger than any of his other greatest accomplishments, his old crop-dusting job, his schoolwork, his top rating in gunnery and leadership at boot camp, even the car he built *by hand* doesn't compare to this feeling. He values this tank more than all previously stated achievements. Sometimes, at night, Hansel will come out to the tank and lay on the turret roof, just thinking, pondering ideas, he even sometimes talks to the tank like the tank's a being. He's never loved a girl, never had a girlfriend, completely virgin to loving another person like that.

Tonight, though, he thinks of the question Inbred was going to ask before he was cut off. Hansel thinks of all the questions that someone like Inbred might ask; Inbred is very curious and inquiring, so there's a range of things he could ask.

"Let's see," he said,

"He was asking: "do you ever dream of: _____?" hmmm," this troubled Hansel.

"Do you ever dream of: flying again, no, no, he's asked me that before," Hansel thought deeper into the mind of Inbred:

"Do you ever dream of the war ending? Yes? Is that it? Nah that isn't it…"

Hansel came up with question after question, but Hansel doesn't really dream at all, he only dreams about one thing…

"Hmmmfff, he said: So do you ever dream of-"

"*Tanks?*" a feminine voice said. Hansel flipped shit. In a moment's notice he undid the latch on his Walther P.38 holster pouch, and whipped out the pistol, safety off, in the blink of an eye.

"THIS IS A PROHIBITED AREA! PRESENT YOURSELF IMMIDIATELY!" He shouted, adrenaline pumping, heart racing, he was always protective of his tank, even more suspicious now that the Allies where in Europe, he didn't want a spy or freedom fighter messing with his prized possession.

.n down it's only us-"

“WHO?! I DON’T RECOGNIZE YOUR VOICE!”

“Well, first off stop yelling you’ll attract the locals, and second you’re on my head, Hansel,”

When Hansel realized that there was only one human in the barn, he got… excited. On quite a few occasions, Hansel would be talking to the Tiger tank, wishing that it would talk, unaware that it could, and understood him. He slid off the turret roof onto the driver’s hatch and turned around to meet eyes to left-side-eye, and was completely flabbergasted to see a large beautiful brown eye meeting his excited/on-edge gaze with a comforting one.

“Hello, Hansel”

Hansel noticed movement just below the gun mantle; he looks to see and is met by a wide grin across the frontal turret plate. He was star stuck, for about 5 minutes he couldn’t even talk. This made the Tiger giggle a little, once he could talk:

“So uh, how long have you been able to…?” Hansel gestured to her face, indicating talk and make facial expressions.

“Ever since I rolled off the line in May, 1944; so about a month.”

“So you heard me all those times?”

“Yes, you’re very interesting.” Said the Tiger; making Hansel blush.

“You’re also very protective and thoughtful of me. I think you’re sweet.” This made Hansel blush more, and become frustrated, why hadn’t she said anything before? Why now?

“Why haven’t you told me before? Why now? And does anyone else know this?”

“I’m very shy, I was afraid you would transfer, and now because of all the things you say to me, all the events led up to me wanting to come out to you, I feel like I can trust you. I could have said it sooner but we were never alone together like we are now. No, you’re the only one I can trust right now, none of the crew knows.”

Hansel felt relieved, he felt like there was something behind his connection to the tank. *Wait*, he thought, *she knows my name, and does she have a name?*

“Hey, um, so do you have a name?”

“If you’re referring to a distinct name, like I know you by, no, no I don’t have a name.” Hansel felt sad, his crews’ got nicknames, but none of them, except Whacker, thought of a name for the tank.

“So how about-”

“I will NOT be named *“Ladies’ Joyride”*! NO WAY am I accepting that!”

“WHY would you think I’d propose that? We all shot that down IMMEDIALTY.”

“Well I was just letting you know, honestly I almost revealed myself that time, but you four ended that right there for me.”

“You’re welcome. AH, good old Whacker, I was going to say… mmmmmm Marion maybe?”

“I like that; I can live with it.”

‘ ‘t’ll be Marion?”

“Marion.”

“Okay, nice to meet you; Marion.”

“Oh, Hansel, one thing?”

“Yes Marion?”

“Please don’t tell the other guys, I don’t want them to know, *ESPECIALLY Whacker!* I don’t want him getting ideas.”

“I’ll keep it secret, Marion, and one question: How did you hide your eyes and mouth from us?”

“OH! I have a cover that slides over my eyes, I can see out, you can’t see in, same with my mouth. To answer your next question of *“Where can I sleep?”* You can sleep under my chest. You’re sitting on top of it right now.”

“Alright, thanks Marion… So under your chest that’s the ground beneath your lower glacis plate, correct?”

“Correct. Sleep tight Hansel; see you in the morning,”

She then closed her eyes, and fell asleep. Hansel unrolled a cot kit, removed the legs and slid under the tank’s “chest” and fell fast asleep. While he dosed off, he answered Inbred’s question. “Yes, Inbred, I do dream of a *certain* tank…”

Fin Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Hansel woke early the next morning, as he sits up, unaware of his surroundings, he knocks his head against Marion, who greets him a good morning. He instantly hits the cot again, rubs his head, and replies as he rolls out. “Ah, god that hurt, good morning to you too, Marion,” he walks around, to regain his bearings, “So you want to chat for a while or should I go wake the crew and repair your radiator?”

“Actually, Hansel, I faked the radiator to get you alone, I remembered passing this place on our way out and I knew you’d try to get to a safe place to perform any repairs.”

“Well, you were right on that. Now how am I supposed to explain that to the crew?”

“Just say you repaired me last night, you were worried and you couldn’t help but fix it. You do it all the time.”

“True, excuse me; I have to go take a leak.”

“Hansel, don’t forget your letter home. There might be a station out there.”

Hansel had completely forgotten, what with the events yesterday, and pulled the note out of the jacket pocket, and stepped outside to relieve himself and to find a mailing station. After finishing up with a local tree, he headed to the town, where he found a mail station to deposit his letter. Hansel then meanders around town searching for a place to get a meal.

“Looking for something dear?” Asked a stout elderly woman; “I could probably point you in the right direction.”

“Thank you ma’am, I’m looking for a place where I could get a meal, is that is possible?”

What he was really looking for was a kitchen he could use, with maybe some cooking materials, Meats got ’ ickname not because of his size, that helped but he got his name because of being the best damn meat ˋ in the whole battalion. Meats could turn a nine day old dead raccoon into a five star dinner better than

actual five star dinners.

“Oh, I’m sorry sweetie, but we don’t have any of those anymore, the old one is down Charmayne Street, on the left.”

“Thank you very much, ma’am, that’s all I needed.”

Hansel waved a farewell to the woman, and headed down to Charmayne Street. *Hmmm, if Marion could control an individual component of herself, could she work on her own?* This idea and many similar ones drifted throughout his mind again and again. *If it is possible, could we train where she could defend herself if we the crew were incapacitated or not in the picture? If we’re being called upon by an officer, could she ward off saboteurs on her own?* He thought, and thought, and thought. Hansel realized that all the controlling herself questions he asked had to do with protecting her, from dangers he can’t be there to protect her from alone…

“OH GOD!” He stopped in his tracks, almost eating the dirt, “oh god, I think I’m in love, with Marion, a King Tiger tank, a *machine!*”

This realization made Hansel feel conflicted in his gut, the willingness to accept it, to finally love some*one*, someone who can respond, communicate, maybe even love too, he thought. Then he had the other side, denying that it’ll work, *she’s an almighty TANK, you’re just a crewman to her, weak, incompatible even, and maybe even just a card and she’s using you, stupid!* Hansel got to the point where he might throw up, so he started talking to himself:

“No, she’s not using me, and I might not *love* her, this is just a stronger bond. Maybe this is love, god how am I going to tell my family? Does she even have reproductive organs? I’ve been underneath her lots while working on the suspension and I never saw any groves like an opening, only access panels bolted to the hull. SHIT how did my life come to this?!”

He sat at the curb, head buried in his knees, just muttering to himself…

Marion heard movement outside; she closed off her eyes and mouth in case it wasn’t Hansel. The door finally opened and in stepped Whacker, “Hello, Captain? You around? I’ll just be on the radio,” Nothing different, Marion thought, Whacker will set up and get on the radio every morning, he’s not a bad guy, he gets on and listens to command and battle reports on enemy movement. Something that probably saved us twenty times, she thought. She let Whacker do his radio thing while she focused on other subjects, like Hansel… She never felt anything like this feeling towards him than anyone/thing else, she felt good, no, perfect, with Hansel around her, she knew that if this was indeed love, and he felt it too, that they would be able to copulate, she has the necessary “organs” to satisfy this need, knowing all too well human male reproductive anatomy, thanks to the man in the passenger seat: Whacker!

“OH SHIT THIS IS BAD” *Speaking of the devil*- thought Marion,

“THE ALLIES ARE 30 KILOMETERS AWAY!” *FUCK-FUCK- FUCK-FUCK!*

Whacker jumped out of the tank, and ran screaming at the top of his lungs for the others to wake up and get their asses to the tank. *HANSEL!?* She looked over to see Hansel, with a what-the-hell-are-you-screaming-for face looking at Whacker, who “calmly” tells of what he just heard on the radio; Marion doesn’t care what’ll happen afterwards, starting up her engine for maximum effective time to get the hell out. No one questions it while scrambling into the tank, commands being spoken, updates, the “Yes I fixed the radiator last night and DO YOU THINK I GIVE A SHIT IF YOU DIDN’T DO ANY WORK!?!” Banker pulls out of the barn, and makes a B-line to the nearest hills east, in a desperate attempt to hold off the first wave.

Fin Chapter 3

Chapter 4

group raced toward the hill about a half-kilometer away, Marion knew she couldn’t out run the

American tanks; she could only carry her 70 ton ass at 40 km/h on a good road, although she is 2 km/h faster than the other Tiger IIs, thanks to modifications that Hansel and Meats made. However on the dirt and mud, about 35-37 km/h, uphill at a 30-40° incline; 31 max. She wasn't overly fond of her mobility, still confident in herself, though, proud of her 88mm Kwk 43 gun that could tear right through any American armored vehicle-two or three if they're lined up right-and can sit far back and pick them off where they couldn't reach her if they tried. Anytime she had to get dirty, she was safe knowing that her 150mm frontal hull armor sloped at 50° and side armor of 100mm at 30° was impenetrable for the 75mm HE guns the Americans sport; as for her turret: 180mm front, 80mm at 30° sides and rear, she was fine. She only feared their numbers overwhelming her and disabling her where her crew would be forced to leave the safety of her hide, and be killed. That was her only fear.

Halfway up the selected hill, Hansel spotted some movement and small gray smoke trails and plumes about a kilometer or two from the town. "I see something, about a kilometer-and-a-half from the town traveling along the main dirt road running Northeast-East," Hansel zooms the binoculars all the way max power to get a better look at the objects. "I confirm five American tanks, two half-tracks, a truck-no-two trucks, and an open MG car, in the column order of: tank-halftrack-tank-tank-truck-car-halftrack-tank-truck, copy?" The crew sounds off to affirm that they heard that a column of whoop-ass was headed for them indirectly.

"Alright where're we going, commander?" Banker asks as they reach the peak of the hill.

"Head for the trees and hedge groves at 9:45 put our 12 facing the town. Meats, load up some HEAT, lets scare these fools off and then we'll get out before more arrive."

The crew follows the orders to the letter. Meats opens the breech, picks up the heavy-ass round and fist loads the round in the gun in under 5 seconds, thanks to his strength and hand-not-really-needed-eye coordination along with practice. The crew prepare for battle, going over drills and routines, Hansel sits down and closes and locks the commander's copula hatch, Inbred checks gun/turret hydraulics used to turn turret and raise/lower the gun, Meats checks that his hatch is locked, gun safety is off and the breech is closed and locked properly while Whacker and Banker checks hatch locks and Whacker loads the hull MG42 7.62mm and checks the radio.

"Don't fire until I say, Inbred, and aim for the lead tank, then hit the car," Hansel instructed Inbred. Hitting a Sherman tank is no problem, at a half-kilometer a Sherman is a decent size, and the sights on German guns were spot on, now imagine hitting a Jeep from that far; doable with practice, yes-but what about when it's moving? "Fire now Inbred!" A shot rang out instantly; if the crew wasn't wearing ear protection they'd probably be deaf for a time, as the shot sped at the Sherman at about 982 m/s (3,220 f /s), Meats loaded up another round, replacing the spent shell with a new round in under 8 seconds-"Gun ready"-sounded to Inbred that he was ready to fire, and unleashed the beast on a small Jeep, nailing it in the passenger seat, obliterating it where it stood. "Fire at will, Inbred!"

Inbred continued to dish out shot after shot at the column racing for the protection of the town, each shell striking the mark, and tearing the target to pieces. This one-sided battle continued on for 10 minutes, the Americans dodging from cover to cover in the town trying to spot the Tiger raining hell on them, the Tiger tank trying to dislodge them from cover and send them back from whence they came. One Sherman tank caught sight of the Tiger, and attempted a shot; the tank pulled into the street from an adjacent side road, took aim and fired, to be met by an explosive end as its hit with no chance of survival. That one dared shot flew through the air, and hit Marion in her left cheek; the pointed part of the side turret that curves like a flat-ended oval, and exploded on contact, being for anti-infantry and light-skinned vehicles. Marion bit her lip and resisted to yelp in pain, as it felt like a bee sting. The Americans finally pulled out, with only one tank and halftrack, and both trucks riddled with shrapnel. The crew erupted in cheer, only for a moment until they realized the death and horror they caused- four tanks with crews of five, a halftrack that can carry twelve men, a Jeep with two poor soldiers, and an unknown amount of foot soldiers killed by shrapnel; not to mention any townsfolk who were unlucky. The Americans only fired once, opposed to 14 from their foes.

"Poor bastards never had a chance." Commented Meats

' ', that's war now, where men aren't equal in ability anymore-no longer relying on wits, experience, skills, ' ven training-but on quantity, and maybe quality, of the instruments of war one possesses." Added

Whacker, it's a shame he's right.

"We didn't even take damage, did we?" Inquired Inbred; with a cocky tone.

"No, we were hit, I'm amazed you didn't hear it Inbred. From the sound it made, it sounded right next to your head." Hansel knew they'd been hit, he was familiar with the sound all well, a misfire in live-fire training struck Hansel's tank when he was the gunner, and scared him half to death. It bounced with only a dent on the turret.

"So that metal-ripping and tearing sound is what it's like to get hit?"

"Correct, Inbred, now Banker; get us the hell out of here!"

"Don't have to tell me twice-" Banker starts rambling on about who-knows-what.

Hansel takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and tallies four slashes under "TANK" marked on the wall to his left, one under "1/2TRACK", and one under "TRUCK", bringing the total kill count to nine tanks, one halftrack, and one truck (Jeep). He still needs to paint the kill stripes on Marion's barrel. He also needs to repaint the shot mark on her cheek, or maybe she wanted to keep it as a battle trophy, he didn't know, he'll have to ask her. *I wonder if it hurt. If Marion even feels pain.* He started to think about Marion, after a while he was brought back to grips with the crew when he overheard one of the conversations rambling on.

"I doubt you have a pinup girl as your girlfriend, Banker." Responded Inbred to an unknown comment to Hansel.

"Hey Sell, do you have a girl at home?" Banker questioned.

"No, I don't have a girlfriend and…uh… I've never had one either-" Banker, Inbred, and Whacker started denying that, Hansel was pretty good looking, actually, and the three had a problem believing the truth Hansel told them.

Hmmm, I can change that, Hansel… Marion thought.

Fin Chapter 4

Chapter 5

The group traveled for 2-3 hours before their stomachs demanded food and forced the crew to stop and ration out some meals. Banker brings up that the fuel tanks are half-full with the reserves added. So the crew check the map, try figuring out where they are, and eventually finds out that there's a German camp just over the hill they were hiding near, and felt pretty stupid. They then proceed to ride in *on* the Tiger, not entering the tank (except Banker who drove) with all the hatches opened to air out the insides. Once the greetings where over and done with, they asked where the rest of their unit was, only to learn that they were one of only a handful that escaped the rapid advancement of the Allies, but there were still no reuniting with any company mates as they were so far-spread. Therefore, Hansel inquired whether he could get his Tiger tank re-fueled and rearmed; he was given clearance, and instructed to put his tank in the camouflaged tank house #7 where the supplies would be unloaded in an hour.

"Marion, do you ever wonder why the tank houses look exactly like enclosed mini-plane hangars?"

"All the time, that's number seven right there."

Hansel maneuvered the goliath vehicle into a structure with maybe a 4ft clearance above the tank. The tank house looked like a food can buried halfway sideways into the ground with hanger doors erected at either end, then painted green and brown with hints of yellow and foliage strung all on top of it to finish it off. Hansel and Marion talked for about 45 minutes and Hansel ate some supper, when they heard a heavy truck [illegible]ıp and numerous German voices, Marion closed off all living appearances while Hansel went to unlock [illegible]ɹoor and let the deliverymen in, Hansel asked that the mobile fuel pumps and pods be left next to the

rear right fuel tank, and the ammunition near the left. “I just want to be sure that everything is done right, no offense just paranoia,” when he really just wanted to talk to Marion more, who would only talk when alone with Hansel. The men left and Hansel closed and locked the door as per regulation.

“So Marion,” Hansel started as he fueled her, “how’d it feel when you were hit by the American tank?”

“That stung like a bitch,” Marion snapped, “come look at this, it looks disgusting!”

A long mechanical tentacle with appendages that looked like a hand appeared out from underneath Marion’s hull and touched the spot.

“Well you’re just full of surprises, aren’t you Marion?” Hansel said, a little uneasy as one of the smaller ones without a hand approached him.

“Oh, these are my hands and arms, and some are just arms. See?” Marion was letting Hansel admire the tentacle about a foot from his face. He lifted a hand and touched it; it responded instantly and jerked back. “They’re quite sensitive and your hands are *freezing*!”

Hansel moved to the left side and examined the mark; it was midway up the turret and had blown away paint in an elliptical fashion, stretched from right in front of where Hansel sat in the cupola to maybe 5-6” towards the center of the turret at about 4½” tall, and it wasn’t a clean wipe. The blast had torn up some of the anti-magnetic paint, and left black/brown scorch marks on her, the entire spot was like burnt scrambled eggs, just a ragged ugly mess. Hansel checked on the fuel, which had just about finished, and proceeded to grab a paint kit and supplies. He then started sanding and stripping paint on and around the blemish, so he would get a base to apply the paint properly and make it look good, that’s when he found out he had no paint for her Normandy camouflage, and instead prepped the gun barrel for the kill count stripes.

“So, Hansel how many kills do we have?”

“We have 11 tanks, 1 halftrack, and 1 truck, but I’m only counting the tank kills for the stripes.”

“While on the topic of numbers…”

“Go on, Marion,”

“Have you really never had a girlfriend before? Or did you just say that to get off the subject?”

“What I said was 100% truthful; I’ve never had a girlfriend.”

“Well,” Marion continued, with a sly grin; “we could date…”

Hansel joined in on the fun, they “joked” about dating, and how it would work as Hansel loaded ammunition letting the paint kill stripes dry. They went on to discussing how they’d probably need to inform the others. They thought about Whacker’s possible reaction; how hilarious!

“So Marion, let’s say this is our first date; what do we do?”

“Well Hansel… we ate; you and your food and me and my fuel, you dressed me up pretty; cleaning my wound and painting my guns, we’re at a, quote-unquote hotel, so we could…”

“We could what?” Hansel asked, he wasn’t picking up on her ‘breadcrumbs’.

“You know Hansel, something not typically done on the first date; we have known each other for quite some time…”

Marion continues on and on, Hansel still doesn’t quite understand, but Marion knew he was starting to think
al, that he wanted her, and she wanted him so she got as close to saying ‘sex’ without using the word
.

“We could do *it*, Hansel,” Marion finally said. Hansel’s lust for her skyrocketed, and she sensed it.

“Yes, but, but, how would it work? I mean,” Hansel’s mind is craving sex, he is ready, but scared. “What if I don’t have the correct-”

“Oh you do Hansel.”

“How do you-”

“Whacker.” Hansel curses and blesses Whacker as he gives in and starts to undress himself, he is then enveloped in Marion’s arms, one strokes his hair, knocking off his deflated officer’s cap, some untie his shoes, rub his skin, unlatch his belt and buttons on the pants, and yank them down to the floor as he steps toward her. He is completely undressed by the time he reaches Marion who thinks *wow, he’s shaven everywhere, Whacker wasn’t, why is Hansel shaven?* She tells him where he’ll find it: on the underside of the hull, about four feet center from the base of the rear armor plate. As Hansel is crawling into position, with Marion’s arms wrapping around his body, he thinks *Wait, what if I’m too small?!* This thought frightened him, with reason; proportionally, her opening should be huge compared to Hansel himself, though Hansel is larger than average in size of packaging, even that wouldn’t be enough. He was relieved when he felt it, though he couldn’t see it he could feel it with his cock, he slid down and was actually surprised that it had to be only about human size, and the teasing made Marion shutter; she has been wanting this for a long time…

Hansel slid up again, to properly place himself for Marion, who started to gently caress his testicles in one of her hands, Hansel then slid his erected penis into Marion, who let a muffled moan and another shutter out, slowly he pushed deeper inside her. Hansel was breath-taken, the feeling was astonishing, she wasn’t a machine at all, she was tight, and very soft and soaked, she was also pretty warm, even though the placement of her vagina is practically rubbing the heavy engine, and she wasn’t blistering hot or freezing, not even cold, like the engine that hasn’t run in maybe two hours, he couldn’t describe how it felt. He continued on and reached a plush ceiling just as he was completely pressed against Marion, his whole length was inside her, reaching the ceiling initially made Marion tense up, and moan and breathe harder and more sporadically. Nowhere to go but down, Hansel gently eased out, but not all the way for he was 4 inches in when completely on the floor, he repeated slowly for 2 or 3 repetitions, picking up the pace afterwards, this made Marion cry out in amusement and joy, she then rapidly became tighter, and tighter, and quiver more along with the moans and heavy breaths. Hansel theorized, and was proven right when Marion came, Hansel chuckled: “I thought that guys always came first;” Marion blushed and felt a little embarrassed, she assured Hansel that she had the endurance to go again, so Hansel pushed on, evoking more pleasure for Marion. Her orgasm left Hansel’s crotch soaked with liquids Hansel didn’t care at all to recognize, only making her pussy slicker, and reset for another go, this time she lasted longer than before, Hansel continued on, until at maybe what Hansel figured was 90% into his journey, Marion’s shaking became more violent, her vagina was tightened tighter than last, her engine roared at full RPMs, her gun coiled back, her face clenched up and the forward half of her suspension gave out causing her chest hit the floor.

“Fuck me my Panzerkommandant! Fuck me my Hansel! FUCK ME MY *LOVE!*” Marion exclaimed.

“YES MY *LOVE!*” Hansel eagerly replied gritting his teeth, as he had reached his climax and was resisting letting it happen just yet.

They released at the same time, allowing a loud and drawn out sigh of a satisfying and exhausting fuck from the both of them, Marion came stronger than her first, and drenched Hansel from knees to chest in the mixture of lubes and oils. Marion stroked Hansel’s cheek, and played with his hair, too exhausted to move, Hansel decided to sleep there for the night, somewhat spooning with Marion, whose vagina was gently pulsating around Hansel’s stiff cock. The doors were still locked as is protocol and nobody would have heard them through the walls and doors, nobody even knew, and knowing nobody will check on them in the night, Hansel and Marion slipped into blissful sleep, the best sleep either of them has ever had.

Fin Chapter 5

` pter 6

When Hansel awoke the next morning, he knew he had to tell the others about Marion and him. He climbs out from under Marion, who righted her suspension in the night and turned her turret to the left, and confirms his previous suspicion that she could control her body, for her gun was completely depressed down. *She's still asleep, completely relaxed,* Hansel thought; *why else would she let her gun drop?* Hansel moves on and starts dressing himself, he leans up against Marion to put on his boots; as he does so, Marion wakes up peacefully, and kisses Hansel on the back of the head.

"Oh that wasn't a real kiss!" Hansel remarks as he turns to face Marion's smug face, they embrace in a long kiss. Hansel notes that Marion tastes like a mixture of steel, grease, oil, water, and something else; something welcoming and pleasant. Marion experiences a similar feeling; a mixture of tastes, and a warm, hearth-like feeling. When they withdraw from each other, Hansel can't resist asking: *"How did that just happen?"* Marion only had about 3-5" of space between the turret base and the mantle overhang, so Hansel was trying to figure out how Marion's mouth worked.

"Well, my mouth actually goes under the mantle, if you were to look at me level. It's about- mmmmmm, halfway from the bottom of my chin to the gun brace, where my gun and mantle actually connects to me. When I talk my chin actually flattens, like a mattress, it doesn't swing like yours."

"That explains *that* to me, but how have I not encountered your parts while I was working underneath you? I've worked on the suspension probably 20 times and I never noticed an indication of a vagina."

"That is the same as my mouth and eyes, it's covered by an armor plate that slides open, and sinks into a slot; so it's flat and smooth in either position, and sensitive in both, you have no idea how many times you've fondled me while working down there."

Hansel chuckled; he always wondered why it'd start getting hot and leaky down there. Hansel focused, he told Marion he thinks they should tell the others, Marion disapproves; she's still concerned and shy. Hansel brings up points on why; such as how she's been listening to them forever, they are probably going to like a talking/interacting tank, Whacker will stop *it* inside her, ***how they just FUCKED***, and some other minor points. Stubborn like an ass, Marion holds tight and provides a counter example:

"Hansel what if they lose trust in you for not telling them immediately? What if they lose faith in you? What if they are scared because of me? I'm a talking, living, tank who has been listening to them for their whole deployment and doesn't even tell them or hint to them their vehicle is alive; wouldn't you think they'd lose confidence and trust?"

Hansel slowly nods in agreement, but then retaliates, "Then it'll only get worse until they figure it out themselves, Marion, it'll be better if we inform them now. I'm not going to back down. I will tell them, they need to know, after all, they're the only family we've really got right now," Marion can't change his mind, she decides that she'll swallow her fear and talk to them. They agree to meet here, after morning meals, with the crew. Hansel goes off to the showers first, he reeks of Marion. *Which isn't that bad of a smell,* Hansel thought.

After the shower, Hansel goes to the mess tent, and gets some breakfast rations. He's taking a bite into this damned hardtack bread when the group walks in. *They seem to always be in pairs,* Hansel noticed, they did seem to always hangout like school children, in groups, usually Whacker and Meats that walk in first, followed by the youngest two: Inbred and Banker, who are always arguing over something Banker says. Today, it was French Toast, more specifically, what makes French Toast *French Toast*. Once the group sat down around Hansel, they started the usual morning conversation; how'd you sleep, any dreams, what are we doing, stuff like that, once Hansel had finished his breakfast, he told the crew to meet at tank house #7 for an important briefing and to keep it secret. They all complied.

"Alright, they should be here soon, Marion," Marion's eyes were darting around; she was biting her lower 'lip', indicating that she was nervous. "Don't worry, Marion, it'll all be fine, they'll understand," Hansel continues to assure Marion things will be alright to comfort her for a few minutes until the door was knocked on. Hansel checks the viewport and spots Whacker's eyes 3 inches from his peering into his soul, "[illegible]re sorry, Miss, for eating part of your candy house, all we wanted was some food," Whacker jests total [illegible]-pouty face. *Whacker could make a great comic,* Hansel thought before relying in his witch voice: "It's

alright dears, come on inside, lunch is ready, E-HE-HE-HE-HE-HEEE!" Hansel loves himself sometimes.

Hansel opens the door and lets the 'children', retaining his witch voice until he closes the door and locks it again, and then he goes back to his real voice. No one noticed the beady eyes darting around or the stretched quivering lower lip being bitten on the tank turret.

"So Cap'n Sell, what's the brief about?" Inbred questioned

"Well… it's about Marion." Answered Hansel; trying to figure out how to convey his thoughts.

"Who the hell is Marion?" Banker sounded loudly, "Ohhh! Captain was lying about a girl!"

"Well at the time I was telling the truth but-"

"You went chasing skirt didn't you? Waytago Sell!" Banker interrupted, frustrating Hansel.

"NO! STOP!" Banker ceased immediately, "The girl is what I want to talk about, if you would all turn around, you'd meet Marion." The bunch turned around and met Marion, who was shaking, and making the crew uneasy.

"Why is the tank shaking?" Meats said concerned.

"Ah, this is Marion, she's my girlfriend." Hansel piped.

"The witch is crazy," Whacker said dully, "Although I do wonder how the witch got a 100 ton tank to shake like and alarm clock…"

"I'M ONLY 70!" Marion shouted defending herself, making everybody but Inbred jump.

"WHAT *gasp* THE HELL!" Whacker exclaimed, catching his breath.

"Well Marion, no turning back now, time to talk." Hansel says, Marion looks at the bunch that all but two are confused, one not confused being Hansel obviously, but then Inbred wasn't confused, more confident looking instead- standing tall, large smirk, calm composure and arms crossed.

"Why aren't you startled?" Marion interrogates Inbred.

"Why because I already knew-"

"How? How did you know?" Hansel asks sternly and concerned.

"I'm not stupid, I know how to solve a puzzle with the clues," Inbred goes on, "I first noticed when Whacker brought up a name for her, I noticed the sides of the turret above the gunner's wall clench after he said that, like brows. I also wondered why the tank's radiator was acting up; I took a look at it, perfect, no problems. Then when the tank was running yesterday, Banker was taking a shit when Whacker runs over screaming, and I know he doesn't know how to start up the engine. Then clue 4, I didn't take the first shot yesterday… (At this point Marion is blushing) in fact I wasn't even sighted in on the tank! The next is when we were hit, I did hear it Hansel, but I also heard something else-a little yelp-a feminine one, too. Lastly, I was walking by last night…" He stops there, at the last clue Hansel starts blushing. "But what I don't know is how long."

"I've been hearing you guys since day one, inside and out, I was always there." Marion comes out, this acknowledgement makes Whacker's face turn white, and look horrified and stunned, as he then starts walking towards the door, "Bye witch, I'm gonna go home now and puke up all the candy I just ate…" is all he utters, he gets out the door and just keeps walking, and walking, and walking.

"Sorry, Whacker" Marion peeps as she blushes.

'll be fine; I'll just go make sure he doesn't do anything stupid." Inbred says as he chases after him.

“So how long have you two been uhh…?” Banker hesitantly asks.

“It’s only been two days, Banks.” Hansel says, first confidently but then shocked as he realized how fast their relationship escalated.

“It feels like forever,” Marion stated, “And things unfolded quickly.” Marion smiles at Hansel, who shoots one back at her.

“So, let me get this straight, Marion threw the radiator out of whack to get Hansel alone to talk to him, right?” Meats clarifies.

“Yes.” Hansel says without a pause, Marion was holding back a bit, ashamed looking.

“And you two have banged already, right?” Banker says jokingly, a half-cocked grin.

Without a split-second pause, Marion shoots back “Yes” with a proud look on her face, the shy one in the relationship did this, leaving the outspoken Hansel with the ashamed look, and making Banker go straight poker face and stop still, realizing she wasn’t joking when he was.

Fin Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Later in the day, after everybody calmed down, got things straight, and cleaned up the puke, they team set out to link up with the closest remnants of their unit and form an attack squad. Hansel and Whacker pleaded to be folded into the unit that was currently housing and supporting them, but they said-“We’re just too damn small,”-and by that the colonel meant that his Panzer IV regiment wasn’t going to assist the Tiger II at all in combat-as much as the colonel wanted a Tiger II in his regiment-he couldn’t support it or even transport it like he needs to with the Panzers, the Tigers just to slow. The rally point for the remainder of the now platoon-and-a-half sized unit is northeast of the Panzer base, a good 200km away. On a full tank of fuel Marion can only go 110km, so the crew had to carry external fuel tanks to get them there. They would be cutting it close, but the rally point is a refueling base anyhow.

The majority of the journey that day was uneventful, a little rain at around 14:00, but it was a long boring travel otherwise. Until about 3½ hours later…

“Hey Sell, I see something up ahead in the field,” Meats hollered into the commander’s hatch. Hansel stood on the seat/stool and looked over to Meats, who was sitting on the loader hatch with his feet propped on the loader’s periscope cover pointing literally in front of the tank.

“Ah, I see it,” Hansel remarks, “It almost looks like an American tank.”

“It’s not moving, and it looks like the engine hatch is open,”

“Yes, it does,” Hansel picks the binoculars off the hook and peers at the tank, “Indeed, they’re performing maintenance.”

As the group approached cautiously, Hansel removed the rail-mounted MG42 and ammunition and attached them to the commander’s gun mount right above the cupola.

“I don’t like this,” commented Marion, “I see men working unnoticing of our presence…”

“WIR KAPITULIEREN! WIR KAPITULIEREN!” *WE SURRENDER! WE SURRENDER!* Rang out in a panicky tone from the Sherman as they drew closer. Once they got close enough, the Germans counted five scared to death men, and a shaking tank. *There’s more?* Hansel thought, *And it’s American.* The Sherman was a tiny tank to Marion, being only a foot shorter than her, but only 19’ long and 8½’ wide and only half her weight, ’ ’on felt completely superior to it. The same thoughts are shared by the Sherman, he felt insignificant in ’ .parison to her, he couldn’t even muster the strength to elevate his gun level, and let it drop down in

submission.

“Well, what the hell are we gonna do?” Whacker brought up a good question, “We’ve got to keep moving or else we’ll run out of gas, and we can’t take them with us or capture them.”

“You’re right,” Hansel thought-“Wait how do you know German?” He inquired.

“I taught him, commander,” An American said, he looked to be of German descent, Hansel thought, “I taught Chuck some German, didn’t think we’d need to use it like this.”

Well damn, what can we do? Practically anything, we may have to- Hansel’s train of thought was interrupted when Meats said “God damn us but we’ve got to shoot them.” The Americans that understood him started to cry, plead no, Chuck the Sherman shut his eyes and prepared for the MGs to start up, a tear rolled down his turret side. *I can’t do it,* Marion thought,

“I can’t do this,” Marion said, “This is my one fear, I can’t do this to someone else,” the Americans’ faces lit up with hope, “We’re moving on.”

Simultaneously, Whacker, Meats, and Hansel said “Agreed,” and Meats let out a sigh of relief, he hated the war, but understood what he needed to do, and Banker finally pipes up with “Well the damn transmission got drenched in the down pour so we can’t start up.”

“HOW THE-” was all Hansel could manage to get out before the Germans groaned in disapproval, “Well, it looks like we have the same problem, commander,” the American piped, “I see no harm in setting up camp until they dry.”

After the two teams huddled, deciding whether the proposal should be agreed on, they reached a similar conclusion of ‘well we can’t move if we damned tried our hardest so what the hell?’

The two unlikely comrades busted out their camping kits and set up shop around a good sized fire. Two of the American crewmen pulled an old WWI rifle out, some ammo, and marched off, before they got far, Hansel and the American tank commander Joshua ran over to interrogate their actions. The two promised they were hunting in the bushes for some boar or deer they saw earlier. After some time back at the camp, the members heard two rifle shots two second gaps, then later the two from earlier brought in an impressive boar, which they skinned, cooked, and carved. Whilst this happens, Marion gets bored and her curiosity takes charge;

“So, Chuck is it?”

“Yes… why?”

“I’ve never met another living-machine… have you?”

“Only my girlfriend, Katelyn, that’s all. So I guess you’re single?”

“N-no, I can’t say that anymore,”

“Oh, so, is it one of them?” Chuck motions toward the group of men around a fire burning an overweight pig.

“Ummm, maybe…” Marion blushes a light red(?)

“Ahahaha! Which one is it?”

“There’s not many to choose from…”

’ .. your driver? Umm-uhh Banker?” Marion doesn’t respond. “No, so… Inbred your gunner?” Again
ing. “Whacker?”

“Oh god no.”

“Hmmm, that just leaves Meats… and Hansel-” at the mentioning of Hansel Marion blushed harder, a darker red(?)

“It’s Hansel, isn’t it?” Chuck asked for clarity, Marion nodded her gun.

“Don’t be embarrassed by it, love is twisted, embrace it; how long?”

“Tonight is the second night.” Marion answered.

“Ah, it’ll get better; I just hope it’ll outlast the war.”

Marion suddenly realized this concept of possibly being forced away from Hansel. She started to tremble, she didn’t want anything to come between her and Hansel. Then she felt depressed, Chuck isn’t with Katelyn. Hansel and her are at least technically inseparable, as tank and commander, but Chuck and Katelyn?

“I’m sorry you’re not with Katelyn now, Chuck.”

“Yeah, I just hope she doesn’t get harmed, I don’t want her to hurt, so I try not to sacrifice myself, I hang back, and protect myself for her.” Chuck sighed in sadness.

“Do you have any pictures of her, Chuck?”

“Yes, yes I do,” His manipulating arms reached into his mantle and pulled out a little picture of two different Sherman variants. One was an E2 (Marion found out Chuck’s designation: M4A3E2 Sherman) and the other is a ‘Firefly’ Sherman, armed with a 17 pounder long barreled gun. Marion easily noticed a large sideways heart dent on Katelyn’s mantle, and asked about it. “That’s how we met, I accidentally shot at her in combat, and the round split, forming the heart.” *How poetic?* Marion thought to herself.

While the tanks were conversing, the crews were celebrating a glorious feast, even though it was burnt pig. The crews attempted to the best of their abilities to converse, themselves, but this proved ineffective so the majority gave up. Hansel learned a lot about Joshua, the two just clicked together like long lost friends. Later on, the group hit the sack, even though they bonded, all of them kept their side-arms unlatched and loaded. There was no need for use as all of them were exhausted from the work, and slept the night away; once awake, Whacker encountered Jackson, the Sherman radio man, getting on his radio. *Huh, good minds think alike*.

Once the crews awoke, finished off the remainders of the pig, they assembled their transmissions, and started off on their tracks, Chuck going west, Marion going North, both looking for their units. They exchanged information on unused radio frequencies, and decided on one to use if they ever wanted to chat. Within the hour the Germans were huddled around the radio waiting for a response; which came after about 2 minutes of waiting.

The groups happily talked for a long time, what else was there to do? Around mid-day, Marion needed more fuel, so they had to stop and switch the fuel out of the extra storage tanks mounted on her ‘back’ and transfer it to her tanks. This was a long process that took almost an hour due to cruddy pumping machinery. Once this was done, they marched forth, until they reached the rally point an hour or so before the sun will set.

“There isn’t a soul around, Cap.”

“Nope, not a soul. Wait I see something!” Hansel looks east and sees a Tiger II on the way flanked by some Tiger I’s, they look odd, though.

“Hansel it looks like that King has a bigger gun than I do, you see it too?” Marion was right; the approaching Tiger had a larger gun than she did. A lot larger.

“Yes and it looks like they have stuff all around their armor.”

“Well there’s only one way to find out… wait.”

Fin Chapter 7

Chapter 8

“What the hell is that?” The formation of modified Tigers rolls up; the crews disembark and cluster together. The Tiger II with the massive gun stops near Marion and shuts down as the crew exits. The commander appears from the cupola, a tall figure with a long face and a bold nose and brow that seemed to give him a piercing 1000 yard stare.

“Excuse me officer but, what the hell is that?” Inbred asked again

“This my friend is an experimental King Tiger; a King Tiger mark II so to say, I’ll let Fritz tell you himself, it shouldn’t be awkward, after all your Tiger seems to be alive as well.” Marion then realizes that she forgot to veil herself, what with trying to figure out the odd battle group fast approaching. “My bad,” Marion replies.

“I am Alter Fritz, an experimental Tiger II with upgrades including 105mm KwK L/68 main cannon, an improved engine and drive system, a heated cabin, over pressurized air filters for elimination of poison gas, a stereoscopic rangefinder, and extra ammo storage; along with a few field modifications here and there.”

“So why are you all here?” Asked Banker.

“We were sent here to support your unit, but as you know they were attacked by American ground attack planes, and it seems you all are what’s left.” The commander answered. They didn’t know about the attack, it must have happened while they were talking to the Americans.

“So a few more questions, who are you? Where is your detachment from? What is that gear on your tanks?” Hansel questioned, trying to figure out who will be in command.

“I am 1st Lt. Edwards, we are experienced fighters from the Eastern front, and the gear on the tanks are skirts from a wrecked Panzer. IV company cut and welded onto the hulls and turrets for protection against airborne anti-tank rockets; and no, the Tiger Is don’t have any factory upgrades, only the spaced armor added.” Edwards answered rather confidently. Hansel was an experienced gunner when he served on a Tiger I in Russia, but when he was promoted he was switched to a Tiger II commander on the Western ‘Atlantic Wall’ reserves.

“So I outrank you?” Hansel questioned, he never commanded a squad before, and isn’t sure if he’s ready, he doesn’t want to waste a whole platoon of heavy tanks, and certainly not a one-and-only experimental Tiger II.

“Technically yes, I was to rendezvous here and meet here with you, the commanding officer of the remaining ‘ghost unit’, but seeing how your records indicate no trace of platoon command, I would recommend I assume command until the unit is folded into another.” Edwards hesitantly said, Hansel knew he was right; he gladly turned command over to Edwards, and asked how the skirts helped their armor.

“The rockets the Americans fire at us are timed detonation; meaning they explode a certain time after impacting the tank, which by then the rocket would have penetrated the armor, and thus the rocket would ignite the containments of the tank,” Edwards happily informed them, pointing and showing the mechanics with a stick going through the crevices of his joined fingers. “However, the spaced armor tricks the rocket into igniting outside the tank, the fuse setting it off right after striking the skirts.” The group was fascinated, something so lethal and deadly rendered useless by a guy with scrap metal and a welder. Before Edwards could explain how he figured this out, a scout posted in a fire tower spotted a platoon of Shermans heading for the fuel dump, which was right behind them. The crews raced to their tanks, prepping them and arming [illegible] attle, the Americans had the drop on them, and would swarm them fast. Whacker was the last to lock [illegible]e needed to get their radio frequency first. Marion asked which frequency and Whacker gave her the

channel, the radio adjusted to the channel before Whacker could touch it.

"*krrshhhk-THEY'RE COMING OVER THE HILL!*" Was the first thing that they heard, followed by the roar of guns fired by the Shermans, they were met only by ricochets off the German armor barely leaving a mark. Two Tigers got their guns elevated enough to return fire, one just barely missed while the other hit one square in the mantle. The only way the Americans would be able to really damage a Tiger tank is from close ranges at the sides and rear, and these Shermans must have been veterans because they attempted to swarm the Tigers. Fritz got a shot off going straight through a Sherman, front hull glacis passing through the engine block and penetrated *another* Sherman, causing both to instantly stop and catch fire. While Fritz was reloading he turned to hit another Sherman charging full speed at his flank. The most unlikely thing happened, the Sherman couldn't alter its course and rammed into the 105 gun; the Sherman's gun is only a 76mm caliber with a barrel diameter of 96mm, and it rammed into the girth of Fritz's, and was stuck. With the force of the impact the gun recoiled back, hitting the loader and knocking him and the shell over, Edwards thought fast and instantly dropped the rear access hatch in the back of Fritz's turret; leaving an exit hole for the Sherman's fire. The Sherman spammed shot after shot unaware they were whizzing through Fritz, passing harmlessly through his turret and out the back.

Banker instantly knew what Hansel wanted him to do before Hansel could command him, Banker pushed forward to 3rd gear on the gearsticks, moving Marion forward passing Fritz's rear until the turret had a clear line of fire on the Sherman. Marion revved up her engine to the max RPMs. The turret on a Tiger two has two modes, hand cranking, and power turning, at maximum engine output the secondary motor could put the turret around 360° in 10 seconds; 36° per second, Marion knew this, and her turret was on target in under 4 seconds. Inbred lined up the shot, aiming for the base of the turret in an attempt to rupture the shot storage. When Hansel commanded fire, Inbred hit the hand pedal trigger, and sent one through the turret, still igniting the ammo and blowing the back of the turret away.

"Dammit we were high!" Marion sounded, almost in a jesting manner.

"Nah that works," Fritz said as he backed out of the snag and turned his turret to hit a Sherman peppering the rear of a Tiger, doing nothing to render it ineffective; just messing with the exhaust and the engine's coolant. "But let's focus at the task at hand and swipe the Sherman dirt away!"

"*Their numbers have been halved!*" The over watcher in the lookout tower radioed, the sunlight was dwindling, and the light that flashed from the guns was starting to sting their eyes. "*They're pulling back! We've got them scampering off ha-HA!*"

Suddenly Edwards comes over the radio and says excitedly yet coolly that he spotted a 'white stripe' Sherman tank in the overlooking hedges. A white stripe on a Sherman turret indicates a field command tank, and usually should be dealt with immediately; but as soon as he got that out, they all heard a low engine rumble in the distance…

"P-FOURTY-SEVENS INBOUND!" Hansel heard Marion's engine stutter and sputter a bit, then roar back to its usual tempo.

"TO THE WAREHOUSE NOW HANSEL!" Edwards shouted into the radio, and Marion wasted no time making a desperate dash carrying her heavy ass to shelter. Suddenly the P-47s appeared from the sky and unleashed a hailstorm of unguided rockets upon the Tigers, their armor skirt mods worked exactly how Edward described it worked, and they sat in the field and took the punishment, laughing as it does nothing. Except Marion, she's about 200 meters away from a warehouse when Marion feels a sharp pain in the back portion of her right side wheel and bogie system. Nothing felt wrong, until that sliding feeling on her wheels ended and she felt nothing on the tops of her wheels. She stops immediately.

"Excuse me Marion, but, WHY DID WE STOP?!?" Whacker says calmly at first then in a panic.

"I've been tracked!" She replies in a sorrowful and deathly tone, like she was about to cry.

nd the time this was happening, Edward pops open the cupola hatch and pulls a dual-mounted MG42 nt, typically reserved and used by the Luftwaffe for anti-air roles, which is fine and dandy right now. He

unleashes the fury of ‘Hitler’s buzz saws’ and peppers the P-47s trying to strafe, the bullets do nothing to the airframes, Edwards knew this, but smash through the glass with no problems, scaring off the attackers with his accustomed accuracy, and moves his attention onto Hansel’s predicament.

“Looks like the boot strings need to be retied,” Fritz said jokingly

“Yes, yes they do.” Hansel remarks as all the crews park the tanks near the ware house and move to help re-track the disabled Tiger II, Hansel and Meats pull off two replacement track link sets for the tracks while Whacker and Inbred guide the track hitched up to Fritz who is pulling the track back into place while Banker cues his movements. Once everything comes into place, they had to figure out who will do the most labor intensive part: busting off the broken track links and bolting on the new ones, all with one giant ratchet wrench. All of them simultaneously turned their heads to Meats.

“Oh okay! Get the big guy to do it! I’m not going to this time.” No one looked away. “Damn you all.” Meats got the tool and proceeded, this time everyone took pity and helped bust it off. Then Edwards walks over and says that they have a motorized one… They were done in three minutes. The platoon huddled around a fire while a select few were fueling up the tanks and the reserves. They were discussing that the nearby building could house the tankers while the tanks sat outside, except for Marion. They said that she needed to be in the warehouse because of the fact that she couldn’t be camouflaged as effectively as the other tanks, the spacing beams on the tanks were used as tie mounts for the bushes and nets and other masking utilities, while Marion had none of these.

“Fine, but Hansel stays with me.” Marion reluctantly agrees to Edward, who continuingly pressures the warehouse on Marion.

“I see no reason why not, fine, Hansel you’re bunking with Marion.”

“What?” Was all Hansel said, he was in a ‘sleeping high’, where it was hard to focus on things because he was mentally spent and needed sleep.

“Just come with me!” Marion proclaims as she grabs Hansel’s rucksack carry handle strapped to Hansel’s back, dragging him with her while Hansel’s face says ‘I don’t know, I don’t care’.

“Hey Marion, what happened to your engine back there?” Hansel asked intrigued.

“Well, it’s the equivalent to shitting yourself…” Marion replied.

“So, what’s up? What are we doing where you wanted me her?” He asked.

“We are going to have FUN tonight!” Marion softly spoke to Hansel, which upon hearing this perks up, and snaps out of the high.

Fin Chapter 8

Chapter 9

As soon as they got in the warehouse and locked the doors, they began to strip Hansel. Marion slid her hands under the layers of clothing Hansel had on and undid his undergarments while he undid the outer garments such as his jacket, headset and hat, belt, boots, etc. They got to it quick, Hansel hatched an idea and laid down on his back and kicked himself under Marion, who was oblivious to his position as she wrapped her arms around him. *Hmm, this doesn’t feel like it did the other night…* Marion thinks as Hansel shimmies underneath her, *almost like he’s-* Marion’s arm reaching up to stroke Hansel’s hair contacts a stiff but malleable shaft where his chin should be. *Wait that’s not a chin what is he-!* Hansel circles Marion’s prominent clit with his tongue right then, making Marion moan and shudder with enjoyment.

“W-Wha-What are ya-you do-oing? Ahh-ah-hah!” Marion manages to ask, completely enveloped in
ˉure.

“Shhh Marion, I’m tasting you, enjoy love.” Hansel pulls out to answer, then goes back making Marion moan a bit more.

Hansel stops his circling, and drives his mouth into the split sending his tongue deep inside to search the area. He moves all around, looking for the spot, after a while it starts getting a little more wet inside. Hansel tasted some familiar tastes, similar from the kiss but this was more enjoyable tastes, the flavor danced on his tongue, so he started to make his tongue “dance” inside her warm caressing halls. He then realized what will happen soon and pulled his left hand up to his chin and inserted his index finger to test the tightness. *Ooo she’s halfway!* Hansel forces his tongue further into her depths, releasing loads of heavy moans, breaths, and loving remarks. Marion was in a completely new trance, the sensations the sensors inside her uterus were on a loving fire, and she couldn’t even think straight yet still knew how to repay Hansel for this awesome experience. She started teasing him, softly stroking his long hard cock, exciting Hansel more, tempting him, teasing him. *Go ahead my love, grab it, don’t be shy-* Hansel thought, thinking Marion was wanting to jerk him off. Marion started to rub the appendage that’s supposed to be a thumb up and down the head, forcing juices out in a slow smooth flow.

Hansel’s tongue then touched a portion of her lining and this certain spot made the engine rev up and the walls to tighten, Hansel found what he was looking for, he backed away from that spot ignoring Marion’s plea to return there; he was saving it for later. That later did come, the pressure on Hansel’s finger was immense, and his tongue had started to be constricted as well, *Now I go!* Hansel’s tongue made way to Marion’s G-spot, and French kissed it. Hansel took a deep breath and waited for Marion to release, she tried to hold out but the G-spot forced it out, all over Hansel’s mouth area and into his mouth as well. Hansel pulled out and coughed some of the liquid out, as a gag reflex, but then accepted the taste and allowed himself to swallow. The feeling of swallowing was eerie; sliding down his throat, but still he enjoyed it somehow.

“Now it’s your turn, Hansel” Marion said seductively as Hansel tried to spin around to insert his cock into Marion’s vagina.

She grabbed him with her manipulators and carried him to her face. Hansel didn’t notice down under that she was turning her turret at one point; she set herself up for repayment. She carries the confused Hansel to her side and places him on the armored track skirt, perfect height for her. Hansel then realizes what ‘his turn’ was, and fumbles up, a little shocked and concerned of what’ll go down, “Don’t be shy, Hansel, just relax and enjoy, love,” Marion then impels Hansel’s hard ridged cock into her mouth, and proceeds to suck on it and wrap her tongue around it. Hansel began to protest, but stopped once the sensations hit, his brain was nullified, and he began to slump over onto the sloped turret roof. Marion’s tongue was warm and soft; it was made of fine rounded links like chainmail, except a lot smoother, almost as smooth as a human’s but somewhat larger than a human tongue but not supper massive, and its entirety engulfed and caressed Hansel’s member, then it started to play with him. Licking one side until he was teetering on an orgasm, then stopping until he calmed down and did the same on the other side, then it started to stroke Hansel’s opening on the head, inducing “Gah”s from Hansel as this was an alien and unnatural feeling, yet still pleasuring. Then she pet the head’s top from tip to brim, eventually after a number of teetering cummings, she set Hansel up, got him to hold for as long as he could, then smiling awkwardly, licked the base of his head and member at the bottom side; a sort of male G-spot, and sent Hansel moaning and cumming.

All the previous unfulfilled climaxes piled up on reserves, as Hansel’s release was long and stimulating. Marion enjoyed the taste thoroughly, catching every drop on her tongue, savoring the unique taste and texture of it; it was warm and fluid, spurting out in streaks and first hitting the roof of her mouth before falling on her tongue, where it would sit, and start stiffening. Hansel erected his back, and tried to pull out but Marion was holding him in, she swallows and then gives a muffled *ah-ah-ahh*, saying that Hansel isn’t done yet, and he won’t be; he barely lasted half as long as Marion did, and needs to go another round. Marion kept his boner alive; rubbing and stroking it, and proceeded with previous gimmicks but changed a thing here and there. She implemented pulling him out to the brim then pushing him back in all the way slowly, Hansel enjoyed this, during this phase of oral sex Hansel went limp with stimulation; completely slumped onto her roof resting his lower portion leaving it in control of his lover.

[illegible]on was growing tired, so she decided to finish Hansel, but in a disturbing and somewhat hurtful [illegible]od. She went back to the basics, wrapping and caressing, until Hansel announced he was close, and

then when he tensed up holding it in, she plugged his hole with her tongue. *I'll help you hold it, babe…* She started to blow him again, only at a faster pace than before. In and out she swayed him, more and more did the pressure mount in Hansel's penis, until the point he felt a sting; that's when Marion gave in to exhaustion and removed her tongue to let it out. Hansel let out a long sigh of relief, and Marion giggled a little as this time the super pressurized cum shot like a gun and tickled the back of Marion's "throat".

"Now can I go back again?" Hansel asked in a seductive tone.

Marion just gave a nod, breathing heavily, exhausted by her actions. Hansel makes his way down under and rubs his dripping cock against Marion's opening, each time he pulled towards him Marion's engine revs up a quarter gear; he inserts his member and Marion lets out a loving moan. Hansel forces his whole length inside, Marion was still tight from the earlier ordeal, and before he's all the way he reaches that ceiling from the other night.

"Marion what is this?" He asks as he probes it with playful thrusts, each one exciting the engine.

"Th-That-ssss mah-my cervix," Marion tries to say smoothly but is interrupted by her heavy breathing and the stimulus Hansel produces with his thrusts. "It protects us machines from impregnation if we don't want to become pregnant, I can raise or lower it based on the male's size."

Hansel stopped after Marion mentioning cervix, and he thought about her being impregnated, and wondered: "How would that work between us?"

"I don't know, but that's how the first Tiger II was conceived; a Tiger and a Panther fell in love and secretly copulated, the Panther gave birth to a heavy tank with sloped armor, they used the father's name of Tiger and named it the second Tiger tank; Tiger Ausf. B," Marion replied, then asked innocently "Can we get back to it now?"

Yes, Hansel immediately thrust upward expecting the ceiling that wasn't there anymore; Marion must have retracted it deeper. He continuously pleasured Marion, until her forward suspension gave again and that's when he paused. At that moment Marion's rear suspension went perpendicular to her hull, and then fell onto the reverse angle, she locked her suspension so Hansel wouldn't be crushed as Marion lost control of herself. Hansel knew she locked her suspension; his old crew locked the Tiger's suspension in a ditch crossing, resetting that was horrendous; perhaps Marion can reset herself? Never mind that, Hansel thought, and focused on pounding Marion's G-spot. She didn't last long, exhausted to the point she could only quietly moan, Hansel didn't last that long either; also being exhausted. They finished in less than two minutes, then they just lay there, but eventually Hansel climbed out, set up a cot and got dressed into sleep clothes, and unlocked the warehouse door while Marion reset her suspension. They looked as though nothing happened that night… except the oil and various liquids under Marion, but that'll be gone by morning. Then as Hansel and Marion where falling asleep;

"I love you, Hansel."

"I love you too, Marion. Sweet dreams."

Fin Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Hansel and Marion woke up the next morning, and proceeded with the usual morning greeting, a good morning kiss, how'd you sleep questions. Stuff like that, only Hansel needed to use the restroom really badly, and it was the weirdest and longest piss he'd ever taken; same with the dump; for obvious reasons. After he emptied his system his stomach roared at him, he hadn't eaten since yesterday morning, and so he headed off to the place the smell of food originated. He walked into the old office building and was greeted by the ugliest room he's ever seen; the wood was rotted, the ceiling was sagging, the wall paper was shit to begin with but wear and tear along with nobody around to fix it made it look like someone painted horse
ɔn the damned wall!

“Great, just great.” Hansel muttered to himself, he walked over to the server and picked up a ration of food. The ration wasn’t anything to write home about, and that’s what Hansel wanted to do so badly; contact home, he felt a little more downed, the setting made him down at first, and at that moment he just wanted to be with Marion. He scoops up his ‘food’ and heads toward the warehouse; as he is on his way he stumbles into Edward.

“Captain Walter, the night patrol caught an American in the fields, as of right now he’s being held in the shift master’s office two buildings down. I would just like to know if you would care to assist us interrogate him? Your driver and radio operator have already agreed.”

“Yes, I think I will be able to, let me eat my breakfast then I’ll join you.”

“Thank you sir,” Edward then *salutes* Hansel, not a *hiel Hitler* salute, an actual pre-Hitler German army salute. Hansel dismisses the Lieutenant with the proper German salute, and continues off toward Marion.

“Hansel Walter? Is that your name?” Marion asks interested; nobody’s ever called Hansel by his last name around Marion.

“Yes, my name is Hansel Otto Walter.” Hansel grins, never introduced himself to a ‘lady’ like that, Marion nods and she then gives her ‘name’: “I am Marion Panzerkampfwagen VI auführung B, or Marion Tiger II, or Marion KöingTiger.” Marion searched for any other names and found none.

“I think your name beats mine, Marion.” Hansel said with a chuckle, trying not so spill his food. They talked for a while, shared views on the previous battle, and then Hansel brings up they found a survivor and Edwards and Banker and Whacker are interrogating him right now. Marion asks if she could tag along, what’s the harm in it? Hansel and Marion drive over to the shift master’s office; Hansel notices her engine isn’t running.

“Hey Marion, how are you moving if your engine isn’t running?”

“I can control my body without *much* fuel, I just can’t go very fast or get any actual power; I’d get stuck in the mud.”

Satisfied with the answer, Hansel just watches her maneuver around corners, hydrants, barriers, and anything else in the road with enjoyment; he really loves Marion. Marion snaps him out of his stare by asking why there’s a hole in the side. Hansel looks up and notices a shot hole in the spot that looks like it once was a door. He explains that it was probably locked so they blew it open. He climbs down from Marion and walks to the ‘door’, Banker and Whacker are standing there with aggravated and furious faces.

“The fucker knows German, and won’t stop calling me a fucking Aryan! Why won’t they just let me shoot this *schweinhund* right NOW?!” Banker is furious.

“Aaww! Is the Aryan boy mad?” A sarcastic and taunting voice comes from inside, Hansel looks in and sees a battered brunette man no older than Hansel wearing the same uniform marks as Chuck’s loader, only it wasn’t Chuck’s loader.

“Do whatever the hell you want with him Captain, just don’t kill him.” Edwards then storms out of the room, it was obvious he had enough comments.

“Oh look, the Nazis are getting frustrated, is it because their mommies don’t love them? Or is it because they were accidents?” The American was flawless in speech, and it seemed to have and Austrian dialect to it.

“He keeps insulting me, my parents, AND MY CAP!” Whacker grunts, he and Hansel go way back to Hansel’s first deployment, and Hansel knows how he cherishes his pilot cap.

“The fat pilot loves his hat, too bad it’ll never be used in a plane; he’s just too short and fat!” Hansel flinches, ' ıew that one hurt, he dismisses the two to relieve some steam. Marion asks with a chuckle: “This isn’t ' ınterrogations usually go; is it?”

"I hear a Nazi whore!"

"No, I don't get around at all, I'm no whore." Marion shoots back confidently. The American sits up and leans back, scoots the chair he's tied to over, and spots Marion through the window with a cocky smile.

"And it's not just any whore; it's a TANK whore! How many have you banged?" He looks right at her, Marion loses her confidence, not sure how to respond. He keeps pressuring her, diminishing her facade, then Hansel steps in to defend her.

"Ooo, she bangs people too! That must double the slut rating, how many times you fuck this Nazi? Wait let me guess!" He continues to count off random numbers; Hansel insists he cease his insults to her, to instead insult him like a man and not a lady like a bitch.

"Oh, so she's special to you? Like you two are dating; too bad she's seeing others because you can't please her. You could do better than that whore-" Hansel commands him to stop, the rage building inside of him, here this little shit has the nerve to insult his girlfriend while he sits in captivity. The American pushes on, repeatedly calling Marion a slut and a whore. Marion can't take anymore; she breaks and starts sobbing softly.

"Oh look at that; she cries because she knows it's true!"

Hansel snaps.

Hansel grabs the chair by the back rest and drags the American to a vacant enclosed room; ignoring the taunting remarks from the American. He closes and locks the door. Thirty minutes later he emerges, wiping off his knuckles and using some of the American's ripped clothing to wipe off his boots and buckles. Not many people dare ask what he did to him, and those who do aren't answered. Edwards checks to see if he is still alive; he's greeted by the American giving him the answers to questions asked before Hansel's arrival.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" Hansel asks Marion, Marion sniffles and nods; Hansel asks if there was anything he could do for her. She doesn't reply, so Hansel wraps his arms around Marion's gun barrel like a hug and says he could paint the 3 kill stripes they earned. Marion perks up and rolls over to their warehouse. They did more than paint stripes. Awhile after the pick-me-up fun, Edwards knocks at the door. Hansel opens the personnel door, and greets Edwards.

"I would have told you earlier but Alter Fritz said to give you two your alone time." He said awkwardly, aware of what 'alone time' was.

"Oh, sorry, is that a problem?" Hansel asks, Edwards assures that it isn't a problem, and goes on to inform him that the Americans have a large fuel reserve station on the Belgium coast, and that (other minor stuff not really appealing) and that he is a Jew from Austria.

"He's a Jew?" Hansel asks, he personally didn't care about the Jews being a 'problem', neither did Edwards, but-

"So what he's a Jew, what's so special about that?" Marion asks, she interrupted Hansel mid thought.

"Oh it means nothing, we'll just leave him here when we evacuate. The Americans will deal with him." Hansel answered. So that is what they did, evacuate almost immediately.

Fin Chapter 10

Chapter 11

The Americans were mounting a few kilometers away, the German company needed to move fast. Hansel didn't notice that the battle group was an entire full scale company, complete with fuel trucks, ammo trucks, [illegible]he other necessary utilities where included; they had set up at the fuel depot already when the tank [illegible]d moved to meet up with Hansel the other day. The tanks were getting into the formation when Fritz

notices a small ball of fur under his overhang on the back of his turret; he spins his turret around and is met with large frightened cat eyes. Fritz is confused as what to do, he's never encountered a cat before, it hasn't run off yet, and his engine is running while the cat doesn't seem to care. The cat looks like it sounds off, and starts rubbing its face on the groves on Fritz's bell-shaped mantle, the reverberations he feels must be the cat purring; it likes him! Fritz smiles, he appreciates the small things in life, at any instant his could be whisked away and he wants to know he died satisfied he enjoyed his life.

"Hey there little guy, what are you doing?" Fritz asks the cat, the cat just looks at him and appears to answer; the sound drowned out by the engine. "You remind me of Jäger, you want to tag along little one?" The cat jumped onto his gun, adjusted and jumped onto his roof and crawled into the cable-mount eye on the slope then lies down compliantly. The cat was a gray with dark spots that almost looked green, its tail was short and its fur was thick, its green eyes were menacing, and it seems to be a skilled hunter for its health and weight. Edwards climbed up and looked at the cat.

"Alter Fritz who is this?" He asked, "I think I'll name him Franz. He's my cat now." Fritz replied, sounding childish; Edwards smiled and just dropped his head and shook it no, laughing a bit as he continued mounting the tank. Franz ran over to the open hatch and jumped inside. Not a fuck was given by anyone.

The formation fell in, and they all rolled out eastward, Edwards made contact with command and they instructed the company to return to Edwards' old unit stationed near Munich for enlistment purposes. Hansel was giddy when he heard the news he would be returning home for a while. Marion brought up how she could meet his folks in 'person'. Hansel turned quiet, signaling he had to think of a plan to do this, he never thought about actually introducing Marion to his family, he's thought of their reactions but never telling them. Munich was a long, long, LONG ways away, so he would have plenty of time to formulate his plans, and to prepare for the possible reactions; most of them unapprovingly but Hansel knew he'd end up staying with Marion anyway.

It took about 3-4 weeks to travel, what with the speed, refueling, camp stops, air scrambles and breakdowns, otherwise everything was according to the planned times. When they were in a 3 day away window, Fritz would grow ever more anxious to get there, and would often leave the group behind until he would run low on fuel and stop to wait for the convoy to catch up. Edwards knew why and would laugh, he left Hansel and the others out in the blue as to the reason, but this was acceptable for Hansel and Marion had their own secrets. After long weeks of traveling, they finally reached the outpost at Munich. *God how this changed!* Hansel thought, when he left there weren't AA guns or searchlights everywhere to be seen. It looked like a military occupation, but understood this was all because of the bombers.

"Fritz!" Marion and Hansel look over to see a JägdTiger go full speed towards Fritz, they both had a huge smile, the man on the roof of the J-Tiger did not however. He was caught off-guard and was thrown out of the hatch his legs were sitting in, rolled off the roof, and caught himself on the rear view periscope cover so he wouldn't be thrown off the back after he slammed into the engine cover. The tank destroyer slammed into full reverse to slow herself down so not to smash Fritz, who had elevated his gun so that once she stopped next to him, it wouldn't be interfering them while they kissed.

"Damnit Jäger you made me spill me drink! And it's about time you got your white-ass back here Edwards!" The man who was on the roof stood up and threw his cup at Edwards with a smile, he was a little short to the J-Tiger of course but only 5'10" and was pretty slim, he was of Irish ancestry, you could hear it in his speech but he looked like an Irishman: really white skin, bright auburn-red hair in a long hair flat top style and hair everywhere on his arms, legs, chest, high cheekbones and a rounded chin with a broad grin, freckles everywhere. He had wide ears, a comfortable and approachable looking person, then when Hansel and Marion caught a look at his eyes they were breath taken, his eyes looked like a storm; a blue iris with a white lining and arms that stretched out encircled the pupil. He walks across to Fritz's hull roof and walks over to Edwards and gives him a definite brothers' hug. The two engaged in conversation as they had not seen each other in a long time. The tanks retract from their kiss and cuddle, talking to each other softly, The JägdTiger who must be named Jäger looked into Fritz's eyes seductively, Fritz's crew disembark and leave the couple to themselves, Edwards and the Irishman walk over to Hansel, Marion, and the rest of the crew standing around Marion and introduces everyone to the stranger.

„ it's nice meeting you, my name is Hans, but you can call me Irish, you all see where that came from

obviously."

"Irish where the hell is Jäger's skirts?" Edwards asks, punching him playfully as he asks with a comic tone.

"She wanted them off, to quote-unquote "fully seduce" Fritz, I'm convinced it'd work either way; skirt or no skirt. I noticed there was a cat next to you that had the same cammo pattern as Jäger does." Irish remarks, punching Edwards back with a grin. Edwards tells him the story told by Fritz about the cat, how it even reminded him of her; the colors matched perfectly.

Jäger and Fritz roll over, still cuddling, holding 'hands' and encircling each other's upper structure with the leftover manipulators in a many-armed hug. Fritz introduces Jäger to the group, the crew didn't feel awkward anymore, the whole living machine thing kind of grew onto them. They felt no different from talking to a human than they did a vehicle. Jäger had many shot marks on her upper glacis and superstructure, and at least triple the kill stripes as Marion, her gun was a massive 128mm Pak gun, and dwarfed Marion's *and* Fritz's in size, Fritz still had length however. Jäger's eyes were green like Franz's eyes, and hers were positioned on her face plate like Chuck, not on the sides like Marion and Fritz. The people went off for some chow and Fritz went off for fuel, Marion was good on fuel, she kept her extra tanks on, and her primaries was nearly topped off because of them.

"So how long have you two been together?" Marion asks Jäger.

"Ohhh, a long time, I can't remember it just seems like it never wasn't," Jäger replies with a long smile on her face, "He told me about you and Hansel." Marion nodded, they told him on the trip, and she couldn't get a certain question out of her head.

"I have a question, Jäger, it's about our ability to reproduce."

"Ah, I had the same question too, when I was in Russia a designer visited to oversee performance, I asked him about it. I'm sure I can answer your question."

"How does it work?"

"Well he didn't get into scientific terms, he said that the male gender carries the male key, and the female gender carries the female lock; just like we already know of humans. The difference is that unless impregnation is successful will the cervix remain open and that contrary to humans, we can mate all through our pregnancy. That's how Tiger IIs were made, the Panther didn't tell the Tiger she was pregnant until she was about halfway in to it, then for fear of killing the fetus, he ceased all sexual activity with her. That's how the sloped armor and the less complicated suspension and gun length arose, from the Panther's qualities, while the Tiger contributed the heavy armor, high caliber multi-piece gun and barrel, and sights, if he continued on, the Panther's genes would be overridden and a Tiger I with slightly sloped armor would have been born. This is for super-fast breeding, where a female can take in multiple male keys to create a new mixture of qualities for a better tank; the male amount overrides the equivalent female amount, if the Tiger stopped after initially impregnating the Panther, it would have produced a Panther with heavier armor. If the cervix is punctured but impregnation or the child is born then the cervix will shut again, unlike humans, this is to protect against forced mating or rape if you will. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes I do, but, could I bear a child of Hansel's seamen?" She asks hopeful, almost eager even.

"I do not know of that, sweetie." They sit in quiet until the group of crew and Fritz returns again.

Fin Chapter 11

Chapter 12

Early in the morning, Hansel was awoken by Edwards. He knew the Lt. Colonel and the Colonel would only be at their offices early, and even then the Colonel was a maybe. Hansel gets out of his cot and dresses in ' niform, he loves wearing his uniform, it makes him feel proud and he looks good in it he's been told. He . s with Edwards, who is giving him the best tips to sway their conclusions favorably, he warns Hansel of

their characters; the Colonel is laid back and usually a yes-man while the Lt. Colonel is a hard-ass by-the-book douche. They soon get to the office and the Lt. Colonel is the only one in the room. Shit. They try anyway; Hansel gives his question respectively, and awaits the disapproval.

“Normally I would say no, but today is special.” The Lt. Colonel says, Hansel starts to smile but is cut off before he can thank him. “Hell no. You can’t just get folded into my battalion and expect to take leave on the first day! The balls you-”

“Ah shut up you tight prick!” The Colonel walks in from a side room smoking a pipe, “This Captain here has every damn right to take leave. He’s seen more combat action in a week than you ever have in a year!” *That’s not the only action I’ve seen more of.* Hansel thinks to himself smirking. “Then he hauls his ass here near his home and wants to see his family, and you say no, well we certainly know who’s the ballsiest, or the stupidest person in the room. Don’t even start with the paperwork bullshit. Captain I order you to take your leave, enjoy yourself.” Then he turned around and walked back into the room, not once did he take his pipe out of his mouth. The LTC frowned in disapproval, gave the two a stern gaze, and said dismissed coldly.

Hansel walked out in strides, relieved of his worry, and strode to Marion with the news. Marion gets giddy and they kiss for a little, then Hansel goes to a telephone station to call his parents. His parents are thrilled to hear he’s a half-kilometer from their apartment, he asks them to come out to the fields in-between Munich and the camp in three hours; they agree instantly. Hansel recaps with Marion about the plans, heads off to the showers, and gets some grub. He finishes up and goes to clean up Marion, he persuades her to let him polish the shot marks the 75mm AP rounds left, they didn’t hurt as much as the HE shot that hit her, and the marks weren’t nearly as big. Then Edwards and Irish stop by in their uniforms.

“Wait, you’re only a 1sg?” Hansel asks Irish, “How are you a tank commander at 1sg?”

“Well, the previous tank stripe was a dumbshit, I was the gunner and next in line. One day his dumbass thinks it’d be smart to stand up in the cupola in a close quarter tank battle. I think you know what happens next. Anyway the only thing we recovered was from belly button down when it fell to the floor spurting blood and internal shit all everywhere. Jäger didn’t enjoy that feeling inside her hull, and it was a pain in the ass to clean. I was never properly promoted and it was only a field promotion; we still don’t have a gunner so Jäger takes all the shots.”

Hansel and Marion shuddered; they definitely didn’t want to experience that first hand. Hansel finishes washing Marion in the nick of time; and the two depart for the fields. They arrive late by two minutes and no one’s around; Hansel waits knowing his parents are always late. At exactly ten after an old little brown car rolls up and two figures step out. Marion instantly recognizes them as Hansel’s parents; the resemblance was unmistaken. His mother was very fit: slim and curvy; you couldn’t tell she bore two children, with a face of a 25 year old and a gorgeous head of brunette hair that was styled into a bell curve. His father had a handsome and withered face with a bright joyful smile and large comfortable eyes magnified by his glasses, he was very tall and a little hefty, not fat or overweight, but he had some heft to him; he was bald like Meats and he walked assisted by a cane due to his profound limp probably from the ‘First Great War’.

“Oh look at our little Hansel!” His mother exclaims, her voice revealing she was older than she looked, “Oh you look so handsome and grown up in your uniform.” She envelops him in a long hug; she holds back the urge to cry in joy.

“You look like a man, son,” His father announces as he hobbles over to give his son a hug. “Sorry Gretel couldn’t make it; she had too much work to do.” Father and son lock eyes in a warm friendly stare. “I’m proud of you, Hansel, and I hope you go on to do even more; you’ve already surpassed me.” Hansel nods and says thank you, revealing he too is holding back tears.

“So how many have you popped Hansel?” His mom asks in a playful tone. “I bet he’s bagged a hundred, right son?” His father adds in a comic voice.

“Naw I’ve only got 14 tank kills.” Hansel answers, as they talk Marion happily watches unveiled, she doesn’t [illegible]herself anymore, she has confidence in herself. Hansel’s dad brings up Hansel’s tank and how massive it [illegible]en Hansel starts to talk about it, building up for his introduction.

“So who is this person you wanted us to meet, Hansel?” His mother brought up, Hansel took a deep breath, and answered.

“I wanted you to meet Marion, my tank and girlfriend.” Hansel says as he rubs his hand across Marion’s side, Marion then says hello confidently, and introduces herself. The parents’ reaction wasn’t the same as the crews’, Mr. Walter was actually intrigued about it, and Mrs. Walter was unmoved, she still had her warming pleasant completion.

“I always knew you loved machines Hansel, and this just warms my heart to know you found love in your interests.” His mother sent Hansel into shock; he didn’t expect this from his mother.

“Damn I wish my car would talk, that’d make fixing it a hell of a lot easier. Damn thing.” His father’s was expected; Hansel shared the same comical style.

“So you aren’t disappointed or shocked about this?” Hansel asks confused.

“No dear, I am shocked about the living machine, but disappointed; no, you find love in all sorts of places and who are we to tell you right and wrong in love? You need to make your own discoveries in love.” His mother said, his father adds “Your life is yours to explore, and Gretel would probably be all for it. She is a lot like you only more inquiring of life.”

The group talked and conversed about their adventures and battles and history, Hansel and Marion left out sex of course, but on the topic of Gretel and her husband wanting children did make Marion bring up that children weren’t an impossibility. The conversation then turned into Hansel and Gretel’s first moments and baby years, parental stuff that embarrasses the child on a date. Normal family stuff; Hansel was still surprised that his family was treating Marion like a normal person. All the while Marion was playing with Hansel’s hair; prompting Hansel to ask why she always played with his hair, and then realized Marion had none to explore herself, and let it happen; accepting the pleasant feelings she produced from playing with his hair.

Once it was late and the two pairs needed to go their separate ways, they said their goodbyes and farewells as a normal family, and proceeded home. While they were underway, Hansel asked Marion about the children being a possibility;

“Yes we can have children. I know two tanks can and two humans; I’m just not entirely sure about a tank and a human.” Marion replies, and then sighs in disappointment.

“What’s wrong, honey?” Hansel asks concerned.

“I wish you could meet my parents, well my parents design wise. I haven’t even met them myself.” She was getting down, Hansel pet the top of her turret, and asked to watch the sunset. Watching the sunset brought up Marion a little, and induced her to ask Hansel of something they haven’t done since they left the fuel depot. Hansel agrees under one condition: don’t set up for pregnancy, Marion agrees and follows her word.

The deed is done and they roll home. Where they barely spot Jäger and Fritz bonding like they just did not too earlier in the trees, they simply smile in adornment and proceed quietly to their tank house and fall fast asleep. Hansel dreams of his usual dream, and Marion of how their offspring would look.

Fin Chapter 12

Chapter 13

Marion and Hansel were off on leave, Edwards and Irish were off messing around with the crews of Jäger and Alter Fritz; and the two lovers were flirting with each other to pass time. They haven’t been together for weeks, and really only met each other within the first week of deployment in Russia, their love was quick and eventful however; almost a work of fiction how fast they connected.

’ ’ssed you Fritz,” Jäger commented after a long kiss, she then switched to her seductive voice: “and I
’ ’n’t been able to please myself the way you pleased me that one time…”

“Well now that we’re together I could fix your want…” Jäger snatched him, she’s wanted him since he left, and the same can be said for Fritz, the two were extremely horny and desired sex unbearably. “But where would we have our fun?”

“Well, there is one spot that isn’t too far from the base, only about a five minute roll from the houses.” She had a great seductive voice, sometimes Irish wonders if they really only banged once before questioning if they banged almost every day of their relationship. Fritz and she agreed they would go out at sundown. Until then, they convinced their crews to let them go for the night for a ‘reunion’ and were reluctantly approved, and by reluctantly: Jäger held Irish at gunpoint to get him to agree, after all she was considered ‘nude’ without her skirts and anti-anti-tank rocket shields in their places.

Sundown; Fritz starts to get aroused, Jäger is leading him to their spot and the whole time she lets her chassis rock side to side lulling Fritz’s eyes to stare at her ass, her large gorgeous and tasty ass. He felt an erection coming on, it wasn’t banging hard but firm, it was pressing against the inside pocket of his lower hull. Male and female anatomy for tanks is pretty much the same; the genitals are in the same area to prevent them from sustaining battle damage from an anti-tank round. Once they arrive at the thickly forested circle Jäger did a one-eighty and met Fritz in a sexual kiss, Fritz’s cock went mad, he felt it pushing and throbbing in his hull, but he couldn’t let it open up now; it would rocket into the ground and that would ruin the night.

“I can’t hold it back much longer, baby, let’s get started, shall we?” Fritz implied, Jäger smiled a sexy grin and spun back around and raised her rear suspension to elevate her hind end then proceeded to shake it in Fritz’s face. Fritz simply lowers then pops his forward suspension to get a jump up to Jäger’s engine roof; he then adjusts himself and releases the beast in his hull. Male tank scrotums are like manipulator arms in that they can extend and bend to a certain degree at the base for ‘maximum effectiveness for delivering the male key’ when it was really to be able to fuck the shit out of their mate. His package shot out and nearly impaled Jäger’s ass if he wasn’t in a gently sloped position, he then spurs his engine to slowly push him to his spot to fuck Jäger.

“Oh god damn you take a long time! JUST FUCK ME ALREADY!” Jäger was going mad; her hormones were demanding sex now, good long and hard sex.

“Your wish,” Fritz extends his member to her thickened vagina lips and starts stroking them. “Is my command,” He says in his sexual cold monotone voice.

Jäger shudders and groans, each stroke releases her warm juices onto his cock giving Fritz a wave of pleasurable sensations. Fritz continues to rub her pussy, releasing small amounts of his juices exiting his end and being rubbed into her slit. After a good bit of this Jäger grows annoyed by this teasing and slides onto Fritz’s cock, moaning and groaning with hints of pain as Fritz’s member was quite larger than one may think.

“You’re so tight, warm and wet Jäger, when did you pleasure yourself last?” Fritz asks rhetorically, holding back his urge to moan due to the immense pressure on his cock.

Jäger gasps in between moans “The night before you got back, you?” she can feel him throbbing gently inside her, the precum in his dick being forced out by the cum building inside him. She then goes back to her moaning and murmurs.

“Not since you and I last fucked, no time alone to do so.” He answered as he pulled out a little to thrust. Jäger feels this and prepares for his charge, he pulls his hull up towards Jäger’s roof and thrusts his probe deep inside Jäger; who yelps in both pain and pleasure followed by a cry for more. Fritz then ‘humps’ Jäger again, then slightly faster again, and faster, and faster, each blow more pleasurable than the last, until there was no pause between a thrust and a pull and another thrust. Jäger was breathing in bursts now, her vagina felt like it would explode, and her forward suspension let go of strength to put it all in her hind suspension, her chest was being pounded into the ground. Jäger was slick like ice, and felt like a sauna, her vagina was compressing on Fritz’s cock with an unrivaled power and effectiveness; Fritz was growing close, he could feel it a lot stronger now.

‚RUNG I-MM-CL-OSSE –YAE-GER!” Fritz grunted out, focusing on pounding Jäger’s pussy hard. “AH-AH-

AH-AH-AH-AH" Is all the response he got. He suddenly felt a great increase on the constraint of his dick; Jäger is either close as well or griping him harder consciously. He clenched up tight, holding back his ejaculation as he quickly tried to pull out but Jäger's manipulators wrapped around him and pushed him back in. "BU-AHHHHH!" Was his response, the immense wave of cum initially stayed put inside Jäger but the sheer amount forced a great deal out between Jäger's clit and the bottom of Fritz's throbbing probe. Fritz went brain dead with his orgasm hitting him hard, his suspension went out and he simply rested on Jäger.

"Uh, uh, uh, now, it's, my, turn-" Jäger then pushed herself up, and lowered herself down, riding Fritz's cock like a pogo, she moved slowly, and savored the feelings. She moved her hull around to position his member to rub the right-there! "Ahhh-ha-ha that's the spot!" Jäger announced once she contortioned her body to rub their G-spots together, Fritz didn't verbally protest but he felt the pain of the tight slow grind and would whimper a little on every push. She rubbed them until they were 'raw'; forcing two more orgasms out of Fritz, then Jäger grew close to hers…

"OooOOoo! Ah Fritz, make me cum!" She stopped her grinding and let Fritz take over. A malevolent looking smile overtook his face, and he having regained his strength, he FUCKED her. Her mouth watered and she drooled, her eyes rolled back into her 'head', and she death griped Fritz's devastating member then went completely limp and null in her vagina during her explosive orgasm. Fritz didn't stop there, he continuously pounded her until she could feel her pussy again, and it felt like jello, then he released his final deposit of seeds into her closed vagina. The cervix was beaten but not broken, and Fritz slowly slid off and landed with a thud, the two of them sat on their hull bellies, too exhausted to get up, then sat together in an embrace and a string of kisses.

"I love you Fritz," Jäger says affectionately, leaning against Fritz.

"I love you too, Jäger," He replies lovingly, then a face of concern dawns him, "Jäger where is Mini Rommel?"

"Oh he's still with us; he's just in the city helping with the recruitment. He'll be back tomorrow. Why?"

"He usually has a pick-up line we'd joke about right about now…"

Jäger simply puts a finger over his mouth, and leans for another kiss, and is met halfway by Fritz, they relax and watch the stars go by.

"So, Fritz…"

"Yes dear?"

"Tomorrow night, I'm thinking oral…"

"Hah, that's something I'd want to see us try!"

"Yes but I've been wanting to taste you for a long time now, and I think I have an idea on how."

"Maybe, but we'll have to see, darling, we'll have to see."

"Another thing, love?"

"Yes dear?"

"I've been thinking about children…" Fritz is offset by this and sighs deeply, he too has been thinking.

"After this war ends, after, if it ends."

Fin Chapter 13

ıter 14

The group was hanging around eating morning chow and talking to the American tank and crew on the radio. The Americans have been trying to teach English to the Germans and the Germans teaching German to who didn't know already on the American crew, with a good deal of success. Neither Hansel nor Marion talked about last evening; keeping Jäger's and Fritz's little adventure secret. After breakfast finished, and everyone except Hansel and Marion dispersed, Marion brought up that she needed to pee.

"You have to what?" Hansel said aghast.

"I need to pee, Hansel."

"What is supposed to come out exactly?"

"Uh, I need and oil change. Is that better Hansel?" She said sarcastically.

"Yes, I'll get the tools-" Hansel was cut off by Marion.

"No I can just piss it out while you get the new oil." She was growing more annoyed.

"Alright then, fine! Why are you getting so pissy?" He asked while handing her a container to release the 'piss' into, also a little annoyed.

"I haven't taken a piss in over two months." She snapped.

"So what? My car needed an oil change once every six mon-"

"I NEED TO FUCKING PISS DAMNIT!"

With that he shut up and put his hands up as if to say 'fine-you-win-you-don't-need-to-be-a-bitch' and went to get more oil for her. Along the way he passed a Panther tank that definitely belonged to the unit. It was a Panther D model, but along with the standard side skirts it too had extra skirts like Fritz around the sides, rear, and around the turret in a similar manner of the Panzer IVs. *Ah the good old Panther D's!* He loved Panthers, on the Russian front when the Tiger I first appeared it was unstoppable, then the T-34-85 came along sporting an 85mm long barrel that could pierce a Tiger's front like butter, the Panthers however came late just enough and their fronts could deflect anything the Russians shot then. Matched with speed, maneuverability and firepower, the Panther is the best medium tank that ever entered the war; Hansel thought to himself. He noticed some painting on the side of the turret: *Mini-Rommel*.

Mini Rommel was rolling along, trying to find either Jäger or Alter Fritz, he'd just been relieved from his piss-poor duty as a playground for Hitler Youth children and wanted to talk to a familiar face. While strolling down the tank houses he passes an unrecognized face, he was pretty tall, blonde hair, rank Captain, and had an eye for him, he wasn't offset by the eyeing, he'd get it a lot; he was one of the best damn tanks the German war machine has produced and he's damn proud of it. He concluded another heavy tank was added because of the rank and the man being unknown to him, he rarely forgot a face. Not too long after that he comes across a living battle veteran Tiger II awaiting oil in its house. Eager to make a new friend, he rushes over to introduce himself.

"Hello there, my name's Mini Rommel, but most either call me Mini or Rommel. What's your name?" He asks optimistically.

"My name's Marion, nice to meet you Rommel." She responded cheerfully. *Shit.* Rommel's outward completion doesn't change but on the inside he sags and feels down, he hates having to do this, he feels wrong and stupid. He kicks himself mentally and thinks of a really bad pick-up line. *God how I hate this!*

He starts flirting with Marion very badly. Marion just lets it happen, wanting to see where this'll end up for the hell of it. She listens and jokes with him, but in his voice she can pick up a hint of sorrow and regret, she can't quite pin it but she'd say he's holding back, and/or doesn't want to do this. Strange. After three [illegible]tes he stops flirting and just talks. Then Hansel gets back with the necessary amount of oil and greets [illegible].

“Hello again Mini Rommel, I see you’ve met Marion.”

“Yes I have, most people either call me Mini or Rommel. You must be Hansel?” Marion noticed his voice, he sounded uplifted, relieved.

“My name is Hansel; do you have a crew, Mini?” Hansel asked.

“No I don’t have a crew; I am one of the experimental tests of performance. I am completely self-sufficient: I load my ammo racks, load my gun, re-fuel myself, really the only things I can’t do effectively are man the hull machine gun, fix myself, close-quarter infantry repelling, to sum it up anything that isn’t part of my body at close quarters.” Hansel was impressed; all his previous assumptions were indeed plausible: Marion could fight for herself if need be.

“So, you must get lonely, I mean you don’t have a crew to company you.” Hansel asked blandly, Mini sighed.

“Yes, I do get lonesome. That’s why I spend the majority of my time with Fritz and Jäger, speaking of which have you seen them around?” He replied in a depressing tone.

“No we haven’t Rommel, not today at least.” Marion said ushered, possibly bored and depressed about his state.

“Alright, I’ll keep looking; it was nice meeting you two. Farewell.” He continued onward in search for his friends.

“Damn that sucks,” Hansel stated, “He doesn’t have a crew. I couldn’t operate alone.”

“He flirted with me horrendously.” Marion started.

“He What?!” Hansel said, jealousy setting in, as well as fling feelings. He starts to rant on but Marion over takes him.

“I don’t mind, actually, I’d say he was either holding back, or he hated flirting with me. You should have heard some of his lines, they first off sucked and secondly his presentation was downright awful; it was somewhat amusing.” Marion talked over him; Hansel was listening, and quite mad that she didn’t care. “I feel pitiful of him almost, not emotionally bonding, but empathy maybe.”

Marion eventually forced Hansel to agree to let this slide, she did say that she at first only wanted to see him try and fail, and maybe to see if there is something up with him. There was something strange about him, every other day he’d leave the base suddenly at the same time, and return with quarter the amount of fuel he started with before he left. He is a good spirit, and his name originated from Rommel being called *The Desert Fox* and how Mini and Rommel are both sly and cunning. He’s quite playful; he screws around with Irish, Edwards, Whacker and Banker a lot, and sucks worse than Whacker and Banker *combined* at flirting. Hansel experienced this first hand while working on Marion’s radiator… again… he was appalled, enraged, and was only held back from laughing by Marion’s hand cupping over his mouth. Hansel agreed that Mini didn’t like flirting, that he was hiding something. Soon the winter months would arrive.

“Hey, Inbred.” Marion called one morning. “You’re a puzzle solver right?”

“Yes I am, why Marion?” He answered.

“I need a favor from you, you know haw Rommel acts strange, I have a hunch why.”

“Go on.”

“I have two ideas, he’s either a spy somehow, or he’s got a secret lover.”

[illegible]d was in to it, he loved riddles, Marion gave him all she knew and more reasons why. She felt more on [illegible]y, but Inbred would probably know best. “I got nothing.” He states; confusing the shit out of Marion.

“What do you mean?!”

“This is Hansel and your riddle, not mine. I’ll give you my idea after, but for now this is yours and yours alone.”

Fin Chapter 14

Chapter 15

The group was hanging around the afternoon mess tent on a rainy Sunday when a platoon of Panzer IV’s moved to support the battalion finally arrives after the rain stops. The group pays no mind as they pass, Mini was joking with Whacker, Banker, Edwards and Irish, Marion, Fritz, Jäger, Inbred and Hansel were talking not too far from the others. While Banker and Whacker were arguing over who’s role was more important or more difficult, nobody really knew what it was exactly just that may have been the topic, the Pz. IV crews disembarked very loudly. They must have been raw recruits none probably older than 20. That is when Hansel heard the splashes of someone running very fast towards him from behind; he had no time to react, before he could turn around he was almost tackled off his feet and enveloped in a bear hug. A sobbing and choking voice piped up.

“I thought you were dead!” Hansel instantly recognized the voice. “Y-Y-Your battalion was listed as…” His voice cracked: “Destroyed!” He then broke into more sobs and gasps for breath.

“Who the hell is this?” Jäger said in an authoritative tone.

“This, this is Anton. Anton Walter. He’s my cousin.” Hansel said, holding back tears of his own.

“So why is this such an emotional incident for the two of you?” Marion said, she understood family but Hansel wasn’t an emotional crying person.

“I pretty much raised him.” Hansel said, twisting around to hug his distraught and amazed cousin.

“What-”

“I’ll explain later, Marion.”

The two let each other go after a long time, Anton was considerably shorter than Hansel, he had to be only 5’5” and 125 pounds. He looked like Hansel only he had a more innocent and young look to his eyes, that was also different; Hansel had brown eyes while Anton had green. Anton kept a high-and-tight haircut and his uniform was spotless; he had a Hitler Youth Iron Cross badge on his chest and the Hitler Youth dagger at his side. Hansel noticed this; he was uplifted to see Anton was taken care of after he left, even the old scars looked like they cleared up! A Pz. IV H model outfitted with armored skirts rolls over and greets the group.

“So this is the Hansel Anton would keep referring to.” The Pz. IV was definitely female, her voice gave it away, it was soft and comforting like Marion’s, but more mature like Fritz’s.

Anton spins around in a flash and answers; “Yes Faust! This is Hansel!” He says very fast bouncing up and down, he then darts towards Faust, jumps onto her sloping front, hops onto the hull roof, then belly flops onto her turret roof and spins around to face the others. Faust simply chuckles softly. The others are somewhat confused as how to act, the scene just went from an emotional reunion to a playful recess from work.

“So Antie, how about you tell Hansel and the others your position in the crew.” Faust spoke aloud to Anton, looking up to him while he looked around curiously.

“Oh! I’m Faust’s loader and her mechanic and her camouflage painter!” He said enthusiastically, getting a not bad face and a slow nod from Hansel, Marion shot a sounds familiar face to Hansel, who was different by being a tank commander.

Anton's head jerks up and left, he lunges off Faust exclaiming "TREE" and runs off toward a low hanging oak with Irish in the limbs and Edwards at the base. "Here we go again," Faust sighs as she sluggishly rolls to the tree. Anton gets to the tree and without stopping jumps into a branch and hauls himself up a good bit by the time Faust gets to him.

"Get down from there damnit!" Edwards says aggravated, "You got one too?" Faust asks also aggravated.

"No I have TWO IDIOTS to deal with!" He replies rhetorically yelling into the tree.

"Yeah well you can just shut up! At least I can climb a damn tree!" Irish yells down, crawling towards the other idiot, Franz, who is spooked on the edge of the branch. Anton scrambles up past and stops about three-fourths up and pauses to look down, when Faust calls him down he simply says no. The two keep going back and forth; down-no-down-no-down-no.

"Anton, get down here! Else I'll shoot you down!" She threatens, "Let's not and say we did!" Irish shoots back. Franz jumps from branch to branch until he gets to the ground where he bolts for Alter Fritz and Jäger, then to Faust. Anton mopes as he climbs down.

"Alright you little shit now it's your turn to get down!" Edwards yells at Irish, who is starting slowly down. About halfway he steps on a branch and it gives way, letting him fall through the tree screaming SHIT the whole way until he hits the ground on his back with a thud and a groan. He stands up and brushes the foliage off of his clothes as Edwards walks over.

"Damnit Irish!" He sounds loudly as he smacks Irish over the head with his hat.

"Gah! WhatIdo!?" Irish asks quickly and in an elevated pitch.

"Well first you scared the damn cat off. Then you fell halfway out a tree you scrump!"

Faust goes on rambling about how Anton's ruining his nice uniform and how one day he's going to go off and get himself hurt while she pulls him to sit on her sloping front and holds him there with her arm as a lap-belt picking the bits of tree out of his uniform and hair while also wiping off his face. Meanwhile Hansel starts to explain his history with Anton to Marion, Inbred, Jäger, and Fritz.

"It starts when I was eight years old; he was only four and didn't have the best start in life. His father left him and his mother when he was born, and his mother was only around for maybe three years; and during those three years all she did with him was go to work and feed him, otherwise she left him with my grandmother to take care of him but when Anton was three and a half she demanded that Anton's mother be around more. She would go out to the bars or the corners and bring home men of all sorts and they'd only last about two-three days before they'd disappear, Anton's home was across the street from mine and I'd go over to his apartment after school and teach him some basic skills like counting, spelling, writing, speaking, manners, and about some history. I would take care of him by bringing foods, water, clothes, grooming utensils, soaps, that kind of stuff. When he was six his mother would start beating him in drunken spurs, I found out and I'd either be there to defend him, or I'd usually opt for taking him over to my house and letting him sleep in my room, safe from his mother. He started grade school and I would walk him from my house to the school every day, I gave him some lunch, a bag, and some change for the day, but being small he was pushed around by the other boys and beat up a few times, and he'd lose all I'd given him that day. The worst beating was when he was nine, the bigger kids at school had pinned him to the wall and punched his gut, kicked his legs, elbowed his chest, and crushed his arms before lunch, he said he threw up a bit, and left school and barely got home, that's where his mother was, a drunk mess and pissed that he was at home, she beat him even more, around the head, back, and waist region. He was bleeding a good bit when he got out as best he could and made a dash to my apartment building, he fell in the road and crawled to the door when he passed out from blood loss, my mother found him in the lobby and took him upstairs to our home and called me out of school. I knew something was bad when I was told it was urgent and found the blood trail still in the road. Anton was lucky to be alive; when he was conscious I told him he wasn't a part of that household anymore that I will take care of him fully from now on, mother and father supported me and ' ed me when I needed it. Something that week made me very enraged and I demanded to know who . kids who did this to him were and where I could find them over the school break, I found them, all five

of them, and I beat each one of their asses shitless without mercy. None of them died but my message was clear, none of them touched Anton again. I saw him through thick and thin, through the best and worst of times, I helped him with schoolwork, with social problems, I fed him, clothed him, cared for him when nobody else did, he was very active, he'd run around constantly, he couldn't sit still or think about one subject longer than a minute to save his life, he got into trouble a lot, for horseplay, insubordination, that stuff. He never once saw the wilderness, great trees, wild animals, none of that, all he saw was promotion posters, pictures, poverty, and then Hitler Youth groups; he wanted to be a Hitler Youth so bad, he'd beg me and beg me to sign him up, but I didn't let him. I was afraid of what they'd turn him into, whether it is a failure or a cold blooded, heartless, incompetent Nazi, but I had hoped it may shape him up better than I could, and from what I can see, it did the latter. He must have joined after I left for basic's school, he cried when I left, begged me not to go, he told me right as I left: I wanted to be like you; now how am I going to do that Hansel!? Please don't leave me!" Hansel got more and more emotional as his story progressed. He didn't start crying or choking, but this is the most emotional he's ever been around anyone other than Marion, Inbred was completely breath taken by this. The moment of awe was short lived, as Anton was running after Franz he had recently met with Faust, who was chasing after him pleading at this point to stop, followed by Irish and Edwards chasing after Franz but still behind Faust. Franz ran underneath Fritz, and only downed for a moment, Anton switched to a game of chase, chanting "You can't catch me! You can't catch me!"

"Oh I'll catch you Antie! Mark my words: I'll catch you!" Faust taunted Anton, playfully chasing after him, Irish and Edwards had no idea that Franz was under Fritz and continued to chase Faust believing she was chasing Anton who is chasing Franz. Jäger, Fritz, and Inbred realized this and couldn't help but laugh the ass of their chassis off, except Inbred, he just laughed his normal and scrawny ass off.

"So, you pretty much raised him his whole life?" Marion asks a bit concerned as she watches the comic scene go on.

"Yes I guess one could say so. Why?"

"I'm starting to reconsider having kids."

"Well, I tried my best I'd say." Hansel said hopefully. "That doesn't help." Marion replies.

Hansel smiles awkwardly and slowly nods. He stays quiet for a while then is hit with what Marion has just proposed. He's quite offset and his facial expression turns toward the horrified side. He looks over to Marion and meets her ever-comforting gaze and asks a bit questioningly: *"Kids?"* Marion's face scrunches up and she snaps out "No not *now!* Of course not now. Later on in time. Maybe after the war." Hansel takes a deep refreshing breath and releases in a sigh of confidence and relief. Marion smiles and instantly starts teasing with him again.

"I'm still rethinking that decision based on the turn out of your first child…" She says, gesturing to Anton running circles around Faust as she playfully laughs and tries to chase him with her turret spinning as fast as it could. Irish and Edwards found out that Franz was somewhere else and had given up in the chase and were exhausted and lying down in the mud near Faust, Irish not giving a fuck about the muddy mattress while Edwards was half-assed kicking at him to get up.

"Ehhh- I tried my best *at the time*, I'll do better with ours, okay Marion?" Hansel asks as he leans against Marion, who wraps her manipulator arms around him in a warm and gentle python hug while they hold hands. "HmmHmmHmm, we'll see Hansel."

Fin Chapter 15

Chapter 16

Once everybody calmed down and regained strength lost in their fun, they all huddled around in a large circle, sitting on their assigned tanks, Whacker and Banker had stopped arguing, Franz slept underneath [illegible]'s gun mantle, Edwards was sitting on the commander's cupola hatch, Jäger sat left of Fritz with Irish [illegible]ed out sprawled out, a muddy mess, on her roof, to Jäger's left sat Marion with Hansel sitting on her

turret in line with her gun while banker leaned against her cheek sitting on the hull and Whacker siting in his position with the hatch un buttoned, Inbred was sitting in the loader's hatch, while Meats was cooking up a supper, he was fed up with what they served here. Left of them was Faust and Anton lying on his belly on Faust's turret roof with his head propped up with his elbows and hands. To the left of Faust and right of Fritz sat an empty space.

"Wasn't there a modified Panther with you guys earlier?" Faust asked intrigued.

"Yes there was. Where is Rommel?" Hansel replied, also concerned.

"Damnit you two! I told you guys to keep an eye on him!" Marion said angered as she smacks Whacker and Banker up-side the heads with her manipulators.

"We were!" Whacker says sporadically, defending himself, "He kept mumbling *I'm going to be late*, and *she's definitely not going to this time*, then we started arguing- (Banker pipes up about the argument again) –shut up Banker- and that's when we looked over and he was gone, not a sound as I can remember!" Marion continues to look sternly at the two who appeared like scolded children.

"He went that way then turned right." Anton states, pointing just left of the oak tree he climbed, then drags his hand right slowly, "And he went off into the woods a bit, then Faust yelled me down." Marion curses under her breath.

"I don't see why it bothers you so much," Inbred said to her, "He can't be a spy, think about it: we aren't informed of any key details, we're still here and alive, he is still alive and he would make a terrible spy. He has shitty cover ups and presentation, along with the fact he would be a Russian spy on the Western front? Not logical at all." He made a point; Marion knew he'd always make a point, and smiles.

"Now all that's left is one option." Her smile grew maliciously. "Hey Hansel, let's start us a good fire, now seems like a good idea!" Hansel is quite stunned by this, he's never thought she could be this hell bent on something. His expression says worried, she did go from being extremely shy to exposing others of their secrets. In less than a month.

"So you want me to go get fire wood out where Rommel disappeared?" Hansel asks as he slides her side and pops off the skirt. Marion just smiles and looks him in the eye with an: *I'll pay you back* glare, Hansel doesn't care about the *I'll pay you back* but trudges off anyway.

After about eight minutes alone, Hansel starts to talk to himself like he thought he did before Marion, he rambles on in English, trying to practice it, he wanders through the woods for a while, deeper and deeper, talking more and more. He stumbles upon a toppled tree, baked in the sun by a clearing, dried out from the rain about two-three hours ago; he visually marks it and out of the blue, spots and indicator of the topper. German tank treads. He tracks them for maybe a half mile then hears Mini-Rommel, speaking *English! Holy Shit where did he learn that?* Hansel asks to himself, still talking aloud. He comes across Mini's flank view, he covers in the bushes and observes. Mini continues to speak broken English, to someone else, he can't see them, Minis in the way. Then Mini stops talking, he was flirting, very, *very,* well, making his previous shows look completely faked and purposely shit. Then another voice starts about wanting to stop hiding and come out to Mini's friends, it was feminine, a different broken English tone, there was something familiar in that voice, a certain dialect he remembers from the-

"Russians!" Hansel blurts out unconsciously, still in his think aloud mode, Mini instantly jumps back, scared shitless, revealing Hansel's only nightmarish fear: a T-34-85, also scared shitless, looking right at Hansel. Hansel freaks shit, he shoots up unable to conjure a scream, hitting his head on a tree branch and is launched out into the open by his mass changing direction. Mini-Rommel moves in between Hansel and the T-34 crying *please don't hurt her! Please don't!* Hansel finally screams in terror as he kicks and thrashes toward the bush he fell from, he slowly starts to breathe, extremely fast but he's not screaming, and realizes he's still alive and partially recomposes himself to point a shaking hand and finger at Mini.

' 'O IS SHE?!" Hansel demands, completely terrified, he notices his hands are white, and expect his face to nite as well, it was.

“Her name… is Kramia, and she WON’T HURT YOU!” Rommel screams to be heard over Hansel’s burst of panicked screams. “You actually decided and argument we’ve been having.” He turns to Kramia and speaks to her in Russian, quite fluent Russian, better than his English.

“I’ll speak in German then, better than my English.” She says in perfect German, she calms Hansel down with Mini’s help to where Hansel could talk in his usual tone.

“So why do you speak English? How?” Hansel asks, and is told it was supposed to be their ‘secret language’ but that proved flawed, and by radio channels do they learn. Hansel learns that Mini can speak Russian fluently and Kramia can speak German fluently, obviously. After some questions and answers, once the sun downed Mini-Rommel swallowed his pride and agreed to take them to the camp after Hansel gathered the pre-found fire wood.

“You have no idea how badly Marion wanted to know this,” Hansel said, still squirming in front of Rommel’s gun mantle, “I think I could have gone without.”

“Yes, now you know. I’m deeply sorry for the things I’ve said to her.” Rommel says, flipping the coin on Hansel.

“It’s alright, I understand why- wait, you knew about me and Marion?” He asks a little frightened.

“Yes I knew for almost the whole time. Except the first day, I didn’t know then.”

“Now you don’t have to do that anymore, Mir.” Kramia said, Hansel asked what she said and she clarified that she calls him Mir instead of Mini, or Rommel, or Mini-Rommel. Once they arrive at the huddled group Marion chant she knew it repeatedly. They build the fire and the two lovers explain themselves as to why they were hiding this, and then how Hansel reacted.

“Hansel, why did you scream when you saw me?” Kramia asked him. Hansel sighed, and prepared his answer.

“Back when I was in Russia as a Tiger I gunner, I used to not fear you, or anything you had, it would bounce off the Tiger’s armor. Then, that changed, obvious enough, in the closing days of Operation Citadel. We were in the south group, the reserves that were to advance past the main force once the defensives were gone, and we were met by a whole division of T-34s and I didn’t know but also T-34-85s. We were warned of you 85s, that they can puncture our Tiger’s frontal armor, but no one in our regiment had seen one and lived to describe it, anyway, we came down a hill crest, and tried to plow right through.” Hansel starts growing darker in tone, and holds back his full emotions, “I’ll never forget that sight, I can still see that tank jump as it fired, then it went blank. I hit my head on the sights and slipped out of mind, I thought I was dead, but I awoke to see Karl the loader painted against the inside, and Brüno our commander dead and missing a leg, Erwin the driver wasn’t responding, and Whacker was passed out snoring at the radio, my legs where torn up and Whacker’s left arm was too, the shot went straight through the mantle on the loader’s side, and exploded. That 88 gun receiver is the only reason I’m alive. The next thing I know is I feel like we’re moving, but Erwin wouldn’t respond, then I wake up and I’m being hauled up through the cupola hatch by German medics. I just wish to see Erwin again, to thank him for saving my life, for saving Adam’s life.” Hansel gestures toward Whacker, who’s asleep at the radio, “For saving our lives.” Hansel can’t hold back any longer, the day was too emotional that he started to cry. Marion hugged him tight.

“What was the Tiger’s number?” Rommel asks as if he had just had a realization.

“3-3-1, why?” Rommel smiles open mouth still, showing his sharp panther mimicking teeth arrangement.

“Because I was there, you were a special Tiger to roll in; the fact that only two of the five man crew was warm to the touch still was interesting…” Hansel stopped crying and looked Rommel in the eyes begging him to elaborate what it meant. “Yes, sadly Erwin the driver was long dead.”

’ el started trembling, all along his first deployment protector and destroyer was alive. Hansel sat in _ r amazement; he was on that thing for a year-and-a-half and not once did he ever think it be living,

same for Marion but she came out after a month of Hansel talking to her unknowingly, he wondered, was it a male or female, what was its personality traits, why this, why that, but one thought kept popping up: why did it save us? Marion's told him how hard it is to run solo when she first tried, and that moving through mud was almost impossible without Banker or a driver working the engine and controls, so why did it put forth so much effort? Then a familiar voice pipes up.

"What do we have here?" Edwards, awakened Irish, Inbred, and Anton snap to the position of attention. The Lt. Colonel was here. Hope fled from Rommel's eyes, Kramia knew the stories of him, and sunk as well.

"Five German tanks and a group of crewmen. And. One. Russian. Tank." They all sunk, they knew he'd have her out within the week, no the next 24 hours, Munich had factories. Rommel started to weep.

"Now, you all know me, I'm strict, by the book, up-tight, a cold bastard, right? But take this to mind, all men have breaking points, where they can't take it at all, the last straw so-to-say, and this straw is more like a broom, and said broom is up my ass." The group knew what was to be done with a captured weapon: disassembly.

"And that broom can ram all it wants but that won't stop me from fucking its ass hole!" The group was stunned; did the strictest man on base just say fuck you to the book? "I accept this, and the Colonel has no authority under the field of captured weapons, so my say goes, and you are free to do as the other tanks may do. My only condition is be prepared to get a fresh coat of paint, and say good-bye to those ugly red stars, have a good night everyone" With that he left and went to his quarters.

Rommel and Kramia rejoiced, she began jumping up and down excitedly using her torsion-bar suspension. The others breathe a sigh of relief, and Whacker finally wakes up due to Kramia and flips shit when he sees her, similar to Hansel, and buttons up his hatch and sits inside Marion until they persuade him otherwise. Kramia tries as well, using his name which freaks him out even more, *HOW THE FUCK DOES IT KNOW MY NAME!* Eventually he calms down and opens up the hatch, and then they go on about how he missed the best thing to happen at the base yet. The two lovers cuddle, and whisper to each other, all anyone else hears is tomorrow night, after the pretty paint is done, then Mini-Rommel perks up and is as energized as Anton, who must have given it all to him because he passes out on Faust's head those two call it, a.k.a. turret as the other call it.

Fin Chapter 16

Chapter 17

Early the next morning, Mini-Rommel was awoken by an excited Kramia, she couldn't contain herself, overjoyed at the fact she was accepted into Mother Russia's most bitter rival's tank division without a hitch! She was bouncing on her suspension and rocking side to side, eager to get fully appointed to Mini's side of the war, once Mini finally woke up fully, he looked to Kramia and acknowledged her energy level and was answered by their first French kiss. Mini was shocked at first, then let it happen and closed his eyes and returned his half to her, their tongues pushed by each other, lovingly caressing and moving around each other in the other's mouth. Kramia found his lips to be softer than they appeared and his mouth warm and welcoming, while Mini felt Kramia's lips as full, tender, and pleasant and her mouth warm and, like her tongue, very caressing and active. They savored one another for what felt to them as forever, they then slipped back and withdrew from the kiss, and just smiled at each other. They sat in quiet embracing each other with their manipulators and up against each other enjoying their company, Mini had to hold back his awoken lust for her excited by the kiss, ti was demanding to be met, but he resisted, it was too early and they were outside awaiting the painters to show up any minute. Then along comes the tank group, the group forms their usual circle, and Hansel, Anton, Inbred and Irish show up with painting utensils and supplies.

"So, you guys are my painters?" Kramia asks them, who nod their heads yes, "Are they good?" She asks the tanks.

two painted me," Marion responds, proud of their work, "Same for me," Faust says as she opens a can aint for Anton who insists on himself using the crowbar to open it.

“To the best of his supplies’ abilities.” Says Jäger, as she looks at Irish with a ‘you’ve-got-to-be-fucking-stupid’ face. The paint he opened was completely solid, a whole gallon of paint dry, and he was holding it upside down smacking the bottom of it for a reason unclear to anyone else.

“Damnit Irish! This is why we can’t have nice things!” Edwards says, yanking the paint can form him.

“No this is why we can’t have *things*.” He replies as he takes it back, then chucking it off to the distance. “Well there’s no yellow.”

“We weren’t going to use yellow; we’re making her look like Rommel.” Hansel answers as he dips his brush in the paint and starts painting the frontal glacis. Anton exclaims he can do this and climbs all around Kramia painting the outline of his color, a darker green, and in two minutes has outlined the green placement for the whole tank. Curious Inbred, who has to paint over the base colors with his small amount of yellow paint for the spots and slashes, asks her of their production methods.

“To simply put it imagine a crushed ant mound” Inbred looks at her with a face of ‘how-dare-you-think-I-want-a-simpleton’s-answer and she begins to elaborate in her hyped up and comic mood. “We Russians like to mass produce everything, and the way I could describe it to you is this: picture a giant catapult sitting in the front of a factory, now that catapult is the supplier of tanks to the front lines, and the factory is just streaming out tanks, and the catapult launches them: T-34, T-34, T-34, *BOX* of T-34s, T-34, T-34, and so on.” The time of explaining the T-34s being launched she was using one of her manipulator arms as a figure for a catapult arm, jerking it up at every T-34 then resetting it, then describes the KVs as getting stuck at the factory doors because they’re too fat and the tank destroyers begging to be sent to the front but being denied. As she tells of the battle tactics of Russia (just shoot/kill/both them) Marion notices Irish’s can is rusty.

“Hey Irish, your paint can looks rusted through, you might want to secure it better.”

“Naw, it’ll be just fine, see?” He shakes the can up and down strongly, it holds for a while then as he is coming to his final sections the bottom falls along with all the paint, everyone laughs as Irish tries to scrape paint off the inside of the remaining can.

“The retardation, it surrounds you Irish!” Edwards cries as he laughs uncontrollably, “I’m not the brightest tool in the shed, okay?” Irish responds as he starts to join in with the others. Inbred makes a remark correcting the phrase, then he accidentally knees his half-filled can of yellow paint, the bottom flies off sending the paint all over his legs.

“THE RETARDATION IS SPREADING!” At this remark Kramia’s gun drops as low as it can go and she laughs so hard it sounds like muffled gasps for air. They started painting again, with what was left of the paint; the last section to be painted was the rear glacis and engine exhaust covers and pipes. As they started painting, Mini noticed that when the brushes stroked the exhaust covers, Kramia looked like she was excited, *sexually* excited, they’ve never had sex before, but he knew when she was horny and vice-versa. He took note on that sensitivity, he couldn’t help but grin. Two years they’ve loved each other, and today they finally had their first real kiss, and tonight have their first intercourse, they looked at each other and held each other’s hand. Inbred took the black paint and brush to outline the cross on the sides of the turret, then he plants the brush between the hands of Mini-Rommel and Kramia.

“I feel that you should do the honors.” He says then backs away. The two try to fill in the outline to the best of their abilities but can’t help but chuckle at the pitiful attempt to be perfect. They fuck it up of course but she doesn’t care and insists on letting it be. “It’ll be our little mark.” She declares.

“Now all she needs is some extra skirt armor and the assimilation will be complete.” Irish says in a malicious way, along with a creepy and disturbing smile as he looks toward an abandoned metal-can house. “Damnit Irish, you and your creepy shit!”

A small group of them go to the shack to collect and plan out the placement and arrangement of the skirts, [illegible]nly ones that don’t go are Marion, Hansel, Mini-Rommel, Faust, Jäger, Fritz, and the Colonel, who has [illegible]endency to appear out of nowhere. He startles those still not accustomed to his random drop, and once

the appropriate greetings are over he makes an announcement:

“You may have noticed that we’ve been starting to get a lot of sentiment machines lately, and I would like to explain the significance of it.” He says in his usual typical Colonel voice, pipe in place, “It’s no coincidence we started out with an unusual amount of living tanks, they’ve popped up before, the first one I met was with your father actually, Captain Walter, she was a A7V named Elfriede, shame that the Brits got ahold of her. Anyway, we’ve been designated as the battalion of the living tanks, and pretty soon a flood of new living machines from all fronts should be showing up, a Marder II, a Grillie, two Hummels, some StuG IIIs, a Pz. III, a Tiger, a JägdPanther, more Pz IVs, there’s more I just can’t remember them all right now. Many of them are from special groups so; things might get a little weird.” And with that he left, but then turns around and yells: “Looks like the Tiger’s here now!” Then he continues on.

“That one was special,” Mini says with a large grin after spotting it, Hansel leans around him, “Only two warm bodies.” With that Hansel’s legs felt shredded and an unbearable pain was felt for the second time. 3-3-1 was painted on the turret storage box. He almost fainted, fell, but not quite fainted. Whacker on the other hand, who noticed Kramia’s disappearance and decided to come out of hiding, went wide eyed, dropped his jaw open, and ate shit. Hansel struggles to get up, staggers over to Whacker, fumbles to get a good hold still staring at the red 331 outlined in white, then he proceeds to drag Whacker like a dead body to their life saver from all that time ago. When they get to the huge side of the tank, Whacker looks up and seems to be at the verge of crying, he learned not too long ago that the tank was alive. Hansel is amazed and an unbelieving grin takes the replacement form of the awe-inspired one.

“We know your there,” He began, looking like he’s insane talking to a tank that appeared as a non-living. “We know what you did for us, it’s me, Hansel Walter, and this, this is Adam Kirkman. We’re all grown up now, you don’t have to hide anymore, we can take it,” He began to lose hope, he thought *there’s been a long time from then to now, and it was pretty beaten, is this, a rebuild?* He started to retreat within himself again, when Whacker burst out in a crying manner “SPEAK DAMN IT! WE’RE TRYING TO THANK YOU YOU COLD BASTARD!”

“Hey, better watch what you’re yelling to,” A female said, the two men perked up, thinking it was the Tiger, but instead it was the driver opening up the hatch, the two retreated back to depression. “Someone of upper stature may think you as crazy.” The two men were about to say something, but the woman started commanding them to get away and threatening them, for neither of them were wearing a uniform to show they outranked her, then a deep male voice sounds. “Stop, they’re with me, we go back.” Whacker starts to cry again, Hansel is awestruck again. The woman seems shocked and asks how, apparently he told them that he never had a crew, they were his first.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve lied to you about my previous deployment. This is Hansel Walter, my former gunner, and Adam Kirkman, my former hull gunner. I never revealed myself, to them, I was ordered to for you to help inspire confidence get you all battle ready, and to be an effective team as soon as possible, these two here are the only survivors of my previous crew. After I was shot in the mantel on the loader’s side, it went off incinerating the loader, ripping off the commander’s leg leading him to bleed to death, shrapnel shredded Hansel’s legs and Adam’s left arm and shoulder, and ripped my driver’s neck in half. While these two were unconscious I pulled myself to the nearest outpost and got them medical treatment. I planned to reveal myself to them, to tell them personally what happened, but I never saw them again.” Adam was crying, and sitting against one of Tiger’s outer road wheels while Hansel stood next to him patting him on the back. “I feel like I’m interrupting now, I apologize most sincerely, I’ll let you three have time alone to catch up.” With that the driver left, they sat in quiet for about five minutes, then Tiger explained what happened after them, basically his new deployment as part of a full female tank crew. All pretty attractive he boasts. “Lucky bastard…” Whacker finally says, Tiger chuckles, “At least you haven’t changed, Adam.”

They talk for hours, Hansel talks about his new role, Marion, Tiger brings up that he is also in a human relationship, but doesn’t say exactly who. *Funny, even when we know his greatest kept secret he keeps us in the dark*. Whacker thought, then he brings up his thoughts, the new crew he’s with on Marion, then they all talk about past times, the new faces on the base, Hansel explains the T-34-85 that is scaring both Whacker and Tiger to death almost, and eventually calms them down when Kramia and Mini-Rommel engage in a long, really long kiss, which makes Hansel think the cause of that kiss may indicate, realizes it and turns bright red in embarrassment, and amusement, while Whacker is still thinking of trusting her or not. Tiger’s

face is not like Marion's obviously, his eyes are more like Jäger's in that they are mounted forward, not on the angled side like Marion or Fritz, his is on the mantle above the gunner's sight and equally spaced on the other side of his 88 gun, his mouth is also not under the gun, but under the mantle, so it's on the underside of the gun mount's overhang. At about 9:00 P.M., they break away, and go their separate ways; Whacker goes to mess hall then his bunk while Hansel goes to Marion. She asks him about the Tiger I, if he had a nickname, Hansel didn't even ask, too late now he says and they start talking lovingly. Meanwhile, the two sly lovers slip away in the night, all the while French kissing, their seemingly new thing, to fulfill their promises to each other the night before.

Fin Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Kramia and Mini were locked in a long, sensual and sexual kiss; once they pulled away they eyed each other in the eye, silently thinking the same thing. They have developed such strong bonds they think the same, and can have a whole conversation with one another silently by just looking into their eyes' and thinking about the subject, a sort of telepathy. Under the cover of mostly darkness, the two turn in a certain direction, and drive off together quietly, holding and kissing each other fondly. They break through the trees and come across a trail that looked so natural only a surveyor could possibly tell the difference between a natural and this unnatural trail, they get to a small opening, enclosed on all by dense forests, and they finally talk. Dirty.

"Oh I'm going to fuck you so hard tonight!" Mini exclaims in his Russian voice, which he's quite fluent in.

"Is that so? Compared with what I'll do to you I'll have to drag you back!" Kramia says in her excellent German speech. Tempting him with sly movements away from him, they move around the perimeter like they were stalking each other.

"It'll be borderline rape, my dear-"

"Prove it then!" She does an immediate one-eighty spin and thrusts her hind quarters upward, revealing her purged lips from the nether region. Mini is mystified, he never thought it'd look that good, the way the moon hit her seam made the silver-gray metal sheen and sparkle, probably because she was extremely wet, but still, the way it split was magnificent. There was perfect symmetry with the halves; its shape looked like a connected exclamation mark, the profound clit at the bottom forming the dot, the placement was in the center of the rear lower glacis plate, different from German tanks because theirs is under the hull, however the armor plates used to protect it aren't as thick as Kramia's. She turned her turret to look at him out of the corner of her eye.

"What's wrong? Russian got you cat?" She was making fun out of his tank name, Panther, when she did, he snapped out of his trance, and rolled up to her hind where she lowered it, and awaited him to mount. He mounted with ease, simply rolling onto the sloped upper portion using it as a ramp, no jumping was needed. He moved until he was ready, and released his strengthened member from its housing, and pressed it against her lips then proceeding to stroke up and down, feeling her hot lips on his end, all his for the taking, she was moaning, and revving her engine, turning both of them on and horny even more, his cock grew harder and longer than it ever has before, shocking Mini at first, jolting him when it started painfully throbbing and demanding penetration. He smiled as he remembered her sensitive area; he let many of his manipulators, most without hands or 'stubbies' as he calls them, caress, fondle, sooth and stimulate her two exhaust pipes and their armored casings.

"Ahhhh, deeper Mir, go deeper…" Kramia let out in a low sigh, the joy the exhaust outlets were having made her diesel sound off loud and proud, all the while Mini was still stroking her pussy lips with his throbbing cock. He did go deeper, two of his stubbies slithered into her two exhaust pipes, one each, and trekked in a spiral deeper towards her engine block, she was growing hotter and hotter, and her cries were louder and louder. He reached out with one outside and stroked her left cheek, she grabbed his palm with one of hers and gripped it tight, painfully almost, she loved this! Her pipes were stuffed, she felt him pushing against the [illegible], expanding them while they were hot and malleable, his dick was at her split, rubbing her lips against [illegible]old plating, pinching them, sending waves of sensations to her, his grip on hers is warm and

comforting. It started to drizzle, then he reached her engine, she ceased up immediately and gasped in short quick breaths, he knew she had enough of that and pulled his arms back. He didn't want to turn her off; he hasn't fucked her yet…

Hansel and Marion watched as Kramia and Mini drove off to the woods, Hansel drifted to the sky; cloudy, but still beautiful with a bright moon and stars shining down. Marion asked about his former host, the Tiger, about his story. Hansel told her about his assignment, and he figured is how he, Hansel, was purposely put in command of a living tank for a reason, because he apparently already had experience before with such topics. Marion asked about how he's doing now, and Hansel explains his new station of being a mentor for a tank crew of just female tankers, and how he's in a relationship with one. The thought of how sex would play out for them excited Marion, she ignored most of what Hansel was saying and was eyeing his body, and slowly backing up toward the tree line so Hansel, still gazing at the stars, wouldn't notice. She feels herself hit a tree on her rear, and stops and starts seducing Hansel, her favorite pastime, and is quite effective what with days of practice because there was nothing to do helping. They start stripping Hansel as the clouds roll in the night sky and release their payload down upon them.

Hansel is half naked when Marion curses and beckons him inside her turret to hide from the rain, not wanting him to get muddy in a real fuck, where he'd be under her in the mud sloshing about, that'd be really hard to cover up. He plants himself on his commanding seat and lets Marion's internal manipulators surround him, Marion is still horny, and is very hard to sway away. She sneaks two handless manipulators into his pants, one from the bottom of his right pant leg, the other from his waistband, they meet at the groin, and stroke Hansel's half-hardened penis to wake it up again while two handed manipulators undo his pants fly. Hansel quickly catches on when the two in his pants pops his stiffened cock out the fly. Marion wraps the two handless ones around his dick, and lets a handless one down at her sensitive region emerge and circle her clit.

"Wait, this isn't fair, I get all the fun!" Hansel states rhetorically.

"No I owe you, remember last night?" Marion reassures him; he looks down and shakes his head.

"No, no, no, you don't owe me for that. I'm sure of it, you don't owe me."

She proceeds anyway, the upper manipulator arm tightens up to get a better grip, and starts running up and down the shaft, slow at first, to test the range she can pull either way, once she has that down, she picks up the pace. Down under, Marion's little friend is lubed up from her own juices and is racing up and down her lips, and circling her clit, and occasionally popping in for a relube and for sheer amusement, on Hansel's end she grips hard and jerks fast, Marion's been holding onto Hansel's hands for a while now, and she can feel his grip tightening, and his back and legs squirming, her own actions are producing similar reactions from her, and she picks up the pace even more until she is doing what Hansel is doing: gripping, shuddering and squirming, and taking short gasps and sighs in quick intervals.

"I can't last much more-" He gasps out, "Where's it going?"

"I don't give a fuck." She blurts out fast, also heightened to the verge of her climax.

Hansel cums right after that, letting out a long sigh and a deep breath, then he leans over to his left against the inside of the turret, Marion starts squeezing his body tighter, Hansel blurts out Marion's constraining him then he realizes she'll be done soon, so he takes in a deep breath while he can and holds it, letting Marion constrict him like a python and continue to beat away at his meat. She doesn't last all that much longer, she suddenly stops shuddering and releases, both pressure in her vagina and in her suspension, hydraulics, and grip on Hansel and his softening member, realizing he finished and was beating a horse's dead meat. As she sinks to the ground, to lie and rest on her hull belly, she brings up:

"So… if I don't owe you… wouldn't you now… owe me?" She says, taking heavy breaths between every phrase. Hansel nods and agrees, both exhausted Hansel clears out what life support gear was left in the back of the turret and curled up in a ball to sleep in the space, Marion's arms as a blanket and a sleeping roll pillow.

“I wonder how the other two are doing…” Marion asks in a perky mood, trying to start a late-night conversation.

Mini pulled out the stubbies and had them circle Kramia’s exhaust pipe opening, restarting her lustful engine and prompting her back to her previous sexual level. He paused with the stroking, and pulled back, causing Kramia to protest, but her cries turned from pleading no to pleading more, as he thrusts inside her and comes across her plush wall. He probes it waiting for Kramia to move it, he knew that female tanks can move it to prevent pregnancy, or at least German tanks can…

“Kramia, are you going to move it?” He asks as he plucks at it.

“What my cervix? No we can’t move that, what made you think we could?” She asks him, he answers that the German tank designer told Jäger this while on the eastern front. “Well I can’t! Besides… I’ve heard great things if you’d just push on…” She says seducing, Mini can’t stand being half in and out, so he pushes on through, evoking a pleasured groan from Kramia, and the best sensation Mini’s ever felt in his existence. She was soft, but firm, tight, yet loose, she had a sort of softness on the outer layer that moved like a case then a firm and constricting layer underneath, creating a blend of feelings that merged together under the awesome amount of heat and soaking conditions. He felt trickles of her wet liquids run down the exposed areas of his cock, and felt them go into his seam for his member’s housing, and it set off an alarm.

“Kramia, there’s nothing to stop me from impregnating you is there?” He asked concerned

“No, please don’t… I don’t want to be put out of service on day one. Please don’t let it happen!” She begs, confidently however, knowing she can trust him.

“I won’t, precious.” He answers as he begins pumping in and out of her, every thrust into the cervix releases a loving moan or groan or yelp from the both of them. He pounds her and pounds her, hard and fast, so good Kramia’s eyes rolled back and she started to drool a little. One of Mini’s manipulators found her clit amidst the ramming, and proceeded to circle it, compress it, grip it, anything that made Kramia moan more, then he started to feel it coming on, he slowed the pace and power, letting Kramia regain her wits and figure out what she wants next from him.

“Kramia… I-I-I’m closssse… I neeeed to stop!” With that he retracts out, and lets his pressure subside, while he did that, Kramia set him up for her onslaught.

“My turn, baby dear.” She backs up do a wide and deep ditch, still carrying Mini on her back, and dumps his ass into the ditch, leaving him stuck, and nose to the sky, while his dick sticks out proudly. Kramia gets a glimpse of it, it looked so mighty and powerful, long and wide, a silver metallic casing covered with little sensors and at the tip, a vertical slit for their future children to claim their spot in the world, she thought. The base merged into something inside the hull, still closed off on the inside, she backed up to his shaft, and pressed the underside against her loosened seam, squeezing it between the hulls where she slid a couple of her manipulators into the base slit.

“Well, well, what are these you’re hiding from me?” She found his testicles, and was pulling and pushing them around inside their hull housing. Mini can’t see anything she’s doing with his body in the way.

“Those are my balls, p-please be gentle…” He shuddered and stammered, protective of his sensitive sack, being pricked and probed around inside him, the feeling was eerie; he gave in to her tugs, and opened enough for his sack to slip out. For now.

“Now I can start.” Up and down she slides, pressing against his hull belly and sandwiching his member in the middle, pulling the seed pipes and tubing up, in turn pulling the attached testicle sack up with her motions, and then dropping the package down back to place. After a few repetitions the manipulators holding his testes released and retracted, and he discretely slipped them back inside, safe and sound. Kramia continued in her grinding, every once and a while the grip would slip, letting his member deeper inside by a centimeter or two, then after an unknown amount of time, it slipped again only the rain water built up with her wet oils his whole package inside her and was pressing hard on the roof of her vagina. They were taken by rised and took in a quick gasp of air, then sat there for a moment until she rolled forward, to set the

bent-up member to its more natural shape then rushed back on it, almost tipping Mini onto his turret. Once he was inside her cervix, she gripped tight, and rocked to and fro, pulling him with her; the fine movements between their two sensitive parts sent both of them into another world of stimulation with their engines humming in an idle as this was the only noise uttered by them while they thought to each other.

“Kramia I need to pull out!” Mini suddenly snaps back to reality and feels how close he is.

“Mmmmm, just a little more…-” She says still entranced, Mini flips out at how close he is and uses all his manipulators to throw her off his approaching orgasm. She’s shocked back once he throws her, not far, only a foot from his tip, but is enough to send her to reality, she spins her turret around in haste when he releases a pleasured moan, to see a trickle of seed come out, the moonlight made it appear like platinum, it looked irresistible… As Mini rambles on apologizing for the near impregnation, Kramia turns around licking her ‘lips’ and coldly staring at his gleaming erection. She draws closer to it, and as she does she slowly lowers her suspension until her chest is scraping the ground.

“One way or another, you’re cumming inside me!” She says as she grabs his cock and pulls it inside her mouth, Mini was about to ask what she meant when he felt the sensation of being inside her mouth. She pulled him in deep, bending his dick downward to fit it into her mouth and throat with considerable comfort overriding any pain. He’s breath taken as she begins to suck and swallow her own saliva, her throat pumping and pulling the upper portion of his cock down deeper and creating most emphasis on his head, while Kramia’s tongue wrapped around and tasted his mid-shaft, her lips and some manipulators pulling on his lower shaft, sort-of jerking him off inside her mouth, enjoying the mix of herself and him as a taste, still awaiting his creamy treat to be distributed. He was still pressurized from the last scare, so she didn’t have to wait long for him to announce his near arrival, where she retracted him, leaving only the head inside, and used her manipulators to jerk him off then to milk him. He released with force, pulling back on Kramia, who lurched forward to keep him inside, and let his moan of appreciation sound the woods. Kramia felt his hot molten goodness spread against her mouth, he shot it like a shotgun, and while she milked some out in a steady fashion, her tongue cleaned up her mouth, tasting his cream, letting it tingle her cheeks and tongue. As he pulls out thinking he finished, a sporadic bust surfaced, and shot a stream to her right cheek then a thick bunch drooped down to her glacis chest. She traced it up with a finger, and happily dispensed it to her mouth.

She goes to help him down as he puts away his tired beast, she backs up to his right flank and grabs his hull overhang of the track cover. He notices she’s still open and hasn’t finished, *one way or another, YOU’RE going to cum inside me,* as she pulls him on his side into a wider portion of the ditch, he rights himself up, grabs her rear drive wheels, and pulls her gorgeous wet pussy to his gun mantle, where he dropped his gun and put it to the right, and positioned her just right for the best contact of lips-to-lips. She instantly realizes what he’s doing and lets him control her, unable to see the best placement. He awkwardly smiles as he lurches his lips onto hers, and sucks away, trying to get as much juice out of her, she tastes normal, almost the same as he tastes his saliva, only her juices are warmer, slicker, and has an enjoyable kick to it. He feels she’s had enough of that, and retracts his lips and sends forth his long pointed tongue, to break her warm doors open and infiltrate her warmth. He gets the same taste but different feel, she’s looser than when they started, and this makes exploring easy, he goes right to the rumored G-spot is, and isn’t misinformed of its whereabouts, her engine sparks up immediately and her suspension goes limp. She slams onto the deck of his hull and lets all control go.

“You like that, don’t you Kramia?”

“Oh yes I do, I do, I do so MUCH!”

“Don’t withhold anything; let your body be free.”

With that he plunges back in, and hatches an idea, he sends one of his stubbies to fondle the shit out of her clit. Her overexcited engine and screams of joy approve this. She was calmed down from her last penetration but the fast toying of her G-spot AND her clit proved too much for her to handle. She came fast and in bursts, letting it out without a warning, not like Mini cared. He let it splash onto his face, into his mouth, and ead to the top of his mantle to his turret ring. He was warmed, and rejoiced by it; she slowly hauled elf off him, and watched him climb out of the ditch.

“Shall we be off to camp for a good night’s sleep?” He asked her.

“Yes, at least the rain will wash us clean.” She said back.

They drove off, holding each other lovingly. Kramia fell asleep halfway to camp, and left herself in neutral to allow Mini to carry her home. He softly chuckled as he spotted Marion fast asleep in the tree line.

“A good night for everyone.”

Fin Chapter 18

Well, that’s it for now, if Ratbat asks me to change the layout I will, it is quite long. If you have any feed back on how I may improve my writing I’m always open to feed back, what little I usually receive. Thank you for reading!

Gingyflame, Hansel and Marion, Stories
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The Leopard Mistress

February 24, 2015 by Gingyflame

This story was inspired by Ratbat's Leopard 5a Ada and Major picture. It's a great pic like always and I thought I'd share what her art can do story wise in my screwed up mind.

The Leopard Mistress

Ada was moving along the southbound highway at a walking pace. The reports received noted an incursion of terrorists harassing drivers and officials in hit-and-run tactics in heavy blows. She was scanning the areas tediously with her gun thirty degrees left in the lead position of an armored convoy. She scanned her right carefully, not trusting the dim-witted crew behind her that should be watching her right. It was too quiet, they passed several shot up and abandoned cars but not one insurgent showed himself. She jumped when she felt a slap on her left rear light.

"Calm down, Ada, the terrorists are wussies, they won't hurt us." He jogged up next to her forward idle wheel. She whisked him up in two manipulators and sat him left of her 105. He climbed over and placed a kiss right in front of her rangefinder optic eye; she hugged him against her gun then let him sit back down.

"I hope we scare the bastards off. They've been a pain in my ass for the past week with these attacks."

"If they do we'll tear them a new one. Won't we darling?" He looked back into her eye; she looked at him and gently caressed his goatee. "You've been doing that ever since I started it."

"It's not in reg, the brass'll find out."

"I am the brass."

"The top brass, babe."

"Oh well, you like it so I'm not cutting it." He shook off his uncomfortable old gloves and held her hand with his steel gray hands. They've been together for so long the top brass had recognized it. "I need bigger gloves." She rubbed his hand with hers.

"You're growing thicker, Major."

"No the gloves are too old, they're shrinking." He leaned back into her mantle and looked around for trouble. Her new paint job caught his eye. "You look sexy, my darling, nice look." The camouflage pattern was the old ERL pattern but it still worked in the marshy season.

"That mean you'll rough house with me later?"

"You know it, Ada." He was about to slide off and resume his walking when shots rang out from the field to the left.

"TAKE COVER!" The foot soldiers dove into the ditch at the road side and crawled to spot the shooters. Major turned around and climbed over and into the commander's hatch to man the heavy machine gun.

"SEND THEM TO HELL, BOYS!" He chambered the round and unleashed a hailstorm of lead towards the sparkling gunfire filled plains. The riflemen crouched up and returned fire with Major covering. Ada banked left and advanced off the road at the opposition.

"MAJOR!" One of the corporals was pointing towards a slightly elevating position at the far end of the field off to the left, a small white plume of smoke ascended into the sky. "MORTARS!"

“Loading HE, let’s pop the bastards!” She aligned her turret to confront the point, elevated for distance and fired. The shell tore into the dirt just ahead of the mounted artillery and sent shrapnel to tear through the gunners like nothing, ripping them to pieces. She was about to yell an insult when one of the tank crews shouted in complete fear.

“ARM 3! IT’S A FUCKING ARM 3!” ARM 3s are anti-ARmor Missiles mark 3 and are known to be new, cheap, and especially useful against living machines as well as tanks. She watched as a black stream of smoke darted in front of her and shrieked through a dead-metal Leopard 5a, just like herself, and almost screamed when she watched the hatches explode into the air and the air erupt in screaming metal and black-red fire. The entry point wasn’t orange hot metal, it was black and cracked, and the roof had ripped to shreds and bled smoke and fire. She saw out of the corner of her eye a man stand up with the diamond shaped object on his shoulder, another ARM. Everything went slow motion, she watched a plume of black smoke eject from the sides as a round from Major’s .50 cal dismantled his chest then in horror as it raced toward her. It landed ten meters short but discharged and flew in chunks towards her, she felt the immense pain as her glacis was struck and shredded into bits that pelted her turret side, and felt Major slip off the gun and tumble into her hull.

“Major? Major?! MAJOR?!”

Major felt metal shreds rip into his right arm covering his face; he was nicked in the forehead and hit badly in the arms. He fell off the stool and cut his left leg on something falling in. He crashed to her floor bleeding red-gray blood, and watched as his inability to move left him bleeding out, watching the light fade, and his vision blur and blacken into the tunnel. He barely heard a clogged call from Ada screaming for him; he tried to call out ‘Ada’ but felt his lips barely move. He wanted to cry out, but he faded away too quickly to do so.

Ada wept. She broke formation and instead of enacting her revenge upon the very few insurgents left she ran, ran as fast as her engine could go, pulling him out of her and shaking him and crying for him all the way back to the base. Disregarding anything she barged through the closed gates, ignoring the searing pain of her wounds, and stormed up to the medical center pleading for help on Major. She had tightly wrapped tendrils around his cuts and was holding his flimsy right arm that was missing a large chunk showing his steel bones and red-gray muscles. She dropped to her hull and begged and pleaded the doctors to bring him back, she stabbed into his body and pumped whatever extra ‘blood’ she had as three doctors ripped open his jacket and cut open his undershirt to place the defibrillators down. Each one of the four attempts made his chest jump, each jump excited Ada, begging to him.

“Please don’t leave me with nothing! Please! Anything please! Major!” In the fourth try his eyes shot open and he gasped for air before finally uttering his call back.

“Ada!” He was bewildered where he was or his surroundings as he was thrown into a stretcher and hauled to the emergency operation room.

Ada sat there, still shook up and crying, she thought how he left her, he was ripped from her future just like that. Alone with nothing, she was scared. She was towed to a stall for vehicles and mechanical doctors surveyed her wounds, carefully took samples and fluids left over from the weapon that’s left no survivors in its two year existence. Then she was treated at her long gouge in her glacis plate and other penetrations that were cleaned up so the agent in the death weapon wouldn’t eat away at her life source energy but the smaller blemishes were deemed inert and not deadly. She was coated at the gouge and holes with another agent that would make her natural regeneration more effective and speedy. She could only hope Major would survive as well as she has.

Major spent two minutes awake before he was knocked out for surgery. The doctors removed many shards that remained from the death weapon and filled his gashed arm with a bio-mechanical agent to fill its shape before tidying up his wounds with the affectionately named ‘God’s tape’ and ‘Mummy’s dress’ then a cast and sling for his broken and shredded arm. When he awoke he was greeted by a doctor that explained his wounds to him and how powerful the weapon is to have missed and still done that to his altered arm. He was buff nude, and his orange hair still wasn’t fucked up after all that. He stood up unbalanced, then
ned his functions and hunted for Ada, his loving woman and life angel.

Ada heard that he lived through, that he'd make a full recovery and is walking around now. She couldn't be left alone again, not again with nothing to love him by. She's bearing a child of his. That's first and final. She spotted him looking around searching for her, nude and portraying his God's grace package that caught the eye of some of the local female nurses. He spotted her and ran over quickly. She pulled some quilts and pillows and assisted his climb up to her mantle. He got up and leaned over and kissed her right in front of her optics, looking into her beady eyes, desperate for him. He started wiping away her dark burnt paint at her indents of war but she motioned for him to stop, relax.

"Major you're-"

"It's alright, my darling." She saw out of the corner the task force she left behind still intact and then the four boxes, the crew members of the Leopard, she thanked God Major wasn't in a fifth. She closed the garage door and posted a sign labeled 'Making Metal' and she opened her driver's hatch to unleash her telescopic vagina tendril. He smiled and understood how she wanted to comfort herself. He moved over to the other side and let her massage his rock hard cock in her hand before, comfortable with his size, slipping it onto his member moaning her hurt away. Major was going to press himself into her at his pace but she said rest, that she'd handle the first one, for her comfort. He felt like her insides felt different, better than ever, tighter, hotter, wetter, softer, slicker, everything was better. She gently slid on him, opening up her intakes for his seamen had caused a better feeling of him, she could feel and sense the metal in his dick, it felt so friendly to her. She closed her eyes and tried to wrap herself around his meat and extract his seamen faster, so that they could fuck each other without worrying about losing a chance of impregnation. She was nulled by his gift of pleasure, no more pain, no more fear, only children. She felt him building, shaking, holding it in; she held his goatee in her hands as she asked him to not hold back. He silently let it go, along with all his troubles, released by his lovely woman. He leaned in to kiss her again; he accidentally slipped out and couldn't help but look into it. It was still open wide, and drooling her fluids at its base with his seamen puddled up but also sinking, not like beforehand.

"You're not telling me something, are you Ada?" He looked at it and watched curiously.

"There's no turning back now, We're having a baby." He smiled and looked at her with a glad, hopeful face and nodded. He looked back at the port, now draining his seamen deep into itself and remembered she didn't cum. "I just want to make you feel better."

"Lower back onto your suspension, relax." He put his cock back inside her, leaned over her mantle kissing her again, and began pounding her. Thrusting the way she liked it, hard and fast, she moaned and held his shoulders and clasped around his ass cheeks, helping him please her. He felt great, even though his right arm was stinging like a bitch; still she made him feel invincible. Soon he felt her familiar tell-tale signs that she was close, she was growing tighter, slicker, hotter, and louder. She spat her cum out sooner than he thought, but continued his thrusts answering her.

"Please don't stop, please don't stop!" She chanted, keeping him going to ease her pain. She sensed his blood flowing in his veins in and out of his dick, then she sensed it become more frequent, and start throbbing, and his muscles start clenching again. He held it in for more pleasure before it shot out of his dick head in long durations.

"Feel better darling?" He asked looking into her eye.

"Yes, how do you feel?"

"Hopeful." He said, then smiled and rose up out of her warmth, then dropped back into it for another go. The two made sweet love well into the night, until everything built up and they had no energy left, and crashed for the night. They continued to make love off and on throughout her pregnancy every third night or so, for ten months because of her majority devotion to healing in the first, before Ada went into labor.

The top brass smiled upon their love relationship and child bearing but still needed their devotion to duty in that sector. But after two more months of skirmish fighting all insurgent remnants had vanished or perished. The last eight months were laid back monitoring. The only excitement was Ada's labor and child birth. Major thought that somehow the baby would come out the tendril he planted his seed into but it was coming

out of her main port, only used twice during their years of loving. She used somewhat of a cheat and opened herself up to her largest receptiveness and slid the little ball of metal out with ease.

“Ada the baby’s out you can stop pushing now.”

“No! There’s something else!” She shoved out what looked to be a rifle, a strange looking gun. The baby’s umbilical cord was unlatched and removed and the baby and the strange rifle were cleaned up. Ada was handed her child and Major the rifle.

“It’s a boy, Major; you’re the father of a beautiful boy.” She cradled the small being in her arms on her glacis plate, watching it with amazed eyes snuggle up to her for a nap.

“A boy, we swore for a girl. What’ll we name him?” He thought to himself, he’s a dad now, he never could have prepared himself for this awesome feeling. It overwhelmed him completely.

“Jürgen, our little Jürgen.” She slithered a tendril nozzle from under her hull headlight to her little boy’s mouth and let him grab on and drink his fill of her fuel.

“I like that, Jürgen, our boy.” He leaned into her plate watching him feed; he was the best thing in the world, the most interesting, little ball of metal armored legs, arms, torso and head. He watched his son for a while then messed around with the little gun. “I think it’s supposed to be his one-o-five. Here it’s a single shot gun with a breach like a super small version of yours. It has this weird part jutting from the side, though, not sure what that is.”

“It’s so adorable. I love him, and his little gun.” She was feeling her child, measuring him, playing with him, to get to know her prized possession. She found a hinge plate that falls in the same shape as the jutting part, she hatched an idea and asked for the rifle and put it on Juergen’s back with a click. “It fits perfectly! Look at that!” Major took her loose hand in his and kissed it.

“We did a good job on this kid, didn’t we darling?”

“The best.” Jürgen yawned, rolled over, and fell asleep.

“When your little brother finds out he’ll try to kill me.”

“Blitz? No he won’t. He’s cocky but not that cocky.” She hauled him up to the left side of her gun and placed their sleeping wonder into his arms.

“I can’t wait for the future! He’s going to be the best thing that happened to us!” He leaned into her and kissed her mantle. “I love you Ada.”

“I love you, too Major.” Major looked back down at Jürgen and bent over.

“And we both love you very much Jürgen.”

Fin The Leopard Mistress

Thanks Ratbat for all the inspiration you spread. Oh and lil’ J’s gun grows with him when it’s on his back, if he grows without it for a while it’ll catch up once he puts it into it’s mount on his back. The reason why I had it separate from his body is for a more broad pool of opportunities for him. And I like rifles and guns.

Link to the picture: https://titanatelier.com//wp-content/uploads/2015/02/woundedlovers.jpg

Ada, baby, leopard, Major, porn, tank
11 Comments

The Great Typhoon

February 18, 2015 by Gingyflame

This is insert one of two. There are probably 6-7 sex scenes in this story I have up SO FAR so I'm not too sure as if it's a good thing… or a bad thing… FUCK IT the female's a damn sub! A sexy huge one at that. I don't expect anyone to read this in one sitting because this is 10 of 15 pages I have so far. Enjoy the seductiveness of the Typhoon!

The Great Typhoon

Severstal waited in her moorings for her friend to visit her as he always did. She thought about their friendship, she was the massive Typhoon class ballistic missile submarine by NATO but actually an Akula class ballistic missile submarine recently decommissioned from the Russian Navy but was still part of the North Fleet, while he was a harbor hand that was assigned to maintain her hull and decking. She thought how he'd never been to sea, really, and would occasionally think of taking him to sea just as an excuse to sail again for herself. She waited and thought about how he an active sportsman was assigned such a dull task in the Navy, her mind drifted around all the times they spent together, she thought about maybe dating him even though Russia only recently opened up interbiology relationships and so far it's sketchy at best but still, it'd be nice. They clicked so well, it started off with finding out they had the same birthday on April 11th 1988, twenty-seven years ago, their legal in a sense for a relationship and for some particular reason that's the only thing she could think of that morning.

"Anatoly! You made it!" She spotted him creeping in the snow dressed in all white; she looked at him with his normal cocked smirkish smile and restless brown eyes as he lifted his face from the snow.

"How do you always see me?!" He stood up and brushed his coat and pants off.

"You forget I have infrared vision, too." With the modern marvels and advances in technologies living machines have come a long way since their appearance in vast numbers back in World War Two, such as multiple vision modes, more accurately controlled functions, stronger bodies, more features, and Severstal's favorite feature not used, easier child production and a better sexual experience.

"No, I expect you to play fairly. Anything new?" He took long strides toward the moorings checking them for anything loose or wrong, before looking up at her 'face' to listen.

"Nothing other than the usual." Her massive conning tower bore a mouth about a third up and two eyes two thirds up and placed on the curve so that she had excellent bow and flank vision with partial stern viewing. He watched her eyes fade from a greenish-orange color of IR vision to her day vision. He loved her eyes, once light blue but due to a missile run through test they had been scarred a violet color, but that was well before she was decommissioned and her eyesight was still in top-notch order. Her smile was always nice to look at, pearly white razor tiger shark teeth. He crossed the gangway and checked her onboard moorings for any deficiencies and found none so he turned back to Severstal for any last minute chats before he went to swab the decks. She kept her giddy complexion.

"Hey, Anatoly…" She felt compelled to ask him out but- to where exactly?

"Yeah, Severstal?" She couldn't get it out for some reason, she'd never been shy in her life but couldn't say those words.

"Ah never-mind." He shrugged and went to scrubbing again. Their usual conversations included Anatoly talking about history; he's a major history buff, the two talking about sports; Severstal listens on the radio, and about world events. Anatoly finishes her deck and she decides trying to ask again.

"Anatoly… You aren't seeing anyone, right?"

،'m not. Why?"

“Well… would you like too?” He thought for what seemed like forever for Severstal but for Anatoly it was two seconds.

“I don’t see anything wrong. Sure let’s date.” Severstal took a sigh of relief, Anatoly chuckled, he’d never seen her so nervous before. “What, was that so hard?”

“Yes, yes it was hard!” Randomly she instantly thought about his hard dick and followed up that thought with: *Really brain? Not even a minute in. Not even a minute.* She moved on from that and went on with the day, and was reminded of the hard dick thought when he went below decks inside her to help out a coworker. No other sexual thoughts drifted through that day, only once or twice more through the week but she got over them. Their interactions became more serious in terms of dating, and things were beginning to show they were dating but it wasn’t as much as the Admiral did.

In a month from starting to date she felt equal on the high want to sail and the high want to finally use her sex parts and fuck Anatoly, and the night Anatoly promised to come in the next morning even though it was a holiday off she talked to the admiral about getting to sail tomorrow with Anatoly accompanying.

“Admiral tomorrow is a holiday, the base is closed, I wanted to take leave and sail for a few hours again. Hopefully with one passenger if you will.” The Admiral was laid back and fair, and he definitely wasn’t against human-machine relationships. Everyone on base suspected that he was dating his American 1967 Camaro Olivia, and everyone knew officially he was when interbiology relationships were passed in 2005 with an age of twenty for both partners for marriage. He wasn’t afraid of sex either, he was boisterous and giddy when he announced he and Olivia were having a baby in 2008 with the best mood anyone could remember him having, maybe better when their daughter was born but still he wasn’t at all against it. But he made it clear there would be absolutely no sexual intercourse on base.

“A little bit of a short notice, isn’t it?”

“I apologize, Sir.” She literally crossed her fingers on all of her manipulators and waited painfully for his response.

“Well… It’s not like you go anywhere much, I would counter you without a crew but you passed those tests in ’94 so you can go alone. It seems you may go. Leave at… o-eight-hundred and be back no later than twenty-hundred hours.” He turned to go back towards the gates then did a one-eighty. “No forget that.” Severstal ceased celebrating and stared at him in anguish. “I have something better.”

“Y-yes, Sir?”

“I’ve been bombarded by some museum board or something like that to have a ‘Typhoon’ class submarine sail around Russia’s coast and stop at ports for a while to be an exhibit so-to-say, and I was going to have Arkhangelsk be used because it’s not alive and possibly offended by that but since you asked to sail alone with only one person then you could do that instead. It’ll be a six week voyage to some amount of ports that I don’t know yet but you and Anatoly can go.”

“Wait how did you know I was taking-”

“Everyone knows you two are dating so who else would it be? All you’d do probably is show up on time and talk about your service and that shit while he could do whatever the hell. You’ll start next Tuesday.” He turned to leave then spun around walking backwards to shout again. “And it’s about time you two bang.” Then he spun around and left the base in his nonliving car for home to his beloved favorite girls in the world.

Severstal would eagerly wait for morning to tell Anatoly the two of them were sailing in nine days.

Those days passed quickly and on that Tuesday morning they set out from harbor to sail up and down the Pacific coast of Russia. Anatoly had packed a duffel bag of his personal stuff like clothes and such while the ’ spared the food and life support packages and the Admiral personally loaded a small crate with a ‘ nievous smile and told Severstal to only open it up once they were underway. Anatoly was as happy as

a kid in a candy store sitting high up in the observation platform while Severstal was cruising at eighteen knots northeast heading reading the note the Admiral had in the crate. She smiled very dirty when she read the whole thing. They were expected at the first stop the next day but arrived ahead of schedule so Severstal decided to take a quick nap before sunrise dreaming of seducing Anatoly. She woke at dawn and met a woman with the historical department that set this up. She explained the whole rundown of things before she herself started her shift as a tour guide; turns out her father was one of Severstal's first crewmen. The day ran smoothly and Severstal enjoyed sharing her history with the groups of people so interested in her, all sorts showed up it was amazing. When the day closed she was tugged to a separate dock away from the bustling noise of the city-worked docks. This is where she'll nab him.

"Anatoly have you seen my swimming pool yet?" She had set up a table with a bottle of Vodka and a glass in the recreational swimming pool room.

"Yes I've seen the ocean before." He joked with her eating his dinner.

"No, smartass, I've got a swimming pool inside me." He hadn't seen it, he finished his supper and was led to the preheated pool.

"Wow! A little out of place, don't you think?" He was flabbergasted that a Soviet instrument of mass destruction… had a swimming pool.

"Not as misplaced as your clothes…" He couldn't see her face directly but could visualize her dirty look, a sly grin and narrowed gaze upon him, he'd been getting it heavily the past week, and was handed a glass of Vodka before the door shut. "Come on, let's skinny dip!"

"Well…" She didn't wait, she stripped him all the way down. He wasn't surprised or was blushing, knowing she had internal sight via cameras placed around her compartments. He climbed into the Jacuzzi she had set and slowly shook his head no at the camera like *you naughty girl, you* and sipped the drink. She wasted no time at all prepping him.

"Anatoly have you ever fapped to me?" She asked innocently. He gulped down another swig and ahhed.

"Yeah I've done it I won't lie. Have you fapped to me?" He asked in return knowing what she was doing and excitedly waited for it.

"Yes, yes I have. Now, what if I told you…" She reached into the warm bubbling water with two hands and spread his legs for a very thick tendril blunt at the end with a vertical slit about six inches long to extend into the gap. "We don't need to fap anymore?" He chuckled into his glass taking another sip.

"About time." She launched the vagina onto his erected dick and then let on some water in the ballasts. The penetration allowed some of the hot water to slip into her slit and it continuously sloshed around inside her mixing with her natural hot silver lube that was on its own slowly seeping out into the Jacuzzi water. She focused onto his dick, he felt great… so long and thick! He throbbed inside her still growing to his full capacity, his head was wider than his shaft and she felt it pull upwards with every heartbeat pumping more into his member making her gasp and whimper at every movement. None of her tendrils came close to feeling like a penis inside her, ever.

"Aahhh! Oh baby! You get what you wanted?" Anatoly's sparking comment triggered her to take him in, and this follow up was answered mmm-hhhmmm. He slipped deeper into the warm water; up to his chest, and sat there buried inside his lover's pussy. She was tight, surprising for her 22,000 ton displacement, and she was pumping out her silver fluid innards into the water all around him with his member being licked by some trespassing water and massaged by her tendril love. He thought to himself; *Vodka in one hand, sitting in a Jacuzzi, ridden by a sexy woman, what else do I need?* She continued moaning and pulsing on his rock hard dick unable to make herself pull off to launch again until he finished his drink and put it down. By this time the water was quite murky with a dull silver tinge and he was ready to do this.

' no, love, let me do this, you relax the travel away." He says leaning forward when she tried to pull
  elf off him. She did as he said and was pinned with her vagina tendril against the opposite seat by her

lover; she moved her two hands to around his waist and waited for his next move. He braced against the Jacuzzi wall and eased out of her slowly; drawing more moans and silver fluid from her until she clamped down on his head refusing to let him go. Then he eased in pushing her forward and shoving some more water inside to mix with her with her grunts sounding from some source in the room. Then his testing was finished and he picked up speed with bodily fluids mixing with each other and water in a blurry excitement of silver white thrashing water and a swarm of moans and grunts and sighs in the air. “Oh Severstal! I just want to kiss you right now!” She lashed onto his lips with what had been the source of her voice; a thinner tendril than the one on his crotch and on its side acting as another mouth for her. They locked lips and sent their tongues forth into each other’s mouth, moaning and whimpering. She felt him inside her mouth and vagina, she felt him above her, she felt him shielding her from above, she felt right there in the water with him; kissing and being taken by him. She felt his power, his intensity, his energy unleashed, then the soft sand bed on her hull belly but cared not; her conning tower still towered above the water. She felt safe, secure, protected under him in a way indescribable to anyone who’ve not felt like this before. Like nothing mattered, nothing could hurt them; nothing moved but them, time shut down in this moment. She closed her eyes and tasted his lips, his saliva, his flesh; she was there in the water with him as the bigger one watching over her.

They parted lips with her taste leaving a positive impression on Anatoly, he wanted to taste her other lips. He felt her grip on his dick tighten and constrict, her inside heating up hotter than the Jacuzzi water, the Jacuzzi water was a violent slosh of motion, he felt hers was building right along with his, and at his peak at the top she was hauling him deep inside with her arms and her vagina tendril pushing on his dick, testicles, and crotch. Suddenly he felt his hold slip and his boner dispensed it’s load into her chasm right as she exploded against him and she moaned in a grunting fashion and the water around them turned a complete dull gray by Severstal’s rush of her bodily fluids mixing and diffusing with the water. They sat motionless for a while listening to the silence only broker by their heavy breathing. They call it a night and head to bed to spoon.

Anatoly woke early in the morning before they would be towed to the deep to sail on their own. He stretched and felt around for Severstal’s vagina tendril so he wouldn’t roll on it, he couldn’t find it even though the bunk he’s occupying isn’t much bigger than him.

“Looking for something, hun?” She slithered her tendril up his belly and his chest. He looked at it and smiled his usual smirk.

“Good morning love.” He bent up and kissed the lips and got a snip of that addicting taste. She quivered along his body when he kissed her pursed vagina lips.

“Ooo-wrong pair of lips Anatoly.”

“No it’s not!” He grabbed her leaking and winking lips that craved some supplement and rolled over in the bunk and laid it on the mattress when it switched angles for him. He shoved his morning wood up into her snaking pleasure then laid on top of it. Severstal was taken again, she felt secure again like last night, exactly like last night only less water and a soft mattress for her to rest on with him above him. She closed her eyes and was there in the bed under the covers with him, the cloth on the mattress filled with springs, the crossbeams under the mattress, his force thrusting inside her, and his anguish having to pull out of her. She reached up and wrapped her metal snake arms around his back and brought him closer to her imaginary hull in the bed with him.

“Your ruining the sheets, babe!” He laughed pausing to adjust and noticing she was leaking heavily into the bed.

“Fuck the sheets! I’ve got loads of them!” She pushed on him to go more, he thrusted and she grunted with the force. He felt his orgasm speeding towards him; he didn’t think she was at all close so he hatched an idea to please her. She felt his actions stiffen and stutter while his thick meat went more ridged and aching, then she expected the launch of his milk when he yanked it out and came in the sheets.

’ so now you’re conscious of my fertility?” He ignored her jest and picked up her thick and heat emitting ril very warm and excited and shoved it to his lips. “What are you doing?!” She clenched her lips

together, confused of his intentions. He grunted in a displeased way and shoved his fingers in and forced it open; his fingers were let in easy but when trying to split it she fought him half-heartedly; curious to his thoughts. He splices them open and plants his mouth on the gap and laps at her walls and liquids and clit bulb. Her hull shook and Anatoly could feel it in the bunk, every lick, every stroke, every probe… he loved it, he felt… pride, joy, power. She was indulged in his toying, his long drawn strokes and tasting, she wanted to feel what he was but at the same time wanted to sit back and let him take her away. She motioned with a mouth tendril toward his meat but he gently grabbed it and pulled it away before asking her to enjoy this. She accepted this and backed off and the two let time fade away. Later on she finally began to approach her orgasm noticeably; her moans became more erratic and a tingling of electricity was traveling all through her fluids and into her lover, then her chasm became stricter and her relaxed lips no longer held open were twitching close to shutting again, she couldn't help but embrace him as her journey was ending. She was almost at the point of climax when she lashed up and pushed his face into her even more and savored his facial and oral movements as her cum shot out of her with pressure shrieking it by his pressed face at the sides. She loosened up and let him retract his face.

"Woa, that-that was, ahhh, unbelievable." She emptied out her ballast and slowly rose from the water to her typical buoyancy just as a tugboat pulled close for her to hitch to and follow out of the harbor.

Their next port was four days away but only a three day travel if she travelled submerged at full speed. She decided that they will have some fun along the way so once she was clear she submerged beneath the waves and throttled to twenty-five knots, not her full speed but faster than her surface full speed. Anatoly had enjoyed a long shower heated by her engine's radiant heat that was allocated to him; the only passenger, then comfortably walked around in the nude whistling a tune ♫*doo-doo-do-do-dout-toot-do-do-doo-doo-do-do-dout-toot-do-do-dout-dout-toot-toot-to-dout*♫ before casually putting on boxers and eating a breakfast. Then after he was finished up there he went to the head again and brushed his teeth humming that tune again, it was catchy. He rinsed his mouth out and couldn't help but sing the lyrics. Severstal was listening intensely; she familiarized it with the American language when they spied on radio communications in the eighties but couldn't get the accent down. She couldn't help but feel alone in this and she interrupted him and asked what he was singing.

"Oh that tune? It's an old sea shanty. It's called 'Drunken Sailor' and it's one of my favorite songs. Here I can teach it to you if you'd like me to."

"Yes please! I'd love to sing it with you!" One of their old pastimes was to sing any old song they knew with each other to pass time on long dreary days in dock. He enjoyed singing with her, they sounded majestic together.

"Alright here, I'll sing you the translation first, then teach you the English words and how to pronounce them with the right accent. Alright it goes…

♫*'What would we do with a drunken sailor?* ♫

♫*What would we do with a drunken sailor?* ♫

♫*What would we do with a drunken sailor?* ♫

♫*Early in the morning!* ♫ That's the first verse…" He tediously sang her again and again and around the time of supper he'd taught her all she needed to know, lyrics, beat, accents, all of the pitches and tones, and then they merrily sailed the seas like swashbucklers. She couldn't get the morning out of her mind; him eating her out was glorious, stunning, pure awe.

"That was fun, honey, that was fun."

"Glad you like it."

"I also liked your little oral performance you played on me in bed." He smiled his usual grin.

ɕhat? Yeah I thought you'd like that." She hoped he'd be willing to go again sometime.

“So I got a kick out of it, how’d you fair?”

“Me? I liked it, very much.”

“Enough to do it again tonight?” She asked seductively.

“Oh I’ll eat you out until you’re sore my beautiful Severstal.” She accepted the challenge and he set up the scene this time before he went to eat a late supper. After he ate he wandered on over to the officer’s quarters where he set up some candles, Vodka, pillows, and no bed sheets. Severstal checked the time at around 2117 hours at a depth of 32 meters. She ‘climbed’ into bed with him, he was nude and waiting for her in that old laying on the side propped up pose, he hugged her vagina tendril and pulled it with him up to the edge of the bed where the wall was and leaned against a pillow and started his oral pleasuring. She shuddered and moaned like the morning encounter and slipped into a sort of high that made time die away from senses. She randomly snapped out of it and noticed that her altitude didn’t change or her course or speed, so she slipped back into his trance, wrapping a small army of arms around him like a blanket keeping him snug and warm. Their escapade caused Severstal several orgasms, around fifteen and eighteen, before she interrupted his fun.

“Ah-ah-ah it’s sore, babe! Aahhh it’s starting to hurt!” Anatoly stopped and patted the side of her tendril. She looked at the time and it was 0241 hours the next day, five and a half hours of nothing but sucking and licking. Anatoly himself felt aching and exhausted, he’d been kept going by an electric current in her cum and lube, and was also nourished by it at the same time. Her cocoon of loving embracing arms lifted him and laid him on the bed and spread open at the dick’s area letting the meat open up above the layer. Her mouth tendril smiled and slithered around to the boner. He said not to go the five hours, she wasn’t going too otherwise he’d die. She used her hands to monitor his health as she started licking the tip with her human sized soft metal tongue.

“Oohhhh, Severstal, mmm-”

“My turn now, relax love.” She plunged down on him and sucked on his meat. She savored his taste, her tongue mapped his skin and formed a picture for her mind of it’s shape. She rubbed up and down with her tongue on the underside of his entire long rod, a new taste startled her, he started to leak some precum and it rolled down and contacted and excited her rear-end of tongue. She quickly grew attached to the taste and moaned deeply right along with her lover. She felt his tense body turn jelly and started to blow him, rising up and down on his shaft pulling and pushing him with her tender lips and tongue, caressing and comforting him. He started to tense again but realized she didn’t care where he came and relaxed again just letting it happen, and when it did she desperately caught and spread all of it around on her taste receptors.

“Mmmm, you’re so good!” She pulled off to say, a string of her salivate connecting them, then she dove back for more, and more, and more. She continuously checked his vitals and he dozed out in twenty minutes. After about half an hour of snoozing and more blowing he woke, then when she finished him off he gritted his teeth and seethed out that it hurt like hell. She quit and let him turn off before wrapping him up in her blanket of arms and rocked him to sleep with the waves rolling her hull gently.

He slept for a long time, well into the afternoon. When he woke up he was hit with a playful ‘punch’ from Severstal’s vagina tendril.

“Morning sexy.” He smiled and tried to wither his way out of her mummy bag of arms but she didn’t budge. “Going somewhere?”

“Uh-yes-the bathroom.”he pushed as hard as he could but she didn’t move. “I really need to tinkle, honey.”

“Use this,” she grunted demandingly shoving her vaginal tendril to his protruded morning wood head.

“No! Ah no! That’s disgusting!” He protested and rolled so she couldn’t slide on him.

’ do it! Or would you prefer my mouth? Just-just piss already! Take me damnit!”

“No you’re being disgusting! How could you like that or want that!? Why can’t I go to the head!?” He demanded, he wasn’t going to piss inside her, that’s intolerable to him.

“Because you could wander! I don’t want you to wander about right now! I want you where I can control you and hold you!” She retaliated. “Now let me fuck that already it’s driving me nuts!” He stopped squirming and let her ride his disco stick with a disgruntled tempered frown on his face, he still enjoyed the morning bang, though. Right as he came a very small appendage inside her vagina extended into his gushing dick mouth and waited for his joy to cease squirting. When he stopped he felt it and screamed questioning it’s purpose.

“It’s used to force ejaculation for reproduction! I’m using it to force your bladder to empty!” She began it’s function of sucking and electrifying the area to numb it. Slowly but surely he began whizzing.

“Agh! Errr! Fuck you Severstal!” The piss stung not because of the entity but what it was that was pissing out.

“You did sweetie. Quite a lot in three days. It’s good progress if you ask me.”

“I thought you held yourself at high standards.” He rhetorically said still ewe about the piss he finished inside his lover, completely appalled that she did this.

“I do, but I know where it’s going so I’m not bothered, and I’ve got something special.”

“Alright I came…” He thought where it went… “Severstal… I c-c-cc-came..!”

“No don’t worry hun, it doesn’t go to any eggs.”

“So… we can’t have kids?”

“Oh no we’ll have hundreds of kids. I routed it to the sewage bilge tank, that’s all.” He sighed in relief, then the hundred kids hit him.

“We’ll have three, five or six at most.” He said seriously. She simply laughed and sighed.

“I know, I know, but I’m having around five little tots with or without you, just maybe not all at the same decade.” She said confident, Anatoly wasn’t so sure. She kept him lying there for a quarter of an hour before she freed him. “Now… Go to the kitchen.” She said, her tone meant she had surprise. He shuffled into the kitchen and smelt the aroma of a freshly cooked breakfast.

“No, no you didn’t!” He walked into the mess hall where a plate of pancakes, stack of cooked eggs, and a bowl of cooked meats.

“Yes I did sweetheart.” He was sat down in front of the food, still naked, and that implored Severstal to also be ‘naked’ for some reason. “I feel like I should be naked.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well you’re naked, so, why aren’t I?”

“You don’t have to.”

“And I don’t want to so put these on.” She tossed some boxers at him and watched him put them on. Then she found she couldn’t stop eyefucking his enormous boxer’s bulge in between his legs.

“This wasn’t worth ruining your insides, so why’d you cook this morning, anyway?”

“A thanks.”

’ ?”

“Last night.”

“Ah! Oh and why are you staring at my penis? You know what it looks like.” He saw the camera focusing a little lower than his bent over body head position.

“I know but- but there’s something about it… it’s just so interesting to look and think about.” He smiled and chuckled then dug in to the plate. He offered to share but she respectfully declined the food. Once he finished he dressed and thanked her greatly then started to maintain her, cleaning and tinkering her internals. He worked all day but took a lunch break with Severstal up on the surface for some fresh air. He was standing on the observation deck admiring the view and watching the water slap and roll around her bow in its white foamy plume.

“You’ve made a sailor out of me, honey, you really have.” She wrapped around his waist and put a hand in his, the sea mist and breeze had made his skin cold and wet but hers were warm and dry.

“I knew I did, I just wish we didn’t have to go back, and that you could stay with me on the open blue.” They enjoyed the moment and dreamed; oh how wonderful that’s be. “Hey sweetheart, don’t you still live with your parents?”

“Yeah and my brother, apartments are hard to find out there. Why?”

“Why don’t you move in?” The two smiled lovingly and cuddled a bit more, Anatoly thought about it; moving into Severstal.

“I could…”

“Please? Pretty please? I get lonely when you leave.” She tried sounding desperate.

“Oh okay, I’ll move in.”

“Hurray!”

“The old man’ll be glad I’m gone, mom will probably cling on.”

“Take your time, I won’t be going anywhere.” After he went inside she stayed up on the surface to relay a message to the Admiral in regards that Anatoly’s moving on-base but not into a barrack. She then dove beneath the waves and sailed on.

Fin Insert I

The piss part was really the only way I could think of to show what the upgrades have been able to do to the more modern machines. She has the capability of repopulating her class by force if necessary or extract other things while showing how she has another way of preventing rape factory use for the enemy to build up her class and use them. I didn’t like writing or thinking about it, it’s just… burruhuhuh, nasty. I tried to do this more from the female machine POV to ready up for the female POV with my Hanz Tiger and his gunner Volkstung. The song in here is one of my favorite sea shanties so if yall want to listen to what it’s kinda supposed to sound like the link’s here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qGyPuey-1Jw

I will update this to have a link to part two *probably* if I don’t just shove it all back into this one and laugh maniacally as yall hunt for where yall left off but meh, I wouldn’t do that.

Gingyflame, modern era, Submarine, Typhoon
4 Comments

HaM side story: Tagging a Ho

ary 3, 2015 by Gingyflame

Well I remembered Ratbat's comment of me 'tagging a Ho' and so Saturday I started writing and got far surprisingly fast, I think. Enjoy a lucky man Tagging a Ho!

The Lost Stealth Warrior

David worked his way into the Smithsonian storage departments, he knew what he was doing was illegal and possibly could get him life in prison for trespassing, but taking a job at the security department and leaving his post to gaze upon the evasive plane of mystery was well worth it to him. Ever since he'd heard about it, David studied and researched that plane from his old childhood game Frontline, the plane your character steals at the end of the game embedded itself into his everlasting dreams and imagination and he went crazy when he found out the Smithsonian, only a fifty minute drive from his house, had an original one in it's records, but upon walking and exploring every inch of the flight wing and finding nothing of it's existence he was heartbroken. He was sneaking through a line of shelves that rose well over the height of B-29's tailfin tip when on the ground, and it was dead silent; he made his way down a corridor marked 'H-I' in labeling until he found a massive box with the matching label. It was absolutely gigantic, he needed a forklift to move it, he went to the end and retrieved a forklift to move the crate. He carefully lifted and slid it out ever so gently knowing the contents were about twice his age and then some, he rested it on the ground then moved around the crate and lifted the large lid off with a huge amount of strength and a crowbar then he peeked inside, ducked down rubbing his eyes. *Wait were those eyes?*

"He-hello?" David heard the feminine voice echo throughout the halls he quickly stood back over the box and shushed the plane inside, looking into her hoping fascinating green eyes, then he stood gawking.

"Oh my God… You exist…" He was staring at the top of the midsection of a parted Horten 229 Nazi experimental stealth jet super fighter.

"Yes, yes I do." She said a somewhat offended that someone doubted this. "So did you guys land on the moon? Is Bret still up there yapping about?" David was lost, what was she talking about?

"Huh?"

"Oh you must be a new guy- well new guy there are some machines that are alive and we-"

"I know that but… We landed on the moon back in the sixties, and I know nobody here named Bret." He was shocked, he thought the government took care of living machines like they were people… not shove them in crates and forget they exist. Her face turned confused, her eyes on either side of the bubble canopy squinted.

"What… year is it?"

"Two-thousand and nine." She couldn't believe it.

"I've been locked in there for fifty years…?" Her hidden lips under her nose began trembling, her eyes watered, and her small chopped fuselage quivered. "He said he'd come back…"

David felt sorry for her, she looked like she needed a hug, so he climbed in the gap between her nose and the box side and leaned in and embraced her large engine intake bulge. She hugged him back and sobbed for a while listening to David's reassuring and calming voice that was so smooth she felt good again in no time. "So what's your name? Why did you open the lid?"

"My name's David and I wanted to open the box to look at a real Horten. I'm not supposed to be here and if I'm caught I'm through!" He said, mentioning the trouble he's in for doing this comforted her that someone went so far just to lay eyes on her.

"Thank you, David. My name is Sarah." She had a nice soft, gentle touch in her voice. David felt comfortable around her because with his obsession of aircraft he learned how to fly them with his teacher a male [illegible]ntless dive bomber converted trainer, then a regular old dead jet for the jet aircraft. He still kept in touch [illegible] the Dauntless. "So how's the past half-century been?"

“Well I only know personally about twenty or so years of it but I might be able to fill in the rest.” David talked about all the major events, Vietnam, moon landings, Cuban missile crisis, reuniting of Germany, Berlin Wall, the assassinations, PCs, technology, 9-11, the Middle East, all of it. By the time he finished he had to button up the box and slip it back, but he vowed on his life he would come back to her. And he did the next night, and the next, and the next.

The two talked for a long time every night telling stories and such, and he performed at the security office well enough to be promoted again and again until he pretty much had free access of all Smithsonian property, to his and Sarah’s delight. He took up flying more heavily and asked his Dauntless connection if there were any hanger slots open, how much was rent, if that airstrip allowed jet aircraft, and inflated the Dauntless’ sense of friendship that actually was very high from Daniel’s perspective already. When Daniel read his old friend’s response he concocted a radical plan to get Sarah flying again. The night after Daniel got the good news he shared his intentions with Sarah.

“That’d be wonderful! Absolutely wonderful! Anything you need from me and it’s yours!” She was extremely elated, his plan made her envision and feel the tremendous rush of air around her airframe, the pull up on her wings straining to fly higher, the power of her engines pushing her through the wind like a bullet, it made her hope again. Daniel’s escapade was tremendous at that; first he’d measure and detail all the specs about Sarah i.e. wingspan, length, boom, framing, materials, layout, everything. Next he would labor tediously and long at recreating a working one-to-one exact replica of Sarah minus the living factor Sarah possessed. Finally he’d take a truck with the replica to the access door of the storage department, switch out the two Hortens, and take Sarah to the hanger and reassemble her and fix any problems there were, then he hoped they’d fly again.

He immediately climbed in with a notepad, some orthographic drawings of the Horton he’d printed out, a pen, measuring tape, and eagerness as his tools to get this all done that night. He asked Sarah a number of questions pertaining to distances from frame beams, thicknesses, and attachments ports, and her materials. He’d heard hundreds of claims of the shell, from rubber to lard-covered steel, from canvas skin to alien metal. Turned out to his imaginative surprise a sort of all of them.

“It’s a leather canvas skin soaked with the liquid metal agent that makes me alive, it was pressure saturated, the canvas, to contain the life factor in me. My airframe is of the same style soaked plywood and my shell here is of the metal alloy. The wings have the plywood under shell for the canvas.” Daniel was answered all, and while he was scaling her wing and body, her skin was unique at that, it wasn’t typical of most planes with metal, hers was smooth and full of texture; it had a sort of majestic allure to, seductive feeling of sexiness, it turned him on. As he was measuring the tail he looked at the pointy silhouette and was reminded of a bat tail, Batwoman, he thought, and it’s shape turned him on more. He dropped his pen and bent to pick it up but noticed the wood right in front of his feet under her tail mid-way was sort of stained silver, he smirked as he just found her slit without looking. He wrapped up the night then went home and dreamt wet of her.

The work was long and strenuous; Daniel called many friends with varying skills to do this job and even with all the help in total it took three months to construct a full working type, with the engines taking the longest time. Along the way he met a unique character well respected and resourceful of the name of Patelo, quite strange however yet yielded much knowledge and acquired records and reason statement that Go 229 #1000203-S was created, and upon talking to Sarah who knew there was a Horten before her of non-living that performed better than a Me 262 in that of dogfight sims won seven of eight times and flew under a thousand kilometers an hour with a range over a thousand kilometers and payload of about a thousand kilograms but upon landing an engine blew out and the test pilot lost control and perished in the crash, but not much else. Daniel found answers.

“Gotha model 2-2-9 will be constructed with element 1-2-1 Sentronium as for life element in regards to engine failure prevention upon operation. The frame number 100030V2A-S will be designation code. Training shall commence upon activation and scheduled to fly once pilot is affirmed ready. Frame is to be active as productive under sex: female for safety precautions and protective nature, unlike hull 75000128B-S panzer unit, this will be fully operational and fertile before activation.” Daniel finished reading the translated and sat amazed, she was a safety feature. “Wow, so what was that stuff at the end?”

“What the panzer hull 75000? I’ve not the slightest clue. But the fertile and active part means I can have babies.” He nodded in understanding then he told her she’s getting switched out tomorrow night. She pulled him into the crate and hugged him against her nose.

“Err-Yup! I got my plane tested and approved under my name and because it’s an exact of you they won’t notice a thing!” She then pulled him below her nose and kissed his face- all of it, in excitement and show of gratitude. She then put him back onto the ledge and shook in her crate too excited to stay still. He frowned as he put the top back on and tucked it away again. He ventured not home, but to the hanger, and disassembled his replica in the same fashion and took into account how her life agent kept her looking brand new somehow and aged and dried his heavily then put it into a crate resembling Sarah’s with the same markings as hers. Then they waited…

Daniel backed up to the garage door that backs up to the storage department that Sarah’s in, it was a holiday so he had the day off but he pulled a bold lie out of his ass that he was replacing a rotted box for a fairly new addition of stable situation and it worked. He was uninterrupted as he traded crates with the Horton’s slot, and once he got Sarah’s into the truck trailer he drove off to the hanger, and eagerly ripped the top off to be met with those same green eyes he met months ago.

In unison they announced their thoughts: “Freedom!” She pulled herself out of the crate and opened her landing gear sighing a relief as they haven’t moved in fifty years and held her high above the floor, enough for Daniel to walk under comfortably. Her forward landing gear position was way out in front, with her mouth ahead of it on the underside of the nose, from the well many arms extended and grabbed her body parts arranging them to be lifted and mounted in place before sinking her front hydraulics down to allow Daniel’s mobile lift to lift the wings and other assemblies high enough then helped him lock her together. She moaned at the feeling of her wings and this turned him on again. She swayed on her gear, softly mmm-ing and his hormones took this as teasing and made his ‘need to breed seen by the keen’ or in other words he had a hard-on. The sun was going down by this time, no more unscheduled flights, and Sarah was down again.

“So close, yet, so far.” She groaned, Daniel had calmed down and took to her sorrow and hugged her rear left landing gear hydraulics nice and snugly. He parts with her and approaches the door when she calls for him feverishly. “W-Wait! Don’t go! Why don’t you stay the night here?” Daniel turned back, she was looking at him eyebrows raised and twiddling her metal thumbs. He couldn’t force himself to say no to her beautiful face.

“Dah! All-alright. I can’t say no.” She clapped and bounced on her forward gear. His mind instantly went dirty: bouncing on him all night long, hot and steamy. He looked around the space for somewhere to lay, she said anywhere but seeing how her expansive wingspan and no real length meant he’d either be in front of her, behind her, or underneath her wing and he wasn’t trusting of her unused gears suddenly bearing her weight again. He chose to sleep in front of her. Once he was out cold she used a little trick she learned from reading the German copy, she knew German better than English even if she’d not used it in seventy years. She cycled through her many appendages searching for the right one; *injector, injector, injector, auxiliary vagina, injector, ah here it is!* She found the one that contained multiple needles and probes before she carefully slid it into the base of his skull in the back and shared with him her little dream she’d keep having: a man, not sure who, opening up the box with a light to his back masking his appearance, she calls to him but he doesn’t respond but continues to climb in at her tail section and strip. He pries open her slit cover and proceeds to fuck her to her delight, she can’t move, she can’t stop it, she can’t hurry it, but she always does enjoy it; enjoys being manhandled and taken by him this mysterious manly figure that she wants to be Daniel. She ends it there, he stirs now probably starting the beginning of a wet dream but not much else. She smiles and falls asleep, to their surprise they wake up with Daniel inside her cockpit somehow.

The two arrange the flight with control then once the time comes they race off down the runway and zipped off the ground with ease and Sarah took over immediately. Daniel let her have her unrestricted freedom. She flew around forever, feeling the Gs as she dived and pulled and rolled, the lift of her wings carrying her, the wind whizzing over her sleek body, her engines whining and pushing, her lovely pilot sitting politely in her cockpit, she felt it all. “Better than sex, Daniel! It’s better than sex!” She called trying to tempt him to
ɔse a trial to that, but he simply mmhmm’d. “I ought to carry you on my belly so you’d understand!”

“Please don’t, not now.” He said actually intrigued. They flew around more; Daniel had been thinking about her a lot lately and thought it may be right if they would start actually dating, when he asked mid-flight she gladly accepted.

When they touched down Daniel introduced Sarah to his Dauntless friend Daniel, which is why Daniel calls him Dauntless. After a few tries Sarah got herself to call Dauntless-Daniel Dauntless and human-Daniel Daniel, which slowly transitioned into babe. Over the course of a month the couple didn’t get that much closer together than the previous amounts of time has simply because there wasn’t much more room in between them but they did learn that Dauntless is the one who put them together the first night in their hanger, and that the two of them were ready to test the ‘better than sex’ claim. It was up to Sarah to decide when, and one night during maintenance the time was right. Daniel was going through his checklist making sure Sarah hadn’t lost anything that she said she did to get him alone. He was crouching by her rear left gear with his right shoulder right next to her open dripping port, he had no idea and when he went to put his pen in her hand he thought was still next to him he actually wedged it into her slit.

“Mmnnpfff”

“You’re alright,” he reached back to his jutting pen without looking and pulled it out, “wow your hand’s sweaty, why’re you nervous?” He looked towards her sly grinning mouth for a response but got nothing until he looked more to his right and witnessed the thing he’s been craving seemingly forever. His mouth watered and his cock stiffened strong.

“I stripped for you, now you strip for me.” She pulled him by the collar to her view while he reached for the glorious pussy she wielded. Once he was situated in front of her she tugged on clothes she wanted off and watched with lust and licked her lips with want growing stronger and showing in her big green eyes and dripping wet pussy in back. He restlessly removed any and all she wanted in a flash then watched her eyes comb over him deliciously, waiting to get in her finally. Once she had him strip clean she allowed him to move to her opening but when he laid on the ground she held and pinned him there to taunt him some more. He watched in earnest as she rolled her pitch and yaw and roll above him, occasionally lowering to just the brink but right before she’d touch she snapped back to her standing height laughing at his groans and grunts. His member felt like it’d try to extend itself to reach her but never came close enough to touch, he flexed it as much as he could trying to get it there but all in vain, just as he gave up and watched the show she leveled out and dropped on him, penetration to his crotch. She moaned and awed as her arms went limp and her forward weight seemed too much for her nose gear. She was gritting her teeth and grrrring as her nose gear slowly let out and she slid down teeth and eyes and vagina clenched on what she rightfully deserved. Daniel sat startled that he was balls-deep inside her and didn’t feel her yet, he smiled inappropriately looking at her tightly clenched teeth just before her full feelings of pleasure hit him too; he dropped his head on the floor and let out a deep moan of satisfaction, to them it seemed like forever but in ten seconds of resting here she gripped and gripped on his dick but it was forcing her rear gear up pulling him out of her very slowly, he chanted *no, no-no-no-no* under his breath as he unwillingly left her great heavenly body.

“OH BABY! OH YES! MMMMM Babe you’re so *GOOD*! OH DDAAMMNN!” This loving utterance sparked Daniel to push through her weak arms that once held him down into her loosening and throbbing pussy, every thrust up her hydraulics jumped up, every time he pulled out they gave a little, all until he was rocking her up and down fast and hard. Her forward gear had let out all it could and Daniel watched as her quivering rear gears started to spread out in a wider stance that lowered the space he had to thrust. She started to say something in English but it transitioned to German too fast for him to hear, she started to scream in German but he didn’t cease or alter at all. For all he knew she could be saying ‘YOU’RE A FUCKTARD DANIEL!’ but he heard ‘FUCK HARD DANIEL!’ and kept it up, listening to her German approbations and creaking wheels and smacking noise against her leaking clit. She had been aroused to the point she had no control over her engines and they flared up in lust and hormones, they roared to life screaming that famous scream and pushing her towards the locked hanger doors, she put her large manipulators to the ground to slow her but she knew she’d reach the doors eventually so for now she focused on her lover’s package. She had gone right to the cervix, all he felt was her cervix inside and all she felt was everything, veins, texture, lips and folds, taught areas and sagging areas, everything. She got to the [illegible] and put her large manipulators on the door to try to stop her but she felt them budge. *If you can’t beat [illegible] DRILL ‘EM THROUGH.*

“OH BABE DRILL ME! PLOW ME THROUGH THE FUCKING DOORS!” She wailed in earnest of his physical reply. She felt his entire stick stiffen up and throb more, his power bursting, and the tingling precum start coming out in larger quantities, she knew what was about to happen to him… and she wanted it all. “CUM! CUUUM! CUM BABY, CUM! IN-FUCKING-SIDE ME, CUMMMM!” He gritted and clenched his whole body but his muscles and natural reaction had him hump and hump until it came out in droves. “AAAHHHHHAHHAHH! AH THAT’S THE SHIT RIGHT THERE!” Her entire system above his dick head felt like it was on fire, he felt so warm and hot and creamy she knew she’d eat some later, but now she wanted him to go on just like her wet dreams. “OH BABE GO! GO! GOOO-”

She was getting hammered just like that, she found herself unable to stop it, she couldn’t hurry him, she couldn’t do anything but moan, completely lost control… her dream came true, and it is Daniel. She felt hers coming with force, she thought she’d rocket him out and herself out of the hanger when her nose gear crashed in and her nose fell to the floor with her engines at max output. Daniel could she her mouth was open and her breaths and moans relaxed and exhausted, she was drooling on the floor and her cunt on him, he was splashing it over his body, her belly, the floor, his nearby clothes and notepad, everywhere, he heard her climax approaching the final moments with the engine and the three quivering trembling landing gears then felt it on his cock. She was right there, her force on his dick felt crushing, her while frame was vibrating, quivering, trembling, numbing him, and she announced her orgasm with a “FFFUUUU-” and a rush so strong of her cum right into his dick’s hole wedged open, that stung then it sprayed on his chest and face and into his mouth. Then he came again and her quivering frame lowered and lowered into him, he had his legs spread into the gaps between her engine bulges and her belly as she folded her gear in to sleep on top of him for a little while. She told him she was napping and to enjoy every minute of her hour nap with her cunt at his disposal, then she said she’d blow him. When she woke up he was out cold too, but felt he fucked at least twice more based on his payload still tickling her cervix and noticed it seemed to have reached very deep inside her, deeper than she’d felt she could go but liked what may come of it. She carried him around and licked his dick until it was hard before gently placing him similarly like before down and in her mouth. She tasted her own wet juices and his residue and precum, then only his scrumptious cock, then a little spurt and a moan from her sleeping lover and his cum danced on her tongue. It was the tastiest thing in her mouth she concluded, and that sex may be a little better than flying.

Fin The Lost Stealth Warrior

Tagging a Ho completed.

Gingyflame, Go 229, Gotha 229, Ho 229, Horten 229, porn, side story, Tagging a Ho
6 Comments

Hansel and Marion Ch23 Yes. It’s Happening

January 30, 2015 by Gingyflame

Chapter 23, Yes. It’s happening.

Chapter 23

Faust watched as Hansel and Anton walked off with a big maniacal grin on her face and a set gaze on Anton. “All he wants.” Hansel gave her a suspicious look over his shoulder before she rubbed her lips together side to side. She was thinking to herself. *It’s time I get this, and this’ll be perfect! He won’t remember anything, hammering himself away at the bar he’ll come back drunk, he’ll come to me and I’ll get him then! He won’t say no, no he won’t resist, looking for tail there but when he gets nothing he won’t think twice about me… He’ll wake up tomorrow on my engine with last night a blur and lost to him, he won’t know what we did… He will later but not now, he’s… he’s too fragile now. Poor thing, but he’s just, just, just there, always there and happy, he’s just so adorable. If he only knew how handsome he was I wouldn’t have a chance, but I’ll get him. I’ve been at him and at him but it seemingly just… goes over him but I feel like he does get it, deep down I think he knows what I mean… Oh he’s perfect, always interested in something, always lively, always glad. I hope he me deep down, more than a friend. Please oh please let this be true! He’s too much for me not to love him! And I’m getting him tonight, it’s been too long now and I’ll get him tonight or else. But we’ll need time…*

time. She thought for a while how to get time, they're shipping out northward in the morning but it'll be before sunrise for the cover of dark then morning fog to get out and away from the city, night time is a no-go because of militia and night bombers. Faust thought as her crew finished packing, she needed someone to have a engine problem, but the mechanics could whip out anything wrong with their engines in a flash, she needed someone whose engine is unknown…

"Kramia!" She darts off to find her Russian friend right as she was packed up. She looked around for Kramia or Mini, she asked Fritz and Jäger with no help, she found Irish and E playing with the gun breach and when she asked E said she didn't even know anyone here, and Irish had no clue but introduced E and Faust to each other. She meandered around until she found Mini and Kramia cuddling by a tank house.

"Morning Faust. You look busy." Mini said merrily, Kramia smiles. *The two are always so happy together.* She thought then she asked to talk to Kramia privately.

"Sure, Faust. So what do you need?"

"So, I have a personal request of you…" She asked slowly for a way to word it well, Kramia was still listening, "so would you mind throwing out your engine… possibly?" Kramia looked confused. "Not like replace, I mean to fake a problem. Preferably tomorrow morning." Kramia looked more understanding but she wanted to know why. "Well you're the only tank here none of the monkey wrenches around here know inside and out, and I need time in the morning." She looked around a little paranoid like.

"Why you need time? You look ready now."

"Well… Anton went to the bar, for the first time and, I want him to get… hammered." Kramia smiled, she was catching on now.

"So he might hammer you?"

"No he *will* hammer me." The two joke around some more, all of feminine humor that went over a confused Mini's head who sat poker face waiting; he tried to interrupt and tell Kramia something but couldn't be heard over their chatter. Eventually Faust left them and raced back to her tank house to prep herself, she had no idea how long they'd be so she was trying some positions to greet Anton in that would hopefully arouse him when Kramia roll to the door looking depressed and scared.

"FFFFaust-" she began trembling.

"Yes Kram?" She asked worried, hoping nobody learned of her plans she told her.

"I don't need to fake it…" She started, Faust moved closer to her deeply worried now, "They're taking away my gun…"

"Why?" Faust was aghast, she had never thought of changing a tank's gun mid-service. Mini rolls to Kramia's side and holds her as best he can leaning in to her and letting her lean and rest against him.

"They don't make her ammunition, and to put a line for one tank is a waste so, so they're replacing her eighty-five with a custom built and fitted eighty-eight." He answered her. Kramia kept sobbing and turned to try burying her face parts into Mini's side. Griffin rolls by with his radio op and gunner and takes a heartily notice to Kramia.

"What's the matter? Homesick? It's alright, all normal." He asks her, Mini answers him the same he did Faust. "It's not that bad, I'm sure they'll let you hold on to your gun."

"But I love this gun! It's mine and I'm good with it! I-I can hit my mark on the move! I don't want to restart, please!" Kramia wailed.

come on, it's not that much different, only three more millimeters, that's all!" Griffin's gunner spurted, ll love the double-eight. Trust me, it's better."

“Yes, reach out far more with even more accuracy! It hits a lot harder, too, only need one shot to stop what’s over here. You’ll be glad you got it.” Kramia seemed to perk up, Griffin smiled and moved on back to his path. Mini tugged on Kramia, she held onto him as he towed her by his side off to their usual spot leaving Faust at her tank house. She thought about it for a while, Kramia didn’t have anything complicated on her mantle like Griffin’s eyes, and looked like it could easily be separated so she didn’t drag on the subject. Instead she moved over to Anton again, she thought about how he’d look nude, enticing her to drip in her sensitive region and play with it through her covering panel to tempt her but not fill her, Anton would do that. She spent the majority of her time deciding on her welcoming stance, seductive tone, greeting, sex adventures, naughty stuff, then waited and lusted, almost losing it and destroying her clit herself in heat but held off just long enough.

She heard some hard placed footsteps approaching and hoped it was a lone Anton. As Anton turns the corner sluggishly she notices his uniforms jacked up and there’s blood on his chest and collar from his bloody nose and cares not then notices his drunken stagger and usual smile with an unopened beer bottle in his hand. “Hello, Anton!” She says seductively as he staggers toward her while she then closes the door. He falls on her jutting hull hood in a wide arm embrace and says hello back in his tone with a hint of exhaustion and excitement. She pulls the bottle out of his hand and places it on the floor next to her, then she starts unbuttoning his shirt except for the few he’s pressing against her body before moving onto the belt latch. Anton wanted to hold her for as long as he could, he wasn’t sure why she was undoing his belt; he didn’t think he got blood on that or his pants but let her take out the belt before taking off his shirt for her to do something with. He noticed she was looking at him weird, but even then she was still beautiful to Anton, her gleaming brown eyes and her shining smile, he felt warm inside, all gooey around her it was astounding. She talked to him, asking questions, he left out not drinking a drop, or only setting foot in the bar for about ten minutes, or the fight as not to worry her, he didn’t like making her worry like that. She lulled him very forcefully and precisely, and stripped him in a logical manner as to check for wounds; his undershirt, shoes and socks, and pants which was new to Anton as she always left that to him to deal with. Then when Anton noticed she never went for his rucksack for some spare shorts like she usually would he was curious, and then she started to play with his manhood; Anton knew in the back of his mind what she wanted, and he hoped he could make her feel wonderful; the best she ever has, the way he always feels around her.

He grinned dirty, and Faust went in for the taking. She instantly opened her cover and pulled a tarp under it for him to lay on and quickly led him down under her front and edged him to the spot before tearing off the final piece of clothing on his body sending Anton a message that maybe she does like him back, she likes him a lot. His member instantly sprung erect being suddenly freed and Anton felt very warm streaks of shiny fluid drop in a vertical path up and down his crotch with his cock in the middle. Her engine was whining in anticipation, she wraps two manipulator arms under Anton’s arms and up his back on his shoulder blades and two more around his waist ready to pull him in when out of nowhere he jumped up and slid himself inside shocking and pleasing Faust into a happy wail. Anton felt her grasp his cock, snuggle him with her arms there, and nudge downward on his shaft head with a plush roof that raised her pitch in her continuous stream of mmm, so he sat there and lavished in her pleasantry, soft, plush, warm, slick, and reverberating all around his boner. Once he decided to hump her again he used his knees as leverage to push downward on her arm belt holding him to her warm belly, she took notice and let go of him and placed her hands on the ground beside his hips before bracing for another go. Anton slowly pulled out, drawing a long low complaining moan, he couldn’t help but moan himself, her slick soft walls trying to hold onto him as he slid out with a pinch on his dick head that rubbed him right. Then he thrusts back producing another wail, and repeats the slow pull and then a quick deep thrust again and again, on and on, each time he thrusts her hands on his back tighten and pinch him a bit, and her hands on the ground tighten as well. Soon he picks up pace until it’s quick repetition of in deep out far nonstop.

Faust was whimpering and elevated pitch every thrust in until she let her speech go. “FUCK ME ANTIE! FUCK THIS WHORE!” Anton ceased immediately to a disapproving Faust trying to stick him back in. Then he spoke.

“Don’t call yourself that.”

“Why!?”

. re no whore, you’re way above that.”

“What!?” She asked, he sounded sincere, and bargaining.

“Because when you said that it hurt me, it hurt me to think you feel you’re that low…”

“Wh-Wh-Wha-?”

“I think you’re amazing, absolutely amazing. You’re smart, caring, fun, and beautiful.” She started to tear up. “I’m not drunk, Faust, I really mean that, really I do.” She went wide eyed and her lips trembled. *What have I done!?!* She began shaking and apologizing but was to scared and listing to move him or herself, then she had to ask why.

“If you knew this… wh-wh-why?”

“Because I want you to feel as special and good as I do with you.” She smiled, he did love her. “So do you feel good with me like this now?”

“Ooh Antie! Yes I do, too! You just made me feel better than ever!” She hugged and pressed him against her belly, uncaring that he didn’t penetrate her vagina that time.

“Soo, Faust… do you want to… keep going?” He asked her feeling her continue to leak into his crotch.

She sniffled somehow from something that’s probably in action of a nose and asked him to please do. “Love me like I’m yours, and I’ll love you like your mine.” He backs down, aligns, and thrusts in back to her grasping walls and welcoming arms holding him to her belly again.

“We don’t have to pretend, we already do.” They sat in quiet for a while, enjoying one another’s sweat, hug, heartbeat, vibrations, skin, metal, pre cums, shaft and well. Then she loosens on his midsection and he goes back to his quick pace from before. He scoots up and down caressing her clit against his stomach, searching for her softest spot. When he does find she exclaims “right there sweetie” leaving him at a weird position, he pounds away with her plush ceiling tickling his sensitive head.

He was about to ask what it was when Faust randomly blurts a question: “You want babies, Antie?” She doesn’t have a legitimate reason on her mind other than it felt right to have them. He presses on thinking about it.

“No, Faust, we aren’t ready.” With that the ceiling stops creeping downwards to have him enter, and pulls back. “But it doesn’t mean we can’t explore!” With that she rockets it back on him. It landed right at the peak of his maximum penetration and slid so gently and smoothly around him with no trouble. Faust lets out a long gasp of ‘aaaaahhhhh’ and instantly is taken away by his surprising size, she couldn’t think sight and touch could even come close to the detail her cervix was giving her mind: every vein pumping blood, the shape and texture of the head, the slick cover on his skin, everything. He was deeply emerged in pleasure and pressure; she compressed around him like no hug could do, and her heat was so immense and welcoming, her excited engine pace rattled their genitals together creating such a good sensation they locked each other deep with her cervix from its base point to the vaginal entrance feeling everything. Anton thought about kids again, he didn’t see anything wrong with trying, so he said he didn’t mind kids, and began swiping up and down her slit that released a well deserving sounding moan. She started to get even tighter around him, he was breath taken but on the slide down he slipped and the air pressure slipped out and as she came he was sucked in by her vacuum from opening cervix walls. It was enough to pin him inside her, releasing none of her vast amount of cum trying to exit and it built up, suspending Anton’s member in a pool of her hot liquid goodness. He felt it swish about his cock, sort of massaging and moving it around, he asked her to keep him here, not to move. She sat there and took in the feeling the fluid pressure had on her walls, gently rocking back and forth, her engine still running and shaking the small pool and her lover’s part still inside her. He could feel his climax approaching, first very slow and small as a feeling then rapid and powerful enough where when he came he moaned loud enough for Faust to here over her engine and moans. Their fluids mixed and welcomed each other, combining and melting in one another, Faust’s pool building still from lust and Anton kept pouring out seamen for an impressive time. Then they say in silence

ו, until they finally pulled apart with the tidal wash that built up forcing him down.

With all the erotic movements his nose opened up again at some point and was bleeding, Anton saw in the reflecting light Faust's protruding pussy lips were still pursed together tightly and basic ways to stop bleeding start with pressure, so he spun around, crawled down, and firmly planted his oozing nose in her oozing warmth and enjoyed her chassis shudder in delight. She felt what he was doing and the kisses he occasionally put on or next to her opening and reached down with a manipulator and softly stroked his semi-erected penis. She wondered if she could get her smaller arm-like vagina module down there and tried alternative ways while she stiffened him up with her hand. He smiled very large, not only did he make her feel special, he learned he makes her feel great just being around him, and that she loves him, too, and he closed his eyes when he felt her secondary lips break against his dick head and heard her long sigh of appeasement. He turned his nose left and right slowly, while Faust matched his pace in her own thrusts on his cock, until she sort of bled into his nose and past his face and down at his cock. She felt overwhelmed, her primary slot being pushed and pulled and stimulated by his nose and her secondary probed and prodded and rubbed by his dick, she was oozing on him when she felt his cock stiffen some more and throb before cuming into her, she felt his hot stuffing shoot all around her tunnel and it tingled her insides where it touched but it proceeded no further than where it landed. She came to the conclusion that her cum pool inside her caught all his seamen and drained it out with itself.

Anton removed his head from her passage and wiped her fluid from his mouth and realized he was thirsty. "Let's have some beer, Faust! It'll be both our firsts!" He announced cheerfully, she giggled thinking what other firsts they had and pulled the bottle around to his hands. He struggled in opening it, and looking at her still tight lips, got an idea. He grasped it firmly, and shoved his hand and bottle head up into her depths, with some shock she naturally tightened up around it and gritted her teeth at the texture of the bottle cap, she knew it wouldn't damage her one bit with her lining there meant for some way worse punishment but was elated when he twisted and popped the cap off inside her and removed it all from her insides. He could see some of her fluid mixed into the beer but drank anyway: pouring some into his mouth.

"It's not bad, I like it." He put the bottle in Faust's hand before they heard the man-door open. She reacted as fast as she could but forgetting to lock the man-door took its course and Irish walked in looking for Anton right as she slammed and locked the door millimeters from him.

"O…K… What was that abou-" Irish said looking back at the hastily shut door then at Faust and picked up what was happening. "Well I found Anton… I'll go now-"

"No! You can't leave yet!" Faust roars, he stops instantly having turning around to leave when he winced and asked why. "Because you can't tell anyone!"

"Especially Hansel!" Anton yelled out still chilling under Faust.

"Deal, fine, but this is awkward so can I leave?"

"No, someone'll barge in when that door opens, not until we're done and cleaned. Beer?" Faust ordered him; Irish stood there obediently and raised his hand up for the beer she offered. She took a swig then placed it in his hand before he shuffled to a corner to place him away from their sacred meaningful interaction then gulped some down.

"Ah, not bad, but you got some-uh-stuff in it too." He was referring to that outstanding taste barely recognizable but remembered well from 'machine love cream' that Faust shared with the beer and his initial source of the taste. Faust and Anton grinned; Faust grabbed the bottle and gave it back to Anton to finish it off. Anton finishes it off still stuck with his dick in Faust's secondary that was holding and massaging it gently then kisses her slit again, and pulls out of her and kisses that one too before climbing out still a little wet and got dressed to Faust's dismay. Once that's done they send Irish out, he took a sigh of relief and left, then Anton crawled in between her hull and side skirt to kiss her on the lips for a good time. They tasted just like her other lips, and it was very satisfying, then he locked the doors again, sat in his loader's seat, and asked to fondle her snake vagina. She happily obliged and was played with until she drifted to sleep; Anton kissed her secondary slit then unlocked the doors, laid on her engine, and joined her in sleep.

Chapter 23

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, porn, Pz IV, World War Two
6 Comments

Hansel and Marion Chapter 22 Clearing the bar

January 23, 2015 by Gingyflame

The insert for chapter 22. I have a few more side stories on my mind but one of them is actually important in relation to the main story line so once a milestone I have set up is reached I'll put that up. As for the more instant ones, some, no, mostly all of them are in about the modern era. Enjoy.

Chapter 22

Hansel woke up early, stood up and remembered where he fell asleep as the blankets fell off and his ass following. The blankets cushioned and muffled his fall, not waking up Marion, sound asleep with her turret still turned and relaxing on her hull belly and her gun completely depressed down. Hansel smiles coldly, thinking of the best miss they had last night then gets on his feet shivering and putting his morning wood away to die down.

"Holy shit its cold! It's early this year for sure." He talks to himself as he decides to keep his night clothes on under his uniform getting dressed. As he's ducking under Marion's gun mantle she embraces him and holds him to her warm hull.

"I'm sorry I lost it last night," she began, kissing him on his forehead. "I don't know what came over me, I'm lost there."

"it's fine," he responds kissing her back. "It's probably just natural when your cervix's opened. No big deal we'll just have to be careful."

She brings him into another kiss on the lips, a long one before releasing him. "Your hair's growing longer, I like it longer; wow it's cold today, even in here. I wonder how cold it is outside. Do you think they heard me out there?" She asks teasingly.

"Oh I know they heard you. I know that for certain. And I know you like my hair." Hansel said blatantly kissing her again before she stood back up on her suspension's usual height. "Well we're moving out finally. I'm going to see what all the others are doing before we leave; I want to talk to my family before we leave, still."

"Alright but don't get into trouble and be back before noon. I'll probably be here getting my shit together." They gave their farewells and Hansel trekked to mess hall for a bearing on his crew. As he walks through the doors he hears Inbred call to him.

"MY God Hansel! Could you make her scream any LOUDER!?" He yells sarcastically, Hansel smirks and walks over to his crew, where Whacker and Banker weren't arguing for once, mostly because Whacker was out cold in his mashed potatoes. "Please don't Hansel, I couldn't sleep at all, Whacker slept perfectly fine I'm not sure as to why he's out cold now." Hansel looks over to Whacker, he was drooling into his mashed potato pillow. Then Inbred makes a shuddering noise, "how-how do you do it? It's… uhuhuhgg… boiling hot motor oil burning and-and-and hot steel it-it-it's… aahh howww? Yeah sure Marion's attractive-but-but, eeugh!" Inbred was showing a little confusion and distaste.

"It's not hot motor oil or steel."

"Cold motor oil? Cold steel? I-I-I-?"

"No, Inbred, no, it's none of that!"

…en wha-what is it?! Hot steamy exhaust pipe?"

“No it’s no-well… mmehh kinda we can-”

“Doesn’t-does-da-doesn’t that burn? I-I still don’t get it!” Inbred was beginning to stutter that’s how confused he was.

“Alright Inbred shut up! Let me finish!” Hansel snapped, Inbred stopped fidgeting and sat slumped with his hands in his lap. Hansel sighed and rubbed his forehead with his thumb and pointer finger; he couldn’t believe he had to explain Marion’s most sacred parts. “Gah, it’s not motor oil, it’s a coolant mixed with a silver color, like Mercury but it IS WARM… not hot like burning but it gets… hot, when she’s… (*oh God damnit*) hot… Get it? Good; and it’s not steel it’s…” Hansel fumbled, he’s never had to compare it, he doesn’t know what it is. He could infer on taste but then Inbred would know what else he’s done to the tank he calls home. “Ah shit, it isn’t steel I guarantee that. It’s… soft, but metallic, it tastes metall-fuck!” Inbred went wide eyed, shocked at that point. “Fuck it! She’s all metal, she tasted metal but she’s soft like flesh and she can get pretty hot in there, alright!” Hansel looked at Inbred with his face saying ‘ya happy now Inbred!?’

“You didn’t need to be a bitch about it. If you blew her, you blew her, great; good for you two but Jesus don’t act like it’s a bad thing. Bunch of pussies.” Whacker commented slowly and out of it.

“How could you have heard that and be alright with it!” Inbred asked shocked Whacker was awake.

“Well she knows I’ve jerked inside her so, and she’s obviously got something Hansel can use to make her scream, so, and the only way I’ve made my girl scream like that was going down deep on her. Not that big of a deal. Love’s love, Inbred, get over yourself.” He said opening his eyes and rising, wiping the mashed potato bits from his face and beard.

“You were awake the whole time?” Hansel asked blandly.

“Yes I was awake, mashed potatoes are better used as pillows here. Where’d Banker and Meats go?” Just as he asked Meats walks over with a tray full of assorted meats, greens, and bread.

“Banker went to the shitter when Hansel sat down.”

“Meats why aren’t you cooking?” Hansel joked.

“Ah they’re just jealous of me, that’s why.” He sneered back. Banker walked back over and sat down.

“So now that we’re all here, what are we doing on our last day at Munich?” Banker was optimistic, and was looking around eagerly at his crew mates.

“Let’s go to a pub.” Whacker blurts instinctively. The crew looked like that was a bad idea except Hansel.

“Actually that’s not a bad idea.” They all looked at him in surprise; Hansel never let them into pubs. “I know of one, it’s a good place. I’ll get some chow there and not here, this stuff’s shit.” He got up and told them to meet him at the gate in thirty, they didn’t need to sign out with command, Marion’s crew was all on leave. Hansel goes back to Marion to tell her they’ll be at the bar.

“That’s fine; although I’m curious… could you bring back a keg?” Hansel furrowed his face.

“Why?”

“What do you think I can’t take it? I’ll be fine I just want to try it. Besides… it could make me… “She winked at him. He just huffed a single ‘hah’ and promised he’d bring her something. Hansel walks outside and spots his old Tiger and his crew packing up nearby with Faust and Anton with their crew. He decides to walk over and invite the crews to the pub.

“Hello Hansel,” The Tiger said, noticing him approach. “I don’t recall telling you my name they gave me.”

ı don’t think you did.” Hansel responds nodding the group as a greeting.

“I named him Griffin.” His radio operator Emilie Volkstung said proudly and smiled at Griffin, who smiled back.

“I like Griffin,” Anton said as he chucked a rucksack onto Faust’s engine roof before climbing up to tie it to the armored skirt Faust has on her turret. “But like Faust better!” He grinned widely at Faust; she nodded her gun and pats him on the head before trying to tidy up his scruffy look.

“I know you do, Antie, that’s why you picked it.” She smiled at him and looked into his green eyes while he looked into her warm hazel eyes.

“So todays the last day in Munich and we planned on going in to a pub or bar, care to join?”

The women instantly declined for good reason, other drunken soldiers would take advantage of them, then one by one Faust’s crew respectfully declined except for Anton, who asked Faust if he could go. She thought for a moment before something struck her and she agreed to it.

“Hooray! Going to a pub! Finally a pub!” He’s never been inside one before and he’s spurting out all the things he’ll do such as drink, game, pub activities.

“Alright then come on. I’ll make sure he comes back intact and he doesn’t drink too much, Faust.” Hansel called to her, she lifted he metal brow-like eye protectors.

“Oh no let him drink all he wants…” Her tone was suspicious then she smiled wide and said under her breath, “all he wants.”

Hansel walked with Anton back towards some other crews, contemplating her message. He walked around and learned that sadly no others will be joining them, Irish wants to befriend E as much as possible before some combat can prove fatal, Edwards and his crew adopted their old ways of Jäger and Fritz’s crews being one large group, and all the other Tiger crews were busy on their own accords. So when the time came to head in the bunch of six looked at each other awkwardly, expecting more to accompany them, before driving off in a Kubelwagon to the city. Munich had cleaned up fast but the scars still bled, ruble was shoveled into collapsed basements, distraught people wandered the streets, and children sat distressed and too sad to play games, then on other undamaged streets life looked as if there was no war, stores, games, happy faces and playful children tugging at the group for something from the front like a helmet or a canteen. Anton was playing tag with some grade schoolers when Hansel pointed out the bar his father had taken him too. It was rudimentary and plain, but inside were much festivities, games, joking, women and food.

“Hey Antie, we’re here! Come on inside brother.” Whacker yelled to a taunting Anton who climbed up onto a store stand roof to avoid being tagged by a nine year old girl.

“You go inside, I haven’t played tag in a long time!-Ha!-Almost got me!” He continued to taunt her until she played the gender card and got him to climb down. As he continued the five others waltzed on into the bar and without even hesitating Whacker plops down next to a revealing fräulein at the bar; his two favorite things, while the other four mingle and drink. Things are going well, Whacker’s on his sixth beer in under ninety minutes, Inbred and Meats are enjoying the company and stories of some old Great War veterans, while Banker and Hansel are at the bar chilling out and bonding, Hansel couldn’t remember the group this actively engaging and merry, while Banker was talking about finances work and Hansel listening closely so he could work some money magic at the end of the war to free Marion of military control Banker took a swig of the cheapest beer and made it clear why it was the cheapest when he gagged and spit it out instantly.

“Wow that’s shit!” He exclaims after Inbred comes over laughing at him. He takes a sip and looks at him strangely.

“Another problem with you, Banks, this is pretty good.” Hansel motions for the bottle and takes a bit of it
[illegible]s pleasant of it until the after taste hits and he spits out trying to free the wretched taste from his
[illegible]th.

“No no! Banks is right! Shit, that’s this beer, shit!” Hansel figured he’d get this for Marion; he didn’t want her to become an addict like Whacaholic and figured he’d save on money. After ordering the keg a group of rowdy Wehrmacht soldiers paraded in and asserted themselves around Hansel’s crew. Hansel thought nothing of it until he spotted the unit patch on the sergeant’s coat next to him… it brought back memories of that old panzergrenadiers that rode with his panzer unit…

“Greetings, Captain, what brings you here?” He spoke with a more northern dialect and sounded exhausted. “We’re in from the front and are looking for a good time, which this dumb bastard will miss out on!” He grabbed one of his squad mates by the shoulders right next to him and shook him.

“I’ve told you I’m against drinking. I don’t know why you even care bringing me.” He said very self-consciously, almost setting a disinterested tone.

“Ah well, fuck him! How’ve you been Captain?” The two talked for a good bit, every now and then Hansel caught Inbred looking intensely and suspiciously at the panzergrenadiers. Hansel talked about moving their tank column up northward tomorrow morning, their numbers and speed, all of it to a brother in arms. But the sergeant reeled when Hansel talked about the panzergrenadier unit that saved him and his tank many times in Russia. Hansel thought nothing of the unit in the west; he was in the west now, why not them?

“So hows about some beer?” The sergeant asked then asked his companions for their tastes. “Are you sure you want nothing? Seriously? Alright then, four beers bartender!” Hansel looked at his hand, he held up four fingers with his thumb tucked…

“YOU ENGLISH BASTARDS!” Inbred yelled as he lunged for the nearest intruder, who was pulling a pistol from his belt. Hansel goes wide eyed as a fist from the sergeant flies toward his face. He wipes the strike aside as Whacker reached behind the bar and grabs a bottle before swinging madly at the sergeant. A blow of the heavy bottle sends him sprawling onto the non-drinker behind him. Two others tried to gang up on Meats, Banker had been hit from behind with a club, Meats grabbed them by their throats and lifted them off the ground with his massive strength before body slamming them on the ground. The two forces clash as citizens scream and run out as guns fly out, no bullets hitting their marks. Hansel takes on the sergeant while Whacker takes on his sober friend, Inbred was pig-wrestling his foe and rolling him to hit anything heavy while at the same time being hit himself, Banker went out cold leaving Meats to take the force of two angry men who thought they could deal real damage to him. Anton runs inside and slams against the sergeant, he elbows Anton in the nose, blooding it, before Anton bear hugs him tight and head bangs him hard in the back. Hansel unleashes the fury that someone hurt Anton and punches the sergeant in key areas like the side of the head, gut, neck, and kicking out his knees. The group holds out long enough for officials to arrive and through questioning, discover Hansel’s group as German soldiers and the other as spies, the sober man had recording gear under his tunic, but thankfully, no transmission equipment.

The group recollected themselves and for the most part literally licked their wounds. Hansel had taken some time to take what he rightfully bought; a keg of shit beer, and Anton picked up a full bottle he’d found lying on the floor, he’d have his first back with Faust. The ride was tiresome, and Hansel knew he’d be in no mood if Marion was in heat still from last night, but he tended to Anton’s wounds who tried to fend him off, trying to prove to Hansel he could fend for himself. When they pulled back to the base they were met with hearty appreciations from the others, and while they waddled about trying to regain their footings, Anton stumbled worse than Whacaholic, prompting Irish to ask if he drank more than Whacker.

“No he didn’t drink at all, he’s just… worn down.” Hansel says as he pulls the keg from the back seat. Marion heard about the fight and was trying to get to them as soon as possible, but when she saw them all battered up in a mess she took a sigh of relief and grabbed Hansel and drug him to her lips and kissed him. He was so tired he let himself rag doll over her hull and told her with his enthusiasm in his kiss that he was not in a sexual mood. She pulled him away smiling and looked at him and the others all rag-tag and worn.

“Alright, from now on, no more pubs for any of you.” She lifted her eye shade brows and looked at them all squarely in the eyes until they nodded in agreement. After that she asked if Hansel brought her anything and was presented the keg, she tried some in the corner of her mouth holding the keg to her faceplate and [illegible]ing away. While she argued with Inbred’s side against Hansel and Banker on how it’s good Anton slips [illegible]y still staggering like a drunk, searching for Faust. He was thinking about her as always, he was very

much attached to her as a friend and comrade. *She's so pretty, so very pretty, no she's beautiful. I wish I was as nice looking as her. I wish I could make her feel as good as I do around her, she always makes me feel good, she always makes me smile and picks me up just by being there… I wonder if I do the same for her… I want to make her feel as special like that, but, how? How could I?* As he turns into her tank house he spots her angling her hull corner shot like with her looking at him with a very wide smile bearing her amazing razor teeth and looking at him through seductive eyes. Then she speaks to him in a low tone.

"Hello, Anton!"

Fin chapter 22

Yes.

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, world war 2
3 Comments

IS-3-way

January 14, 2015 by Gingyflame

HaM side story of an IS-3, Hellcat, and a lucky human. This takes place in the closing months of the World War when IS-3s were just being started on the fields of war, although none actually made it to the front in time they did participate in the victory parade. The Hellcat is just that same legendary tank destroyer.

IS-3-way

Demon and Allen were strolling through their Russian allies; it was 1945 in the closing days of Hitler's third Reich and the American and Russian armies were running into each other all over Germany. Demon was a M18 Hellcat with scores of kill tally marks on his turret's right side and DEMON painted across his glacis, Allen was his seasoned driver with a charm that wooed women in any country he was in, a charm not lightly used, either. As they meander through the camped Russians and Americans trying to talk to some Russians a loud feminine voice with a heavy accent sounds from their right.

"You Americans look bored, no?" She was a long tank with a paint job too new looking to have seen any combat. Her green eyes on her angled teardrop shaped turret were eager and hopeful. Allen was admiring her angled hull armor, unique in that it points like and arrow head, Allen thought it was ingenious.

"Yes! Finally a Russian to talk too! We ain't bored anymore; here I'm Demon, a Hellcat tank killer, and this guy's my driver Allen, what do they call you?" Demon was very excited to talk to an ally of another side of the damned fatherland; he couldn't stop staring at her huge gun.

"They call me spearhead," she gestured to her comrades a good distance around the group. "But the little girl that would play with me before I left called me Dima, I like that better."

"Pleased to meet you Dima, so what's it like over there in the Russian army?"

what gun is that?" Demon spurts out still eyeing her gun.

“Huh, my gun is one hundred and twenty two millimeters Demon,” Demon felt small, he had a seventy six and his jaw-dropped expression turned into a sly smile as the thought that he could shove his whole gun inside hers and that obviously turned into something dirty. “But it’s quite lonely, very lonely here. No one talks to me like this, only commands, orders, occasionally a morning greeting. That’s it.” She was looking a little downed; Allen thought how he could make this a good time for her. He was never lonely and never thought of vehicles sexually but he thought if it ended up there then damnit he’ll give it a shot or get Demon laid.

“Well we’re here now and you’re the only ruskie here that speaks English, how do you speak English?” Her eyes darted to him full of hope again, and caught some of his charm.

“Well when I got close to front I heard you Americans on my radio, I learned through there. How long exactly is… now?” She was hoping to take hold of the chance not to die a virgin if they ever do scrap her, she liked how Demon was ogling over her gun and something about Allen fanned her fire. “I was never on the front, never killed a German… you could share some of your stories! You must have plenty!” She was begging the two, they talked forever about the kill stories, going through all of his kill marks and making Dima look at them in awe at the shit they pulled out of their asses when they were cornered. Dima’s lust continued growing and festering, she used whatever she could think of that she remembered from the radio tunes to flirt with them. She tried her best to swoon the boys, Demon seemed to be interested but Allen was looking a little unmoved.

Soon the sun was setting, however, and by this time Dima was craving her first time to be by two Americans, she had to snatch up Allen some way. She went out on her own accord to catch Allen; she seemed to gain a hold of him while Demon looked like he would plow her in front of everyone. Allen was thinking it has come to a one night stand, but she didn’t look bad, the angles in her hull were attractive, her turret shape was nice and appealing, her roof mounted machine gun continuously caught his eye, and he could only wonder how her ‘ass’ looked. He’d soon find out.

“So you boys have plans later?” She could barely contain her excitement, and if anyone were to walk by behind her would see it too.

“No we’re clear for the night.” Demon rapidly responded, he wanted her body bad, and really craved her gun-it was so mighty and powerful yet so simple in design.

“Well I did want to hit the town, maybe a pub-” Allen was saying.

“You don’t need any German girls.” She started, thinking what to follow up with. “Ever been with a Russian gal?” She wore a sly smirk. Allen was contemplating her proposal; he hasn’t been with a Russian or a machine much less a Russian machine. He finally sighed and responded.

“Can’t say I have, Dima, it’ll be a first for me.” Dima smiled, she had no clue where they could bang but she didn’t care where.

“Russia doesn’t look kindly upon this type of bonding, so… any idea where, Americans?”

“I’ve got a spot,” Allen settled, “but its back on our side so if you could… sneak over here… we’d be golden.” She nodded very fast, supercharged on adrenaline and anticipation. The two tanks weaved on out into a field then darted for the tree line. Demon’s max speed is ninety-two kilometers per hour, almost three times Dima’s, and realizing this he went back around and pushed her as best he could noticing that the spare track link mounted on the lower of the two sloping rear plates was oozing precum and knew where her mysterious port was, while Allen found the same thoughts. Not too long into the trip all three were ready to get it on. They venture through the woods for a decent while before coming upon a clearing. It looked like an undiscovered old park, abandoned for Mother Nature to reclaim her lost land; it was still picturesque.

“You’re most romantic, Allen.” Dima said as the scenery moved her internally and gave her confidence that no one will intrude upon them, the worn brick wall still stood tall and mighty.

.en the fuck did you find this?” Demon asked moving around Dima to get a better look around.

“Well my family came here to see my grand pop’s grave, and this was one of the places we visited most often here.” He looked around with flashbacks upon flashbacks whizzed by his eyes. “Is that damn tree still there? Holy Jesus it is! Damn that tree’s old…” They sat and savored the moment until the full moon lifted above the tree line to light up the scene with its light blue gleam. Allen looked to Dima’s light green eyes watching the stars and moon like it’s a mystical being.

“Ever see the stars before, Dima?”

“No, if that’s what they’re called in American, I’ve not seen the stirs before.” Demon grinned at her pronunciation of stars. “I can watch then later, let’s take the time at hand and fuck!” Her tone change was swift and shocking, none cared and continued as planned, or what they thought was the plan. As Allen moved behind Dima and Demon followed, she protested with her own plans.

“No no, what are you doing, Demon? I have a mouth in front and a cunt in back. Use them my lovers.” Demon instantly hit into reverse to take the blow job first, her gun was an attraction irresistible to him. The two Americans got to their appropriate ends and admired it.

“Are you two ready?” Dima could barely contain herself she was so excited. Demon nodded while Allen was unlatching the steel cables from their mounts that held the spare track link to the source of her leaking. He undid the cables and lifted the link off and to the side, multiple tethers of her silver fluid still holding to it; he stared in amazement at how enticing her vagina was. Demon was sitting in front of a waiting hungry Dima, trying to get the extra armor put on his crotch by his crew off, Dima said fuck this and ripped it off herself revealing a hidden force also trying to remove it. His long gunmetal shaft looked thick and filling to Dima, she licked her lips as Demon rolled forward to her cues then lifted him onto her chest without his consent to plunge his massive size into her mouth.

“Holy fffuck!” Demon was instantly hit with this vast feeling of pleasure as Dima sucked and toyed at his metal member; licking, wrapping, caressing, all for Dima and Demon’s personal pleasure. Allen smiled at this thought, it was Demon’s first time having sex and he felt proud of Demon as he opened up his fly and let loose his veteran member to probe at the soft spot of this armored beast. He rubbed her tall slick lips with his shaft head, sending trembles and moans down her chassis, before he slowly and gently eased into her cavern sending even more trembles and moans through her. Her whole body quivering gave more pleasure feeling to Demon’s probe like it was vibrating, making him moan more. Allen was thinking to himself how he was going to please her giant welling when it slowly began to shrink in size, acting like a Chinese handcuff and constrict everything, bringing up her cervix to a more human like proportion. Allen was breath taken by the feeling inside her; he expected warm steel feeling with a good shaking by her immense engine that was literally right there. While the engine vibrations guess was right the feeling wasn’t; her entirety felt ungodly good, soft and plush with a hidden firmness below that with much heat and fluids baking his dick in all a way that made him agree this was better than any human was. He slowly pulled out drawing moans and complaints, first out of her tight cervix, then from her vagina, letting her collect herself after her first penetration, then slowly went back with a little more umpf and gradually increased speed and force until he was plain out fucking her.

Demon was very much enjoying what Allen caused back there affected Dima up here, her moaning rattled her mouth and her quivering shook her tongue around his probe bringing him even closer and faster to his orgasm goal. Her playing drooled out onto his chassis and her chest, rolling down her angled hull and off to the dirt, her eyes were clenched shut basking in the pool of her stimulation. She started to feel Demon’s shaft stiffen and throb stronger and faster when he confirmed her thoughts:

“Aaahhh Dima I’m close!” He was preparing for an orgasm he’d never felt before. Just as he’s there she pulls him out and pushes his end up above her gun letting him discharge onto her turret in a loud sound of pleasure. Some of his silver cum slopped down her turret side and entered the reach of her adventurous tongue to taste his essence with delight before turning her focus to the human rocking her world and her ass with an intensity that made her look like she was in pain.

Allen was soaking up the feeling that Dima gave him; he wanted this to be as good for her as it was for him ’ he knew he’d finish before her, even if she was virgin. He went down with his hand and stroked and ed her metal bulb sparking louder moans and wails from her. She had an empty mouth and was most

likely crying about how good he felt in Russian, but neither man knew Russian. He was trying all angles searching for something to level the playing field, and knew instantly he found it when her shaking suspension gave out in the front three and she tried backing on to him screaming in even more high pitched screams of lust. He felt her grasp on him constrict hard, the thickness of plush material thinning until it is but the thickness of a nickel when he pulls out followed by her rush of cum spewing in streaks as she moans loudly in sporadic bursts. Allen finishes himself off outside letting out onto her armored plate and before he's realizing it Dima's turning around having them trade places at her pace.

"Shit- it might be a while for me, Dima… Ohh fuck!" Demon was resetting his probe and staring at the aching, dripping slit that's growing larger to accommodate his size.

"That's fine. Allen looks ready now." Dima says grabbing and hauling Allen to her lips licking them intensely. Because her mouth is on the underside of the turret overhang, Allen didn't notice the razor teeth Dima possesses until he's right there and at her mercy. "Don't worry sweets, I won't bite." She clamps down on him, releasing a moan and groan from the both of them. Dima licks his head cleaning off any pre-existing cum he has, and deeply loves the taste of his human flesh and fluids. "Mmmm you are delicious!" Dima exclaims to him.

"Aaahhh uhh, please don't bite, please? I'll be much tastier whole, thank you." He says nervously, Dima smiles and looks at him innocently with her large green eyes and continues sucking and blowing and caressing. Demon, who doesn't want to miss out on too much fun, extends two manipulators to circle Dima's port entry point. He enjoys her cries as he pops in and out periodically, then pulls them apart trying to peer inside but sees nothing. He decides to return a favor and grabs ahold of her wide body at the sprockets, and hauls her heavy ass up onto his protesting hull where his faceplate is level with her vaginal plate. He splits her open again and peers in spotting wet soppy walls of goodness and a good ways in her cervix moved back for his size. He licks the just insides of her walls sparking the best moan she's made yet. Allen feels her mouth vibrating with the moan and catches her eyes crossing in pleasure, he again felt pride in Demon again, and was hoping he could go back to human women happily, Dima was rocking his world and proving she was better than any other woman… and this is her first time, it's a shame he'll probably never see her again.

Allen wasn't sure what Demon was doing to her back there but it was something because she was faltering in giving him a BJ now, her shuddering still kept him going, though. What Demon was doing was sinking his tongue deeper into her tunnel and lapping at her tasteful insides making her engine kick up a bit in amusement. Once he was rock hard and ready again Dima was closing in on her orgasm, so he decided to eat her out fully and let her explode on his faceplate, returning the whole favor, before placing her down again to get back to finishing Allen off. He couldn't wait one bit and grabbed ahold of her again and pushed his member into her depths giving her a slow long moan of acceptance. Dima was absolutely overwhelmed, Allen tasted astounding, and Demon just seemed to keep going and going and going! She was thinking that he didn't seem that big in her mouth, he wasn't. Demon was lengthening his shaft's reach, usually for coupling with others with hard to reach ports, but here it's used as an extension to his whole. Although it's not as sensitive as most of his body it could feel the pressure growing as he trekked deeper while his actual probe was indescribably stimulated with a very hot surrounding deep inside her cervix. Allen was at his edge and announced it but Dima didn't hear him, having him cum in her mouth and it spurting all over her tongue, she completely felt whole, like this gift her two lovers have given her made her great, that she had purpose to her life, and she couldn't live on without purpose anymore. Dima tasted Allen's seamen on her tongue and didn't care, she put Allen back on the ground and slammed her forward body down to get the most of Demon and screamed in delight in a mix of Russian and English.

"FUCK! OH FUCK! FUCKING DRILL INTO ME DEMON! DA DA DA YES DA YES YES YES! DAT' MNE CHTO HUI! OOOHHHH!" He was going on and on; he wanted to get every inch into her and was certain that he would until she screamed at the top of her voice as he reached a searing hot wall in the back, the end of the line. He wanted to pull back to push again but also wanted to sit here, buried inside her. Allen came around, he was done with the night and wanted to get back what was rightfully his that he left here all those years ago wherever he left it, when he stopped by Demon who looked… different.

' ɲ," he asked somewhat nervously, Allen looked over as he put his package back into his pants covered
  ɹ liquids. "Allen I think- I think I'm in love with her…" Allen nodded and circled his finger in the air and

mouthed ‘I’ll be around’ then kept going, wondering how he’s going to break it to him she can’t stay. As for Demon’s decision whether or not to fuck her or spoon with her, Dima answered it by grabbing onto his hull and holding him inside, the two of them moaning and loving each other for a good while before she began pushing him out.

“No no, here, I’ll do it.” He said, holding her hands with some of his, he retracted his probe in to him a good bit then extended it out slowly. They continued like this for a while before Dima turned her turret around to face Demon. They locked eyes, her green eyes meeting his gray eyes, she knew there what she could live for- not just Demon but, little Demon, she wanted his child. They closed their eyes together and continued until Dima asked him to pick it up, where he did. He pounded her where Allen could hear her loving yelps from across the park.

“OH! OH! AH DEMON! I WANT YOU TO CUM INSIDE ME! CUM INSIDE ME! OH YES BABE CUM!!!” She could feel him getting closer, and how deep he was she knew there was no chance she wouldn’t become pregnant but Demon pulled all the way out and bent his shaft up onto her upper panel just as she came, she shouted no and grabbed the top of his shaft tight to hold in his seed.

“NO! CUM INSIDE ME DEMON!” Allen heard her scream no and rushed over.

“What happened? Wha- who fucked up?” He asked panicked, he hoped Demon didn’t lose himself inside Dima.

“He did!” She exclaims to him, Allen goes pale, “He didn’t cum inside me! NOT YET at least!” She barked. Allen was confused.

“Dima! Why would I do that to you!? What do you want to raise a kid alone!? I don’t think they’ll do it!” Demon shouts at her, unsure why she wanted to do this. The three argue over this until Dima breaks out crying.

“Because I have nothing to live for!” The two others look at her to elaborate, “I have no purpose now! The war’s over! I’m never talked too! I’m never loved! I just want something to love! To care for! To live for! PLEASE! Plea-he-he-he-hease! Just let me that! I’ll do anything, just- please!” She continued begging and pleading with them. Allen decided one way to grant him time to think.

“Alright here’s what’s going to happen! Dima let him go outside of you, then Demon you’ll go back in but go slow! I’ll think about this because I don’t want you to ruin each other’s lives.” Dima was frantically nodding in agreement, once Demon solemnly agreed she let him go on her gun and engine roof, he was still very warm on her body. Demon looked into her eyes and even though she said nothing her eyes were bartering her life away for this if need be, so he went all the way in again.

Allen was sitting by the tree, he looks up into the night sky and notices a shiny corner of a box… he’d found it, and found a solution to Dima and Demon’s situation with its contents he remembers. He waits ten to fifteen minutes before he goes back to Dima and Demon, both looking like they could explode.

“Demon you can cum now.” Demon’s face instantly turns relaxed while Dima rejoiced and was crying tears of joy and asking if there was anything they wanted, anything. Demon thought about pleasing her anyway he could, and looking at his gun he wanted to plant it firmly between her vagina walls and let her clamp and rub on it all she cared for.

“There is one thing, Dima.” Allen asked.

“I don’t care what is it?!”

“Help me into that tree…” They strolled over to the tree and Dima held him up to climb into the tree, a few hilarious minutes and attempts later, Allen through down an old shoe box with many things in it. Allen slides down and opens it, revealing many old photos, a pocket watch, tinkers and an old key.

ـ key, guys, will get you two into the United States.”

“How!?” Dima asks excitedly and questionably.

“Well when we last visited when I was eleven, a whole seventeen years ago, I was given a key, I put it in my box of stuff and kept it there, we last visited the park before leaving for home for the last time, I had climbed my favorite tree with my box hoping to put something in it. I never did and I accidentally left it here, it stayed right up there for all those years, I went mad looking for it, and now, I have this key, this key unlocks a secret cellar, that cellar has some of the world’s rarest wines! Worth millions at the time, if I sell them, I could buy you out of the army Demon, and smuggle you into America Dima.” The two looked at each other in astonishment.

“Thank you! Thank you a lot Allen! Demon, anything you want?” She turned to Demon, she helped Allen and Demon looked like he had something on his mind.

“Hmm… two things: first who was better?”

“You fucked me better; definitely, you’re huge in ratio to him.” Allen sulked; he wasn’t enough for the first time but God damnit pride still got to him. “But! But Allen tasted better.” She winks to Allen, who nodded sarcastically.

“And second: do you want to go again?” He asks out of love and passion, to hopefully sway her into love if that hadn’t happened already.

She ponders his question. “Yes I’m still horny like a slut!” With that the two race off back to the first spot where Demon placed his seventy-six into her chasm, loving her showing of affection while Allen thought how the hell was he going to fit them two in his four stable barn? *I mean for fuck’s sake- and to think this is just the beginning!*

Fin IS-3-way

Forgot to add in the post-comment. This will be continued much quicker than the other side stories because this will go further into detail as to how my version of tier II living machines procreate altogether… yes human x machine and machine x machine. You should know human x human by now. But this won’t stretch as HaM does, only a small number of inserts.

3 way, Gingyflame, HaM, Hellcat, Human, IS-3, male tank, porn, side story, tank on tank, WWII
6 Comments

A6M5 mod. 52 Ayaka Zero

January 5, 2015 by Gingyflame

This is my first story of 2015: A HaM side story response to Cerebral error’s Petra post war plane taking place very shortly after Japan surrenders. The ending is something I’m trying and I’d personally like feedback if yall like it or if you don’t. Well enough lollygagging let’s read and enjoy ourselves!

A6M5 Ayaka Zero

Jack cursed under his breath as the long truck hauling a Zero with the wings removed and strapped on either side of the airframe on the trailer of the truck rolls up on his driveway. Jack had specifically asked for the plane to remain intact and not dismantled at all other than the removal of the weapons. He had purchased the plane with money he put into the bank before the war and due to financial tricks and trades had earned enough to buy a formidable Zero he’s drooled over every time he’d dogfight one.

“Ahhh you bastards!”

calm yourself, Jack. We wouldn’t fit across the bridges with stiff wings so we cut ‘em. At least you can tıʌ er.” Jack looked pissed, two months of wait time and he still won’t be able to fly again for at least a week.

“A two month wait lets me build my runway and clear out a hanger, I’ve got fuel and gear for it ready now and you show up with the fucking wings TIED TO THE SIDES!” Jack hit the hefty trucker he’s known all his life with his leather jacket then stood admiring his new plane.

“First- ow! Second- you want me to park the trailer in the hanger?”

“Yes, the hanger’s ‘round back. Put the trailer in the hanger with the nose outward, set it down with the jack feet on the ground so I can lower the body down onto its gears, I’ll call you when you can come get it.”

“Got it, Jack.” With that he brought it around and backed into the pristine hanger from the days of biplanes, undid the trailer as per instruction and left with a farewell. As soon as the dust trail was out of sight the hanger doors slammed shut, startling Jack, and he was soon being yelled at.

“You are going to start fixing me now, American! Then we will fly!” She sounded like Kato’s Japanese mother, only excellent English, Jack winced at this and looked at the Zero wide eyed that it wasn’t just talking, enough to freak him, but was screaming at him, enough to break him. And piss himself.

“Holy shit you talk.” He snapped in great disbelief. “And you are not happy.” This caused two eyes to materialize on the corner glass panes with much anger filling them as two metallic arms and hands lashed out to him, grabbing him by his collars and dragging him from the door to about a foot from her nose before screaming again.

“NO I’M NOT HAPPY! I get my wings ripped off and drug across who the hell knows where! Do you know what it’s like to be torn limb from limb!? DO YOU!? Perhaps I’ll enlighten you!” Jack trembles and puts his hands out and shakes his head no very desperately.

“I’LL FIX YOU I’LL FIX YOU PLEASE DON’T!” he almost seemed to cry, he ironically feared amputation greatly and this was something he’d desperately try to prevent. She appeared pleased, taking many relieving breaths as she gently lowers Jack to the ground allowing his legs to ‘take over’ and fall to the floor then crawl until he can get up. Flipping shit the whole time. The Zero crossed her arms under her cockpit, below a set of parted streamline lips aft of the engine nautical and waited about an hour for him to compose himself and grasp the alien thought of a plane threatening to rip him in parts.

“So Zero, how long have you been like this?” She looks to him still pissed.

“My name is Ayaka. In parts? Since you asses started transporting me.” She looked back to Jack and he didn’t look answered. “Alive? Off the line.” Jack looked at her, staring at the metal plates separated at the seams and then her gorgeous body, never able to admire their absolutely gorgeous body! Then he asks another:

“Did it hurt? Can you feel… stuff?” She looked at him like he was a dipshit.

“Stuff? That’s the best you can do? Stuff? A fighter ace by that tally list behind you and the best you can say is ‘can you feel stuff’? Mighty Japan defeated by dumbasses! Glorious!” He sank back; he was being harassed by his new plane. He liked it somehow… “Yes I felt that, I can’t feel my wings anymore but I could at a time. Touch is what you were looking for; I can feel that all around my body.” God knows why but this excited Jack sexually, which he was embarrassed of and hid it to his best ability. Ayaka noticed anyway, experienced and trained eyes provided her the eyesight, but didn’t acknowledge it. Jack got his mind back on track; the sexual wonders aren’t for when she just threatened him with disembodiment.

“Well I’d guess to start is how did they remove them?”

“They unbolted and cut at the pre-made seams. It shouldn’t be that hard.” They began by building block rests for the wings to lie on before the two retired for the night. *He’s nice, not abusive and so far pretty gentle and the place is cozy and warm, better than I thought. I could get used to civilian life.* Jack too was thinking of the other. *Wow they’re so elegant! She’s a little scary and demanding, ah that’ll pass over she is just being* ˀ*sive, I wonder if she’s scared?* Day after day the two tinkered, hour after hour the two came closer to ˌ .pletion, minute by minute they came closer as companions talking about their times in the just passed

World War Two, Ayaka a A6M5 model 52 with many kills under her and her pilot's belts, the darker times in the end of the war, and how her pilot left her to become the divine wind, and how they joked with her for being more American in personality. While Jack talked about being raised in the depression, flipping shit when Pearl was bombed, and how he'd always wanted to be a pilot, how scared he was when the Wildcats he flew dropped like flies when dogfighting Zero's, and how they'd tediously learned how to fight the superior Zero's. Ayaka grew accustomed to him, and enjoyed his company greatly; soon she noticed that he was less and less sporadic in his excitement around her until the point of about a day away from completion he grew no bulge at all, whether she liked it or not this saddened her. On the final day she asked the question she'd been avoiding in fear of his response:

"Jack… why did you buy me?" Jack winced.

"Normally I'd say buy but with you please don't say I bought you, it feels wrong like its slavery.-"

"But it's not I fly and that's really all I can do."

"-Well for me I'd say buying a living, intelligent thing-man made or not-is like slavery.-"

"But what about pets? If I was a pet?"

"-You are no pet, Ayaka, you are no slave, Ayaka, and if you don't want to stay then that's your choice and not mine, Ayaka." He had emphasis on his points; Ayaka grabbed his shoulders and asked again.

"Fine then, Jack, why did you take me in?"

"Well… … … to be honest I've wanted one since my first encounter in '42." Ayaka was interested and was looking like she was also, "Us poor cats didn't stand a chance, all you Zekes raped the shit out of our assholes. I wanted one badly, to be on even grounds with you Japs at least. You're all so elegant, fast, agile and smooth, beautiful." Ayaka 'blushed' turning her body-mounted gun bulges from pure white to a light silver.

"Why did you still want one when we became inferior?" She asked still blushing and flattered.

"Beauty kept it in my mind." He answered a little unsure as to exactly why, but this was enough to make Ayaka squirm when his back was turned. They moved even faster, the goal within reach, the wing fuel lines reconnected, the airframe merged, the edges sanded and smoothed, and not far into the process Ayaka exclaimed she could feel them again and hugged Jack against her belly, who learned to let it happen, and watched with a smile as she wiggles her newly joined wings. She was so happy that her mind was screaming celebration sex but she suppressed this, and unknowing to her Jack was also lusting for sex, but all he knew of her sex was she was made female. Soon they were finished, and Ayaka's slit was ferociously demanding to finally be fucked by a man, and Jack had calmed himself and never noticed the silver Mercury fluid dripping and running down from the bottom of her mid-tail. Jack lowered the trailer letting Ayaka onto the cement floor on her own landing gear where she joyously rocked on. He called for his friend to pick up the trailer while he was flying, Ayaka bounced when she overheard him, then eagerly reached for the nearby fuel hoses and began filling herself with the substance, all the while her slit was screaming for her to plug that opening with Jack's nozzle and fill it up with his creamy dreamy substance, but she painfully waited as they were expecting company, that's when she was asked a question that almost made her fuck him right there.

"So why are you a girl plane?" She hesitated; she had a habit of blabbering out what's on her mind when she's emotional like this…

"Well I have a pussy." She meant vagina, she inched back to protect him from *initial* rape, but he nodded his head and raised his eyebrows and seemed like it was understandable. They proceeded on, she was topped off yet thirsty, and she feverishly wiped and cleaned her wetness off her tail as so no suspicion would arise, even though she wanted him to rub and touch and toy with the source all day long and way into the night. She passed thankfully and agreed with her hormones to fuck him somewhere in a clearing later or when land back here all the while flirting and tempting him. She was going to get laid for the first time, finally y!

“All that’s done, need any help with starting up?” Jack asked Ayaka, she shook her engine nautical no and allowed him to climb in wearing his old flight gear and oxygen mask kit. He asked her to show him how to turn her on. You already did, Jack. She turns over with a sputter then a pleasing hum sending heat and vibrations into the cockpit.

“Ready to fly, Ayaka?”

“It’s about damn time!” With that she hits the throttle, violently thrusting forth down the runway, while Jack watches and studies how she executes a takeoff so he can do this at a later time. She picks up her tail, raises her flaps and leaves the Earth joyously and pridefully, taking in all the fresh air and the rush of wind over her smooth body, the sense of bird-like freedom. “It’s even better than I remember, Jack!”

“I can only agree with you there.” Jack felt untethered, loose, free, when he’d fly, and Ayaka made him feel warm and fuzzy inside. He smiled realizing the cheesiness of the description, and was motioned to take the joystick and fly her himself. He grips the plastic handle, resting his thumb on the top button and his pointer and middle fingers on the trigger out of habit, and grabbed her throttle control with his left hand and admired the inside of his beloved plane. “So Ayaka, what should we do first?”

FUCK ME! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! Was all she could think, then she spit out the only thing that wasn’t sex: “Any maneuver you can think of.” In remarkable timing, precision, and elegance the two executed Immelmanns, split-s, wingovers, pitch turns, yo-yos, barrel rolls, spirals, scissors, and anything they come up with for hours. Then the two admire the Midwest landscape and the falling sun. Ayaka hatches an idea to show off how slow she can go and pulls low in front and off the side of an upcoming train traveling with it.

“Ayaka why is the train passing us…” Jack spurts a little worried, “how fast are we going?”

“Well in your speeds we’re going at around… mmmm… seventy-six miles an hour.” Jack was astonished; no wonder they outmaneuvered the wildcats so easily. “My stalling speed is about sixty-nine.” *Damnit! Why did I say that! Well… I could…* She pumps her engine a bit more, vibrating the cockpit and making Jack’s cock pit thicker in blood flow. She talks and flirts until she’s got him without him even noticing what she did. “Jack it’s getting dark and the fuel’s almost gone, I’m going home.” Jack was awed by her referring to the hanger as home, he felt that she wanted to stay here, and she did. He watches closely as she runs through the landing procedure and they smile as they pull up to an empty hanger, the trailer’s gone. She turns herself around and backs in thinking of all the naughty things she’ll do to Jack. Jack learns how to power down and climbs out of Ayaka’s cockpit unaware her eyes are glinting at her soon to be ‘joystick’ and hops down and walks to the man door locking it for the night. “Alright Ayaka, I see why you raped us in the skies, and I’m pretty mind fucked right now so I’m heading to bed.” He’s walking to the main hanger door when out of nowhere Ayaka slams it shut and puts an iron rod down the padlock mounts.

“Why not sleep with me?” She says in a more demanding sexual tone then a passive sexual tone. Jack turns around and meets her gaze and the two simply click together and rush in to meet in a long enticing kiss. Ayaka’s engine is turning over but isn’t running the prop and her slit is producing so much precum that her protective plates are filling like pools with a too slow leak trying to empty them while Jack is growing hard faster than ever before and his heart racing, he was ready and was removing the bulky stuff off his suit. Both of them were in a complete high with the day’s dealings taking a mental toll while there hormones were powering their bodies into overdrive. Ayaka couldn’t wait anymore and tore at his fly and yanked his stick out and hauled his crotch to her awaiting mouth. Jack said nothing but moaned comfortably when her soft, tender, juicy wet lips caressed his dick and her mouth tugged at his shaft with her tongue gone from exploring his mouth to his cock. She thoroughly licked him, giving him a silver sheen when she did pull him out after she persuaded him to let her taste his entirety, and enjoying his little eruption of his delicious cream spurting all around her vast vibrating mouth. She then pulled a crate under her mid-tail and laid him on it, below the source of her silver leak.

“Open wide, sugar.” Jack does as he’s told and eagerly awaits what she has in store for him. Two panels about twenty inches long stretching up to the sides of her tail open like bomb bay doors and a payload of her liquids falls on a shocked Jack; after wiping the fluid out of his eyes he meets a gray belly under the
ls with a very beautiful vagina in the middle running about sixteen inches long with a very bright and
ful looking clit at the top end and very thick and elegant curvy lips running to the bottom dripping

loads of her pre onto his body at various points. He adjusts his body and leans up to plant his face firmly in between her pussy lips. He is greatly pleased and aroused by how wonderful she felt around his face and how she tasted and wondered if her hot vagina would cook him like a turkey if they spooned. Ayaka was mesmerized and taken away by the sensations down south. Her eyes crossed at weird angles and she drooled from both lip pairs greatly, this made Jack chuckle thinking he had himself a very wet girl, and her engine raced with the prop ever so gently turning.

“Ahhhhhhhaaaaa Jaaaaackkk! Oh! You have noooo idea how loooong I’ve waited for thisssss!” She dragged on the moments Jack slurped at her clit; waiting for the pressure to tell him she’s cuming. She lasted a very long time, it took Jack a good five minutes to bring her teetering on the edge of washing Jack’s face with her cum, so Jack begged her to let go, dump it all over him, and she did so without a second thought, drenching Jack, making his member ache for her tender love and caressing. He reoriented himself, and with some help of Ayaka’s arms was pressed against the belly with his pelvis hanging below her furnace of a pussy, and in one swoop he thrusts into her welcoming walls and fills the hanger with loving cries in English and Japanese, mixes of moaning and panting along with Ayaka’s engine roaring and the prop spinning more consistently. This was the first thrust and it penetrated the cervix. Ayaka couldn’t resist locking Jack deep inside her and shut her panels on his pants, he was still dressed, and some manipulators trying to feel him from the other side of his clothes gave up on that and opened up his button shirt and pinned it open against her sides letting any remaining manipulators feel his moist and sweating abs, pecks, biceps, and much more while Jack himself was feeling up her long tail wherever he could reach. Soon he noticed waves of pinching on his cock inside her cervix, moving in wave patterns that massaged and nullified his dick making Jack melt brain dead and one hundred percent relaxed in her clutches of his all. Ayaka wanted him to at least once fill her, she knew she was shallow yet long and wouldn’t take too much to coat it all in his wonderful sperm, and that’s what she’ll make him do. She too goes brain dead letting her hormones control all aspects of her: nothing changed except motions around his cock until his cock was shaking more than her engine and then soon enough it erupted like a volcano, penetrating deep inside with his sperm. And all she wanted was more! After a few repetitions and orgasms from the two Jack realizes what she’s doing and begs her to stop before she becomes pregnant.

“No Jack! I’ve waited too long for this and you aren’t going to stop my fantasy!”

“Which is?”

“Filling me up with your hot seamen!” She continued to putty his dick until he said his head felt like it would explode, he was only half way filling her, she inserted a needle into his veins and relieved the deadly pressure that would pop the blood vessel and starve his brain of oxygen; now, there’s no stopping her dream. Jack pulls and pushes against her panels to let him live his desire, which she does, and he begins drilling her. She screams in appraisal and begs him for more; he pushes hard into her forcing part of his groin and crotch inside her tightening walls. He was venturing deep enough to feel his sticky goo inside her plush hot halls didn’t feel normal but enticed him to spread more of it inside her. They fucked like this for hours, finishing off with multitudes of Jack getting hand jobs with his dick head just inside her lips to completely fill every inch of her with sperm. Once that was done Jack’s cock ached very badly and looked swollen and like a few vessels were popped until another blow job from Ayaka cleaned away the oil that he thought was blood. He looked at her opening, strains of his seamen were leaking from it but it still looked appetizing to him and as the two rests, he asks to enter once more, but to be locked like the first times, where the two may sleep the day away, she merrily agreed. As he entered again, he noticed how sticky it was, and Ayaka noticed something tingling deep inside her and how sore she was then she felt the now sticky walls separating and parting for her lover. She pinned him in, listening to his question she thought she’d never hear:

“Ayaka… I know this sounds strange and the papers are going to be very tricky, but- w-w-would you marry me? I know it was a little fast but-”

“Yes Jack I’ll marry you!” Jack was stunned; he smiled greatly and buried his face into her belly giving it a gentle kiss. “No need to do any papers, just get yourself a ring and me some gold paint and we’ll be fine.” The two chuckled, joked a little more, then fell asleep in the light of the rising sun.

A6M5 Ayaka

Well Cerebral, how'd I do? This is my first written plane story and not many more will probably follow. I mean I love planes they're sexy and you can get into good positions with 'em but I'd rather stick to tanks and ships. Seriously this replaced an IS-3-way story I was writing when I lost all progress so expect that one very soon!

fighter, Gingyflame, plane, side story, world war 2, Zero
13 Comments

HaM Ch 21D-Day und sechs

December 21, 2014 by Gingyflame

Chapter 21, the title is D-Day plus six, a chapter a little out there in relation but it'll make sense soon don't worry.

Chapter 21

Chuck was strolling through the French hedge grove fields, admiring the beauty of the scenery. It was D-Day+6 and so far the Germans were on the run. His crew was back at camp on R-n-R and he snuck out to explore, and he soon found something interesting. He turns a bend passing through a crushed hedge as tall as his entire chassis is long and spots a crippled JägdPanther with Rosa written on the left side of the hull. Rosa had a large chunk of the forward drive wheel missing and the track ripped apart, presumably by a shot going through it. Chuck saw Rosa had eyes on the tall gun mantle plate above the long 88mm anti-tank gun and a large sulking frown below the gun mount on the mantle. As he neared closer Rosa noticed him and sighed as she lifted the rear end of her hull, the look in her eyes was miserable, broken, and painful to Chuck. He understood that she had been pridefully broken and accepting that he'd rape her as a war prize like so many other Shermans had before Chuck. Chuck shook his turret no and showed her with his manipulators he would not penetrate her, he didn't know much German, but knew his commander Joshua did. Rosa lowered her hull back down into the mud and went back to staring at the ground in self-pity.

Chuck couldn't stand seeing such a thing be left to live like this, even if it was the enemy it still didn't want this, and definitely didn't enjoy this one bit. Chuck went back for Joshua, and returned an hour later with him, and he too picked up how Chuck felt about her sitting here to be a sperm dumpster for any American tank horny enough. Joshua himself was of German ancestry and had family in France and Germany, and knew his German mother was EXTREMELY prideful and realized this was a huge disgrace to the tank hunter; Chuck had ties already to a Firefly and knew she'd be very tough to crack for sex from a German, and wanted to help this German '*enemy*' out of this hell. Joshua started a conversation with an introduction:

"Hello there, my name is Joshua, and this is my Sherman E2 Chuck, what's your name?" She looked to him, and slowly replied in compliance with a voice full of depression.

"I was named Rosa." There was a tension filled silence before she spoke again, "You speak German very well, where did you learn, American?"

"I have a German mother and an English father. They moved to America shortly after mother was pregnant with me. We speak German and English at my house but I also speak French quite fluently because of my great aunt." Rosa nodded once in acknowledgment and asked in bitterness: "So are you here to put me down and scrap me?"

"That's what'll happen when the division moves up to about here," she looks away, sighs out and appears to let water diluted silver tears roll down her armor. "But I don't think we'll let that happen." She darts her eyes back to him, hope and bargaining filling them.

"Please Americans! Don't let them do this, please!" She begs them, Chuck lost and confused to all hell and Joshua turning to tell Chuck the gist so far.

"So, Joshua, what's her story?" He asks Joshua to translate, as another living machine is somewhat rare for

the Americans to put in the same divisions, and usually German vehicles are the only ones that are met, to finally be able to know what interaction's like for another tank is a rare treat, especially from the enemy point of view. Joshua turns from Chuck and asks the pleading beast just that after reassuring her.

"Well my beginning is uneventful; I was assigned a crew earlier this year, and we never talked. They knew I was here; they just ignored me or sparked a small conversation. We seemed invulnerable, powerful, silent killers! But then after you Americans came, and we spurred here, we shot at only one tank, and two trucks and a building before my cowering crew began pulling through the hedges over there. I got to about here before a captured German anti-tank gun ripped through my sprocket, crippling me and making my poor excuse of a crew run! They bailed as soon as I stopped and never looked back those bastards!" Joshua saw how angry she was at this, she was thrashing her hull around on her clogged, sloshy suspension; he did understand why they ran. When he was in Italy his infantry support helped fend off a large number of German heavies with two of the German's own '88 Pak guns. "The gun ran off leaving me here… alone. I had great hatred toward my crew, but then three American tanks tried forcing themselves on me! They made me cry and beg for my crew again. The three broke me with much time, ramming me, rolling me, threatening me, and shoving their parts in terrible places until I gave in. They never got but my first passage, not my precious cervix! They raped me the whole night, not once did they experience the pleasure of me cuming on them! Never! There were five more after them within two days of each other. Two were gracious enough to pull out as not to hurt me more and persuaded me to let them me finish how I wanted, they were the ones that respected me more than a cum bucket! The others flat out raped me until they were satisfied, and left with snickering remarks!" Joshua watched as a massive force of pure hatred overtook her and fear engulfing himself and Chuck, who needed no translation to tell how pissed she was.

"Calm down, Rosa! It'll take time for us to fix you up again with what we have, so anything you have will help but first you need to relax." She took rapid deep breaths, slowly her respirations become calmer and soon she's back to a steady pace. "The majority of trouble will be that drive wheel. We also need to make a deal between us."

"I was with a Panther crew that was knocked out somewhere in the groves." She gestures off into the brush, Chuck recognized 'Panther' and told Joshua he found one stuck ass-down in a bomb crater with a shot hole in the belly. The three make their deal, soon Chuck and Joshua run over to the burnt out terror and note that the drive wheels are shared between the two models of Panther. After some trial and error in getting the correct bolt measurements the two busts off the identical drive wheel and decide to drag the whole intact track like a sled behind them back to Rosa. Rosa was tossing her '88 ammo outside as part of the deal, along with the hull MG and roof mount. She knew she'd be completely defenseless but understood the worry the Americans had in making her operational again with unsuppressed hatred toward the American tanks, especially the ones who raped her. They arrive back to her at sundown. To avoid attention they plan to meet back in the morning then leave for base.

"She liked you, Josh."

"Shut up, Chuck. It's only because I was the only one to actually talk to her."

"No, no, there was more behind her voice…"

"No Chuck that's just the dialect the language has."

"Believe what you want, but we tanks don't talk like that. Oh could you teach me some more German?"

"Yeah you're a fast learner, probably because you're a machine that seemingly knows everything American within a day. Wait… what made you suddenly want to learn German, Chuck? Got the hots for a German?"

"No! Just… it was-it's… it's complicated… I couldn't really talk to her when she thought I would rape her, and it was just really awkward in the moment. I don't want that problem again. It seems too… I think it feels worse for her and I couldn't even talk to her… to help her mentally." Chuck made a point, Joshua mostly taught the other men in his tank German but Chuck wouldn't usually tune in, but when he did he was [illegible]stic at learning and executing the German he learned.

“You’ve got a deal.” Joshua said as Chuck nodded to him. “Panther lover.”

“Shove-it! Before I throw you into the hedges!” The two joked the whole way to base. But Joshua couldn’t get Rosa out of the back of his head. Chuck did have a point where in her latter speech she had a tinge in her voice, that wasn’t part of the dialect. He could pick up a line anywhere in English but German speech and tone was still somewhat mysterious to him. She didn’t look too bad, aside from being covered in mud and grass due to the raping Shermans, and seemed at her heart harmless and troubled. He sat down with his crew at meal time and was oddly quiet, usually rambunctious like the rest of the crew, thinking about her meanings, all the way to bed.

Joshua looked around; he was naked and strapped to a round table on its side. *Oh great another one of those moments*, he thought. He looks around some more, and is met with Rosa staring at him seductively with a long broad smile bearing her panther mimic teeth.

“I think it’s time to get something straight, Joshua…” She was still eyeing him intensely, “I’ve had pent up lust and no satisfaction by my rapers, now I can finally fuck who I want and how I want it. And I want you.” Joshua kept his blank poker face as she slowly rolled towards him eyeing him top-to-bottom and licking her lips with a wet tongue. Once she got to him the restraints were gone and he was rock hard and craving it. A small panel opened at the base of the lower glacis and a silver pair of vertical lips that bend to the belly drooling silver goop caught his eyes. *Just like where Chuck said his ‘Trojan spear’ is*. She moves closer and closer, raising her forward torsion bars as high as they reach and sinking her rear bars as low as they can, getting her port as high as can be, about his belly button height, then she reaches toward him and forces him to drop to his knees, then sit down with his legs folded. She pulls even closer and pulls his head back then places her slit onto his mouth. *This is new, and not my style*.

“Lick it; lick it like ice cream, American!” She demands him. He closes his eyes and complies by lapping at the split and entering every so often, causing Rosa to purr and the engine to hum while once in a while her body would shudder then seem to ooze onto his face more, making him want her more and more ferociously.

“Enough of that, Joshua, let’s move on to… the main course.” She pulled him out and stood him up then bent his legs to where his long hard aching spear was at just the right height. She starts compressing her wrapped arms around him to pull him closer and closer until his point was at the gates of her cavern. She reaches down and grabs his shaft to guide it in on the mark.

“Venture deep, American.” The two let out a quite moan as her soft lips gently break and give allowing him to enter her where so many others have forced theirs. “AAAHHH! Now this is sex!” She pushes him deeper, and deeper, and deeper ever so slowly until he can go no further; this is when Joshua lets go of control and melts to her every whim. She pulls him up, then down, and repeats over and over drawing her pleasure toy up and down rubbing around to reach every spot she can make his shaft go. Suddenly she lets her wrap slip loose around him and she makes a moderate demand of her ‘victim’.

“Fuck me.” Joshua tenses up, unsure if she was moaning to herself or ordering him to do this. “You heard me, Joshua? I said fuck me.” He stands grasping this thought, he slowly realizes what’s happening, that he wants to fuck her. “I said FUCK ME!”

Joshua obeyed instantly after her last uttering. He felt a wave of alien feeling hit him; his cock was mingling with hot creamy love juice oils and hot dough-like putty he thinks is her port. *Chuck might actually be on to something,* he thought, *this feels amazing!* Her hull he was pressed against became warmer and warmer as her engine whines louder and louder, her purring and moaning growing louder and louder. Slowly her dough pussy began to stiffen like ice hardening; only instead of getting colder she was becoming very hot down under. Her engine started sputtering and her breaths more gritting and forceful. *Holy shit she’s cuming!* Her walls of hard dough went limp again and her engine cut down to a gentle hum again as she moaned very loudly and squirted streaks of slick hot silver cum in between his legs but not sparing his groin or areas of his abdomen.

[illegible]H! AGAIN! Stop for NOTHING! More Joshua MORE!” He merrily thrusted and thrusted, growing closer [illegible]closer to his own. He was approaching his first finally of the night, plowing through with no intention of

ceasing, he had caught on, and was on the brink.

“GRRAAHHHH I’M ABOUT TO-”

Joshua hits the floor a wet sopping mess, his crew mate pushed his cot over.

“WHY THE HELL’D YOU DO THAT YOU ASSHOLE!?” He’d been in another one of those dreams.

“Well, you were thrashin ‘round like youwa havin a fucking exorcism, so I panicked and poured sum water ov’r ya but that didn’t do shit… so I flipped ya!”

“Yea, well fuck you. What time is it?”

“Fo thirdy fie.”

“Why the hell are you up at four fucking thirty-five?”

“I was doin stuff.” Joshua just let this go, and knowing he wouldn’t get back to sleep that night decided to wander and contemplate the dream, hopefully wanting to pull the last bit of the dream he was having to enjoy the last bit of it; cuming in that sexy tank destroyer. Until sunrise he beat on himself to bring up that dream’s ending, until Chuck reminded him they promised to meet Rosa shortly after sunrise. Joshua ate, cleaned, dressed, and just for good measure; put a condom in his pocket.

Joshua was mildly encouraging Chuck to go a tad bit faster, Chuck and the crew go way back, and they pretty much know each other like counting one to ten, only Chuck could count to fifteen on Joshua.

“You had another dream, didn’t you?”

“I might of.”

“About Rosa.”

“She’s female.”

“It was Rosa.”

“Not telling.” Chuck repeated ‘it was Rosa’ and Joshua continued on with ‘not telling’ until about forty yards from the break in the hedges that Rosa’s on the other side of.

“Okay YES! It was Rosa!”

“Knew it.”

“You will speak NOTHING of it! ESPECIALLY to her! Ka-peish?” Chuck chuckled.

“Ka-peish.” They rounded the bend and met an excited Rosa tossing an ’88 shell back and forth between her arms. Joshua struggled to contain his own excitement. As the two Americans began beating the literal shit out of the muddy wheel their replacing, Rosa brings up how their nights went.

“Pretty average.” Joshua said in a grunt, one of the bolts seemed to have rusted to the mount.

“I had a great night last night.” Chuck said in German, surprising Rosa a little, for he spoke nothing yesterday.

“What was so great?” She asks him in German, Chuck thought only understanding ‘was so great’ then inferred the ‘what’ part.

“[illegible]t a…. a….” He was searching for ‘letter from my girlfriend’ but turned up empty so he asked Joshua to

translate.

“Oh who is she?” Rosa asks intrigued by this, her own mind was racing of this subject of being in a relationship.

“I have a picture her…” Chuck said a little slowly, knowing he sounded stupid, and pulled a picture from behind his gun mantle and let’s Rosa see it, the picture is Chuck and Katelyn, a firefly Sherman, sitting next to each other with Katelyn proudly displaying the sideways heart-shaped armor fracture Chuck accidentally did to her, leading them into a long relationship they’re still in.

“That’s adorable, nice couple.” Chuck sat there blank face, he has no idea what she just said.

“She said you’re a jackass, not enough!” Joshua was fucking with Chuck, who looked at him with an expression of ‘fuck you too, dick’ before trying to explain the heart-shaped dent in Katelyn’s mantle. Trying. “God you know so little! Here I’ll fucking translate.” Joshua was explaining the story to an intrigued *‘enemy’* who was staring intensively at his shirtless body, sparking a small flame in Joshua. Once he finished the story he gestured to Chuck to help him pluck the battered drive wheel off. As the two pulled and wrenched the sprocket off Rosa was screaming her chassis off in pain, and once the wheel did pop off silver fluids followed from various wells and mounts. Joshua stroked her side to help ease her tears and comfort her. She continued sniffling while they ripped off the useless tracks and put the new one on with quite the trouble even with her full ability to ease the burden. “Alright Rosa, all we have to do is get the sprocket on and we’re finished.” She was thanking and thanking them as Joshua went to pick up the wheel, and couldn’t move it. He looked at it with ‘holy fucking shit that’s heavier than it looks’ because they yanked this off and drug it, not at all carrying it, and Rosa’s was only half its original weight. Chuck helped him push it to her side, Rosa offered to help lift and guide it and stretched two of her arms and wrapped his arms and covered Joshua’s hands like a mitt, and this sent waves of feeling throughout both of their bodies, exciting them equally as well. They all three grabbed the sprocket and heaved it up to the clean mount washed clean by Rosa’s ‘bleeding’ and made it very much easier applying the new sprocket as it also acted as a lube.

“How’s it feel, Rosa?” Joshua asked her as she rocked back and forth in the mud.

“I can’t feel it.” She answered plainly then smiled in excitement doing a three-sixty spin in place.

“What’d you ask her?” Chuck asked Joshua.

“How it felt.”

“Well she won’t feel anything; it doesn’t have the life giving alloy in it. It’s basically a fake foot for her.” Joshua looked mind-blown. *They can have fake limbs? What the hell?* Rosa was in… the mood.

“So… How could I *ever* repay you two?” Rosa asked sensually eyeing Joshua and Chuck, but most definitely Joshua was being eyed the most. Chuck had no idea what she completely asked but her tone and gaze made him uncomfortable. While Joshua knew every of what she said *and* finally picked up on the tone and gaze and he was, well… interested, in her offer and reached in his pocket and found the square wrapping package. “I *do* have *one* way. Technically rape doesn’t take virginity… So I’m still virgin.” Chuck began to roll away, aroused by her tone, but knew it wasn’t right for him. “Well, not for long at least.” Her gaze fell on a shirtless smiling human with his left hand buried in his pocket and something large festering in his crotch.

“Hey-um, I’m gunna go, Josh, umm, see ya later.” With that he turned and left the two to their business.

“Aww, looks like I won’t have my three-way.” Rosa said sullenly as she crept towards Joshua where both of them had a large grin on their dirty faces.

“Nope, looks like I’ll be it for tonight, Rosa.” He said slowly creeping towards her.

“That’s all I need.” With that she lashed her arms to him and wisped him to her lips in a flash and the two [illegible]ntly began in bursts of kisses, bodily fluids mixing and clinging to one another. She was pulling at his [illegible]n dungaree-like trousers with much effort while he unlatched his belt and let her strip his pants and

boots in one motion, the latter kind of burning his skin in rug-burn fashion, before throwing them off to the side.

"You don't need that damned condom!" She said quite fast, knowing he had a condom in his pocket the whole time. "I don't fucking care!" She placed him down on his feet and opened her port cover panel at the near tail-end of her belly plate. Joshua heard the panel open, it was more shot open, but staring at the spot that Chuck said that his 'Trojan spear' and Katelyn's vagina would be showed him nothing, he was baffled; *where the HELL is it!?* Rosa herself was looking at him like asking 'are you stupid' but remembered that the Americans place their packages on the very lower portion of the front of the hull, and he was probably aware of theirs and not hers. She plucked him up, and smooched him one more time then hauled him to her awaiting and drooling tender nether lips.

Joshua was thankful she didn't put his mouth to there, although kissing her was a nice mix of things he wasn't all that into oral. She grabbed the base of his shaft where he grabbed as well, and together they guided his spear into her depths that made her engine roar like in his dream. She started quivering in her hull and her port was awash with her fluids. *She's wetter than I dreamed, and holy God does she feel even better!* Joshua figured all the poundings from her previous assaulters made her very, very tender and plush with the firmness of cotton candy yet her insides where very hot, not unbearable but reminding of his old Floridian home's summers.

"Are you enjoying this as much as I am, Rosa?" He asked her, she chuckled and answered.

"Not yet, that's simply the beginning, prepare to go where no cock has gone before!" She pushed something very firm and hot down on his spear point, and that was unable to puncture so it instead bent and pained Joshua until Rosa assisted by inserting her hand originally at the base to hold his length up. "Venture deep, love." *OH MY GOD! SHE SAID ALMOST THE SAME LINE AS IN –AAAAHHHHH!*

Rosa was able to slam her tight cervix down around his cock just then, making their receptors and dopamine to explode in excitement thus leaving the both of them drooling and savoring each other's sexuality for who knows how long. Then Rosa reeled her tongue in and lifted and dropped herself periodically, giving Joshua a feeling he literally couldn't even dream in his wild dream. *So soft! So hot! So wet! So… SO DAMN GOOD!* Joshua was hypnotized into a limp trance. *MMMMMMM he's so thick! OHHH he's so warm! UUHHH he's so long! AAHHH he's so hard! OOOOO he's, he's, SO DAMN GOOD!* Rosa was bouncing on him so fast she thought she was pounding as fast as her steaming and smoking engine's pistons were. Joshua snapped out of the trance just as Rosa slowed to a stop to ease her tired suspension's pain.

"Fuck me." Joshua tenses up, unsure if she was moaning to herself or asking him to do this. "Did you hear me, Joshua? Please fuck me." He stands grasping this thought, *almost like the dream,* he wanted to fuck her. Fuck her all night. "Please baby, pleASE FUCK ME!" Joshua instantly kicked into high gear halfway through her final request, turning the subject of question to a statement. Now it was Rosa's turn to be succumbed in the trance of pleasure. In less than twenty seconds Rosa, unprepared for his barrage, came all over his body. "AAHHHWWW YESSSS JOSHUA! fuck me! fuck ME! fUCK ME! AWWW FUCK ME MY MAN! *Never heard of that one before*. Joshua was being zapped of fluids by the immense amount of heat from her split opening and her radiating body, and was willingly lapping at the puddles of her '*ha ice cream*' forming at his peck's gap for nutrients. Her engine sounded like a roaring racecar's in idle, but vibrating the shit out of Rosa and Joshua shaking the mud off their muddy bodies and making his endurance plummet, and all of a sudden before he could warn her he came shooting his cream right up her sucking cervix. Rosa felt this, and contrary to what Joshua thought she might do, she moaned in pleasure and thanked him for this sex, her first real sex. Joshua was quite scared for her and was trembling at what he just did.

"Why are you so scared, sugar? You did excellent, really, showed those Shermans how to REALLY fuck a girl." She was hugging him and holding him close to her body, hoping her engine's gentle vibrations would lull him to sleep with her.

"I-I-I-I c-c-c-came… Rosa I came inside you! I'm sorry I'm really sorry! It just happened so quic-"

' ow, I know. And I'll happily raise this child, knowing that someone I've come to love has brought it to
  So, daddy, what should we name it? We'll need a boy and a girl name. Do you think they'll scrap me

now? I think not." Joshua realized what they'd do to her, and he broke to tears uncontrollably.

"They'll *kill* you now!" Rosa went wide-eyed, just like the Russians threatened, that's the whole reason why she chose the western front. Her lips trembled.

"NO! I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU JOSHUA! I WON'T DO IT!" She too started to cry.

"Will the German's let me in? I'll go for you, but what then? What if they lose? Why? Why? WHY? WHY? WHY!?!" Rosa knew they'd never let him in, they would need to be separated to live on, for this new child to live on.

"No, no, no no no no no no NO! We can't. We need to go our separate ways." The two of them sobbed, held each other, and enjoyed their moments with each other as much as painfully possible, Joshua told her everything about the last day or two, and she did the same. Finally they slept the night together, then at dawn, painfully, tediously, and heartbroken, they left each other after agreeing that Chuck will never veil himself that way Rosa can spot him, and to paint a gray heart shaped dent into his rears of the turret and hull.

"Hey Rosa! Wake up we're getting shipped out and we're getting a new battalion of just us living machines!" cried an excited female Puma, Rosa woke to a bright morning of September 14th, three months after she had to leave her love. She wiped the tears away and made sure her hatches were locked, she had no crew, then she looked at a note from that time ago; *Zachery / Jasmine* the names of that child, if she really was pregnant. "Why do you keep that note around? The hell is it?"

"Just a link to my past, that's all."

"Ah the infamous past no one knows!" As she blabbers on, Rosa folds the note, tucks it behind her mantle, and wipes away the tears of the past.

Fin Chapter 21

Like I said, don't worry it'll make sense eventually I promise!

Gingyflame, HaM, JagdPanther, JPanther, Sherman, World War Two
15 Comments

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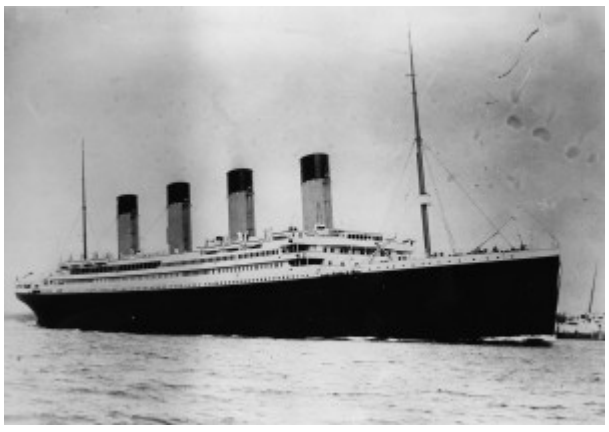
It Was R.M.S.Titanic

April 14, 2015 by Gingyflame

If you didn't figure it out don't worry. Not many people care. But I do and I care at an extraordinary level. She has influenced my whole life, and is most responsible for my mechanophilia. I love her, I know extreme amounts of facts on her, a vast collection of books, posters, magazines, blueprints, models, and of the likes. When the day comes that she collapses on the seafloor I will weep. I will weep and I don't know why other than it has been a huge influence on my life and my only wish other than wishing living machines were real but ahead of raising her is seeing her in person, two and a half miles down. To simply touch the thick glass that separates the sea and the cabin of a sub, to look upon her with my own physical eyes. Not to disturb her, or remove any artifacts as so many demons that deserve to burn in the deepest hell for desecrating a WORLD WIDE MEMORIAL for the 1,500+ souls who lost their lives in three hours of historical legend. If you want to know anything on her, you can ask me and I'll tell you. Or you could Google it but BE CAREFUL! Some cites aren't legit but most are. And yes, Titanic existed, she's no myth, she's no story, she's no fucking movie prop. She is real, and she is physically fading away, and she will live on in the hearts and minds of the many that know her story. Such as I do.



Now please enjoy this post I wrote from the bottom of my heart and the full devotion of my mind. It is the longest post other than the HaM complication at 28 pages and I'm sorry for it being so long. I devoted eight days to writing this and they were the most productive days I've ever written.

TITANIC

Bradley turned the external sub lights on to light up the abyss. He was met with nothing but the slate gray seabed. *What a view! Worth the two hour wait, fucking sucked.* Bradley had descended two and a half miles in two hours in the North Atlantic in search of his childhood legend. She was the finest of the sea, the largest afloat, the most elegant, majestic, safest, and recognized liner in the world. He dreamed of this day forever and as he had flashbacks the light shone on a tall green-black rust covered megalith. He snapped back and leaned close to the six inch thick glass and read his dream to life.

"T-I-T-A-N-I-C" he stopped the sub before it ran into the bow of this dream and sat stunned and in disbelief, he had just read her name with his own eyes. *"Sojourner one this is Destiny four… I found her. Over"*

"Copy that Destiny. We thought you died on the way down Brad. Over." He begged the crew to let him go down alone, they'd been scrounging up a map of the debris field to measure the change in soil there, the tides were most definitely moving the earth there and the current threatened to bury Titanic at any time. This was on the way back and they were ahead of schedule with time, funds, and fuel to spend to meet the quota so it was allowed.

"Nope, I didn't die. Thankfully I'm alone with her and I didn't need to pull the card on them to clear it." He looked at the card in his pocket; it was government authorized notice that would have forced them to send him down alone. Bradley Sanderson wasn't just Deep Sea Explorer but also part of the government memorial protection services, or MPS, and the plan was to allow the extra day and resources and on its way already was two heavy lift ships modified for the specific task and another deep sea ship loaded with specific for the daring task planned.

Bradley moved the sub to the remnants of the bridge and extended a metal rod from the hull to contact the metal hull of the Titanic. He flipped numerous switches, turned countless dials, and pushed several buttons with expertise and purpose searching for that one reading the instruments were displaying. At once he exclaimed ‘godit’ and turned on a microphone and spoke softly, hiding his excitement.

“Hello? Hello? Is anyone there? Hello?” He waited for what seemed like forever. Minutes went by, he glanced at the time and was about to switch it all off and try again when a polite and lovely voice sounded from the speakers.

“My God do please forgive me! It has been so long I’ve forgotten how to speak, dear. How embarrassing of me.” He couldn’t believe it; here he was at the bottom of the ocean talking to his dream. He slapped himself hard and continuously to try waking him up but it was real, he fumbled on the mic and blubbered something inaudible. “Come again? I didn’t quiet catch that last part. Was it something about the color blue?”

“No-no-no-no-no! No it was I can’t believe I’m talking to you!”

“Ah! That makes more sense. So dear would you be so kind as to tell me how long it’s been since I sailed last?”

“Over a hundred years ago.” His stomach was in his throat. “One hundred and two years, actually.”

“Bligh me. One hundred years…” Her voice trailed off. It wasn’t an old womanly voice but more of a mature, perhaps thirty year old voice. “Do please stay, you’re the first I’ve talked to since I sailed and the others don’t stay for long.”

“I have a proposition to make to you, Miss Titanic.”

“Please just call me Titanic, none of the miss or its likes please. But you have my interest.”

“How would you like to sail again?” She was silent for a while, he wondered if the connection failed or timed out. “Miss Titanic did you hear m-”

“Didn’t I ask you not to call me a miss?” He sighed.

“Yes ma’am. Is ma’am acceptable?”

“Yes dear. Ma’am is fine.” She was quiet again. Bradley held his breath and tried to cope with his joy, his excitement, his outrageous want to explode inside him.

“You know dear, I think I’ll accept your offer.”

“Is that a definite yes mi-Titanic?” Another bundle of quiet seconds.

“Yes. It’s a yes.” He let it out, all his excitement. “Dear I don’t remember catching your name.”

“Bradley! Bradley Sanderson! I’m at your service Titanic.”

“Very well. So Bradley how is this all worked out?” He explained it to her after relaying the news to the ships sailing to lift her and carry her to the New York harbor to refuel then to the Pennsylvania shipyards for restorations. Then he thought about her story, he had to ask.

“Titanic, are you alright?”

“Fine dear, a little rusty and holed but I’m fine.”

’ ›an…”

“My past? I know. I was supposed to be the safest ship afloat, the largest and safest. How ironic is it? The largest and safest ship afloat… sank on her maiden voyage taking the record amount of victims down with her?” She sounded sorrow. “I’ve moved along, what’s done is done. There’s no escaping it. Bradley, a little wisdom; don’t dwell in the dealt hand, charge through the future with all your strength to the better end.”

“Thank you Titanic.”

“Speaking of the end, where are my sisters? Did Gigantic turn out bigger and better? Did Olympic get over her depression? How are they?” Hard time for Bradley, he had to break the news to her.

“Gigantic never launched. She was renamed Britannic and was smaller than Olympic with many more lifeboats installed. She never transported passengers, either, she was converted to a hospital ship when World War One broke out and rammed a mine in the Mediterranean Sea, the only deaths were idiots trying to get off early and were diced by her props as she steamed to the beach to try beaching. She’s still there in diving depth, a friend of mine tested this equipment out on her, she was nice and helpful and plans are to raise her but the complication is she’s on her side, not upright.”

“Oh dear, she save any of our boys?”

“Hundreds. She even had herself a sweet heart for a term.”

“Marvelous. How’s Olympic?”

“She served as a troop transport and survived many attempts to sink her, from deck guns to a mine. She was nicknamed ‘Ol Reliable. Sadly after the war the Cunard line bought out White Star and they…”

“They did what? Tell me. Surely I can take the news.”

“They scrapped her.” She was silent. “You still alright?”

“Fine. I’m fine. Just a little disappointed in her. See ever since she was rammed by that cruiser she was depressed, she didn’t feel adequate enough. She’s been saying they’d scrap her in short time, she was sure of it. Too bad for her.” He noticed the air meter was close to time to rise so he sadly said his goodbyes. The last thing he heard from her was “Goodbye Bradley. Good luck! I’ll be here a while.”

He emptied the ballast tanks, moved off of her hull and dropped the weights to ascend faster. He daydreamed in the tempting dark of how much hell she went through. He reached the surface and saw that four ships had arrived; he figured that one heavy lift and one deep sea ship for the bow and stern each. He was hoisted onto the mother ship and met by a very pissed captain.

“Bradley you no good sonofabitch! What the hell are they doing with all that recovering shit!? That’s a gravesite and you know it! You DON’T mess with the dead!”

“We’re not messing with the dead. Only the living ship.” With that he pushed through and boarded a RHM boat to ferry him to the ship staying to send down RC craft to work on repairing the Titanic’s hull then prep for raising. He boarded, shit, and slept in that order. He awoke the next morning to hear the news. The RC subs have coated Titanic in Residue XR, basically it breaks off the rust, fortifies the hull metal, and preps it for the transaction to the surface, and he heard that she was being emptied right then, the residue helps seal the holes and is assisted by a filament, all the while the mud was excavated from the bow and stern to free her ascent. She had a special request that Bradley be there with her for the journey up. He agreed and went to prepare himself immediately. He readied up, boarded the sub alone, and was told that it’d be a wait of ten minutes estimated once he reached her until they’d be brought up. Then he was lowered down where he spent an hour and a half asleep, trusting of their reliable computers to ferry him down, and embarrassingly had a very naughty dream about him and Titanic. He landed his sub at the same place yesterday and hooked up to her.

‘ ›d morning dear! I’m told it is morning, is it not?” He chuckled at her eagerness.

“Yes it’s still morning. They treating you right?”

“Oh absolutely! I haven’t felt this sturdy in years, dear.”

“Ready to see the sun again?”

“To be honest, dear, I’ve never seen anything. You see I have no eyes. I feel everything around and inside me, but figuratively yes! I’m ready to feel the sun again!” She went on about her marvelous story; he knew every detail but was intrigued by her rendition because of its point of view. He was radioed that preparations were complete and was asked if she was ready.

“Let’s finish this voyage!” With that she leapt into the sea with her restraints severed, they were told it would be a two hour journey to the surface.

“Two hours? I remember reaching the bottom in less than five minutes! How far did I sink?”

“Your depth was at two and a half miles.”

“Well then, going up is harder than going down.” He smiled then noticed his Jiminy Cocket was going up easy and was rather embarrassed by it, he found her very attractive but felt ashamed about it.

“We’ve two hours to kill, any ideas?” She pondered.

“You know I’ve never had anyone to flirt with.” *Of all things she had to pick that. As if she wasn’t hot enough.* “Oh yes I think that’ll be fun! Let’s talk *nasty* to each other! Come on Bradley, you lead!” He wasn’t going to say no to her.

“Duh, um, errr, you’ve got…der…a *sexy* bow.” He had never tried flirting with a machine.

“Ooo, I’m interested… go on, get me riled up!”

“Alright, uhhh…” He looked to his blueprints and paintings of her in one of his books. “Ah you have a banging hot bridge.” He was at least trying.

“I lost that, but okay.”

“Those smokestacks, damn they get me.”

“Hmm, I forgot about those.”

“You’re mast is as straight as I am right now.” He meant was not is, they were as straight as hard as he was.

“Well seeing how bent and crooked my bow mast is right now… I think I’ll pass on that one.”

“I meant was, you’re mast was as straight as I am now.”

“Better… go on.”

“Your ass is perfect,”

“Well my arse is gone but nice try. I have been complimented on it before so I get you.” He let his tongue slip.

“Oh I’d ravage that ass all night long. I mean pound the shit outta that so fast.”

“Oooh, now you’re talking.” He had the sense she had a naughty smile in her complexion.

,m I’d fuck you all night long and longer!” He freaked out and made sure that the coms to the surface

were off and thanked God they were off.

“Well, Mister Bradley, let me-”

“If I can’t call you a miss you can’t call me a mister.”

“Let me tell you how I’d frolic with you…” He unzipped his pants; he was going for it in the cabin of the sub. She started the dirtiest thing he could ever imagine her saying and further, she went on for forty-five minutes and all the while he’d never fapped that intensely before in his life. When she finished he was breathing heavily and had cum into a rag about six times. He got back on the mic to talk to her when she started laughing.

“Did I get you Bradley?” He couldn’t lie.

“… Yes…” She laughed some more.

“Huh, you’ll have to forgive me dear; I didn’t think I was that good at it.” He starred down at his dwindling cock and begged otherwise. They decided to tell jokes for the rest of the time, he beat her there.

“I’ll take care of you, Titanic; you can count on me to be there.”

“Is that a promise?”

“Yes it’s a promise. Through all the restoration and test runs, I’ll be there.” She felt something else for him, nobody was that committed to her before and she felt his willingness to do as he said. To do anything she desired. She felt the pressure drop to where it was almost gone, she quivered in fright, would she hold or would she disintegrate? The moment of truth came when she felt the water vaporize from her upper parts and quickly work its way down her hull to below her old waterline.

“Alright Titanic don’t freak out but you’re going to feel something odd on your belly.” His voice was calming, suddenly she felt cold metal on her belly and then the water receding from her hull exterior. Finally she felt only warm air around her, no ocean water, only air, air and metal.

“Thank you for the heads up dear.” She felt a rather close feeling approaching. “Bradley what’s coming up from behind us?” He was working his way out of the manhole when he twisted around to see her stern section, a poor jumbled mess of twisted, ripped and torn metal, bare of rust, though.

“Um, your ass.”

“Does it look delectable, Bradley?” She giggled remembering their flirtatious game. He paused trying to word how it nicely even though it appeared Thor came down and beat the shit out of it with his hammer. To put into perspective there’s a phase for how badly beaten something is in the stern’s memory.

“Well… it will soon enough.”

“Delightful.” They voyaged towards New York Harbor where Titanic was eagerly awaiting to finally complete her maiden voyage. The days were endless for her, except she knew they ended because she could feel the sun beading down in daylight. At night time she would talk to him. He explained to her she was an intentional tier I class sentimental. She knew already she communicated telepathically and how she could hear his direct thoughts to her, and obviously she knew she couldn’t see but when he brought up the reproductively she floundered and choked.

“It’s fine, we’re going to fix you up to tier II, there you can see, taste, smell, and if you ask we can put some repos on you.”

“They will be where I want them, right?”

“ect.”

"And the yardmen won't go where I say not to go?"

"*They shouldn't. Why?*"

"*Because just replace the boilers and reciprocators. Don't go in them too dangerous.*" She blurted out defensively.

"*That, yeah we're not putting new boilers and that in you. No we're setting you up with the modern stuff, turbines, pressure tanks, electric stuff and all their works. Well maybe a boiler here and there for a museum effect but otherwise the reciprocating engines will be dummies for show. Don't worry 'bout a thing we'll take care of you.*" He leaned against her superstructure by the bow luggage crane mounts. He felt indescribable resting on her, just touching and walking, no, gazing upon her made him feel mystical. Titanic felt warm inside when he leaned on her, she wanted to reach out and hold him but she couldn't. The cranes wouldn't move and they'd overtake him, he was too close. She enjoyed his company while she could.

New York City was abuzz with word Titanic was arriving. Thousands of people were on the piers, ferries, tugs, tankers, cargos, thousands cheering the hundred year old legend finally completing her journey.

"Wow, hundred and two years late and still the crowd.., it's overwhelming! Are there any of my survivors in there?"

"No Titanic, the last survivor died in two thousand nine."

"Who was it? They must have been very young when I went down." Naughty thoughts entered his mind when she said went down.

"Miss Millvina Dean of England. She died at age ninety seven of illness; she was two months old and third class."

"Pains me that I can remember the list but not a single face, no one's. I guess it got the personal aspect of it out." She sounded depressed about it.

"There are some movies about you."

"Oooh, I'd like to see them!" The day was filled with excitement, Titanic survivors' children appeared and told accounts of their parents' struggles and stories, Titanic elaborated them to Bradley with surprising detail of the person's cabin and class and even what boat they took off. During the night the ships were refueled and made heading for Pennsylvania docks. That night Titanic enjoyed a very sensual and very sexual dream about him and what he may look like, it was just what she needed.

The day she was put into the cradle in dock was the day she… felt the most pain.

"Bradley! Oh curses Bradley!"

"What!? What's wrong!?"

"*This! is! the! worst! pain!!!*" She was having her aft removed at the droop to rebuild it level and to reattach the stern section.

"You said quote 'bring it on! I've been ripped in half and smashed against the floor' end quote!"

"I know and I take it all back!" She was done with the removal that night and she shivered in her cradle until the shift ended for the third round of yard workers, and the fourth round began removing less attached things like her anchors and decking and interior for remodeling and restructuring. All the while by her side was Bradley either awake or napping he was there for her. It took two months for her interior to be cleaned out and fixed up structurally. Her face of the forward superstructure was removed entirely and replaced,

ding the wheelhouse, with relative quickness.

"Bradley dear, I feel, different…" He climbed over the bridge wing wall onto a scaffold and moved to her new bridge windows and life's an eyelid for her.

"Bradley… Is, is that you?" She was astonished, her large blue eye dilated to focus on him before she gained control of her other eye. Her eyes were beautiful; they took Bradley's breath away.

"Yes, it's me Titanic."

"You're a hunk." He blushed. *"I thought you looked dreamy in my mind but this is better* than I hoped."

"Now you can see, and speak and taste."

"What do you mea-" she heard herself from right below her eyes. "Wha-I have a mouth? Where!?"

"It's on the face of the first class promenade deck A, below your eyes. Not on the window wall but on the railing wall right below the deck so it's in its own little room." He noticed she was playing with her tongue. "Like it?"

"I do, I do indeed. Mmm I taste good." The stern section was cleaned out and all of the de-shaped panels were removed. They were moved together and after a hundred and two years and two months the hull sections were welded and bolted back together.

"Oh Bradley this is astonishing! I have my stern back!" He was told later that her propellers were turning slowly and the rudder was waving port and starboard when they reattached it. Over the next year her hull was built up again and halted only just above the waterline to install her dummy engines and boilers and also to install her new modern turbines and power plant before it resumed its steady course. Once the hull and inner structures and supports were erected the labor force turned attention to installing piping such as general plumbing, wiring, her piping and plumbing, and a few other appliances. While the workers were starting this Titanic was given a full synopsis of what changes were made to her hull.

"We started off by refurbishing worn parts and reinforcing your hull. You may not have known but you had large weak spots along your hull that proved to be fatal. One instance is the bow and stern, here your rivets, a weak flaw in themselves, were shaped by man and not the pneumatic jack for your aft section and thus they were even more prone to breaking. Another key design was the reason your hull broke in half, the hull break for the flexing ended like a blade. This sends all the force of the flexing downwards into the hull where it ripped. We compensated for this by putting a round hole at the bottom where the force is translated into the surrounding area evenly. Probably the most recognizable flaw was the water tight bulkheads; they weren't sealed at the top. For your information we are sealing them now." The man was too well dressed to have personally overseen any of the work and he had a whole blueprint map of her.

"What happens if it all fails, professor?"

"Excuse me ma'am?"

"When it all fails, the doors don't shut, the hull tears, and I split, what's the backup plan? How do you get everyone off?" He pushed his glasses up on his nose and wrinkled his nose.

"Well…" He fumbled in his briefcase and pulled out another map. "We're doing what they did to Britannic." She looked at the map and saw what looked like the original designs that Mister Anderson had for her with lifeboats all along the boat deck.

"Aw, Mister Andrews."

"No, I'm Hector… Oh! You mean… okay I got you. Yes lifeboats will be along the boat deck but since you're a traveling museum the ones you didn't have during your voyage will be folded down and the collapsible boats tucked away and pulled out for the open seas." She seemed satisfied. With that off note Hector ed up and left.

“He stuck out like a sore thumb, didn’t he Titanic?”

“Yes he certainly did. Damn you Ismay you bastard!” She sounded upset.

“Titanic there was nothing to be done, you were sinking no matter what and you know that.”

“I don’t care that I sank, dear, but that bastard took away the lifeboats and snuck off like a coward!”

“And he paid for it. Don’t worry about him he got what was coming to him.” She unraveled her new manipulators and hugged him, bringing him to her bow luggage crane base where he embraced the large base to comfort her.

The next year of work was relaunching her with honors, fixing the smokestacks, masts, replacing the crow’s nest, compass platform, docking bridge, and the original anchors put back in place while the internal fitting furnished to their original looks and inserted antique appliances for the museum appeal while at the same time adding modern conveniences such as new elevators, lighting, telephones, some televisions to show accounts and documentaries, ovens, microwaves, fridgerators and improved AC units. Other new equipment included a radar station, GPS mapping and navigation, improved bridge controls, sonar, an internal speaker system, along with fire management stations. Areas were reserved for the museum as well as the original rooms for display, some third class cabins above the point the iceberg pierced her hull were made into a cold room with the recorded outside temperature and an ice wall simulating the iceberg’s temperature the night she sank as well as a box of freezing water the doomed souls drowned in. All over her were cabins and stations converted to museums with artifacts, models, examples, pictures, paintings and stories.

“So Titanic, how’s it feel to be a traveling museum?”

“Thrilling, dear. Think about it; I finally get my sailing career, I get to see the world and its people, and best of all I get to teach the world my lesson and story.”

“The world has learned much from you already.”

“That’s swell, nothing’s happened as bad as mine, then?”

“I wish it were true. There’s the Lusitania, Andrea Doria, and th-”

“Lusitania!? What happened to her?”

“She was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland in the First World War. She was fine until the second explosion happened and she went down in about fifteen minutes.”

“How fifteen minutes!? I was riddled with holes everywhere and I took maybe three hours to sink, and we reopened the doors!”

“Mysteries, mysteries. Many believe that second explosion caused leaks everywhere and possibly that the hole was bigger than we believe. She’s lying on her holed side so it’s hard to know.”

“How is she?”

“Target practice.” He said is coldly. She’s been used for target practice by various navies and so many fishing nets have snagged her that her superstructure is unrecognizable.

“Poor thing.” Only after two years and five months Titanic was fully repaired, restored, and ready for her second set of trial runs. She was towed out to sea taking in the view of the ocean rolling across the horizon. Bradley was next to her bridge on the starboard wing with a tablet loaded with all the documentaries about her. She’s wanted to see what made her legend and mystery and spent the majority of the four day trial runs calmly watching all of them, only out bursting at the angle they believed her to break. It was learned after majority of documentaries and after the movies that she broke at a roughly 30-35 degree angle and not high 60 degree angle that was once thought. She wasn’t too embarrassed or offended by any of it but

was flattered that she had that much recognition.

“I was claimed ‘virtually unsinkable’ and the public declared me unsinkable. I wasn’t the largest for long, never planned to be nor turned out to be, so why did I have that much influence on the world? I don’t feel like I deserve this privilege dear.”

“You’re just shrouded in mystery, legend, and confusion. Then you were the reason so many safety laws were implemented into the ship world, you may not see it but you changed the world as it was known.” She blushed with her side wall on the bridge turning a gray hue as she hugged him close to her wall. All that was left in her plans was time.

The night after she got back she was left alone on a dark pier against the moon waiting for Bradley to return. He’d go to get the schedule book for the upcoming travel back to New York City for her first destination but she was only thinking of Bradley. He was always there for her, from the first talk in that cursed black abyss to her emotional trip to New York, from the pain filled screaming of being ripped apart to the day she first saw him he was always there and did anything she asked of him, whether it be a badly missed spot in rust or collecting all those movies for her, he did it all immediately and faithfully. She figured she loved him in the beginning because it was the first man she’d talked to in a century but as the months rolled on he seemed more and more enjoyable and lovable. He was hot, devotional, charismatic, affectionate, caring and all around appealing to her. She spotted him descending down the drive in his little car and hoped he’d been feeling the same towards her, that he was always there for her as a character and not for what time and people had made her.

Bradley drove down the road with thoughts running through his head. He’d been attracted to her forever but when he found that she was special in the sense she was built as a living ship kicked his want for her up but that wasn’t emotional but more interested in her story, but that changed when he talked to her in the sub. He’d been having even more sexual dreams of her since they spoke and his mixed emotions of lust, interest, and business were at an all-time high. *Dammit I can’t take it anymore! I’m asking her tonight to end this shit cold. Yeah I’ll ask her but, would I take her answer alright?* He wondered to himself. As he saw the giant obelisk against the full moon’s light he set his mind and would try to be professional about it. Still he wondered *why was she so paranoid around her fantail area above the rudder? She also wanted a few manipulators there, too. Why?*

He parked the car and climbed the rise to the first class gangway and crossed over into the first class reception room, ascended the magnificent grand staircase, exited to the boat deck and walked to the bridge. The moonlight shone on her starboard side tinging her white superstructure a blue and shining in her beautiful blue eyes. He adored her eyes, they really fit her well.

She watched him walk towards her bridge with his tan skin glistening in the blue moonlight. She could see his muscles flexing their power as he took great strides against the wind. His hair looked neatly groomed into a wave going over his left eye, and his brown eyes seemed to bear whatever trouble he confronted without flinching. He handed her the schedule book and checked his phone on that email he got earlier. It was from his friend still working with Britannic overseas, he read it as she went over the schedule.

Hey bro heard the Titanic’s running again! Britannic’s a little excited about that and speaking of her; you know how we’ve been for the past year, right? Well we’ve moved it up a level. We fucked! Now it was a little awkward and wasn’t long because of my air supply and she was on the floor but, damn was she tight! You jealous, bro? I’ll paint you a picture: her rust was sprayed away a while back and she’s on her side, right, and her vag was right above her rudder on the fantail and it was so fucking tight!

It went on but he needed no more from that, he’d read it later. He noticed she was on the last page and determined this would be the right time, he just hoped she wouldn’t notice his Jiminy Cocket rising in his pants.

“So it seems I’ll be left alone this night, Bradley.” She started first unaware of his intentions. “You’ve always been there for me faithfully without a request of your own.” There was a pause; Bradley wasn’t too sure what was going to do next. “You’re so sweet and always kind and helping, so tolerant and friendly… and I ed you to do this before, but, would you take me tonight?” He was speechless, he’d only wanted to ask

her on her feelings and she's moved on to sex already, he couldn't believe it. "You don't have to do this Bradley," she said hiding her fear and sadness of his declining answer, her eyes drifting gaze down toward the deck, "I'd understand."

"No-no, I couldn't say no to you, especially that!" She perked up and smiled even though he couldn't see her smile.

"Well meet me at my fantail, darling!" She was quite excited, much like when she was being hauled to New York. He sprinted to the stairs, went down four decks to C deck, bolted to the third class open deck thanking the lord he memorized her decks and climbed to the poop deck and ran to the tail flag mast winded.

"I'm here!"

"A little winded, dear? That's alright I'll handle you as gently as you handle me dear." She raised two manipulators over the stern rail to help undress him and carry him over and under her fantail. He loved the look of the fantail; it's what makes these ships sexy. He looked at her hull and saw in the reflected light her vagina. It was right above her rudder alright, and was barely dripping a silver fluid already. She held on to him with more manipulators at the waist, chest, legs held a little spread, and holding his hands with hers while their arms were entangled together. "Guide it in, please dear?"

"I'll guide it in, sweetheart." He smirked as his proud member was lined up in his hand, he knew she was in for the ride of her life; his cock he measured not too long ago and measured at a little over seven inches and six inches around, well over the normal, and he knew she'd be tight. As he pressed his cock against her black painted slit and rubbed it up and down the surprisingly short opening. She'd wanted him for a while, and his touch shot through her giving her even more want for him. He could feel her joy through her arms and hands, her shivering and quivering prompted his lust to drive him and his strength. He could hear her moaning in the quiet night with the waves slipping against the dock and her hull. He watched as he strained his rock hard cock into her very tight vagina and listened as her moans grew louder.

"Oh Bradley you're so huge!" He chuckled softly; he was only half way in and paused to breathe. She had just caught up to his feeling when Bradley pushed further in even more. He pushed deeper into her hot tunnel of pulling muscle trying to close back to its original size but was holding onto her lover to tight to where even the slick cum she excretes didn't help the fluid motions. She moaned louder and louder for what seemed like forever in time and miles in his cock penetration, until she felt his warm flesh pressed against her lips and hull signaling he was that big, a monster of a cock in a tight tube. She loved every inch of him and his impressive size. She held him tight inside her and against her in an embrace; she felt his lips press against her hull in a kiss fashion. "Oh my God Bradley! I never imagined you this big inside me!" He pulled from kissing her hull and opened his eyes.

"I never thought you'd let me do this Titanic." He looked down at her cum slowly rolling around the base of his cock.

"You've said you've dreamt of me many times, right darling?"

"Not like this exactly but yes I have. This is better than anything."

"Well dear I'm yours tonight; do as you please my love."

"Ravage you?" He asked flashing back to their flirting.

"Especially that, darling!" So he tried but her super tight pussy clung to him in a near painful manner. It took him some working but eventually she loosened just enough for him to slide, with effort, in and out to pound her just like he said. So he pounded her to the sound of her sexual pleas and cries, to her whimpering and moaning and groaning. He felt his coming on but didn't want to leave her unsettled. He pulled all the way out and stunned her.

' `shed already darling? Please go on, please go on. Make me cum dear, please."

“Lower me a little, I’ll finished don’t fret honey.” She did as he asked and he inserted his long middle finger into her depths and pulled it out and pushed it in to her oozing goodness, feeling her twitching and constrictions on him as he added his ring finger. Her smell was inviting him to taste her, and the look of her oozing throbbing pussy looked very edible to him. He yanked out his hand and dropped down into her where she yelped in surprise.

“Oh Bradley! Oh yes Bradley!” He slid his tongue in any out ferociously, lapping up her juices like a mad dog before suckling on her crease to pull her where he wanted her. “Bradley I’m close! I’m close Bradley!” He straightened himself and realigned his cock then stuffed it into her contracting pussy with a large portion of his strength used in the process.

“Oh God you’re so close I can feel it! OH Jesus!” He tried his best to finish both of them off, she felt like she’d lock him so tight in her she wouldn’t let go. Her chasm was growing smaller and smaller, her plush tube turning firm and gripping, her cries of love rising and rising.

“I love you Bradley! Oh God I love you Bradley! Cum! Cum my dear! I can feel you inside me and I want it! I want your cum!” He clenched as she moaned at her loudest and came all over his torso, fighting her harsh current and grip he pushed himself in one more time and held it no longer. He came with a long sigh that lasted the duration of his longest and strongest orgasm ever. The two of them kept pumping out cum for twenty seconds. Then she was soft again and dripping wet, he slowly pulled out with her ‘aww’ing in disappointment. He looked down and saw he left her a present, a cream pie.

“Mmm, I feel it dear, your little gift you left me. It feels so great, slowly eking out of me. A great cream pie wouldn’t you say?”

“Looks delectable.”

“Promise to come back, dear?”

“Of course, that was the best sex in the world; made to the best girl I’ve ever loved.”

“Aww, you’re making me blush dear.” She hoisted him back onto the poop deck. He gathered his clothes and decided he’d take the external route to the bridge. He descended the poop deck stairs to the third class open space, ascended the stairs near the second class lounge, climbed a ladder to the first class promenade deck A then he ascended another ladder to the boat deck. He made his way wearily to her bridge where she met him with a listing gaze.

“What a first date!”

“I think I’d prefer it this way.” She eyes his sweat glistening body with its thick and tan muscles dreaming of what power she could get that body to use on her. “I’ll do another go, I’ll lead this one dear, and you relax.” She caressed his cock back to his full size and swept him off his feet and over the bridge wing. He thought she’d use the vagina they installed under her bridge amidst the jumble of piping, the retractable one with more freedom but she passed that deck to the second class promenade deck B. He saw what she wanted with her tongue licking her lips. First she brought his lips to hers and they met and interlocked in a kiss, the best kiss he’s got and the only real one for her. After that she wet her lips again satisfied with his lips taste and set him up for her to suck on his beef stick. She slowly sank him into her mouth and used her tongue to lap at him and cradle his thick cock, sucking at him and caressing him with her tongue while fondling his testicles in her hand. He was in complete bliss.

“Ah Titanic, I don’t think life can get better than this.” She seemed interested. “Relaxing after a great day at sea, getting a blowjob from a beautiful and sexy marvel of the sea, and more sex upcoming, this is the best night ever.” She giggled and suckled on him a little more and licking his cock head with more umpf and enjoyment. He felt her bringing him closer and closer to his orgasm with such speed and her own enjoyment that he almost wanted to surprise her with his hot shot. But he didn’t due to his respect for her.

’ hh Titanic! Aaah I’m so close!” She sucked harder and stroked his shaft faster. He saw she wanted it and - e gave it to her, all eleven seconds of it. Her tongue was bombarded by his seamen in thick hot creamy

globs for his whole orgasm time, she thoroughly enjoyed every morsel he came out by allowing it to thicken and curdle on her tongue before she merrily swallows his seamen.

“How was that dear?”

“Amazing! Seemed like you enjoyed it as much as I did.” She giggled and agreed. “Usually it doesn’t work like that.”

“What do you mean, dear?”

“We don’t go down on the first date.” He realized that terminology might not have been the best.

“I did. I sank on the first date, and I blew on the first date, too.” She smiled and kissed him again for a long while before placing him back on her bridge. “So I’m beat, do you care to spoon?”

“I’d love too, sweetie.” He started back towards the fantail as Titanic watched him walk down the boat deck.

“You’ve got a nice arse too, dear Bradley.” He smiled.

“Like we were made for each other.” He took his sweet time getting to her fantail, she’d made a hammock for him to sleep in and slung it around her fantail and gently slipped him in where he forced his massive cock into her tight, wet, hot and aching slit that craved his pleasure.

“Ahhh! Oh yes this is right! A big boy for a big girl, wouldn’t you say so Bradley love?”

“Perfect. Enjoy baby, goodnight and sleep tight.”

“Goodnight darling. Sweet dreams.” The two gradually gave into the sleep and enjoyed a very sensual sleep.

It was close to sunrise the next morning, Bradley was close to waking up and his limp meat still held tight by his lover began filling for the morning wood. His natural habit wanted to turn and toss in the makeshift bed, but her pussy held him up and prevented him from rolling over. His movements sparked sensations in their sexes, they enjoyed this morning sleep filling the cool air with blissful moans but the constant tightness around his cock and the rubbings brought him closer to his orgasm and started outright humping her. He picked up intensity, thinking he was in a wet dream, and fucked her with their moans and groans growing until he came unknowingly sending his seed deep into her vagina and some even into her soft metal womb where her receptors are. She felt a tingling in her deepest part of her vagina and felt her temperature rise. She woke from her sleep and felt him buried inside her and rock hard with the most tingling coming from his cock head. She opened her eyes at what it must mean and smiled wide and elated bearing her human copy teeth and hugged her sleeping love. Just before sunrise she sadly pulled him out of her fertilized vagina and cleaned him up and dressed him while he was asleep. She covered her dripping slit with her sliding metal plate and pressurized it before laying Bradley on a bench and calmly waking him up. He awoke and stretched, noticed he was clothed, and went to her bridge for a morning greeting.

“Good morning sweet heart. Sleep well?”

“I most certainly did, love, how did you?”

“Great, best sleep in my life.”

“Well,” she was going to tell him her thoughts about her possible pregnancy but wasn’t sure what he’d do. “I can tell you anything, right?”

“Anything.” She thought for a minute.

“Well, dear, you,” she couldn’t do it yet, “you’re the first to have seen that spot.”

“I you said you were virgin so that was implied.”

“No, that wasn’t refitted or worked on. It hasn’t been opened in over a hundred years.” He reeled when it hit him. He was amazed; he literally fucked something considered antique and preserved.

“Are… are you alright, Titanic?”

“Hm hm hm yes dear, I’m better than ever.” He went in and ate some breakfast before returning to her bridge, the crew of historians, shipmen, cooks, engineers, officers and everyone else vital to a ship were boarding and finding their quarters, many with astonishment and disbelief in their eyes. This is when she decided it would be a good time.

“Bradley dear, I have a surprise for you.”

“Is it a good one or a bad one?” They were looking into one another’s eyes.

“It’s a good one dear.” She felt intense; she hoped he’d stay calm. “I think I’m pregnant!” She said this so cheery and merry, and she was excited and hoping but Bradley looked shocked, white in the face like he saw a ghost. She hugged him against her bridge tightly. “I think you’re a father now! Isn’t that great!?”

He was silent for a while thinking how he’d say to his boss that he knocked up the most legendary civil ship in existence. Titanic grew worried and asked him if he was alright. “Yes I’ll be fine, for now…”

“What’s wrong dear? Tell me it worries me, too, you like this.” She looked him in the eyes and silently pleaded with him to tell her.

“Huuh babe, it’s, it’s… it’s just, you’re beloved by so many and they expected you to travel around.”

“I can still travel, love, I’ll be fine.” She stroked his cheek with her hand comfortingly.

“I’m also worried how we’ll support the child.” She continued to stoke his cheek and look at him with calm eyes.

“Bradley my dearest, we’ll be fine. Now I know this to be true; but that isn’t the last thing worrying you, is it?”

“No it’s not. You see times are tense; there are many more living machines, but they aren’t known to the general populous. There are those who know and support them then there’s those who know and don’t believe that they should exist but some of them aren’t aggressive towards the ones that exist already while both groups have a sect completely against our relationship. They’re violent towards us. If this word spreads you’ll be in danger. I don’t want you to be in danger nor our child.”

“Bradley dear, that’s our decision, not theirs. If we want a child it’s our plan and they have to learn to accept it. Don’t let them worry you, baby.” She brought him back to a warm embrace against her wall. He cheered up soon after that, just after 10:00 AM Titanic was tugged out of harbor where she steamed under her own power out to sea enjoying the feeling of many people inside her navigating her labyrinth passageways and the feeling of power reverberating through her hull as her new turbines turned her massive triple screws. She felt the touch of the helmsman at the ship’s wheel and the radio chatter on her new up to date radio system. Most importantly to her she felt Bradley on her bridge wing gazing out into the ocean sea with her. It took two days to make a sweep out to sea then back inwards toward New York Harbor and when she reached the port the docks, tugs, piers, ferries and ships were lined with spectators to watch what could have been over a hundred and five years ago. They saw the massive elegant and majestic ship glide smoothly into the harbor and gently nudged by tugs to the pier she was expected at all those years ago. Her white top glistened bright in the sun, her four tall and thick smokestacks rose above the cargo ships and tankers in the harbor while her two masts stood against the sky to pierce the clouds almost. Her long and tall black hull shrouded the pier in a shade that relieved many bystanders of the baking sun. The gangways and rises moved to meet her hull doors with most going to the upper class entries located on C deck with a few going to third class areas. Hundreds of people poured into the liner to see the legend as it was in her ’ 'ay; Titanic herself spoke to them, stunning a few people that she was alive but most people were fine . her. She told stories and her accounts at every stop; from New York to Liverpool, Canada to Italy, and

America to Poland she sailed all around finally living out her sailing career. She pressured Bradley to tell the boss and the Captain about her confirmed pregnancy to which the Captain applauded for her moving on in life and where the boss freaked out. Titanic assured him that it would be of a humorph, saying Bradley was feeding her nightly with a seductive tone. It didn't help the boss calm down but Titanic protected Bradley from his wrath until he cooled off. When he came back down to Earth he learned how much longer until their child was expected and assured them they picked a good time to start; the two week period of expectancy they would be in wet docks for checkups.

The next four months flew by with seemingly much more work, and the night they entered the wet dock Titanic brought Bradley close to her lips to kiss him and whisper in his ear she felt the baby kicking in her boiler. Her boilers had been repurposed as her main womb and connected to her original shortly after they revealed her pregnancy, moving the fetus from the original to the new was very loud and painful. He rushed down to the boiler chamber and pressed the side of his head to the boiler wall and felt slight movement. *My baby's alive and in there! In momma's belly!* He closed his eyes to try feeling his child in her womb but got little kicks to his cheek.

Titanic chuckled, "it's kicking you dear! It doesn't like you waking it!" He backed away looking like he saw God. "It's calming down now, dear, let it sleep. You'll have plenty time when it's out." He went back to her bridge and kissed right next to her starboard eye.

"Our baby will be beautiful."

"No matter what it will." They embraced in a hug and daydreamed of all the things they'll do with it. Three days later Titanic brought him close to her lips and kissed him then excitedly and hurriedly talked to him. "It's coming, dear. Hurry! It's coming! Go!"

"Oh God!" He kept mumbling under his breath as he raced through the halls and stairs and ladders, sprinting the equivalent of a football field faster than any track stars he knew, or at least it seemed, and only stopped when he was at the boiler in boiler room two. He manhandled the coal fire door open and saw the womb opening tucked in the bunker above the coal stash. He climbed in and laid on his back to carry out their wonder. "I'm here! I'm here! Titanic I'm here!"

She immediately started grunted and heaving. It seemed like forever for them, excruciating pain for Titanic and an endless killer wait for Bradley. Titanic started swearing, shocking Bradley because she'd never sworn before, then before his eyes he saw a silver-gray ball emerge from Titanic's delivery hole. He reached up and touched it with his hand, it was hot, malleable, and wet, Titanic pushed some more and he could see a head emerge from the womb. He egged on Titanic to keep going to which she swore at him.

"I'll take my own Goddamn time Bradley!" She heaved and pushed again, spitting out a human baby to the stomach. Bradley cradled his child in his arms where it laid on its back; she pushed for the final stretch and out came the legs. It was tucked in the fetal but once it was out the little one stretched out and squirmed. Bradley twisted the umbilical cord and with a pop and a whir it released and wound back into her stretch and aching womb.

"Oh God, Titanic, it's beautiful!" He sat in the orange-red glow of LEDs that lit up the boiler like firelight, admiring and holding this gray metal and flesh covered miracle in his arms. He rolled it over and held it feet up and spanked its little rump once and was satisfied when it started crying out. He went right back to holding it in his arms.

"Bradley I wish to see! Bradley please bring it up!" He climbed out and carefully wrapped up the baby in a heavy blanket and made his way up to the bridge.

"It's a girl! It's a girl!" He ran from the first class boat deck doors to the bridge hollering this all the way. He got to Titanic with her outstretched arms beckoning for their baby out of breath. "It's a girl, darling!"

"She wore you out already?" She held her in loving and tendering arms.

, s like twenty pounds!" He leaned in to stare at his daughter in its mother's arms. She brought the trio

close around and asked the question.

“What’s her name?” There was a tense silence as Bradley looked to the sunrise in awe of the simple things of life and especially the vibrant colors in the sky.

“Violet, how’s Violet sound?”

“Lovely. Absolutely lovely, dear.”

“So our daughter will be named Violet.” He looked into Violet’s eyes. “Do you see her eyes honey!? They’re so beautiful!” Violet had golden- yellow eyes with a dark yellow ring around the pupils. She looked into her parents eyes and stretched her arms out for mother’s milk, groping out cries. Titanic slid a hose and nozzle to Violet’s mouth and let her slurp up her fill.

News that Titanic was alive spread quickly when she first appeared and news of her child spread even quicker, and as if they didn’t have enough threats from radicals coming in even more poured into the office unbeknownst to Titanic. All the mail demanding her gone or scrapped now included the child, this upset Bradley greatly. Once Titanic heard the threats to her she seemed unmoved, but threats to her daughter angered her, and the threats to the father worried her; she wanted Bradley to be as safe as possible.

“Bradley, love?” She seemed tense.

“Yes sweetie?” He was holding Violet in his arms with her little hand holding his index finger.

“The threats worry me.”

“They worry me too, sweetie.”

“I don’t want to lose you. I want you to have the best chances.” There was a pause. “I want to convert you.” She said in a sulking tone. They were silent, even Violet was silent in the tense air.

“I will.”

“You know it hurts, right dear?”

“Yes. But it won’t compare to if you two lost me. Let’s get this over with.” She took the baby and took it inside before she prepped the injectors. She pushed it into him, he felt holed. She started to fill him up with the syrup, he felt its icy painful spread, slowly filling the entry points and spilling into other areas. She held him to quit his shaking and covered his mouth so he wouldn’t scream, he felt hopeless in stopping it with no way of moving to escape. She bent his legs and brought him down to sit on the deck leaning against the wall, he felt himself getting heavier and break at his legs that gave him a plummet down to the cold floor suspended up by his will to go on. Then it was all over, all the pain, panic, hurt and disbelief, it was over.

“Are you alright dear?” She sounded the most concerned she’s ever sounded, almost with a deathly tone.

“So is that how it felt?” She sat in thought.

“Yes, it’s terrible isn’t it?”

“The worst feeling, I’m deeply sorry, sweetie.”

“It’s alright. Violet fell asleep, you wore her out.” He got up shakily and slowly adjusting to his new composition. Titanic saw the physical changes in his veins and in his finger nails along with parts of his mouth.

“We leave soon, right?”

tomorrow morning, dear. Why?”

“I have to make a few errands real quick, I’ll be back soon.” He kissed her then made his way to the rental sedan and drove off to the city. Titanic worried for the entire time he was gone but played with Violet unaffected. After about four hours it was well after dark and Titanic had put Violet in her crib and rocked her to sleep when Bradley returned.

“Bradley dear you missed it!”

“What did I miss?”

“Violet said her first words! It was Muma!”

“Dammit, I wish I was there honey.” He carried on a back pack and a few long bulky cases.

“What did you get, dear?”

“Nah, don’t worry yourself over this. Let’s just hope I’ll never use this.” As he passed by he kissed her then went to his cabin in the officers’ quarters behind the bridge where Violet was asleep in her crib in an adjacent room. He leaned in and kissed her on her forehead then pulled back to stare at her, the way all fathers do with their baby girls. He put the cases on the floor and the back pack in the closet.

“I’m pooped out, dear. I’m going to sleep, goodnight, love.”

“Sweet dreams honey.” After she fell asleep and the gentle hum of her breath sounded from her Bradley pulled out a paper from his back pocket and read it in his mind for the hundredth time insulting his wife by name, his baby by name, and him by name, and threatened each of them by name. He threw it down and opened up the case on the floor then inspected a government issue full-automatic AR-15 with reflex sights, flashlight-fore grip combo with a green laser light and suppressor, then looked back to Violet in her crib.

“Whoever they are, where ever they are, *what*ever they are… they will not harm you or mom, my precious Violet.” He finished his inspection and replaced the rifle in the case before closing it and sliding it under the bed before opening the back pack to fill up thirty round magazines and place the chicken plates in the vest and tuck them away under the bed. Then he kissed Violet’s fore head and Titanic’s wall goodnight before closing Violet’s door and climbed under the covers to a waiting surprise in his bed wanting his cock.

He slipped himself in, wishing it was like her original one, but enjoyed her resistance she did have even if she wasn’t as tight as her original one, and gently slid in and out of her soft, hot, soaked tendril pussy as his hand played with her clit bump. He knew if he came here it won’t go anywhere at all, she wasn’t pregnant and wouldn’t be susceptible to impregnation for another month at least so he could enjoy her pleasure all he wanted. He slid in and out hard and deliberate, pinching and toying with her clit the whole time while she became tighter and wetter as she was leaking out onto the bed while he was stiffening and throbbing more. They were growing closer and closer, when it was the teetering point he grabbed her and pulled her and pushed her into his crotch where she came sending him into his orgasm. He enjoyed the eleven second orgasm and savored the slow pulses Titanic was exerting on his crotch, firmly pumping out her cum onto his crotch. He was enveloped in her loving arms.

“You sure know how to show a tired mum a good time, love.”

“I thought you were asleep, sweetie.”

“I was, but then you climbed in.” She seductively said. “Oh I wish you could scramble on back to my fantail and *really* give it to me, Bradley.”

“That night was the best sex.”

“Oh no doubt there!” She grew naughty in the mind; she quickly swept over the people on board to feel where they were and how active they were. “Well dear… everyone is sound asleep on board…” She felt his ’ ‘ in bed, skimming over his powerful body and dreaming of that night.

“Are they?” He smiled mischievously. He got up and dressed in a over coat, pants, and over wear so he could slip in afterwards to evade and curious minds and left for the fantail. The moon shone bright overhead in its full bloom, perfectly lighting up his way across the deck area not lit by the ships lights always on for any late night strollers. Like he was. And he quickly reached her fantail where he hid the clothes and hopped over into her awaiting arms that swept him down to the source of a silver wet stream.

He wasted no time as he forced his huge mass of cock into her extremely tight void. Just as before all her juices did nothing to help the grip slacken as it was too tight, instead it concentrated together to form a gelatinous feeling around his cock to which both parties enjoyed dearly. Her hot cream slithered over his dick as he drove deeper inside and it pushed on her walls and his stick, giving both a greater rush.

“Oh Bradley baby! It feels you’ve gotten bigger!” She said to him through her old way as his journey inside ended at his hilt.

“You’ve gotten tighter babe!” He pulled out slowly with more power than before but the juices sucked him in and didn’t give easy at all. He finally broke its grasp when she spoke to him again.

“Oh Bradley! Oh pardon me but I want you to FUCK me raw!” He was pleasantly surprised.

“Oh you are a dirty girl! Well if you insist.” He forced his way through displacing loads of her juices out to make room for himself with Titanic’s moans and loving remarks circling his head. He swamped in and out causing her to gush out juices thickening the pre-existing stream. He pushed hard and fast with a quickening pace until all his might went into pleasing his lover who praised him and his manhood until her mental cries reached a maximum and her pussy hardened and quivered around his love. He realized how close he was and mentally cursed it, Titanic heard it and begged him to cum inside her while he could and as he said before, he did as she wanted. She felt his ho’s tingly seed spew all over her insides. She loved him, loved him more than any other being that wasn’t Violet, and as she recouped from his explosion of love juice she wanted no one to dare come between them. No one, no one in the world. Nothing in the world will come between them, even. She’ll assure that. She whined and whimpered as he pulled out of her but knew so much he wanted to bury himself in her again and spoon the rest of time away with her but tonight he had a special gift for her.

“So darling, you’ve eaten me plenty over our course of love and I only licked you what, a total of once in return? Well I’m going to start my eating of you tonight.”

“Bradley dear, you don’t have too. I’m just as happy with you inside my pussy than anything.”

“Think of it more as a thank you for strengthening me and giving me a wonderful wife and daughter.“ With that he absorbed her pussy into his mouth tasting her addictive juices and lips that craved his manhood’s pounding, her moans and whimpers alone gave away her lying when she said the dick pounding was just as good. He knew this was better. He felt her fumbling with his dick probably trying to caress it but her jerky hands gave away her lack of functional thought because of him. Still, even her touching his dick made her even more wet so that it poured onto his face. He reached up to the sides of her goodness and tried to stretch her walls open with his palms.

“Here, love. Try this.” She moved his fingers to inside her vulva where he opened her up and saw just how tight she really was. Her vagina only opened about a fourth or maybe a half inch where he was two and a half inches wide and an inch thick, he saw where her intense pleasure came from. Nonetheless he stuffed his lips and tongue to it and slid his tongue inside her carefully, he then began to prance around inside her tight pussy tube. She felt his tongue slip and slide inside her, it felt so surreal and mystical she wanted to check if it was really his tongue. She felt his tongue stretch to reach deep and slacken to find her good spot, which it did. *“Bingo Bradley! Right there!”*

“Mmmhmm.” He stroked it and stroked it, rubbed it and rubbed it, until she was pinching his tongue to the point he was forced out. He finished her at her clit where he circled and swept across rapidly, bringing her mass of metal flesh there to quiver, shake, and release. She came into his awaiting mouth but neither strained nor clogged up it came out more violently than Bradley anticipated and it swamped his face as . She squirted out short streaks after the main blast making Bradley think the British designers really

know how to make ‘em and wonder about his friend with Britannic. Then he remembered another surprise for Titanic.

“Oh Bradley now you’ve worn me out, I’m done for the night dear.” She carried him back onto the poop deck with shaky arms and dumped him on the bench. He moped about as he dressed.

“I just remembered another little surprise, honey.”

“What is it, dear?”

“Allow me to tell you eye to eye.” He worked his way to her bridge in the moonlight that made her white superstructure appear a blue hue so beautiful he took time to enjoy it all. He got to her curious big blue beautiful eye and got real close.

“Will you tell me now, dear?”

“Next week, after you meet my parents and after we travel across the Atlantic, there’s a certain someone waiting to see you.”

“You’re my only lover, I’m confused, dear. Please elaborate.”

“Mediterranean Sea… World War I… rammed a mine.”

“Thinking, I’m thinking, Britannic?”

“You got it.” Her eye shot open and he knew she had a huge smile across her face.

“Britannic! Oh I finally get to see her in reality! Oh Bradley thank you!” She hugged him against her bridge and didn’t let go.

“She was raised last month, she’s in worse condition than you, which is why she was started before you so you two would be ready in… relevant time. I’m not sure how three years is relevant time but that’s what ended up happening. Her reconstruction is going a lot smoother than yours did, love, and she’s expected to trial by December this year, only a few months.”

“That’s wonderful! Where is she being fixed up at?”

“They took her all the way back to Liverpool.”

The next morning they set out right on schedule for Maine, Bradley’s home state, and arrived with no delays. Within an hour of docking Bradley spotted his parents in the crowd and rushed down to meet them at the auxiliary gangway. His father resembled him almost exactly excluding his scruffy beard and whitening black hair while his mother was short with Auburn hair and a grandmotherly face that screamed British parents.

“Permission to come aboard, Captain?” His father had a withered sailor’s voice filled with experience.

“Well dad I’m not the captain, but Titanic said you’re welcomed aboard and she overrules all so come aboard.”

“Thank you Bradley, will you guide us through? You know how easy I get lost in the mall so this would be a nightmare for me to find around.” She had an aged voice with a soothing tone that always calmed someone in turmoil. He guided them to the foredeck where his father spotted something.

“The knots wrong.” He undid a docking tether on the ballads and quickly built the proper knot with age not slowing his movements at all.

’ ’re father seems quite the sailor, dear.” Titanic said. “You look a lot like your son, sir.”

“Well I’ll be damned. Thank you ma’am, after all the years you still have your accent.”

“Yes he’s quite the sailor, retired as a captain in the Navy. He’s no stranger to the sea.” Mrs. Sanderson said.

“Mrs. Sanderson are you perhaps British?”

“I am indeed. My father served the Royal Navy aboard the Hood.”

“Is he still in Britain?”

“Oh yes, still at the bottom.”

“The bottom, Mrs?”

“Oh you must not know, the Hood was the pride of the Royal Navy when she floated, but she was sunk in ‘41 by the K.M.S. Bismarck. All but two lost in a matter of minutes.”

“Oh I’m terribly sorry, Mrs. Sanderson.”

“Ah don’t worry! I never met him.” They talked for a while then Titanic asked if they wanted to see the baby and Bradley didn’t take no for an answer nor waited for an answer as he pushed them through the door to get to the bridge. He tried to hurry them through Titanic’s vast and luxurious halls but they tended to meander and laze through. Titanic slowed Bradley down to let them enjoy themselves. *Let them stroll, Violets going to be here a while.* He finally got them through it all and to the crib on the starboard bridge wing where Violet was making playful noises and playing with Titanic’s hand. Mrs. Sanderson rushed up in joy to see the baby and once she peeked over Violet saw her and went silent and wide eyed just staring at her.

“Aw, Violet that’s just grandmum, say hello Violet.” Mr. Sanderson looked into the cradle and his breath was taken away by Violet.

“She’s just like you, Bradley.”

“How?” He was confused by it; he saw a lot of himself in her but not in her actions.

“She did exactly what you did when you saw Pap Pap and Mammy; you locked up and sat there just like she did.” Titanic pulled Violet out of the crib and asked if they’d like to hold her.

“Aaww come to Gran Gran little Violet.” Mrs. Sanderson reached out and carefully accepted her into her arms. She leaned left and right as she gently bounced Violet in her arms. “Wow you’re heavier than you look, Violet.”

“Might be my fault.” Titanic said, she watched to see and indication that Mrs. Sanderson was tiring and found none.

“Granddad come get little Violet to laugh.” Mr. Sanderson came over and gently stroked her head before he moved his thick fingers down to collarbone and tickled her there. Violet erupted in giggles and squirmed around. “There you are baby! See we aren’t bad.”

“Here let me hold her.” Mr. Sanderson picked up a social Violet and commented on her weight.

“She was nineteen pounds.” Bradley said proudly.

“That’s more than double what you were!” His mother said surprised. “You were eight and a half pounds, and I thought you were big.” Mr. Sanderson looked at the small pink crib.

“Do you need anything? We brought our old mobile in the trunk. It’s old and dusty but it works well. We’ve
blankets, monitors and lullaby winds.”

“No thank you, I’ve always got an eye on her wherever she is and I rock her to sleep easy. They’re just perks of living on the seas.”

“Violet has never actually been on land before.”

“Good, keep her close as long as you can.” They talked for the rest of the day, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson pressured them into taking the blankets and some old girl baby clothes.

“So dear, where did your parents get the old girl baby clothes?”

“I had a sister.”

“*Have* a sister.”

“No, had. I had a sister.” There was an awkward silence, Titanic wanted to bring up his sister but didn’t want to upset him. “Her name was Tatiana; she was three years older than me. She joined the Army after she graduated and was put in as an E2 because of her high school ROTC program perks and ranked up quickly. She was on patrol with her squad when her Humvee ran over an IED. She died instantly from shrapnel. I could barely bring myself to her burial with honors and I couldn’t hold myself together at the ceremony. I had so much rage, so much doubt, I was lost. I wanted to join up and kill every terrorist yet at the same time I wanted to lay in bed forever and do nothing. I climbed out of my depression and joined MPS and that’s how I got to you.” She hugged him and held Violet close to them both.

“I’m so sorry, dear. I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Well it’s twenty sixteen now and she died in two thousand one so that was fifteen years ago. I’ve moved on. I’m fine.” She held him tight.

“If you need anything, anything at all, dear, tell me. I’ll always be here for you.”

“And I’m here for you.” The next two days they brought back the grandparents who edged them to go on and live their lives but agreed to come back after countless calls. Once ship out day came the grandparents waved them off as they left port.

“Dear… how did they react so calmly to me? Most people were not ready for my awakening.”

“Well, it’s the same with me; we had a neighbor who had a Sherman couple from the war. They visited every other year so we adjusted to them over time. Actually I grew up with them around every other year so I was surprised when I learned most people didn’t know about them.”

“Oh, they tell stories? Where did they live?”

“Yeah they told lots of stories. They live down in Florida on an old base.”

“Think we could get some vacation time and visit? Never really been that south, dear.”

“We’ll see.” They trekked onward into the Atlantic, dreaming of the future as they went to meet Britannic in her docks at Liverpool. Titanic looked through many pictures of Britannic afloat and sunk trying to piece together what her little sister would look like. She waited and waited until she could see the coast of the Irish isle, then her excitement exploded and she steamed full ahead to her home. She had been there a few times since her resurfacing but seeing much more activity at the docks sent her over. She was swept out wide before pulled in by tugs to face the slipway. Britannic sat positioned bow outwards, unusual for a ship but mandatory in her case so the bow could have been pulled out and moved easier on the harbor than the slipway, they had reattached her bow fully and repainted her all white except for a green band running down her hull and red crosses on the band signaling she was a medical ship.

‘ er Britannic, are you there?” The last windows on the far port and starboard sides of the bridge house ‘ ied up to reveal gorgeous green eyes that matched her green belt. Her mouth opened in surprise

showing her human style teeth.

“I can’t believe it…” Her voice was much like Titanic’s only a tad bit higher in pitch. “Olympic never quit jabbering on about you, wow. I, I, finally… after so long we see each other at last…” She was in disbelief, total confusion as to what to do. They sat in silence, admiring each other for a great deal of time. They did talk about their experiences, mostly Britannic which had more activity both afloat and sunk, and would pause after any mentioning of Olympic, as if it were a prayer to her acknowledging her absence. They talked, forever somehow, on what life was like back then. Bradley and Britannic’s lover Harold talked about raising, treatments, rebuilding, that entire sort of stuff. Bradley brought up Violet and Titanic instantly switched subjects.

“Did you know I had a baby?”

“Why yes, yes I did hear but I never saw her.” Titanic plucked Violet from the crib to feed her anyways while showing Britannic.

“Her name is Violet, Violet Miranda Sanderson. I had her earlier this year.”

“Well you two did a magnificent job! She’s adorable! Such an adorable little one!”

“Yes, yes, she’s our little angle she is.”

“Not even met my sister and she makes me an aunt! What a wonderful surprise!”

“So Britannic, why did they not paint you as a passenger ship?”

“Entirely my call, I asked them not to make me into a liner but to restore me to a medical ship. See I loved saving whoever I could during the war and I want to continue saving whoever needs my help in the now.” They talked on, and they silently wondered what Olympic would choose, her liner career, or her militant transport career. Then the two started to shed tears.

“Oh I wish Olympic was still around!”

“What if I said I could help!?” A man off to the side yelled. He was average height with red hair and eye catching eyes, he stood tall and proud with his arms crossed and a Manila folder under his left arm in his right hand.

“How might you help us, dear?”

“And who do-hell err you!?” Called Harold in his Irish twang.

“Do excuse me, I am Patelo!”

Fin TITANIC

Or is it? I will probably continue this before HaM. Where will it lead?

Hehehe there was a dirty joke at the first sex scene. :3 (HINT: the blow job scene)

Common notes for R.M.S. Titanic

a. 882 feet 11 inches long

b. 90 foot beam (wide)

c. 175 feet tall (keel to funnel tops)

d. Displacement of 46,328 tons (Bismarck displaced 50,405 at battle load)

e. second ship in a line up of three: Olympic, Titanic, and a larger ship Gigantic but was canceled and scaled down and renamed as Britannic

f. R.M.S. means Royal Mail Steamer

g. Titanic lookout Fredrick Fleet spotted the Iceberg at 11:35 PM 103 years ago tonight

h. slipped under at approximately 02:20 am April 15th 103 years ago

i. she did split

j. only 705 souls escaped alive

k. Titanic actually had more lifeboats than required at the time, she could hold 1,178 in her lifeboats, 216 more than the 1/4 passenger count required (she had 16 full boats that can hold 65 and four collapsible that can hold 35)

l. Titanic wasn't officially listed as "unsinkable" she was listed as "practically unsinkable" and the reporter headlines shortened it to "unsinkable" for appeal

m. Titanic had a triple screw (propeller) system and could reverse her port and starboard propellers independently in time of need

n. the central quad screw propeller was turbine driven

o. her two massive steam reciprocating engines stood four stories high and were 100 tons each

p. she had 29 boilers with 149 furnaces

q. the fourth smoke stack was for ventilation and appeal, the designers placed it there for looks only

r. her record speed was 24 knots

s. her max passenger count was 3,547 with crew included

t. she had at any given time more lookouts than any other ship on the oceans (2 per shift and 6 lookout specialists total)

u. the only surviving look out that spotted the iceberg was Fredrick Fleet whose ship was torpedoed in WWI and he drifted to allied recovery for three days (I think three days)

v. approximately 3,050,000 rivets in the hull (for you smart-asses)

Any more questions? Feel free to ask away!

baby, Gingyflame, porn, RMS TITANIC, ship
10 Comments

Heads up yall.

April 7, 2015 by Gingyflame

Well I really don't have too much for yall except that there's a close and special event coming up in seven days. This subject has shaped my life and may be why I'm a mechanophile, I've constantly dreamed of it, sexualized it, drawn it all my life, made three or four model sets of it (I lost track), studied it and amassed a collection of books and blueprints of it. I've already started a story on it, it will be long and I want it to be my best one yet. I've put all other stories aside but I will resume them once I've posted this story. So what

do you think specifically got yall into machines? Yall know what's going on next Tuesday night-Wednesday morning? It's alright if yall don't and yes it is known by thousands of people so it's not specifically affiliated with me.

Gingyflame
10 Comments

Panzer IV F2 story

March 31, 2015 by Gingyflame

This story was sparked by my first War Thunder game with my Panzer IV F2 series and OH MY GOD did I want to fuck the shit out of her then! I had the best performance I had ever with that F2 and I've had many more with it after the initial game. Anyway in this little bit she's called "2" because of her designation of F2. At the end I'll show yall my stats. Enjoy this:

Panzer IV F2 story

Mez waited for the Panzer crew to leave the tank. He was recruited into the Wehrmacht as a rifleman, something he scornfully regretted later, and loved to work with the Panzers. He'd much rather man a Panzer than a rifle but knew both parties were equally important to the war. Once the last crewman was gone he ducked out from behind a truck and snuck past the Afrika Coprs Panzer IV's side to check to make sure they left.

"Alright 2, they're gone now. You can open up." Mez turned to watch as the Panzer IV F2's turret faceplate opened its loader and gunner viewport cover to open and reveal its vibrant blue eyes underneath on the glass optics.

"About time those jack asses left." She said wiping dirt from under her gun mount where her mouth is, the tendril exiting from the driver's hatch. She raised her long thick seventy-five millimeter gun up over the height of the truck to her left and turned her turret to her left flank. Mez met her there and kissed her large full lips passionately, remembering the reason she first kissed him. It was for saving her life, and then it sort of flip-flopped back and forth of who saved who until they spent enough time together to form a relationship together.

"It's been a long day today." He exulted as he climbed aboard her with her help.

"Certainly has been full, how many times did I save you today? I tallied six." She announced proudly, there was nothing the two of them wouldn't do to protect the other, they know that and formed a game off of it.

"I figured seven but whatever, it shot nine A-T's dead today along your path." She smiled as she adjusted her turret forward and her gun level again.

"I'll allow you this only because I missed the last two with my H-E and I've won the past four times." She patted him on the back. "So hotshot, I'm in your debt. What do you want this time?"

ا, I'll have to think on this."

“Make it better than the last one. That was plain stupid.” He asked her to drag him behind her with towing cables and a tarp tied like a trebuchet harness with him in it for the march to the forward command point.

“It was not.” He thought and spoke the first thing on his mind. “I had a *great* view.”

“I bet you did.” She retorted caressing his inner thigh and smiling. He thought for a long while, what did he want? They’d been talking for a while but neither made a move on it. Now’s the time, then.

“I’ve got it…”

“Well what is it?”

“You know what it is… we’ve been talking for weeks.” A dirty smile unfolded across her turret.

“Alright then, what do you want first?” She was instantly ready for sex and had already started warming up her clit and pussy.

“Blow jobs, blow jobs first and maybe last.” He had started at his belt loop when she started at his top and boots to remove everything as fast as possible. He felt his blood fill his cock faster than ever before and even harder than ever before; possibly because it knew this time wasn’t a joke or a right hand, unless she had actual right hands.

“Then get your thick meat down here for me to eat, Mez!” She had him nude fast and put herself back at their kissing posture before she placed him on her track mud guard and got a good eyeful of what’s hers to eat. She subconsciously licked her lips and made sure they were moist before she wrapped around his waist and pulled him inside. His cock was being pressed against her moist and tender pursed lips until he slipped right into the best sensation his cocks ever had. Her tongue was awaiting his arrival and once it entered the mouth her tongue held it like a hot dog bun and started caressing him. She tasted his flesh and loved every inch of it and wondered what his innards tasted like, she found that she couldn’t hold up her eyelids at all so she let them fall shut to let her mouth give her all the pleasure she needs.

Mez is finding it harder and harder to hold his body up, 2’s dealings with his manhood are weakening his back and that’s being assisted by her arms wanting him to bend over her turret roof and relax. He tried as long as he could but she broke him down and she carried him to her roof where her whole body was warm and excited. He was moaning to her strokes and sucks and blows, she sucked him all the way to Cummings town where he lifted himself out in time for him to spray his cream over her face plate on the left side of her gun with her wide mouth trying to catch as much as she can in it. The majority of his headshot was on her faceplate where her tongue couldn’t reach, but he placed his cock in her mouth again so she could lick and suck the rest out of his dick. When she drained him he pulled out and hopped off to the floor.

“Now time for the good part!” She pulled him around to her ass and sent him under her hull to the middle of her belly where he laid his ass in the puddle of silver liquid waiting for the moment, anticipating how hot and wet she’ll be based on the drips falling upon his groin.

“Ready, dear?” He asked patiently.

“Go for it!” He braced his legs between her hull and the floor and plunged his cock into her deep hot abyss. Immediately both of them let out a deep moan of satisfaction as her engine roared in response to his entrance, she wrapped around his waist and held him deep inside her. The cool desert air made her immense body heat more welcoming and desirable to Mez, and Mez felt warm to 2, she hugged around his back and head and pulled him into her belly to embrace him. They sat locked together for a few minutes, calming down from the rush of adrenaline, before he pulled out and shoved himself back in. Every draw 2 moaned and lowered her engine RPM, every push she grunted and raised her engine RPM, vibrating his cock buried inside her soothing wet pussy. She leaked her fluids heavily out onto him and the soft sand to cool her active pussy and built up quite the reserve in the scorching day heat.

“Mez! Mez make me cum! That’s the spot there Mez!” He was wriggling around for something better she must have hit her Gspot because her engine roared and her pussy poured out more along with her

moans.

“Oh 2 baby, I’ll make you spray all over the damn desert until it’s silver!” He picked up pace and pounded her with her cries as his motive. Her pussy became slicker and slicker, in between her moaning he could hear slapping of him pulverizing her cunt and the engine in its highest gear. “THIS! IS! THE BEST SEX!”

“I’ll make it even better baby!” She rocketed her cervix down on him and his thrust tore right through its barrier. “OH GOD YES! YES BABY YES YES! FUCK ME! FUCK! ME! MEZ! OH GOD I LOVE YOU MEZ!” He thanked God silently that they were so, so far from the camp. He felt her pussy begin clamping down on him and her moans and engine were growing louder and louder. Finally he couldn’t pull out it was so tight and she shrieked as her steaming hot cum streaked out of her pussy, she locked his hips and body against her hull.

“Baby I can’t pull out.” He said exhausted.

“I don’t want you too. Cum. Cum deep inside me, baby. Mez, I want your child.” He thought as she tenderly caressed his cock in her cervix, he wanted to give her the best miracle a couple could have but was compounded by her teasing and pleas to do it. He thought long and hard and in the end he accepted her request.

“I’m close 2! Make me cum!” She gladly rode him for a time longer than they expected until his trembling cock gave and shot hot white cream up into her cervix. She held him in as she felt and studied the tingling feeling slowly inch deeper inside her, climbing up higher and higher until she felt a intense wave of heat and pleasure in what seemed to be her core. It was done.

“It’s done Mez, we’re parents. How’s it feel honey?” He was quiet for a moment to think.

“I don’t know, I’m feeling the same. It’ll hit me I’m sure, how do you feel baby?”

“Great! Like a mother already!”

“Well then momma, could you pass me my clothes?” He tidied up and cuddled up with her for the night, uncaring if anybody was looking for him.

“Mez honey, I don’t think that really counted, either.”

“If you say so, dear.”

“So a real one now, what’s on your mind?” He thought and wondered, and then he decided on her coming out tomorrow and telling the commander about their expectancy. Once they get that done they are allowed select freedoms under the truce that the process will be monitored by scientists. The truce included about a month more of service before she’d be pulled to stay on base while Mez would be checked regularly for any abnormalities and science stuff neither understood. The months went by and before they knew it 2 gave birth to a baby boy tank. The pact meant the baby would not be harmed but would be measured, observed, and such for its first day of life. This caused 2 much worry and anxiety, but on the second morning she was presented her child.

He was steel gray with a gleam, he had no muzzle break, tools, rubber on his road wheels and no tracks, and nonetheless he was a beautiful marvel in his parents’ eyes. They named him Geoff, and we’re proud of him and all he did.

Not long after his birth the Allies were close by, they were told that they would be pulled out of Africa the next week, but that day did not come. One morning Mez, 2, and a Tiger that recently arrived that was creatively named Tiger woke up to no Germans around and American dust tails headed their way. Their morale dropped like swimming rocks. Mez found a note near Geoff’s play area with the reason why they left.

egret to inform you that your service terms have been suddenly terminated. Due to the rapid loss in
nd in Africa negotiations have been conducted for your well-being and safety. Do not fire upon the allies

or you will be dealt with as combatants. We simply did not want to risk your persons and child on the ocean to be subject to air or submarine attacks. We truly hate to leave you here but the risk is too high for the profit. Keep Geoff going strong for us. We will be back.

With that it was signed with all the members of the company and left for them. They lined up side by side, Geoff on 2'a hull hood and Mez sitting next to him playing flash cards with his son. Tiger was watching them play and hoping she might have a chance that she might not turn up scrap for the weak Sherman tank.

The group ignored the Americans as they surrounded them, stormed the empty camp for any mines, booby traps, Intel, anything. Mez and Geoff calmly played flash cards while 2 cleaned some sand and dirt off her baby and Tiger watched and daydreamed. A translator and officer approached so Mez wrapped up the cards and moved to meet them while 2 started feeding Geoff her fuel milk, Tiger looked around at their new keepers with remorse. They talked about terms of study, requested a study of 2's childbirth but of a different method, possibilities of retirement and such including a home for him, 2, Geoff and their next child. When that wrapped up two Sherman's moved from behind with a little baby Sherman the same size as Geoff. He'd finished up and rushed over to the little tank and playfully rammed her front and gestured off to the dunes like he wanted to race. 2 yelled to him and he looked to the parents and the little tank and said his name. The mom of the little Sherman lowered her suspension and whispered to the child. It raised itself and looked at Geoff that gave a friendly smile and softly spoke.

"S-S-SSS-Cindy." She perked up and bloomed from her cocoon, they raced over the dunes and played tag, hide 'n seek, and many other games.

"Well 2, looks like Geoff's made a friend."

"He has. Look at him go! He's so fast!"

"We were promised peace under the condition we are studied."

"Studied on what?"

"What do you say to another?" He looked to her; she smiled and brought him close to her.

"As long as it's with you, daddy."

Fin

Babies from a tank mother learn their language through their mothers while they are developing in her womb. It's much like uploading a file or set of files from the computer to a flash drive. They learn a lot but they need to exercise the knowledge to fully gain it and use it. So to say it's installed into their minds but it hasn't been updated or run yet, and no, the wisdom category of things learned through events and not repetition are not passed on to the offspring. They'll run into the same damn mud just like mama did.

So I got 9 kills with my F2 alone, held off multiple enemies coming at me at once, recaptured the base, and from a Panzer III J1 artillery strike was my F2 and I ended… but we set his ass on fire and laughed as he burned to death after we died. I really do love this tank in WT. It really is my best.

afrika corps, baby, F2, Gingyflame, Panzer IV, porn

2 Comments

Hansel and Marion Ch. 27

March 26, 2015 by Gingyflame

Well I got to a stopping point with this, but then I went on with it. So it's not too long but it's a good amount of reading. Hmm there's a straight line down of posts now on the calendar. Was it intentional? No I didn't mean so but I find these events interesting but back to what yall want here's some more HaM. Well it's actually Irish and E only.

Chapter 27

Irish ducked under the camouflage net draped over E for the train ride to the harbor. He watched the rising moon dawn over the tree line whizzing by at full train speed with a sense of home and comfort awakening deep inside, oh how long he hasn't felt that. He moved through the net at E's side silent under the track's and train car's rattle and clatter then made himself known to E once he was by her driver compartment's side.

"Oh, hey Irish. Why are you here?"

"Why not? No one else to talk to around here." There was a pause. "Relax E, come on lower yourself onto the bed."

"No, I can't."

"Yes you can, you had a long journey and now it's your time to relax. Now lower," she lowered herself a tad bit, "lower," she complied, "all the way down, till your belly's on the floor."

"I can't lower any more than this."

"I call bullshit."

"What do you not know how my suspension works?" She remembered he's used to torsion bar, she's torsion bar with hydraulic cross bars that limit her depression. She didn't feel like explaining it, though. "Just look, you'll see." He shook his head and glanced at her.

"Better have something otherwise you're a guy." Then he ducked down and peered through and saw her hull resting on horizontal bars. "So you're not a guy. That's good."

"Why would you say I'm a guy?"

"Well they don't like to lay on their bellies because of their *thing*."

"Mmm that *thing* sure sounds good right now." She closed her eyes and smiled wide. Irish sat down and leaned into the net then rushed forward onto his knees and glanced into his lap.

"Ah that's great." She moaned again, Irish figured she might have been fingering herself. "Why do you share this sex shit with me?"

She didn't answer him.

There was only the noise of the train on its tireless journey to their destination. Irish looked at E's hull with the glistening moon light, admiring her clean, new look that he admired on Jäger back when she was new. He studied over her edges and angles, the curves and turns, the bends and breaks, the shapes and forms. He admired it all passionately. He scanned her over again and again and again taking mental notes of different key features like her sixty degree sloping bow, then her huge glacis plate at least twenty centimeters thick [illegible]out the angle boost, then her mantle with its six fume extractors that went around her bell mantle that [illegible]nded him of a loaded revolver with the bullet heads sticking out, and her cheese grater gun muzzle

break, her rangefinder bulges on her turret sides, her thick faceplate that's thicker than her glacis, her drive sprockets put at the front and rear of the tracks with no idler wheel, her eight huge road wheels per side, her engine exhaust system peeking over her hull stern, her thick and wide treads. He had a keen eye for detail and loved looking at machines, especially the one in front of him then.

"How do you know so much about guy tanks?" She blurted out after a while of Irish scoping her out.

"Me and Fritz are closer friends than it looks." She closed her eyes again. Irish sighed and murmured "A lot closer." She went back to her moans and fantasies. Irish listened and couldn't stop the grin from forming on his face. His mind was on its strange journey of thought; no one really got his thinking process right or could make sense of it unless they thought long and deep, trying to venture into his mind, to understand him more. He was always quiet and when he is quiet he's thinking, just thinking. "You're pretty bent on a tank. Why?"

"They're big, strong, lasting, tough, and filling. Planes are too frail, trucks are too needy and tiny and frail, ships are too big and cumbersome and can't last like a tank."

"Have you thought about men? They're easier to come by."

"They fail at it all. They're small, weak, needy, flimsy, quick, and couldn't come close to my size."

"You know it changes size, right?"

"Hard or soft it doesn't matter, still not big enough."

"That's not it." He dropped his head into his lap again then rested for a while, listening to the train's noise. He picked his head up and rested it in his usual L hand shape. "Edwards is into trains." She opened her eyes and looked at him.

"He is? That must be kinda boring."

"Yeah he's into American trains more. What's boring?"

"The sex."

"What's with you and sex? It's like every other topic involves sex."

"What's so bad about that? And you said he was into them right after talking about sex partners."

"Can you change subjects easy?"

"Not sex subjects. Now I'm thinking, a night with a train could be filling." He remembered how Marion filled the sky with her pleasured cries the night E came.

"Hansel fills Marion pretty good."

"How do you know that?"

"Remember the night you arrived? All that screaming and moaning?"

"Oh that was a good fingering for me. You get off at all?"

"Hhhhuuuuh why do you ask?"

"Because I put myself in her place! I thought she was being hammered by a tank! Now how did you feel!?"

' ' damn it woman! I was turned on, yes, but no I didn't do anything! Are you happy now?"

“No I want some tank dick in my mouth and cunt right now!”

“Ah so you like three ways?” He switched to a taunting mood. She stopped and thought.

“…Maybe… what of it?” She asked a little surprised of herself. He chuckled softly.

“No reason. We’ve all got our ticks.” He looked in her large brown eyes and watched them close shut again. *I’ve got mine*. He whispered under his sigh. He looked up over her and saw the bright moon over E’s turret so beautiful and brilliant. He finally felt it again, that home feeling, and it was mixed with another; and even though E was boisterous, proud, outspoken, free minded and strong willed, he found love for her and hoped that she could hopefully see this and maybe rethink her desires to be a little more realistic. He sat and watched silently as she fell asleep where he crawled out of the net and went to his bunk for some rest. He slept straight through the morning and woke up for lunch before rejoining E to keep some company between them. Their conversations were predictable and constant throughout the days and nights; one time however it was on why Irish was selected to guide E and his short naval career on a heavy battlecruiser.

“I know the one awaiting us at port.” She said curiously. “Which one did you serve on?”

“Her name was Prinz Eugen.” He said confidently.

“Well isn’t that good for you!”

“Why’s that?”

“She’s at port for us.”

“Awesome. Why do they tell you everything and not me?”

“They trust me.”

“Why not me? I’m ain’t told jack diddly shit!”

“You don’t need it.”

“Ehh I don’t. I just do what I’m told.”

“Hmmppff.” She thought to herself *blow me* and was curious to his response. “Anything?”

“Probably.”

“Blow me.” He looked up dazed and confused.

“Why? How? You went from never with a human to asking a blowjob from me, how?” She was laughing. “I will-sure-but…why?” She laughed harder. He wasn’t too sure what to do.

“No, never!” She blurted in between laughing spells. “Just a joke!”

“I was thinking you were getting desperate.” He smiled and thought how close he came to going down on her. It was the last night on the train, the last of five nights. He’d gotten to know her cues as to when she was pleasing herself; she narrows her gaze and tenses up around her eyes, raises up her stern a little and rocks forward and back probably on her makeshift cock, and pulls her lips tight and wide, sometimes if she gets real into it she’ll close her eyes that usually leads her into a thin smile and her eyelids to flutter. Irish has seen this a lot on the train ride and knew she’d been doing something when she’d moan and sigh randomly when he’d be talking or eating food with her so after a few times he caught on. At night he saw that her head light would flicker as if it had a faulty wire or the bulb wasn’t screwed in all the way. When she was holding it in for a greater feel she coiled her one-twenty-eight back, clenched her teeth and spread her lips
ɑcingly and clenched her eye shaders down in the front, her stern would shake softly then vigorously as
ɹ ɔrgasm’s climax progressed. Then her stern would jump up and down discretely like she was humping

his rod for the final chance at sending him deep into herself. He'd only seen that once shortly after they talked about various sex topics for hours on end. He guessed that she would be even more aggressive with herself if he wasn't there. He watched her start slowly tonight, she must have been in the slow and steady mood tonight, and smiled as he predicted her clues perfectly in countless times to study in only a few weeks of knowing her.

This night was just slow and steady, relaxed, for E, and Irish was going to tell her when she finished all about her signs and routine but when she finished she threw off Irish; she lowered herself as low as she could and went right to sleep. No mumbling or checking what's around her, she just went to sleep in front of Irish. He waited to see if she'd wake up, after about ten minutes he got up. He approached her hull and simply admired her huge body, pulled his right cheek into a grin and rubbed her cheek and whispered to her before he patted her again and went to his bunk.

"Goodnight and sweet dreams, my sweetheart. See you in the morning."

Fin Chapter 27

E, fapping, Gingyflame, Hansel and Marion, Irish, porn
3 Comments

Hansel and Marion Chapter 26: Orphan of the war

March 23, 2015 by Gingyflame

This was thrown up quicker than lately, and I've already got a heading in the next chapter, too. Don't worry, I haven't forgotten Severstal and Anatoly.

Chapter 26

Hansel and Marion rested under the shade of a steep dried riverbank after battle drills finishing eating some luncheon during the down time. The past three days had been filled with introductions, formalities, and drills. Constant. Drills. But the perks to the drilling was the acceptance of an infantry MG team into the group of Hansel, Marion, Whacker, Meats, and a distant Inbred named Eugene and Karl, they liked to lay on Marion's rear slanting roof with the MG bipod on the loader's hatch where they'd be mostly covered, mobile, and free to fuck whoever's day in in their path. But this constant work prompted Hansel and Marion to drop a load off so-to-say.

"Here looks to be a nice place, Hansel. Quiet and distant." She eyed him sexually.

"Yes it is, it'll do just fine, Marion." He ducked under her gun mantle facing her flank to kiss her intensely. Right as they were about to strip Hansel thunder sounded and the two remembered the predicted forecast. He hurriedly rushed into his seat inside Marion to cover from the rain. "Damnit!"

"Uuuhhhhggg! Well, I'll start heading back to camp."

"No, Marion."

"How? How would we fuck?"

"Remember that one I found in the transmission?" He referred to her internal/forward vaginal tendril.

"That's there but you know I don't like it bec-"

"No you're scared, come on Marion, I'll be gentle with it." Marion cautiously moved it up to his chest. Just as slow he gently grabbed it and tugged it against his chest and brought the end to his closed lips. He pushed outh against the lips and slowly opened and closed his lips caressing her heating port and softly and gently stroking her tendril from top to bottom of his reach, holding it against his chest. He enjoyed her hull

quivering around him, massaging and relaxing his tense body, where he almost didn't want to stop it. He felt her heat on his face, it was pouring over his head and was circling around the fighting cabin in the turret raising the temperature to where he removed his jacket carefully as not to disturb Marion.

Marion felt relaxed and carefree. Hansel's soothing lips encouraged her to lie on her belly in the soft sand and close her eyes with her gun lowered all the way so that she was relaxed. She released some of her manipulators to toy with Hansel's growing cock stuffed in his trousers. Two of them massaged his triangle crotch area on its sides, stroking and caressing its thick full stature inside his pants. After a few minutes of whimpering and dealing with the thought she was being internally fucked she broke and yanked down his pants and removed her tendril from his loving grasp and, to get a good angle, went up and around his neck then down to his waist where she lined his dick up and sat her tendril right down on his dick. The two moaned deep and long, this was new to the both of them and this one was very much tighter on his cock.

"Oh god, Marion! This is awesome!" She began hopping on his dick; something was driving her mad over his sperm. Her internal manipulators strove to feel his body, feel every inch of his beady sweat covered skin just as the rain came to its fullest. Out of nowhere Marion felt her inner cervix and slammed his cock straight through its strangle hold grip against impregnation. It became clear to her what she wanted, ever since that night after the washing she felt this need deep in her.

"Hansel I want children!" His feeling in his cock ceased its stream of feel.

"Wha-what? N-n-no, not as we"re so close to the front. I won't let you do that to your-"

"Hansel I NEED this!" Her manipulators gripped him there, held him down while her tendril rode his cock like there was no tomorrow. She brought him to about his halfway point when he turned from collective strategizing to panic.

"Marion as much as I'd love to pump your pussy full of my cream it CAN'T HAPPEN!"

"IT! WILL! HAPPEN!" She sounded sadistic almost, like she was bent on impregnating herself with her figurative husband but not full husband yet. He panicked, struggling against her immovable grip on him he lost it.

"MARION! STOP IT! STOP IT NOW!" No matter what he screamed she didn't listen. He threatened to leave her, even, but sadly he knew that she knew he'd NEVER do that to her. It came to the point of no return, he was about to spill his sperm into her to fill her womb, and Hansel was terrified. Marion felt his readiness and her jumps up became more sporadic; and careless. He was literally on the brink when she slipped off; he pulled his hips back as fast and strongly as he could just as she launched her pussy down for the final thrust. Hansel knew it wasn't enough; he'd failed his brothers in arms and Marion, no combat for them. Before Hansel could move for another action Marion screamed in pain and her tendril reeled in response;

Hansel's dick head was jabbed into her clit bulb with a tremendous force enough to cause Marion a shock of pain. The pain forced her release her grasp on Hansel and he moved with a purpose collecting his clothes and bolting out of the hatch just as Marion started weeping again.

"I'm so so so sorry, Hansel! Please don't go! Please! Please! Please! PLEASE! Please don't go I didn't mean anything please! I couldn't stop at all! No don't leave me! Please! No! Please!" Hansel looked at her eye frightened, she was looking back into his eyes with silver streams of tears and a desperate and apologizing look in her eye. He knelt down and embraced her side still missing pants, but cared little if at all.

"Don't let it happen again." She sniffled.

"Alright, handjobs, blowjobs, and pipe from now on?" She sounded little more cheery.

"Heh heh, yeah, sure baby." He kissed her Sudetenland looked back to her, wiping her tears away with his hands. "You know, I don't think you finished in there." He smiled devilishly. He hopped back in grabbing her [illegible]y in his seat and hoisting it to his mouth where he ate her out good enjoying her tight grasp on his [illegible]gue.

He ate her and ate while the rain passed, at least until she passed out in exhaustion. His lips were sore and his cock ached to the point of painfully demanding satisfaction. As she was slipping into her sleep stages his lust built a dirty plan in his mind, he'd wait for her to fall into her deep sleep then he'd fuck the shit out of her tendril unless she starts waking up or locking onto him, then he pull out and scramble back from it. He waited for her suspension to creak softly, signaling her body fully resting in that position she laid in, and once he heard it over her tired breaths, he smiled mischievously. He found it lying on the floor under her gun breech. He crawled under and pinned it down with his body, inching his way up until he felt the pulses of heat from her exit on the tip of his dick. He cautiously pressed his cock against her folds and finally enjoying her tight pussy without fear of her seeding herself with him. He shoved it into her tight, soaked, hot, throbbing pussy moaning all the way, Marion grunted and shifted a bit, startling Hansel who stayed put despite his better judgment, before she sighed and Hansel going back to his sleep sex. He could feel her faint tugging at his dick, cervix was still open so he had to pull out before he finished, but moved on and slowly pushed in, then pulled out, enjoying and savoring her insides, every inch of it, before the fact he was about to cum hit him fast. He pulled out with a rush and clasped on his cock unsure where to cum. He looked around until he used a spent shell casing that made his sperm disappear in the black interior of scorched brass. Then he dressed as the rain ended and Marion woke.

"Auuuhg! Ah, well. Call me a dirty girl all you want but I dreamt you were fucking me all nice and slow, graceful almost." Hansel choked partly.

"Oh-um MMHHUURM, well that's called a wet dream."

"I enjoyed it thoroughly." Hansel was glad he dodged the bullet there. Then they decided they were away from camp long enough and trekked back to the town square to a surprise.

When they got there they instantly noticed that Jäger was alone at the gate, she's always with Fritz so this alarmed the pair.

"Jäger where's Fritz?"

"He was called to support defend an ammo depot down the road a little ways… it's been a while."

"I'm sure he's fine." They moved in and got to their little spot just in time for Jäger to storm by with Fritz's crew clamped against the back wall of her superstructure. "Jäger are you alri-"

"She's just upset." Fritz interrupted, he was towing something vaguely familiar behind him but the many additions to the collection of shot marks on his front meant there was heavy combat.

"Fritz… who is that?" Hansel noticed that he was towing a Sherman but something about it was off.

"I don't know *who* she is, but I know she's just a child with no parents around." He pulled up where they could see her turret face and forward hull, Fritz was towing her backwards.

"Awww, she's adorable!" Marion smiled friendly towards the orphan. Then she pouted when she saw that the girl was holding what looked to be a small Sherman gun barrel to her curved glacis plate and that a large caliber shot separated it from the rest of the gun ahead of the mantle.

"How do you know that it's a girl, Fritz?" Hansel asked, the little child didn't talk, and there weren't any markings of female on the hull.

"One of the Americans was screaming 'leave her alone' before the infantry shot him dead. The Pak crew wanted to kick her in the ass and use her for target practice. We intervened before they could get to her." She was little for a Sherman, barely bigger than Canine the Panzer III, she was a M4A1 model with a nice clean look to her overall. Marion found her round hull and turret cute and her bulges for the two hull crewmen like baby fat boobs. She wanted a child so badly and to nurse and care and raise one so desperately that she felt she had a motherly obligation to watch over this child.

.at's your name sweetie?" She asked in English in a friendly tone. The child glanced into her eyes

sporadically, then back down ashamed, then she'd quiver and nudge away from Marion. "You do have a name, right?"

"S-S-S-SSS-Cindy." She stuttered out terrified. Marion got close to her and used some manipulators to hold her tight in a hug and to pet the top of Cindy's turret.

"There, there, don't be afraid. We won't hurt you here; we'll take care of you." Cindy started to calm down and lean into Marion's comfort. "Do you have parents, Cindy?" She glanced to Fritz coldly as if he might have killed them.

"I did…" She began, she sounded like she was about to cry. "B-bbut one day, (sniffles) thththey went to fight…" She started breaking down, then as she was about to begin again she started wailing and crying and sobbing into Marion's side. Marion inferred the rest.

"How old are you?" Marion asked to move her away from losing her parents.

"I'm three years old… How old are you?"

"I'm not a year old yet." It hit Hansel that he was technically a pedophile to the extreme.

"How are you so big?"

"I wasn't born like you were, I was built in a factory, I'm all grown up. I wasn't ever a child like you are." Hansel sighed reassured. "Did you have a home?" Rosa rolled up seeing a Sherman in distress and pain and wanted to watch.

"That's where we were going. They were taking me to another army where two other Shermans would take care of me."

"What army is that? Do you know where it is you were supposed to go?"

"Yes, outside of Metz. We were meeting the third army." Rosa's faceplate mantle lit up at the mentioning of the third army.

"We should get you there! I could escort you there!" She blurted out dreaming of Joshua.

"No no, it's too far we'd need fuel trucks and that's more of a one way trip. Why are you so eager to go see *more* Shermans? You hate them more than any of us here." She was silent afterwards. It involved her past and that was something she told no one.

"Well we'll take care of you Cindy, until we can take you back to where you belong safely." Marion told Cindy, she looked around at all the German tanks, she hunkered back into Marion's hold like Marion was her mother her whole life as Marion told the others that she was going to care for her and not to touch her at all. "Cindy don't be afraid, if any of them hurt you you come tell me. Okay sweetie?" Cindy nodded her mantle. The StuG came over and figured what was going on and then noticed Cindy's gun problem.

"Awww come here precious! Did the mean guy hurt your gun?" She spoke English surprisingly well. Cindy looked at her gun in her hands and nodded again. "Well I'll fix you, darling. Come with me and you'll be better before you can say butterscotch!" Cindy perked up and giggled.

"Butterscotch!"

"Go on Cindy, that's Frau. She's our tank doctor she'll help you repair." Marion told her, she gently pushed her towards Frau's open arms and with some encouragement Cindy went off with Frau that was cheering her up with years of wisdom under her bolts.

' 're helping, Hansel." She said.

“Only a little, I’ll help out but you’re raising her for when we have her. I’ve already raised an orphan.”

“Do you think Anton would like her?”

“What like dating? Who knows? I think she’s too young, mentally.”

“Maybe, but as a friend?”

“Oh yes, definitely. He’ll befriend anyone nice like her.” There was a pause while everyone else went about their business then Marion spoke.

“It’s not there anymore. That want, it’s gone.”

Fin Chapter 26

In my story the child of two war machines grows and matures much quicker than a human child, born at about 1/4 to 1/5 their adult size and are fully grown in about 5 to 8 years; 10 to 14 years for large ships. A humorph (or a corrupted human, if you will) can be birthed by a mother machine or morph while a human mother can only birth a morph because of how the DNA tracts are read (Humans it’s read and build while machines it’s more step-by-step progress) and the morphs vary in growth patterns depending on the percentage of machine parent is invested into their bodies while a humorph child matures and grows much more like a human child, except that it can consume more substances like alcohol from birth because of it’s internal organs. If any of this puzzles yall (and I wouldn’t be surprised) I can help yall out because I’ve thought up countless scenarios over the years of this machine child obsession.

Gingyflame, Hansel and Marion, orphan, porn, tank
Leave a comment

Hansel and Marion Ch 25 Meet the OTHER family!

March 15, 2015 by Gingyflame

This is the other half of my original chapter 24, enjoy this it’s not graphic in anyway, shape or form.

Chapter 25

The group moved swiftly and fell into a very small battalion formation. The orders went out and soon they were off as the sun broke over the hills. The caravan of tanks, trucks, and cars moved at a slower pace due to Jäger, she hated her poor mobility and wishes she could move swiftly. About an hour in she demanded that Fritz push her along, it helped but not enough for Jäger to not feel like a burden. The tank line up was E, Jäger, Fritz, Marion, Griffen, the dead-metal Tigers, Faust, Mini-Rommel and Kramia side-by-side, with various light-skinned vehicles in the middle of the tanks. Mini was faithfully caressing Kramia’s slit the way she seemed to like it most while not sounding suspicious but silently whimpering and sputtering along at the tail end. The crews were at ease, Fritz’s and Jäger’s crew huddled at the meeting of Jäger and Fritz’s hulls like around a bonfire just talking away while Irish sat against E’s rear turret escape hatch with a notepad and pen scribbling away as nearly as he could and trying to talk to E in a more friendly manner and not about how horny she’d gotten on the way down. Marion’s gang were at their usual spots outside the cabin, Hansel half in his cupola and half on a periscope, Meats sitting in the loader’s hatch, Inbred on the sloping forward roof, Whacker leaning against the gun mantle with Banker in his cabin ‘driving’ like he always did. Griffen’s crew was hanging around his turret on the hull while Faust’s crew was lounging in the turret skirts with the rucksacks as mattresses.

“How long do you think it’ll take before he realizes he’s not doing anything?” Marion whispered about Banker.

should fuck with him.” Inbred mentioned, he leaned back and grabbed ahold of a periscope and a hatch, Whacker braced himself. Marion smiled and veered off to the side then corrected herself.

“Hey watch it, stupid!” Whacker shouted amused. Banker was startled a little. Marion slammed on the brakes then started up again trying not to laugh at Banker flipping shit in the operator’s seat.

“What the hell are you doing!?” Inbred cried. Marion wanted to say something but knew she’d be laughing so she kept quiet.

“It’s not me I swear!”

“Whatever, Banker.” Hansel jeered.

“Marion! What the hell’s going on!” Banker sounded legitimately scared, and Marion couldn’t help herself anymore. She burst out laughing, Banker wised up then and was quiet unhappy, sinking his face into a deep frown.

“You’re all assholes.”

The rest laughed away, Banker played with her gearsticks with no effect to her movement. He thought back to his training, it went all against his trai-

“Hey isn’t this supposed to be wheel-steering?” He poked at the sticks. “Yeah this is supposed to a steering wheel and a gear shifter, why the hell is this different?” Marion had no idea what he was going on about. Whacker twisted around and peeked into the hatch and saw that.

“He’s right, that’s supposed to be a steering wheel.”

“I wouldn’t know.” Marion said plainly. “What about the Americans? How do they drive?” Whacker slipped into the radio operator seat below him and switched on the radio and was met by the American radio operator singing Mary had a little lamb.

“No her lamb was raped by Phil.” Whacker called. Their driver instantly sounded.

“Eh I’m a farm boy but I ain’t no critter fucker!” His voice echoed inside Chuck’s hull.

“Whatever, how you drive Chuck?”

“Wit gear sticks, how yall drive?”

“Uhhh, we don’t know.”

“How in God’s name don’t yall know!? Jus lean o’er and take yerself a looksee.”

“Well that’s just it, it’s not like any others as we know.”

“Well hows Marion’s done?”

“Gearsticks.”

“There then bimbo! Zat so hard neah?”

“Nein.” The two crews talked about what had gone on in the last week, the Americans said they got a new M5 Stuart gal named Skip and that Chuck saw Katelyn again for a day. Not much else happened for them other than a skirmish. They found out they need not worry about running into each other, the Germans were assisting with Northern defense while the Americans were pushing in the Southern part of France. They were cut off by a MG42 raining hell on Chuck’s convoy and that’s all they cared to talk about on the week long trek north to the crossroads. There they met an interesting bunch they’d call comrades. At around noon the convoy met up with a village guard that conveyed where the rest of the battalion is.

ɔn’t lie sir,” the young man said, “they all give me the creeps.” Marion poked him and he jumped back

weirded out, Hansel moved them forward.

“Leave the poor guy alone, alright?”

“I just wanted to fuck with him, it’s pretty funny to see you all react like that.” Once in a expansive lot with no tank houses or any commodities they met the rest of the battalion. There was a JagdPanther, a StuG III G, a Panzer III M, two Hummels, a Grille, a Nashorn, three Panzer IVs, a Panther A, a Puma, an SdkFz. 251, a Hetzer, a Tiger, a Marder II, two JagdPanzer IVs, a Porsche turreted King Tiger, and two more by a street that wasn’t seen too clearly. Hansel met with the acting XO when the two unknown tanks moved out of the clearing.

“Holy-Hansel, Hansel! Hey Hansel!” Whacker cried out to him.

“WHA-” Hansel looked over a little mad then saw the tanks. “Ho-ly shit it’s a Ferdinand!” Sitting in the opening gap between two tanks talking was a war-weathered Ferdinand tank destroyer with a plethora of kill stripes, beside him was a tank that none of the group knew. It had the same chassis as the Ferdinand but it had a Tiger turret with a Pz III storage bin on the back of it mounted right on top of the driver and radio operator almost, it’s rear portion angled in and sloped downward. “The hell’s next to him?” They moved in towards him before they noticed that the two Porsche tanks were rubbing up against each other with manipulators locked together.

“Hello there, Captain. You look amazed.” The tank destroyer sounded old and wise with a ruffled voice. Hansel did look amazed, and so did Whacker. No one else got the hype.

“You still exist?” Whacker said shocked.

“Yes I do, not very males do after a few months.”

“What’s so special about him?” Inbred asked.

“Ferdinands couldn’t move for shit but, they have a ten-to-one kill ratio, they’re fucking awesome as a bunker.” Hansel said.

“He’s got two hundred millimeters of armor, just like me.” The strange tank added. “An eighty-eight, too.”

“Yes, yes I do.” He said.

“That’s a lot of kills.” Marion spoke humbled by his forty-one kill count to her eleven.

“Yes all of its true. Sadly so is the fact that so many machine warriors are female.”

“Why?”

“Well I’ve wised up and saw why. In the Eastern front we got shipments of new guys like nothing, but, they’re all the same. They go out reckless like they’ve something to prove, they overestimate themselves and become careless and stupid. They get themselves wasted in usually two months. Few are exceptions like Canine the Panzer III and I, we go way back and he goes further back than I do. He’s definitely one of the oldest serving machines here. His wife’s Frau, the StuG III, they’ve been upgraded a bit. This here’s Porsha, and I’m Ferdi, we weren’t named very creatively.”

“What are you? I’ve never seen your model before.” Meats asked Porsha.

“I’m the Porsche Tiger design, I was secretly brought into life along with Ferdi and anyone else Porsche made. Porsche doesn’t like us with our lives determined for war only, he calls it breeding, but life is life and I’m enjoying mine.” She leaned into her man Ferdi’s side. Inbred looked satisfied with that. He was called down by the XO and he left quietly. Marion noticed the Porsche turreted Tiger II and couldn’t help but
:nuously glance back again and again.

“That other King Tiger…”

“What about it?” Hansel asked.

“Something’s attracting me to it, like, like… like it’s part of me. Like… family.” She couldn’t help herself; she departed with Hansel towards it. It noticed her and smiled friendly and welcoming.

“I haven’t seen you in months!” She rushed to embrace a puzzled Marion.

“I-I don’t think we’ve met…”

“Oh you were so clean and new! Little sis is a warrior now.”

“Wait, what? Sisters? Who are you?” Hansel was a little concerned.

“Here I’ll explain this, you haven’t met the Hummels yet so you have no clue about this. We’re considered sisters because we were made from the same mixture and batch and her turret is supposed to be fitted to my hull. But my turret was the last Porsche turret before all Hensel was produced, I watched them assembling you before I was sent off. They told me we were sisters, and that’s why I’m Tiger number five-thirty and you’re Tiger five-thirty-one. I’m sure you don’t remember me, but I remember you.”

“Well, alright, well Hansel here named me Marion and that’s what we liked. Do you have a name for yourself yet?”

“They call me Dora. They’re a good bunch, so’s the rest of the tanks, some of us have been together on the Eastern front.”

“Who all’s from the East?”

“The Porsche pair, the Panzer III and StuG, uuuhhh-the Hetzer, Hummels, the Nashorn, the Panzer IVs, that Panther A, Grille, and I. Oh there’s a motorcycle running around somewhere.” The others were all from the West, the JagdPanther, JagdPanzers, Marder, Tiger, SdkFz 251, Puma; they were all from the Western front. Later Inbred came back sulking and miserable, departure. They all gave their good-byes and good-lucks before he left them in a truck to the airbase. E and Irish had already left for the train depot and by then were loaded and the final checks were being run through.

They tried perking up by talking to some new guys. The Hummels were twins with matching serial numbers and one male named Bumble and the other female named Bee, the JagdPanzers were lovers named Rapture and Vinney, the Panzer IVs were all boys and were called the Three Stooges Moe Curley and Joe, the Grille was a shy girl named Clover, the Puma, SdkFz, and JagdPanther were close together named Kitty, Tiffany, and Rosa, the Hetzer named Squirt never left her lover Bruno who called her Armadillo, the Tiger was named Gertrude and the Panther A was named Anna, the Marder was named Susan, the group was predominantly female, supporting the fact that most males are complacent fighters. They were expected a full infantry support force by morning the next day and were to run drills that morning to noon before shipping out to the front. It was fast freezing in temperature, said by most to be the coldest winter in a hundred years, this is the most vulnerable point of a living machine as their bodies and metal is adjusting and coping with the sudden shift. “God help us through the freeze.”

The next two days for Inbred were stressful, leaving and flying really got him thinking about how he was wronged in his view. He landed a three hour train ride from the test base, and on that train ride he came up with the questions he’ll ask the one who pulled him whether it be a grease monkey or the Fuhrur he didn’t care. He marched to his meeting point, heavy rucksack swinging strongly in his hand and an anger not to be confronted in his piercing gaze that’d tear through a bunker. He swung around the corner into a bunker built into a hill and dropped the bag, all anger and hatred fleeing from his mind as he looks on at beauty. He was whisked away by a calming and gentle womanly voice that pulled him into trust.

’ you Corporal Ralph Smith?”

Fin Chapter 25

On the side note to Ratbat and Cerebralerror I'm thinking about making myself a War Thunder account. It's not really going to be at the top of my gaming preferences because I love WoT so dearly and I have so much stuff in that game already. I just think I'll get War Thunder for 1. the ships once it's out (and) 2. the tanks. I probably won't tangle with the planes as much as yall do probably.

Well that's all I've got for now. Still stuck on the Severstal journey.

Gigyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, porn, tank
6 Comments

Hansel and Marion Ch 24

March 15, 2015 by Gingyflame

This chapter is a… graphic one. Now I mean no offense towards anyone but only that some of the stuff the Russians did was a horror story in itself. IF you don't know what happened when some drunk or deranged (or both) Russians met some females, it gets… violently erotic(?). Well if you've got a blood/pain/punish fetish (oddly like my friend who was born in Russia) you may find some stuff they did enticing. Oh and I'm not joking when they bit the woman, one group bit off a German girl's face it's absolutely scary. But they did have a reasonable motive. ANYWAY past that here's the chapter!

Chapter 24

Anton woke up before Faust for once, he had his stretch fest then stood up on the engine roof and looked down at the top of Faust's turret listening to her soft breaths. He scooted over to her turret skirt and bent down kissing her commander's cupola before jumping down with new clothes and rushed through a change out then hugged Faust's hood again then left for food and toiletry. He ate alone so he could think about his Faust and what they'd do after the war. As he left the mess area he heard Kramia crying nearby and searched around to find her, she was sobbing next to a crate marked with German army markings and the symbol for panzer division and a huge warning label on it.

"What's wrong, Kramia? Are you ok?"

"Yes, I'm fine." She sniffled then smiled that upset him a tad bit. "How was last night?" He was startled, how'd she know? Why'd she know? Did she know? He looked at her smile and he figured she knew about it. He sighed and told her he wasn't drunk at all. She backed off but he reassured her he's fine, and the Irish incident.

"So what's in the box?"

"M-mm-my new gun." She said upset about it.

"Oh, well, what's the warning say?" He asked her, she was in the way of half of it.

"Warning! Do not touch insulated contents with electric spark until placed in position." She kept sobbing a bit; Mini came up behind her and brought her close to his side, disregarding their extra skirt armor, to hold her tight against him to protect her from despair.

"It's alright, baby, it's alright. I'll make you feel better once it's over, ok? Or we could go shooting or race, we haven't raced in a long time, baby." He saw that his proposals helped, and felt that her hull became statically charged, like when she was horny, she'd want him sexually and even though they'd fucked but once he wasn't looking forward to sad sex. Faust came up behind Anton and hugged him at his waist.

d morning, precious." She brought him close to her. He twisted around to embrace her hood again and returned the greeting.

“Good morning Faust. How’d you sleep?”

“I slept well, Antie, how did you?”

“I slept good. What did Irish want with me, though?”

“I’m not sure, there he is, why don’t you ask him?” She let him go to run over to Irish moving towards Mini.

“Hey Anton, do you ever calm down?”

“No. Why?”

“No reason-so what’s up?”

“Why’d you come in last night?”

“Mini-Rommel wanted your help.”

“With what?”

“We’ll show you, come on.” The two made themselves apparent to Mini, he whispered to Kramia he’d be back and took them off toward a rotted shack by the woods.

“What’s this?” Anton asked.

“A magical hut with a teleporter inside.” Irish said.

“Sssure.” Mini responded. “No it’s just an old shack with a gift for Kramia.”

“What is it? The gift what is it? I wanna see!” Mini drives around to the back and rips off the wall and gently lays it onto the ground off to the side then moves more inside the shack where a long tarp was covering something equally as long. Anton jumps down and approaches the casement cautiously, Irish slides down the glacis and yanks the tarp off revealing a gray-brown metal beam with empty circle mounts attached. “What is it?”

“It’s a gun rack.”

“For Kramia’s eighty-five. She’ll love it; I need your help painting it that’s why I sent Irish to find you.” As Mini said that Irish discretely shuddered.

“That’s nice, really nice Mini. Is the paint nearby?” Mini gestured to a shelf off to the side. Irish pulled one down and handed it to Anton before grabbing one himself then they started painting the gift. Once that was done they plumped it onto Mini’s engine roof to carry then veiled it under the tarp before heading back to Kramia. By that time the engineers had the metal plate above the gun mantle slide removed and the gun and mantle out on a pallet. Anton looked inside, the light fixture mounted facing in revealed the usual all-white interior but there was brownish color splotches around the seats on the walls and things.

“Kramia, what’s the brown stuff on your walls?” Anton was looking at it intensely.

“That’s the blood of my devil enslavers!” The way she called her crew was ferocious and hated, Anton was going to ask again but she continued. “When I was still in the Russian army I had a crew that cared little I was there, which is how I’d get out to meet and be with Mir. My last day as a Russian weapon was decided by me after a terrible cause. My tank crew took me to a liberated Russian village to woo some girls, when they declined anything sexual my crew took it by force. They raped her, a fellow Russian girl, raped her in front of me! They not only raped her but punished her! They bit her, cut her, pulled her, pushed her… all because she said no. They couldn’t try another girl-oh no-they had to have her. I was horrified, and I hated [illegible]. I couldn’t let myself be slaved by them. They raped and pillaged their own women for sex and yet [illegible]dn’t even speak to me! So when they were driving back… I locked them in… then I killed them-but not

quickly-no, I first crushed their limbs… then I tore their skin and bled them slowly, one by one I forced my tendrils through their bodies, not deadly at first, then through their hearts and lungs, one by one. I tossed their bodies on the ground and smothered their corpses into the Earth under my treads. I ran away then, I ran and waited for Mir at our little spot. I told him what I did and that I wasn't going back. Ever." Anton and Faust looked horrified at this; Mini had already lived down the feeling and Irish… Irish smiled. "May your God have mercy on what they'd do to a German girl." Marion rolled up to the group interested in how Kramia's gun was being replaced.

"How's it going so far?" Hansel came from the direction of the mess tent greeting a good morning before ascending Marion and sitting in her cupola

"Well, it's going well." Hansel watched, intrigued as well, as they mechanics opened the box and used a small crane to manually lift, turn, and lower the eighty-eight caliber fifty-six into the level of entry. Irish was staring at Marion's gun barrel, specifically at her pattern of black and white stripes. His right forearm was bent across his belly and his left elbow rested in his fist, supporting his chin in the joint of his L-shaped hand thumb tucked under and pointer along his nose.

"Hansel those tank kills?"

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing, nothing. Just wait…" He began counting lowering his audibility every count until at seven he was no longer heard. Hansel went back to watching the fitting, they had it just outside the slide depression and everything was slow and steady. The lead mechanic suddenly burst out, shoving the gun in place with a ram of his body while then the two men inside locked the gears together. They all climbed out and stood back from her.

"Alright Kramia, turn your engine." She whirred up her diesel, loud heavy pistons crunked against their surroundings then as they fired to life she jumped. She watched amazed as the gun began moving up and down with her nervous system's commands.

"Wow, feels very similar, only a little heavier and longer." She played a little more, a smile forming underneath it. "I think I'll like this in time."

"Oh it gets better, baby." Mini said as he carried the present above his turret and laid it down ahead if her.

"What's this?" She said lovingly eyeing its length and thickness under the tarp. "A set of trainer sights?"

"Noooo, why don't you take a peek?" Mini was smiling in anticipation of her joy, he wanted to throw off the surprise so bad and tell her. She studied a bit longer then snapped the cover away and looked a little confused.

"I… I don't get it? What is it?"

"It's a mount for your eighty-five. It goes on your side." Her face lit up and she rammed Mini lovingly kissing his hull and holding his tracks and suspension to keep him close.

"I LOVE it!" She buried her gun under his and her face against his side as she leaned the two of them together.

"I knew you'd love it. You don't have to leave your gun you love so much." She pulled him up to where she was at the side of his turret and whispered to him.

"*I've got a little thank you present in mind for later.*" She said softly and with a dirty smile.

"No, no it's fine, really nothing." He said back savoring his time embracing her.

ed to unwind, Mir, could you do that at least?" Mini sighed and whispered 'alright' then held her tight,

after checking behind them he gently rubbed the panel covering her port entrance.

“NO THAT’S BULLSHIT!” They all heard Inbred shout from his barrack house as he stormed out red faced with anger. The LTC followed also angered and gave off an aurora of pissed-off feeling that mostly all around felt. “FUCKING HORSE SHIT!”

“He’s cussing in English.” Faust said worried.

“Yep, he only does that when he’s really pissed.” Marion couldn’t see them but could feel the anger and tension behind her.

“Corporal Smith! You come back and cool off!” The LTC stormed after him but couldn’t keep up. In a frustrated and snarling grunt he spun around and headed off towards his office. By that time the Colonel was strolling along toward them smoking his pipe unmoved. He stopped and told the LTC something but the LTC shook him off and marched on in rage. The Colonel shrugged and moved along. He moved up next to Marion and signaled Hansel down. He slid off and moved close next to the Colonel.

“What was that about, sir?”

“I was informed that Corporal R. Smith was too be withdrawn from your crew and moved to a ‘rehabilitation and proving facility’ away from the front.”

“What? Why? He’s not mental, sir, why?”

“It’s basically bullshit cover for he’s going to the experimental testing grounds as an evaluator, I went through the same shit. I told Gunther to tell you to tell him but, I guess he screwed you over and went straight to him.”

“So he’s upset about that.”

“Guess so, Gunther may learn to do as I say after that, anyway talk to him. Smith won’t be leaving until we meet up at the merge point. He’ll be flown out, Irish and the E tank’ll go north by train to something redacted from my note but whatever. Just, just calm him down.”

“Yes sir.” Colonel turned back and moved off towards the barracks while Hansel climbed back onto Marion and told her to help find Inbred with him.

“Okay Hansel. What was that about?” Hansel sighed.

“Inbred’s a ranter, he’ll be complaining about it.” They roamed around until they found him hurriedly pacing around alongside Griffin’s tank house ranting on.

“Inbred, you alright?”

“Bullshit. BullShit! BULLSHIT!”

“He’s fine.”

“Just about to move to the front and they say ‘no you’re going to a testing grounds’ have fun! Fucking assholes!” Marion was confused.

“Why are they taking you?”

“That’s what I’ll ask! I’ll find the fucker who pulled me and ask’em! Better be a god damn great answer if they love their life!” He looked really mad.

’ k, they probably have good reason to do this.” Hansel tried to use some logic, something he’s good at, ,c didn’t faze him.

“I think he needs a hug.” Marion said. Hansel slid off and grabbed him in a hug. Inbred struggled against him. Marion rolled up and hugged the two of them.

“It’s not working.” He said sternly.

“Yes it is, you know it.” She said tightening a little bit. It was working, Inbred ended up hugging back and releasing his stress.

“I don’t want to leave, we’re just starting out and I’m leaving before we really fight. You don’t take a fighter away from a fight.” They let go of the hug, he had calmed down enough to be rational.

“Well, I’m sorry Ralph. I am. I know how you feel, too, but who knows? This could turn out good for you, it did for me.” Hansel said reassuringly leaning against Marion’s glacis. He couldn’t help but feel pity for Inbred, and something else for him…

“That was rehabilitation and training, I’ve not been shot nor promoted. Not sure how it’ll play out in my favor.” Hansel frowned, Inbred’s stubborn and not good at hindsight at times. “Why wasn’t anyone else taken? Why me alone?”

“To even the load maybe. Well anyway it’s time to pack up and form up. Come on let’s go you two.” Marion plucked them up and sat them on her roof and went to the barracks to drop them off.

Fin Chapter 24

Sorry if the rape offends anyone it actually could of happened and that’s why avoiding WWIII would be great! 😉

Oh and I originally had this chapter double in size but I split it into two parts so chapter 25 will follow in about… five minutes.

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, porn, tank
2 Comments

The Great Typhoon II

March 6, 2015 by Gingyflame

Well this is what I have to a stopping point. It’s not as long as the last part but not complete, there will be more updates to the story here. Enjoy.

The Great Typhoon II

He fell asleep very late; in the following morning, and she let him sleep his day away while she awaited a reply from the Admiral that didn’t come that day. They arrived at the port at around 2100 hours and docked a half-hour later. He stayed up and let her sleep, fondling one of her externally placed tendril vaginas on her observation deck to help ease her stress and anxiety of the journey and waiting. When he went inside at sunrise he saw a message from the Admiral approving the move-in but disproving another message that Severstal must have slipped in. He woke her up gently with a wrench on her pipes and asked her about it.

“So good news! I can move in! The Admiral asked my father about it and the old man didn’t even hesitate, as I thought he wouldn’t, and has already started getting all my stuff in boxes… boy do I feel loved. Anyway he said it’ll be shipped up to the next port, it’s past the base, and I’ll get it there. That worked out magically well.”

“Yeah it did!” She wrapped him up in her arms and squeezed gently as not to pop him. “But what’s the bad
?”

“Something about a baby, what’s that about?” She was confused, she never asked for a baby.

“I never asked for a baby, only what would we do with one… what’s it say?”

“No baby, nowhere to put a-oh okay I see, yeah I just read the first part. It says a humorph would be appropriate but a full blown submorph would not be acceptable at all. There’s no room basically. So how do we determine what form it’ll be?”

“We know a lot more now than we did back then in the beginning. We used to think it was specific traits you’d put into me via sex at specific times during pregnancy but now it’s known that’s not true. The mother will form the baby to be one of her type, but it changes on the fathers dosage, like a mold being bent out of place, but it’ll change back to the original form over time so if we want a baby you’d need to make sweet, sweet love to me every night or we might fuck up and it could be a huge baby. But if it’s every night it’ll be maybe a little bit bigger than you fully grown or about your size. So if we’re having one it’ll be every night and you WILL follow through with it. I’m having a child one easy way or another rape filled one, I’m not having my child taken from me alive.” He recoiled at the thought of nine months straight of sex, it turned him on but he knew it may get sore for him fast.

“Well that’s nice… I’ll uh, change right? So I’m not so… fragile?”

“Sure I’ll fix you. That’s a long letter for that stuff what else is there?”

“It just lists my duties onboard, tidiness, maintenance, uhhh invasion of privacy obviously you can see everywhere, that stuff. Well it’s show time! Let’s go sharing!” They worked through the day talking to another variety of people and machines, very few seemed uninterested, and those that did found something interesting in the huge assortment of systems and weapons and features. Severstal felt a greater want for children when she was playing and entertaining children all day, teaching them how to slide down ladders, run through the halls, close and open doors, and where to hide for hide and seek with the other kids, she of course let some win when it was her turn but she loved them, they made her day great. And she brought it up with Anatoly again that night at the table.

“I really really *reeaalllly* want a kid!” She pleaded him, she was asking to start it as soon as possible.

“So do I but we’ve got a duty and we can’t just put it off or find time to bang every night! I’m not physically ready, either, you’d need to fix me up or I might fail on you and myself. I’ll make a deal with you now, we’ll start right after our last stop. Is that alright?” She swarmed him with a multitude of tendrils and kissed him.

“Mmm-yes! Yes! Yes! Promise me that! Promise!” He shook his head yes. “Yees! Now… let’s start on some practice!” She ripped open his fly and dropped her vagina on his still limp dick, stuffed his sausage inside her buns, and waited for it to ripen. She was continuously moaning and drawing the whole time he righted himself inside her, then she slid on him nonstop when he was hard and ready. She decided to open up her ‘cervix’, it wasn’t actually the cervix but it acted as the old German cervix’s where it prevented against pregnancy but enhanced the sexual feeling and pleasure supposedly for both partners, and they’re about to find out.

“Hoooo-sshhhiiitttt!” Severstal opened up the reserve and surrounded his cock in heaven. “FFFFFFuuuuccccckkk!Damn that’s good!” She was caressing and vibrating his package stuffed deep inside her soaking wet depths, he was sent into a high with a mixture of dopamine and fluids emitted into his bloodstream at his cock.

“Severstal… Oh fuck… Severstal, this is, ohhhh… Oh this is awesome…” She painfully rose on him, drawing protesting wails and whines from both of them then found enough strength to plow him rapidly, nonstop, filling the room and adjoining halls with pleasant screams and wails.

“FUCK ME OH FUCK ME!” He did as she cried and tossed her tendril on the table top and banged her sideways. “OOOH ANATOLY!”

ƐRSTAL!” She was draining out onto the table, the floor, splattering everywhere with each of his intense

thrusts. The two could feel each other's time building evenly, the reserve must have synced their time, she felt herself underneath his body being ravaged by his graceful might, her whole hull rocked in the harbor offshore in response to him. She occasionally caught her primary mouth drooling and her eyes rolling into the back of their mounts.

Anatoly felt all of her smooth graceful textures inside her amazingly tight and gripping cunt, all the reception buds of that magical life element, the slick hot coolant that filled her, a small recession in the bottom of her clit sinking it in at his push, and some suction tugging at his head. He wasn't trusting of where that suction is going, and waited for the right moment to switch it up. Soon after the two were mounting in almost unbearable teasing wanting to cum so deep inside, but he changed his seemingly set mind and rushed his dick out leaving the tendril trying to follow and ride him more but he yanked it up to his mouth and French kissed it deeply and lovingly. One of her hands that went to pull his cock back into place latched onto it but changed rolls loosening the grasp and began stroking and caressing his meat in a hand-job. She was practically screaming when he reached as far as he could into her with his tongue and was trying to flip her vagina inside out with his sucking and eating. She couldn't take any more, she let herself go and exploded against his face, drenching it and his clothes and spraying her silver goodness all around. He was tensed up from her reciprocating hand loving his boner, he went limp and sprawled into the chair behind him gushing streaks of white gloppy cum out onto the floor and edge of the table, her pussy still locked in his lips. They sat there breathing heavily and regrouping after such excruciating fun. Severstal noticed that she had sunk to the harbor bed, but still rose well above the water.

"Whenever we fuck, sweetie, I think I dive under, like some protection." She paused every now and then to gasp.

"Stealth sex then." He chuckled. "We're stealth lovers."

"Yeah, we are, damn that was good!"

"Kinda wanna start now." He said aghast of air referring to a child. "The only thing is how?"

"You don't pull out-"

"I know that but I mean.., how would it survive? What would it eat? Where would it sleep? How would we feed it? The message mentioned no suitable uranium rods would be fit for a sub that small and changing, so how?"

"I'll tell you, I've thought about those for years. First birthing wouldn't be bad, water helps but I'd breastfeed it first, that's the first power source is me, so I would power it."

"But that won't last forever, or solves where it'd fit."

"Probably next to me as a sub, within my reach. I always thought that I'd be able to carry it along until it was large enough for good sized uranium cells but now… as a humorph… I'd keep it inside my hull; still breast feed it but not, not as much obviously. I'm sure we would find some food for it. I mean, I can eat human food and use it as fuel, why not a humorph?"

"Yeah, that'll work then, I guess." He nodded and thought about where she'd birth it, she must have a hundred or so ports all around her hull. "Where would you birth it?"

"I can only grow it inside my vagina, which is at the underside of my hull exterior at about… mmmm…" She was feeling herself around the outside to place it right. "Midway in between my two prop shafts, right below my asshole." He nodded then stopped.

"Wait your *asshole*?"

"Yes, I have an asshole, why's that hard to believe?"

.at the hell do you use it for?"

“Ejections, it’s all manually loaded, not autonomous where I eat your sperm and I shit it out my ass-end. I can dump my rods into it as a failsafe, it’s lead lined and thick, but I shat out my rods into containers when I was getting them changed out. I think that’s what it was meant to do but it’s still sensitive.”

“How do you know that?”

“Well one time I tried ana-never mind.” He smiled.

“Anal.”

“Yes… anal… it wasn’t bad I liked it.” She thought dirty again. “I used a tendril… I think you’d do better.” He was puzzled, as he went on asking how she opened a locker near one of the exits to get a diver’s suit for him when she noticed the time.

“SHIT! We need to leave! We’ll be late!”

“It’ll be fine, only a hour late it’ll be good. We can try anal another time.” She raced out into the sea and steamed northward into a near week long voyage. They took a break from sex over the voyage to let their parts recover and forget the feeling, almost, to enhance the experience later. They did have lots of face sex; they made out nearly every hour, and had to take a face sex break for a day, too. Anatoly had to stay up late the night they docked, first having to chat to an arrogant snob working as harbor master then loading all his things and his brother’s gaming console that turned out to be Anatoly’s now since his brother got the new one.

“Oooohooo, I want to play! Come on honey let’s play a game!” She was excited over this but Anatoly wasn’t in the mood seeing how it was 0412 in the morning.

“No I’m not playing.”

“Awww, pleeeaase? I’ll let you sleep in! At least hook it up.” He scrounged up enough to set it up to a small TV monitor used to keep the crew entertained on long deployments. He then started it and handed her the wireless controller and let her figure it out from there heading off to bed where she cuddled with him while playing a racing game.

He woke up at around 1900 feeling like a wreck. He sluggishly crept out of bed and knocked on the wall for Severstal. She had written down on a paper that this day would last well into the night and that he’d be locked inside for the whole time. He looked around for an inventory of that she left out: sandwiches, water bottles, other vittles, then read if he needed to use the toilet to ask for ‘it’ and he decided he’ll hold it. He noticed the game still on and checked on her progress, she had made a new profile named ‘SubDub’ and was halfway through Forza four already and working on CoD MW2 campaign. He found her starting in the middle of the story a no-go and switched it to CoD 4 and moped about waiting. He decided to work out to pass time, he hadn’t done anything really active except fuck his sweetheart, again, and again, and again… *Maybe I don’t need to work out.* Following up he did work out then wolfed down the sandwiches and drank the water noticing he’d just had a four hour workout and fell in the bunk out of energy.

“Oh do please work out more often.” Severstal said seductively eyeing his shimmering sweaty pecks, abs, face, arms, all of his sweaty self. “It really turns me on.” She cradled him in manipulators and arm tendrils before removing his only clothing, pants, and rubbing his dick with the side of her vagina tendril. “Are you fucking me tonight? Or am I fucking you?” He happily sighed and dropped his head into her hand-pillow underneath him. “I’m fucking you then!” She dove down on his erecting member and took in all his growing size had to offer.

“Wait here in port?”

“Fuck cares? The tankers in front are fucking! They’re louder than us!” She sunk to the harbor floor and rode him, entranced in that feeling she was there bouncing on his joystick. His length tickling her deep insides [illegible]ing and expanding it’s tight hold while she seeped out her precum silver all over his mid-body and the

Anatoly was truly exhausted, a good long workout and now this stimulation. He tried to stay awake but he fell short and passed out after a minute or two, and left Severstal to do as she pleased with him. She enjoyed herself fondly for about an hour before turning in for the night. She wasn't too tired but wanted to dream desperately, they help her drive much towards their future. Anatoly woke up and found his body aching, something he hadn't felt in a while and enjoyed it. He labored away organizing his stuff more and cleaning up anything he could to pass time. He became so bored out of his mind that he made a maid's outfit out of towels, sheets, tape and dress shoes without the tongue. Severstal woke up and instantly questioned him.

"I was so bored I made this to go along with my cleaning." He went back to dusting the dresser for the fourth time.

"Why didn't you play the game?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Play with me, then."

"Play the game, right?"

"Yes what else?"

"Play with '*you*'."

"No, let's shoot each other." She picked up a controller and waited for him to sync his controller and sign in. "I'm waiting for you to set it up." He set up a lobby on Wet Work and started the game. "You don't look interested, why not?"

"My brother and I played the shit out of this game."

"Well you haven't seen me."

"No, just a warning my brother never beat me in this game." She whooped his ass 71 in 16. "HOW THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT?!" He was completely flabbergasted. Severstal was laughing.

"I wish I did bet down on that!"

"WHY?! WHAT would you BET?!" He asked loud and mystified.

"Five kids! If I won we'd have five more to your limit!" He shook his head no with it slumped down.

"I wouldn't have agreed to that!"

"So if you did what would you bet?"

"Five away from any you added." They laughed at how the situation had turned.

"I still can't believe you're still wearing that damn thing." She picked at his rag-tag outfit.

"It's better than it looks, actually pretty comfy."

"Well I don't think it's revealing enough." She chipped in tugging at his pants under the outfit.

"It'll be more revealing next time I throw it on, alright?" She uttered an unsatisfied grunt then picked up the controller.

"Again! That was fun!"

"Definitely a challenge. Maybe you won't be so lucky next round!" He taunted invoking her to taunt and then put their skills to the test. She whooped him again but only marginally. A few more rounds later and were equal rivals, but right as the all or nothing game was starting up Severstal put down the controller pulled out of the port out to the open sea.

“Next one’s a long ways away, sweetheart.”

“Alright then, I’ve had enough anyway. I’ll probably eat something I’m starving.” He went to the kitchen and started lunch. Severstal thought about children more and more, craving to just have one already.

“Uuuhhhhggg!”

“You alright honey?”

“I just want a kid now! I can’t wait I’ve waited long enough!” She’s been sexually active all her service and fought her urges day after day when she had a crew. At times at the harbor she refused to let anyone board so nothing would be forced on them. She’s told Anatoly this beforehand but he never first hand saw her need festering that strongly until now, and felt sorry, very sorry.

“Hey uhh, Severstal?”

“What?” She sounded distraught and miserable.

“I did some looking around…”

“New recipe?” He’d talked before about learning and teaching her some courses and her vice versa and thought this even though she’s in heat because where he is.

“N-no, actually-” he paused, turning off the oven knowing what she’ll do next. “We only need to feed it about ninety-six percent…”

“So that means..?”

“Uh-hhuumppffrr!” She swarmed him with her tendrils, yanking off his outfit, pulling off his clothes, making out with him intensely, rubbing her clit on his bare skin to get a feel of him immediately.

“Bed!-(kiss)-The bed!” She groaned, pulling and pushing him through the hallway and then into the bunk with the vast assortment of manipulators relaying him along. He hit the mattress and he pushed off his underwear to release his huge aching cock craving to fulfill its natural duty.

“Do it sweetie!” She plunged him deep inside her, opening it all and baking his dick in her festered heat phase now being released. “So fucking hot!”

“SO FUCKING BIG!” She yells as he rolls her over and power fucks her a solid ten minutes and he still didn’t cum. “WHAT THE FUCK IS TAKING SO LONG! FFUUCCKK!” He felt it must have been the huge amount of her hot and extremely slick precum. Her fluids had breached his nerves within the first thirty second and he never felt better. He felt her start to constrict him strongly and heat up more, her voice must have been heard everywhere in her halls and corridors.

“Cum my love, cum my love! I’ll keep going let yourself free!” He tried encouraging her. Her intensity increased immensely, until she rocketed out her cum to the wall a meter from the bed post, he didn’t notice but felt himself growing closer. “Close! It’s getting close!” She assisted him bang her squeaky clean, pushing and pulling him in and out rapidly. “It’s here it’s HERE!” He clenched as his brain was hit with cumming inside her. It was like nothing he’d felt before. Severstal felt an enormous surge of… Anatoly. The fluids that seeped into him had altered the dosage of seamen to be a greater volume. He kept on pouring in while every ounce he oozed she felt and drooled over it. It was like nothing she’d conceived before, a new sensation altogether that no one could recreate. It was. Magnificent.

“Ooohhh, AAAnatooly! I’ve never been high but! This is definitely better! WAAAAAY BBEEEEETTTER!” She had to have him feel it. She opened up her nervous tap probe and inserted it to share her pleasure of drawing his seed deeper and deeper and deeper into her piping. He moaned and slumped over her vagina, drooling and licking her tendril’s side.

“Hhholy-shhh,” He felt his little present travels through her, and he felt her, all of her, all of it. They felt and held their breath, waiting for the moment of truth, after six grueling and yet pleasurable minutes, the feeling climaxed and Severstal was officially pregnant.

“Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you-” she chants in a low tired tone as her mouth moves to lock lips with him. They rest locked together by genital, nerve and oral means for what they want to be forever but Severstal sees that she’s moved faster than ever probably because of the adrenaline in the engines, and had dove to that special ‘sex depth’ she calls it. She breaks the surface and turns her focus to her love maker.

“Hey daddy, I’m too tired to do anything, I’m worn out.” He couldn’t find any power in his body to say something, his body just wanted to be locked and entangled with his Severstal.

“You look tired, dear.” An older feminine voice came from behind.

“Would you like to be towed?” A scruffy masculine voice also came from behind. Severstal looked back and saw the two ships from port; now that she had a view from the front she saw they were old 50’s freighters. She gladly accepted their help toward her destination a bit further than the freighters’. She was hitched to the couple and surprised by their power in pulling her easily. She closed her eyes in the evening sun and slept with Anatoly.

Fin The Great Typhoon II

The video game insert you ask? Well I had a shit ton of fun when my buddies reunited after a long-ass time of not seeing each other and played the shit out of CoD and it worked it’s way into the story for many reasons:

A. It shows how machines are much more similar to people than before.

B. It shows the competitive drive in Anatoly.

C. It brings them together.

D. It sets up a little game of theirs to play wagering how many offspring they’ll have (spoiler it doesn’t affect their decision it’s just for shits and giggles).

E. It shows that machines are versatile in their thought and mental processes along with being able to work hand-eye coordination quite well in Severstal’s case that isn’t gained by training or “programming” but more as learned by “growing up” and playing with their functions.

F. It was fun as shit with friends and I had to get these two youngsters into the more modern era some how so fuck it they game.

G. It’s a great time passing tool for them as well.

H. More reasons.

Gingyflame, porn, pregnant, Severstal, Submarine
Leave a comment

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Distress I

July 22, 2015 by Gingyflame

A little thing I wrote today, I'm doing something different with this and just bear with me on this, it'll get interesting.

Distress I

Jonathan looked at his trinket from fifth grade; it was a cylinder like shaped section of a tree branch with the bark shaved. Engraved was 'Jonny Reeves 5th Grade Field Trip 2001' and it made Jonathan think.
"Mom, can you believe it's been eleven years?" His mother looked up; they were in his room cleaning it before he shipped off.
"Since what, Jonathan?"
"Since this! I mean it didn't seem that long ago!" She looked in his hand and saw the trinket.
"Oh I remember when you were only two weeks old, sitting in my lap sleeping away. Time flies, Jonathan, it flies." She looked at his army uniform he was wearing, the ACU fatigue de-bloused and without his cover.
"And now my baby Jonathan looks down to me and is going across the world."
He looked up from his trinket. "Don't worry mom, I'm going to Afghanistan, nothing to worry about."
"But for so long!"
"Mom, it'll be just like collage. I'll be fine, I'll come back, I always do." He looked back down at his old trinket and thought what trinket he'd bring home from his tour of duty. He smiled and started rubbing his thumb across the grain.
Mrs. Reeves stopped rubbing her thumb across the trinket.
She wiped her eyes.
"He's not coming back."
She was pale from the moment she saw them, the two people a mother never wants to see, two Class A dressed service men or women slowly walking towards the door. "How could this happen?" She was solemn, dreary, in shock and was starting to bawl. Mr. Reeves saw the car from the garage and ran to the doorstep with a happy face that instantly went to one of horror as he turned the corner and saw the depressed faces.
"Terry he's not coming back!" She fell to her knees and cried, rubbing the trinket against her cheek. Mr. Reeves swore and teared up bad, he fought back tears as much as he could, he swore upon God, the devil, and after he heard the response; history.
"Poppa Reeves, JJ isn't dead! He's MIA!"
"We never should've named him after your father!" Terry's father, Jonathan, went MIA in Vietnam. The man that was talking was a close friend of Jonny and the family; he went in with Jonny and was by his side until it happened.
"Momma Reeves, he's not dead, we found his GPS signal where he left us, it didn't kill him."
Mrs. Reeves had calmed down after hours of bawling. "It?"
"It was a living machine, a sentient, as they liked to be called, one of them sentient T seventy twos got the drop on our squad. It came out of a wall and ran right into the second Humvee, pushing them into a house. Then as we're scrambling it snaps a shot on our heavy truck with the AT rockets in it-"
"What the hell happened to my baby!?" The officer woman in the living room jumped at Mrs. Reeves yell.
"A shot blew up his Humvee and he was launched into some building, he screamed in there but my squad leader dragged me away.., all the way to base." The Reeves saw him start tearing, too, and the pain and nightmares the haunted him after leaving his brother like that. He jumbled his words but his next message went: 'I snuck out in the night and found his GPS, radio, and some angle wraps' and that uplifted Mrs. Reeves.
Mrs. Reeves felt something deep within, felt something only a mother can feel, something that can only be described as: "My baby's alive! I know he's alive! Gods telling me he is!"
Meanwhile at this time Jonny is having a great time off duty.

Fin Distress I

BTW he left in 2012, this takes place in about May 2013.

Gingyflame, T-72, tank
3 Comments

The Typhoon

July 16, 2015 by Gingyflame

I know I've posted this before (incomplete) but I can't find it at all so I'm just re-posting. It has been so long ago that many may not remember what actually happened. There is some very weird (and disgusting) stuff that I added in JUST to SHOW what technology advances have come up (you all will know what disgusting part I mean it weirds me out too, it's just so gross..,) and to show how if she really needed to get something from a man she can. Yeah and there's an underlined sentence towards the end, that's just where I started up again after so long. Scroll through until you reach a point you don't remember because there's a lot of writing here (20+ pages).

Enjoy! Lots of sex!

The Typhoon

Severstal waited in her moorings for her friend to visit her as he always did. She thought about their friendship, she was the massive Typhoon class ballistic missile submarine by NATO but actually an Akula class ballistic missile submarine recently decommissioned from the Russian Navy but was still part of the North Fleet, while he was a harbor hand that was assigned to maintain her hull and deckings. She thought how he'd never been to sea, really, and would occasionally think of taking him to sea just as an excuse to sail again for herself. She waited and thought about how he an active sportsman was assigned such a dull task in the Navy, her mind drifted around all the times they spent together, she thought about maybe dating him even though Russia only recently opened up interbiology relationships and so far it's sketchy at best but still, it'd be nice. They clicked so well, it started off with finding out they had the same birthday on April 11th 1988, twenty-seven years ago, and their legal in a sense for a relationship and for some particular reason that's the only thing she could think of that morning.

"Anatoly! You made it!" She spotted him creeping in the snow dressed in all white, she looked at him with his normal cocked smirkish smile and restless brown eyes as he lifted his face from the snow.

"How do you always see me?!" He stood up and brushed his coat and pants off.

"You forget I have infrared vision, too." With the modern marvels and advances in technologies living machines have come a long way since their appearance in vast numbers back in World War Two, such as multiple vision modes, more accurately controlled functions, stronger bodies, more features, and Severstal's favorite feature not used, easier child production and a better sexual experience.

"No, I expect you to play fairly. Anything new?" He took long strides toward the moorings checking them for anything loose or wrong, before looking up at her 'face' to listen.

"Nothing other than the usual." Her massive conning tower bore a mouth about a third up and two eyes two thirds up and placed on the curve so that she had excellent bow and flank vision with partial stern viewing. He watched her eyes fade from a greenish-orange color of IR vision to her day vision. He loved her eyes, once light blue but due to a missile run through test they had been scarred a violet color, but that was well before she was decommissioned and her eyesight was still in top-notch order. Her smile was always nice to look at, pearly white razor tiger shark teeth. He crossed the gangway and checked her onboard moorings for any deficiencies and found none so he turned back to Serverstal for any last minute chats before he went to swab the decks. She kept her giddy complexion.

"Hey, Anatoly…" She felt compelled to ask him out but- to where exactly?

), Serverstal?" She couldn't get it out for some reason; she'd never been shy in her life but couldn't say those words.

“Ah never-mind.” He shrugged and went to scrubbing again. Their usual conversations included Anatoly talking about history; he’s a major history buff, the two talking about sports; Serverstal listens on the radio, and about world events. Anatoly finishes her deck and she decides trying to ask again.

“Anatoly… You aren’t seeing anyone, right?”

“No I’m not. Why?”

“Well… would you like too?” He thought for what seemed like forever for Severstal but for Anatoly it was two seconds.

“I don’t see anything wrong. Sure let’s date.” Severstal took a sigh of relief, Anatoly chuckled, he’d never seen her so nervous before. “What, was that so hard?”

“Yes, yes it was hard!” Randomly she instantly thought about his hard dick and followed up that thought with: *Really brain? Not even a minute in. Not even a minute.* She moved on from that and went on with the day, and was reminded of the hard dick thought when he went below decks inside her to help out a coworker. No other sexual thoughts drifted through that day, only once or twice more through the week but she got over them. Their interactions became more serious in terms of dating, and things were beginning to show they were dating but it wasn’t as much as the Admiral did.

In a month from starting to date she felt equal on the high want to sail and the high want to finally use her sex parts and fuck Anatoly, and the night Anatoly promised to come in the next morning even though it was a holiday off she talked to the admiral about getting to sail tomorrow with Anatoly accompanying.

“Admiral tomorrow is a holiday, the base is closed, I wanted to take leave and sail for a few hours again. Hopefully with one passenger if you will.” The Admiral was laid back and fair, and he definitely wasn’t against human-machine relationships. Everyone on base suspected that he was dating his American 1967 Camaro Olivia, and everyone knew officially he was when interbiology relationships were passed in 2005 with a age of twenty for both partners for marriage. He wasn’t afraid of sex either, he was boisterous and giddy when he announced he and Olivia were having a baby in 2008 with the best mood anyone could remember him having, maybe better when their daughter was born but still he wasn’t at all against it. But he made it clear there would be absolutely no sexual intercourse on base.

“A little bit of a short notice, isn’t it?”

“I apologize, Sir.” She literally crossed her fingers on all of her manipulators and waited painfully for his response.

“Well… It’s not like you go anywhere much, I would counter you without a crew but you passed those tests in ‘94 so you can go alone. It seems you may go. Leave at… o-eight-hundred and be back no later than twenty-hundred hours.” He turned to go back towards the gates then did a one-eighty. “No forget that.” Serverstal ceased celebrating and stared at him in anguish. “I have something better.”

“Y-yes, Sir?”

“I’ve been bombarded by some museum board or something like that to have a ‘Typhoon’ class submarine sail around Russia’s coast and stop at ports for a while to be an exhibit so-to-say, and I was going to have Arkhangelsk be used because it’s not alive and possibly offended by that but since you asked to sail alone with only one person then you could do that instead. It’ll be a six week voyage to some amount of ports that I don’t know yet but you and Anatoly can go.”

“Wait how did you know I was taking-”

“Everyone knows you two are dating so who else would it be? All you’d do probably is show up on time and talk about your service and that shit while he could do whatever the hell. You’ll start next Tuesday.” He [illegible]d to leave then spun around walking backwards to shout again. “And it’s about time you two bang.” [illegible] he spun around and left the base in his nonliving car for home to his beloved favorite girls in the

world.

Severstal would eagerly wait for morning to tell Anatoly the two of them were sailing in nine days.

Those days passed quickly and on that Tuesday morning they set out from harbor to sail up and down the Pacific coast of Russia. Anatoly had packed a duffel bag of his personal stuff like clothes and such while the base spared the food and life support packages and the Admiral personally loaded a small crate with a mischievous smile and told Serverstal to only open it up once they were underway. Anatoly was as happy as a kid in a candy store sitting high up in the observation platform while Serverstal was cruising at eighteen knots northeast heading reading the note the Admiral had in the crate. She smiled very dirty when she read the whole thing. They were expected at the first stop the next day but arrived ahead of schedule so Serverstal decided to take a quick nap before sunrise dreaming of seducing Anatoly. She woke at dawn and met a woman with the historical department that set this up. She explained the whole rundown of things before she herself started her shift as a tour guide; turns out her father was one of Serverstal's first crewmen. The day ran smoothly and Serverstal enjoyed sharing her history with the groups of people so interested in her, all sorts showed up it was amazing. When the day closed she was tugged to a separate dock away from the bustling noise of the city-worked docks. This is where she'll nab him.

"Anatoly have you seen my swimming pool yet?" She had set up a table with a bottle of Vodka and a glass in the recreational swimming pool room.

"Yes I've seen the ocean before." He joked with her eating his dinner.

"No, smartass, I've got a swimming pool inside me." He hadn't seen it, he finished his supper and was led to the preheated pool.

"Wow! A little out of place, don't you think?" He was flabbergasted that a Soviet instrument of mass destruction… had a swimming pool.

"Not as misplaced as your clothes…" He couldn't see her face directly but could visualize her dirty look, a sly grin and narrowed gaze upon him, he'd been getting it heavily the past week, and was handed a glass of Vodka before the door shut. "Come on, let's skinny dip!"

"Well…" She didn't wait; she stripped him all the way down. He wasn't surprised or was blushing, knowing she had internal sight via cameras placed around her compartments. He climbed into the Jacuzzi she had set and slowly shook his head no at the camera like *you naughty girl, you* and sipped the drink. She wasted no time at all prepping him.

"Anatoly have you ever fapped to me?" She asked innocently. He gulped down another swig and ahhed.

"Yeah I've done it I won't lie. Have you fapped to me?" He asked in return knowing what she was doing and excitedly waited for it.

"Yes, yes I have. Now, what if I told you…" She reached into the warm bubbling water with two hands and spread his legs for a very thick tendril blunt at the end with a vertical slit about six inches long to extend into the gap. "We don't need to fap anymore?" He chuckled into his glass taking another sip.

"About time." She launched the vagina onto his erected dick and then let on some water in the ballasts. The penetration allowed some of the hot water to slip into her slit and it continuously sloshed around inside her mixing with her natural hot silver lube that was on its own slowly seeping out into the Jacuzzi water. She focused onto his dick, he felt great… so long and thick! He throbbed inside her still growing to his full capacity, his head was wider than his shaft and she felt it pull upwards with every heartbeat pumping more into his member making her gasp and whimper at every movement. None of her tendrils came close to feeling like a penis inside her, ever.

"Aahhh! Oh baby! You get what you wanted?" Anatoly's sparking comment triggered her to take him in, and [illegible]ollow up was answered mmm-hhhmmm. He slipped deeper into the warm water; up to his chest, and [illegible]here buried inside his lover's pussy. She was tight, surprising for her 22,000 ton displacement, and she

was pumping out her silver fluid innards into the water all around him with his member being licked by some trespassing water and massaged by her tendril love. He thought to himself; *Vodka in one hand, sitting in a Jacuzzi, ridden by a sexy woman, what else do I need?* She continued moaning and pulsing on his rock hard dick unable to make herself pull off to launch again until he finished his drink and put it down. By this time the water was quite murky with a dull silver tinge and he was ready to do this.

“No no, love, let me do this, you relax the travel away.” He says leaning forward when she tried to pull herself off him. She did as he said and was pinned with her vagina tendril against the opposite seat by her lover; she moved her two hands to around his waist and waited for his next move. He braced against the Jacuzzi wall and eased out of her slowly, drawing more moans and silver fluid from her until she clamped down on his head refusing to let him go. Then he eased in pushing her forward and shoving some more water inside to mix with her with her grunts sounding from some source in the room. Then his testing was finished and he picked up speed with bodily fluids mixing with each other and water in a blurry excitement of silver white thrashing water and a swarm of moans and grunts and sighs in the air. “Oh Serverstal! I just want to kiss you right now!” She lashed onto his lips with what had been the source of her voice; a thinner tendril than the one on his crotch and on its side acting as another mouth for her. They locked lips and sent their tongues forth into each other’s mouth, moaning and whimpering. She felt him inside her mouth and vagina, she felt him above her, she felt him shielding her from above, she felt right there in the water with him; kissing and being taken by him. She felt his power, his intensity, his energy unleashed, then the soft sand bed on her hull belly but cared not; her conning tower still towered above the water. She felt safe, secure, protected under him in a way indescribable to anyone who’ve not felt like this before. Like nothing mattered, nothing could hurt them, nothing moved but them, time shut down in this moment. She closed her eyes and tasted his lips, his saliva, his flesh, she was there in the water with him as the bigger one watching over her.

They parted lips with her taste leaving a positive impression on Anatoly, he wanted to taste her other lips. He felt her grip on his dick tighten and constrict, her inside heating up hotter than the jacuzzi water, the jacuzzi water was a violent slosh of motion, he felt hers was building right along with his, and at his peak at the top she was hauling him deep inside with her arms and her vagina tendril pushing on his dick, testicles, and crotch. Suddenly he felt his hold slip and his boner dispensed it’s load into her chasm right as she exploded against him and she moaned in a grunting fashion and the water around them turned a complete dull gray by Serverstal’s rush of her bodily fluids mixing and diffusing with the water. They sat motionless for a while listening to the silence only broker by their heavy breathing. They call it a night and head to bed to spoon.

Anatoly woke early in the morning before they would be towed to the deep to sail on their own. He stretched and felt around for Severstal’s vagina tendril so he wouldn’t roll on it, he couldn’t find it even though the bunk he’s occupying isn’t much bigger than him.

“Looking for something, hun?” She slithered her tendril up his belly and his chest. He looked at it and smiled his usual smirk.

“Good morning love.” He bent up and kissed the lips and got a snip of that addicting taste. She quivered along his body when he kissed her pursed vagina lips.

“Ooo-wrong pair of lips Anatoly.”

“No it’s not!” He grabbed her leaking and winking lips that craved some supplement and rolled over in the bunk and laid it on the mattress when it switched angles for him. He shoved his morning wood up into her snaking pleasure, and then laid on top of it. Severstal was taken again, she felt secure again like last night, exactly like last night only less water and a soft mattress for her to rest on with him above him. She closed her eyes and was there in the bed under the covers with him, the cloth on the mattress filled with springs, the crossbeams under the mattress, his force thrusting inside her, and his anguish having to pull out of her. She reached up and wrapped her metal snake arms around his back and brought him closer to her imaginary hull in the bed with him.

ruining the sheets, babe!” He laughed pausing to adjust and noticing she was leaking heavily into the

“Fuck the sheets! I’ve got loads of them!” She pushed on him to go more, he thrusted and she grunted with the force. He felt his orgasm speeding towards him, he didn’t think she was at all close so he hatched an idea to please her. She felt his actions stiffen and stutter while his thick meat went more ridged and aching, then she expected the launch of his milk when he yanked it out and came in the sheets.

“Oh so now you’re conscious of my fertility?” He ignored her jest and picked up her thick and heat emitting tendril very warm and excited and shoved it to his lips. “What are you doing?!” She clenched her lips together, confused of his intentions. He grunted in a displeased way and shoved his fingers in and forced it open; his fingers were let in easy but when trying to split it she fought him half-heartedly; curious to his thoughts. He splices them open and plants his mouth on the gap and laps at her walls and liquids and clit bulb. Her hull shook and Anatoly could feel it in the bunk, every lick, every stroke, every probe… he loved it, he felt… pride, joy, power. She was indulged in his toying, his long drawn strokes and tasting, she wanted to feel what he was but at the same time wanted to sit back and let him take her away. She motioned with a mouth tendril toward his meat but he gently grabbed it and pulled it away before asking her to enjoy this. She accepted this and backed off and the two let time fade away. Later on she finally began to approach her orgasm noticeably; her moans became more erratic and a tingling of electricity was traveling all through her fluids and into her lover, then her chasm became stricter and her relaxed lips no longer held open were twitching close to shutting again, she couldn’t help but embrace him as her journey was ending. She was almost at the point of climax when she lashed up and pushed his face into her even more and savored his facial and oral movements as her cum shot out of her with pressure shrieking it by his pressed face at the sides. She loosened up and let him retract his face.

“Woa, that-that was, ahhh, unbelievable.” She emptied out her ballast and slowly rose from the water to her typical buoyancy just as a tugboat pulled close for her to hitch to and follow out of the harbor.

Their next port was four days away but only a three day travel if she travelled submerged at full speed. She decided that they will have some fun along the way so once she was clear she submerged beneath the waves and throttled to twenty-five knots, not her full speed but faster than her surface full speed. Anatoly had enjoyed a long shower heated by her engine’s radiant heat that was allocated to him; the only passenger, then comfortably walked around in the nude whistling a tune *‘doo-doo-do-do-dout-toot-do-do-doo-doo-do-do-dout-toot-do-do-dout-dout-toot-toot-to-dout’* before casually putting on boxers and eating a breakfast. Then after he was finished up there he went to the head again and brushed his teeth humming that tune again, it was catchy. He rinsed his mouth out and couldn’t help but sing the lyrics. Severstal was listening intensely; she familiarized it with the American language when they spied on radio communications in the eighties. She couldn’t help but feel alone in this and she interrupted him and asked what he was singing.

“Oh that tune? It’s an old sea shanty. It’s called ‘Drunken Sailor’ and it’s one of my favorite songs. Here I can teach it to you if you’d like me to.”

“Yes please! I’d love to sing it with you!” One of their old pastimes was to sing any old song they knew with each other to pass time on long dreary days in dock. He enjoyed singing with her, they sounded majestic together.

“Alright here, I’ll sing you the translation first, then teach you the English words and how to pronounce them with the right accent. Alright it goes…

‘What would we do with a drunken sailor?

What would we do with a drunken sailor?

What would we do with a drunken sailor?

Early in the morning!’ That’s the first verse…” He tediously sang her again and again and around the time of supper he’d taught her all she needed to know, lyrics, beat, accents, all of the pitches and tones, and then they merrily sailed the seas like swashbucklers. She couldn’t get the morning out of her mind; him eating her was glorious, stunning, pure awe.

“That was fun, honey, that was fun.”

“Glad you like it.”

“I also liked your little oral performance you played on me in bed.” He smiled his usual grin.

“Oh that? Yeah I thought you’d like that.” She hoped he’d be willing to go again sometime.

“So I got a kick out of it, how’d you fair?”

“Me? I liked it, very much.”

“Enough to do it again tonight?” She asked seductively.

“Oh I’ll eat you out until you’re sore my beautiful Severstal.” She accepted the challenge and he set up the scene this time before he went to eat a late supper. After he ate he wandered on over to the officer’s quarters where he set up some candles, Vodka, pillows, and no bed sheets. Severstal checked the time at around 2117 hours at a depth of 32 meters. She ‘climbed’ into bed with him, he was nude and waiting for her in that old laying on the side propped up pose, he hugged her vagina tendril and pulled it with him up to the edge of the bed where the wall was and leaned against a pillow and started his oral pleasuring. She shuddered and moaned like the morning encounter and slipped into a sort of high that made time die away from senses. She randomly snapped out of it and noticed that her altitude didn’t change or her course or speed, so she slipped back into his trance, wrapping a small army of arms around him like a blanket keeping him snug and warm. Their escapade caused Severstal several orgasms, around fifteen and eighteen, before she interrupted his fun.

“Ah-ah-ah it’s sore, babe! Aahhh it’s starting to hurt!” Anatoly stopped and patted the side of her tendril. She looked at the time and it was 0241 hours the next day, five and a half hours of nothing but sucking and licking. Anatoly himself felt aching and exhausted, he’d been kept going by an electric current in her cum and lube, and was also nourished by it at the same time. Her cocoon of loving embracing arms lifted him and laid him on the bed and spread open at the dick’s area letting the meat open up above the layer. Her mouth tendril smiled and slithered around to the boner. He said not to go the five hours; she wasn’t going too otherwise he’d die. She used her hands to monitor his health as she started licking the tip with her human sized soft metal tongue.

“Oohhhh, Severstal, mmm-”

“My turn now, relax love.” She plunged down on him and sucked on his meat. She savored his taste, her tongue mapped his skin and formed a picture for her mind of it’s shape. She rubbed up and down with her tongue on the underside of his entire long rod, a new taste startled her, he started to leak some precum and it rolled down and contacted and excited her rear-end of tongue. She quickly grew attached to the taste and moaned deeply right along with her lover. She felt his tense body turn jelly and started to blow him, rising up and down on his shaft pulling and pushing him with her tender lips and tongue, caressing and comforting him. He started to tense again but realized she didn’t care where he came and relaxed again just letting it happen, and when it did she desperately caught and spread all of it around on her taste receptors.

“Mmmm, you’re so good!” She pulled off to say, a string of her salivate connecting them, then she dove back for more, and more, and more. She continuously checked his vitals and he dozed out in twenty minutes. After about half an hour of snoozing and more blowing he woke, then when she finished him off he gritted his teeth and seethed out that it hurt like hell. She quit and let him turn off before wrapping him up in her blanket of arms and rocked him to sleep with the waves rolling her hull gently.

He slept for a long time, well into the afternoon. When he woke up he was hit with a playful ‘punch’ from Severstal’s vagina tendril.

“Morning sexy.” He smiled and tried to wither his way out of her mummy bag of arms but she didn’t budge. ‘ ng somewhere?”

“Uh-yes-the bathroom.”he pushed as hard as he could but she didn’t move. “I really need to tinkle, honey.”

“Use this,” she grunted demandingly shoving her vaginal tendril to his protruded morning wood head.

“No! Ah no! That’s disgusting!” He protested and rolled so she couldn’t slide on him.

“Just do it! Or would you prefer my mouth? Just-just piss already! Take me damnit!”

“No you’re being disgusting! How could you like that or want that!? Why can’t I go to the head!?” He demanded, he wasn’t going to piss inside her, that’s intolerable to him.

“Because you could wander! I don’t want you to wander about right now! I want you where I can control you and hold you!” She retaliated. “Now let me fuck that already it’s driving me nuts!” He stopped squirming and let her ride his disco stick with a disgruntled tempered frown on his face, he still enjoyed the morning bang, though. Right as he came a very small appendage inside her vagina extended into his gushing dick mouth and waited for his joy to cease squirting. When he stopped he felt it and screamed questioning its purpose.

“It’s used to force ejaculation for reproduction! I’m using it to force your bladder to empty!” She began its function of sucking and electrifying the area to numb it. Slowly but surely he began whizzing.

“Agh! Errr! Fuck you Severstal!” The piss stung not because of the entity but what it was that was pissing out.

“You did sweetie. Quite a lot in three days. It’s good progress if you ask me.”

“I thought you held yourself at high standards.” He rhetorically said still ewe about the piss he finished inside his lover.

“I do, but I know where it’s going so I’m not bothered, and I’ve got something special.”

“Alright I came…” He thought where it went… “Severstal… I c-c-cc-came..!”

“No don’t worry hun, it doesn’t go to any eggs.”

“So… we can’t have kids?”

“Oh no we’ll have hundreds of kids. I routed it to the sewage bilge tanks, that’s all.” He sighed in relief, and then the hundred kids hit him.

“We’ll have three, five or six at most.” He said seriously. She simply laughed and sighed.

“I know, I know, but I’m having around five little tots with or without you, just maybe not all at the same decade.” She said confident, Anatoly wasn’t so sure. She kept him lying there for a quarter of an hour before she freed him. “Now… Go to the kitchen.” She said, her tone meant she had surprise. He shuffled into the kitchen and smelt the aroma of a freshly cooked breakfast.

“No, no you didn’t!” He walked into the mess hall where a plate of pancakes, stack of cooked eggs, and a bowl of cooked meats.

“Yes I did sweetheart.” He was sat down in front of the food, still naked, and that implored Severstal to also be ‘naked’ for some reason. “I feel like I should be naked.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well you’re naked, so, why aren’t I?”

“You don’t have to.”

“, I don’t want to so put these on.” She tossed some boxers at him and watched him put them on. Then

she found she couldn't stop eyefucking his enormous boxer's bulge in between his legs.

"So why'd you cook this morning?"

"A thanks."

"For?"

"Last night."

"Ah! Oh and why are you staring at my penis? You know what it looks like." He saw the camera focusing a little lower than his bent over body head position.

"I know but- but there's something about it… it's just so interesting to look and think about." He smiled and chuckled then dug in to the plate. He offered to share but she respectfully declined the food. Once he finished he dressed and thanked her greatly then started to maintain her, cleaning and tinkering her internals. He worked all day but took a lunch break with Severstal up on the surface for some fresh air. He was standing on the observation deck admiring the view and watching the water slap and roll around her bow in its white foamy plume.

"You've made a sailor out of me, honey, you really have." She wrapped around his waist and put a hand in his, the sea mist and breeze had made his skin cold and wet but hers were warm and dry.

"I knew I did, I just wish we didn't have to go back, and that you could stay with me on the open blue." They enjoyed the moment and dreamed; oh how wonderful that'd be. "Hey sweetheart, don't you still live with your parents?"

"Yeah and my brother, apartments are hard to find out there. Why?"

"Why don't you move in?" The two smiled lovingly and cuddled a bit more, Anatoly thought about it; moving into Severstal.

"I could…"

"Please? Pretty please? I get lonely when you leave." She tried sounding desperate.

"Oh okay, I'll move in."

"Hurray!"

"The old man'll be glad I'm gone, mom will probably cling on."

"Take your time, I won't be going anywhere." After he went inside she stayed up on the surface to relay a message to the Admiral in regards that Anatoly's moving on-base but not into a barrack. She then dove beneath the waves and sailed on.

He fell asleep very late; in the following morning, and she let him sleep his day away while she awaited a reply from the Admiral that didn't come that day. They arrived at the port at around 2100 hours and docked a half-hour later. He stayed up and let her sleep, fondling one of her externally placed tendril vaginas on her observation deck to help ease her stress and anxiety of the journey and waiting. When he went inside at sunrise he saw a message from the Admiral approving the move-in but disproving another message that Severstal must have slipped in. He woke her up gently with a wrench on her pipes and asked her about it.

"So good news! I can move in! The Admiral asked my father about it and the old man didn't even hesitate, as I thought he wouldn't, and has already started getting all my stuff in boxes… boy do I feel loved. Anyway he said it'll be shipped up to the next port, it's past the base, and I'll get it there. That worked out magically
"

“Yeah it did!” She wrapped him up in her arms and squeezed gently as not to pop him. “But what’s the bad news?”

“Something about a baby, what’s that about?” She was confused, she never asked for a baby.

“I never asked for a baby, only what would we do with one… what’s it say?”

“No baby, nowhere to put a-oh okay I see, yeah I just read the first part. It says a humorph would be appropriate but a full blown submorph would not be acceptable at all. There’s no room basically. So how do we determine what form it’ll be?”

“We know a lot more now than we did back then in the beginning. We used to think it was specific traits you’d put into me via sex at specific times during pregnancy but now it’s known that’s not true. The mother will form the baby to be one of her type, but it changes on the fathers dosage, like a mold being bent out of place, but it’ll change back to the original form over time so if we want a baby you’d need to make sweet, sweet love to me every night or we might fuck up and it could be a huge baby. But if it’s every night it’ll be maybe a little bit bigger than you fully grown or about your size. So if we’re having one it’ll be every night and you WILL follow through with it. I’m having a child one easy way or another rape filled one, I’m not having my child taken from me alive.” He recoiled at the thought of nine months straight of sex, it turned him on but he knew it may get sore for him fast.

“Well that’s nice… I’ll uh, change right? So I’m not so… fragile?”

“Sure I’ll fix you. That’s a long letter for that stuff what else is there?”

“It just lists my duties onboard, tidiness, maintenance, uhhh invasion of privacy obviously you can see everywhere, that stuff. Well it’s show time! Let’s go sharing!” They worked through the day talking to another variety of people and machines, very few seemed uninterested, and those that did found something interesting in the huge assortment of systems and weapons and features. Severstal felt a greater want for children when she was playing and entertaining children all day, teaching them how to slide down ladders, run through the halls, close and open doors, and where to hide for hide and seek with the other kids, she of course let some win when it was her turn but she loved them, they made her day great. And she brought it up with Anatoly again that night at the table.

“I really really *reeaalllly* want a kid!” She pleaded him, she was asking to start it as soon as possible.

“So do I but we’ve got a duty and we can’t just put it off or find time to bang every night! I’m not physically ready, either, you’d need to fix me up or I might fail on you and myself. I’ll make a deal with you now; we’ll start right after our last stop. Is that alright?” She swarmed him with a multitude of tendrils and kissed him.

“Mmm-yes! Yes! Yes! Promise me that! Promise!” He shook his head yes. “Yees! Now… let’s start on some practice!” She ripped open his fly and dropped her vagina on his still limp dick, stuffed his sausage inside her buns, and waited for it to ripen. She was continuously moaning and drawing the whole time he righted himself inside her, then she slid on him nonstop when he was hard and ready. She decided to open up her ‘cervix’, it wasn’t actually the cervix but it acted as the old German cervix’s where it prevented against pregnancy but enhanced the sexual feeling and pleasure supposedly for both partners, and they’re about to find out.

“Hoooo-sshhhiiitttt!” Severstal opened up the reserve and surrounded his cock in heaven. “FFFFFFuuuuccccckkk!Damn that’s good!” She was caressing and vibrating his package stuffed deep inside her soaking wet depths, he was sent into a high with a mixture of dopamine and fluids emitted into his bloodstream at his cock.

“Severstal… Oh fuck… Severstal, this is, ohhhh… Oh this is awesome…” She painfully rose on him, drawing protesting wails and whines from both of them then found enough strength to plow him rapidly, nonstop, filling the room and adjoining halls with pleasant screams and wails.

_K ME OH FUCK ME!” He did as she cried and tossed her tendril on the table top and banged her

sideways. “OOOH ANATOLY!”

“SEVERSTAL!” She was draining out onto the table, the floor, splattering everywhere with each of his intense thrusts. The two could feel each other’s time building evenly, the reserve must have synced their time, and she felt herself underneath his body being ravaged by his graceful might, her whole hull rocked in the harbor offshore in response to him. She occasionally caught her primary mouth drooling and her eyes rolling into the back of their mounts.

Anatoly felt all of her smooth graceful textures inside her amazingly tight and gripping cunt, all the reception buds of that magical life element, the slick hot coolant that filled her, a small recession in the bottom of her clit sinking it in at his push, and some suction tugging at his head. He wasn’t trusting of where that suction is going, and waited for the right moment to switch it up. Soon after the two were mounting in almost unbearable teasing wanting to cum so deep inside, but he changed his seemingly set mind and rushed his dick out leaving the tendril trying to follow and ride him more but he yanked it up to his mouth and French kissed it deeply and lovingly. One of her hands that went to pull his cock back into place latched onto it but changed rolls loosening the grasp and began stroking and caressing his meat in a hand-job. She was practically screaming when he reached as far as he could into her with his tongue and was trying to flip her vagina inside out with his sucking and eating. She couldn’t take any more, she let herself go and exploded against his face, drenching it and his clothes and spraying her silver goodness all around. He was tensed up from her reciprocating hand loving his boner, he went limp and sprawled into the chair behind him gushing streaks of white gloppy cum out onto the floor and edge of the table, her pussy still locked in his lips. They sat there breathing heavily and regrouping after such excruciating fun. Severstal noticed that she had sunk to the harbor bed, but still rose well above the water.

“Whenever we fuck, sweetie, I think I dive under, like some protection.” She paused every now and then to gasp.

“Stealth sex then.” He chuckled. “We’re stealth lovers.”

“Yeah, we are, damn that was good!”

“Kinda wanna start now.” He said aghast of air referring to a child. “The only thing is how?”

“You don’t pull out-”

“I know that but I mean.., how would it survive? What would it eat? Where would it sleep? How would we feed it? The message mentioned no suitable uranium rods would be fit for a sub that small and changing, so how?”

“I’ll tell you, I’ve thought about those for years. First birthing wouldn’t be bad, water helps but I’d breastfeed it first, that’s the first power source is me, so I would power it.”

“But that won’t last forever, or solves where it’d fit.”

“Probably next to me as a sub, within my reach. I always thought that I’d be able to carry it along until it was large enough for good sized uranium cells but now… as a humorph… I’d keep it inside my hull; still breast feed it but not, not as much obviously. I’m sure we would find some food for it. I mean, I can eat human food and use it as fuel, why not a humorph?”

“Yeah, that’ll work then, I guess.” He nodded and thought about where she’d birth it, she must have a hundred or so ports all around her hull. “Where would you birth it?”

“I can only grow it inside my vagina, which is at the underside of my hull exterior at about… mmmm…” She was feeling herself around the outside to place it right. “Midway in between my two prop shafts, right below my asshole.” He nodded then stopped.

’ ’t your *asshole*?”

“Yes, I have an asshole, why’s that hard to believe?”

“What the hell do you use it for?”

“Ejections, it’s all manually loaded, not autonomous where I eat your sperm and I shit it out my ass-end. I can dump my rods into it as a failsafe, it’s lead lined and thick, but I shat out my rods into containers when I was getting them changed out. I think that’s what it was meant to do but it’s still sensitive.”

“How do you know that?”

“Well one time I tried ana-never mind.” He smiled.

“Anal.”

“Yes… anal… it wasn’t bad I liked it.” She thought dirty again. “I used a tendril… I think you’d do better.” He was puzzled, as he went on asking how she opened a locker near one of the exits to get a diver’s suit for him when she noticed the time.

“SHIT! We need to leave! We’ll be late!”

“It’ll be fine, only a hour late it’ll be good. We can try anal another time.” She raced out into the sea and steamed northward into a near week long voyage. They took a break from sex over the voyage to let their parts recover and forget the feeling, almost, to enhance the experience later. They did have lots of face sex; they made out nearly every hour, and had to take a face sex break for a day, too. Anatoly had to stay up late the night they docked, first having to chat to an arrogant snob working as harbor master then loading all his things and his brother’s gaming console that turned out to be Anatoly’s now since his brother got the new one.

“Oooohooo, I want to play! Come on honey let’s play a game!” She was excited over this but Anatoly wasn’t in the mood seeing how it was 0412 in the morning.

“No I’m not playing.”

“Awww, pleeeaase? I’ll let you sleep in! At least hook it up.” He scrounged up enough to set it up to a small TV monitor used to keep the crew entertained on long deployments. He then started it and handed her the wireless controller and let her figure it out from there heading off to bed where she cuddled with him while playing a racing game.

He woke up at around 1900 feeling like a wreck. He sluggishly crept out of bed and knocked on the wall for Severstal. She had written down on a paper that this day would last well into the night and that he’d be locked inside for the whole time. He looked around for an inventory of that she left out: sandwiches, water bottles, other vittles, then read if he needed to use the toilet to ask for ‘it’ and he decided he’ll hold it. He noticed the game still on and checked on her progress, she had made a new profile named ‘SubDub’ and was halfway through Forza four already and working on CoD MW2 campaign. He found her starting in the middle of the story a no-go and switched it to CoD 4 and moped about waiting. He decided to work out to pass time, he hadn’t done anything really active except fuck his sweetheart, again, and again, and again… *Maybe I don’t need to work out.* Following up he did work out then wolfed down the sandwiches and drank the water noticing he’d just had a four hour workout and fell in the bunk out of energy.

“Oh do please work out more often.” Severstal said seductively eyeing his shimmering sweaty pecks, abs, face, arms, all of his sweaty self. “It really turns me on.” She cradled him in manipulators and arm tendrils before removing his only clothing, pants, and rubbing his dick with the side of her vagina tendril. “Are you fucking me tonight? Or am I fucking you?” He happily sighed and dropped his head into her hand-pillow underneath him. “I’m fucking you then!” She dove down on his erecting member and took in all his growing size had to offer.

’ ’t here in port?”

“Fuck cares? The tankers in front are fucking! They’re louder than us!” She sunk to the harbor floor and rode him, entranced in that feeling she was there bouncing on his joystick. His length tickling her deep insides stroking and expanding it’s tight hold while she seeped out her precum silver all over his mid-body and the bed.

Anatoly was truly exhausted, a good long workout and now this stimulation. He tried to stay awake but he fell short and passed out after a minute or two, and left Severstal to do as she pleased with him. She enjoyed herself fondly for about an hour before turning in for the night. She wasn’t too tired but wanted to dream desperately, they help her drive much towards their future. Anatoly woke up and found his body aching, something he hadn’t felt in a while and enjoyed it. He labored away organizing his stuff more and cleaning up anything he could to pass time. He became so bored out of his mind that he made a maid’s outfit out of towels, sheets, tape and dress shoes without the tongue. Severstal woke up and instantly questioned him.

“I was so bored I made this to go along with my cleaning.” He went back to dusting the dresser for the fourth time.

“Why didn’t you play the game?” He shrugged his shoulders. “Play with me, then.”

“Play the game, right?”

“Yes what else?”

“Play with ‘*you*‘.”

“No, let’s shoot each other.” She picked up a controller and waited for him to sync his controller and sign in. “I’m waiting for you to set it up.” He set up a lobby on Wet Work and started the game. “You don’t look interested, why not?”

“My brother and I played the shit out of this game.”

“Well you haven’t seen me.”

“No, just a warning my brother never beat me in this game.” She whooped his ass 71 in 16. “HOW THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT?!” He was completely flabbergasted. Severstal was laughing.

“I wish I did bet down on that!”

“WHY?! WHAT would you BET?!” He asked loud and mystified.

“Five kids! If I won we’d have five more to your limit!” He shook his head no with it slumped down.

“I wouldn’t have agreed to that!”

“So if you did what would you bet?”

“Five away from any you added.” They laughed at how the situation had turned.

“I still can’t believe you’re still wearing that damn thing.” She picked at his rag-tag outfit.

“It’s better than it looks, actually pretty comfy.”

“Well I don’t think it’s revealing enough.” She chipped in tugging at his pants under the outfit.

“It’ll be more revealing next time I throw it on, alright?” She uttered an unsatisfied grunt then picked up the controller.

g in! That was fun!”

“Definitely a challenge. Maybe you won’t be so lucky next round!” He taunted invoking her to taunt and then put their skills to the test. She whooped him again but only marginally. A few more rounds later and they were equal rivals, but right as the all or nothing game was starting up Severstal put down the controller and pulled out of the port out to the open sea.

“Next one’s a long ways away, sweetheart.”

“Alright then, I’ve had enough anyway. I’ll probably eat something I’m starving.” He went to the kitchen and started lunch. Severstal thought about children more and more, craving to just have one already.

“Uuuhhhhggg!”

“You alright honey?”

“I just want a kid now! I can’t wait I’ve waited long enough!” She’s been sexually active all her service and fought her urges day after day when she had a crew. At times at the harbor she refused to let anyone board so nothing would be forced on them. She’s told Anatoly this beforehand but he never first hand saw her need festering that strongly until now, and felt sorry, very sorry.

“Hey uhh, Severstal?”

“What?” She sounded distraught and miserable.

“I did some looking around…”

“New recipe?” He’d talked before about learning and teaching her some courses and her vice versa and thought this even though she’s in heat because where he is.

“N-no, actually-” he paused, turning off the oven knowing what she’ll do next. “We only need to feed it about ninety-six percent…”

“So that means..?”

“Uh-hhuumppffrr!” She swarmed him with her tendrils, yanking off his outfit, pulling off his clothes, making out with him intensely, rubbing her clit on his bare skin to get a feel of him immediately.

“Bed!-(kiss)-The bed!” She groaned, pulling and pushing him through the hallway and then into the bunk with the vast assortment of manipulators relaying him along. He hit the mattress and he pushed off his underwear to release his huge aching cock craving to fulfill its natural duty.

“Do it sweetie!” She plunged him deep inside her, opening it all and baking his dick in her festered heat phase now being released. “So fucking hot!”

“SO FUCKING BIG!” She yells as he rolls her over and power fucks her a solid ten minutes and he still didn’t cum. “WHAT THE FUCK IS TAKING SO LONG! FFUUCCKK!” He felt it must have been the huge amount of her hot and extremely slick precum. Her fluids had breached his nerves within the first thirty second and he never felt better. He felt her start to constrict him strongly and heat up more, her voice must have been heard everywhere in her halls and corridors.

“Cum my love, cum my love! I’ll keep going let yourself free!” He tried encouraging her. Her intensity increased immensely, until she rocketed out her cum to the wall a meter from the bed post, he didn’t notice but felt himself growing closer. “Close! It’s getting close!” She assisted him bang her squeaky clean, pushing and pulling him in and out rapidly. “It’s here it’s HERE!” He clenched as his brain was hit with cumming inside her. It was like nothing he’d felt before. Severstal felt an enormous surge of… Anatoly. The fluids that seeped into him had altered the dosage of seamen to be a greater volume. He kept on pouring in while every ounce he oozed she felt and drooled over it. It was like nothing she’d conceived before, a new
ation altogether that no one could recreate. It was. Magnificent.

“Ooohhh, AAAnatooly! I’ve never been high but! This is definitely better! WAAAAAY BBEEEEETTTER!” She had to have him feel it. She opened up her nervous tap probe and inserted it to share her pleasure of drawing his seed deeper and deeper and deeper into her piping. He moaned and slumped over her vagina, also drooling and licking her tendril’s side.

“Hhholy-shhh,” He felt his little present travels through her, and he felt her, all of her, all of it. They felt and held their breath, waiting for the moment of truth, after six grueling and yet pleasurable minutes, the feeling climaxed and Severstal was officially pregnant.

“Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you-” she chants in a low tired tone as her mouth moves to lock lips with him. They rest locked together by genital, nerve and oral means for what they want to be forever but Severstal sees that she’s moved faster than ever probably because of the adrenaline in the engines, and had dove to that special ‘sex depth’ she calls it. She breaks the surface and turns her focus to her love maker.

“Hey daddy, I’m too tired to do anything, I’m worn out.” He couldn’t find any power in his body to say something, his body just wanted to be locked and entangled with his Severstal.

“You look tired, dear.” An older feminine voice came from behind.

“Would you like to be towed?” A scruffy masculine voice also came from behind. Severstal looked back and saw the two ships from port; now that she had a view from the front she saw they were old 50’s freighters. She gladly accepted their help toward her destination a bit further than the freighters’. She was hitched to the couple and surprised by their power in pulling her easily. She closed her eyes in the evening sun and slept with Anatoly.

She slept like a baby and dreamt with her love on the topic of the birth and raising it, naming it, loving it. He was enjoying all of this until he suddenly snapped awake leaving Severstal in the coupled dream puzzled. He climbed out of her tendril jungle and woke her up gently.

“I woke up if you were wondering.” She didn’t respond immediately, thanking the two freighters that towed her. “So where are we?”

“On course, good morning daddy.”

“Hey I’m no dad yet, how are we going to pull this off?”

“Very carefully.” She chugged ahead of the two freighters as they adjusted their heading towards land. He went into the kitchen and started to make some cooked ham. “Hey, sweetheart?”

“Yes honey?”

“I-uhh, I think I’m hungry…” She was a little unsure of it, she’d never been hungry before and the strange urge to shove human meaty food into her mouth feeling that it would easy her twisting feeling in her mid-stern section, just ahead of her opening.

“Ummhmm, so how much ham do you want?” He started laying some slices into the pan. “One, two, three, four, five..?” She motioned more. “…six…seven…eight…nnniiinnneee..?” She retracted her arms and brought up a whole bag of ham.

“I feel like this, I want this.” He stood wide eyed. He turned to the small pan and turned off the stove top.

“Fuck that.” He carried the package to the engine room and dumped it onto a heated portion of piping and spread it evenly out and cooked it all fairly quickly. “It’s done babe.” She gathered them up and started eating, then devouring them.

m, really good, mmm.” She wolfed down the whole thing in a matter of minutes less then five, scaring oly a bit. He decided to cook his breakfast there as well and waited as she fetched something else she

craved to eat. He finished off his meal and heard scraping metal.

“Uh sweetie, what the hell is this?” She was shoving a metal bed frame down the hall.

“I DON’T KNOW!” She sounded scared almost but knew she needed to consume something metal to grow the child but, this already? “All I know is it looks delicious and I want it! I need your help dismembering it, please hun I need it!” He was cautious but recognized that the child was still made of metal and helped her remove pieces of the bed as she swallowed bit by bit.

“Do you think it’s wrong that I like this bed frame?” He paused and licked a piece, still tasted like coins, and remembered he couldn’t consume it like she could; he was still human.

“Hey honey, I uh, I’m not morph… We never did that.”

“Oh um…(gulp) do you want to do it now?” She offered as her mouth tendril chomped on a metal leg of the bed.

“Mmm, I don’t see why not anymore. Let’s do this.” He began removing his clothes while she finished her post and readied the correct manipulators.

“Are you ready sweetie?” She poised her injectors at the ready, inserting a nerve tap into his neck to try soothing him.

“Ready.” He held her hand tight as she sunk into him and pumped out. The process had been tried to be lessened in extreme pain. It had only gone from hell-ain’t-got nutin to holy-Jesus-why-oh-God and while Severstal also sharing in his pain only halved it and both were screaming away crushing one another’s hands. It was over sooner than they thought it was taking but once it was over she removed them and cradled her little morphed man feeling his increased weight with surprise. They calmed down and raced back to relax as Anatoly lost feeling in most of his body and was collapsing as a result.

“Here you go sweetheart, a nice soft mattress.” She laid him down on the first bunk they came across before her hunger forced her to continued eating the bed frame in the hall. She saw that the change in his body had left him trying to regain much control and feeling, and thought that she could maybe… jumpstart… a specific function in between his legs.

“I’m starving, honey, and I know what you mean now.”

“Mmmhmm.” She started fiddling with his soft member, twirling it around the base watching it thicken and stiffen. “Hmm, I wonder-”

“Wonder what? Why are you playing with me?”

“Just to help you… relax. Does it taste different?”

“So parched. I’m craving… oils?”

“Well then-” she plopped her vaginal tendril at his mouth. “Let’s drink our fill.” He closed his eyes and suckled on her wet split lips, purging them with his tender metallic-cored tongue. He sent shivers and shudders of good feeling throughout her hull as she waited ominously for his goodness member to rise to the occasion. Once it was erect to her liking she licked all over it, enjoying the new taste of metallic hints and flesh mix in an even more welcoming and homely texture to her. She tasted even more appealing to him, and even more filling and satisfying. Her glorious rush of precum soothed his stomach as he used his hand to milk her huge tube of nourishing sweetness, caressing it’s tender folds and walls to leak more into his mouth. He rubbed all around her insides until he found her clit and then began to focus tenderizing that for her, invoking her to moan and shudder at his cue. His feeling down under began returning to him and he melted away by her precious gentle stokes and teases. His eyes couldn’t hold open and they drifted closed, ining her whole hull shuddering, quivering, reeling and calmly bucking to his doings of her soft spots. It awesome. She toyed with his member some more, licking the shaft and stroking the head until it fully

throbbed and Anatoly started moaning. Then feeling like he had control there again she slid him into her mouth, letting his head push against the back of her mouth as it straightened out to envelope him. She reached to his eyes and closed them with her fingers, then closed hers and let herself shudder as she slipped beneath the waves to the sex depth. He performed flawlessly even though he was getting himself a real thorough blow job, he licked and suckled, lapped and probed at her whole slit and innards, she was gliding up and down on him, exploring every vein, indent, curve, bulge and ridge with her tongue and held him firm in her lips as she pulled and pushed his member around. They were in total bliss, continuing on until they came in unison and stopped there for schedule's sake. Still, it wasn't enough for Anatoly, so Severstal primed a fuel nozzle and fed him that. Sure enough it didn't take long before they sat in their next display dock and Anatoly was full and lively again.

They had a great time together sailing around Russia, and had lively nighttime pleasures almost every night. Each stop was filled with interesting and exciting people, and the coasts were beautiful and romantic. Each stop was uneventful compared to the final one. Anatoly was waving bye to the last group of tourists when Severstal frantically called to him. She hurried him to the radio room and played a message to him, it was from the Admiral.

"Hey you two..," he sounded stressed, anxious, and heavily worried, "uhhuh, could you two come back……., at uh full steam……., this is urgent. I'm sorry but come back now. It's an order." With that the message ended, it offset Anatoly, too. They knew it wasn't like a military operation, he wouldn't act like that, and no this was something deep. They hurried out of port, banged for good luck, and put everything forth to home port. It took a few days to return home, all of them eventful nights, and came home to a foggy dock. It had just finished storming and when the fog visibility had reached the dockside, Severstal saw a dockhand, the Admiral twiddling his thumbs, and a strange man in a thick coat and full face mask standing at the position of American Parade Rest. As Severstal was moored into her old spot and anchored down the for rolled away. The Admiral was sleepless, tired, paranoid, and very, very concerned.

"Is everything alright, Yuri?" She never used the Admiral's name unless she was serious.

"No no no no no. Nothing is good, nothing is good."

"What's wrong? What is it?" Anatoly was also scared.

"Last week..," he trailed off he glanced over to the nearby garage where an orange American muscle car of the 60's or 70's was sitting. It rolled out and Severstal saw it was Olivia, the Admiral's wife, and saw that she was very concerned, too. The Admiral looked back, "last we we were threatened. A rock flew through the window and had a note that talked about us either dying quickly or dying painfully slow within the hour."

"How did you get here?" Severstal was worried, coming to the base was a good move, on duty personnel and checkpoints meant nobody was getting in, and with herself there nobody would dare try something.

"We scrambled out.., a neighbor call later and said we were raided by many men with guns.., weird guns…" Just then a little car, a bit shy of half Olivia's size, came out and raced to the Admiral. He turned to it and knelt on his knees and pulled it up onto his lap and bent over. He whispered something to it as he hugged it, it was Rosina, his daughter, and she was crying and hugging her father tight at his stomach.

"So who's this guy?"

"He is here to help, he went and got me some of our stuff from the house.., I can't pronounce his name to save my life for some reason, but! he's here to root out the anti-sents, he's got big help, big and old help."

"How old?" Asked Severstal with a smile, not much left around was as old as she was.

"Older than you and Olivia.., total."

"So sir, what is your name?" Anatoly asked as Severstal moved him to her deck.

name is Patelo, at your service." He turned to face them, and then he removed his mask and hood to

reveal bright red hair and capturing eyes. “And I have to congratulate you on your expectation, by the way.”

Fin The Typhoon

Again that one part I put in for simplicity sake, I didn’t enjoy any of it and it still weirds me out.

Anatoly, baby, Gingyflame, porn, Severstal, side story, Submarine, Typhoon
29 Comments

Little Miss Daisy

July 2, 2015 by Gingyflame

I’ve finally got it! Here it is yall, the Churchill VII story I started way back at the beginning of June. I tried to put in a good bit of dialogue but please don’t expect it to sound like Sherlock Holmes I didn’t add in that much; I’ve never been to Britain. Forget the jibber jabber and explanations and here we go:

Little Miss Daisy

Rodney walked around the junkyard exploring his new job. Taking a summer job in between semester classes gave him something to do as well as make some money. He paraded around looking at all the old shelves, chairs, bed frames, sinks, tubs, bowl, then transitioning into the old bicycles, motors, cars, trucks, busses and such. He loved in history and was on his way to a major in historical science. He looked around gawking at it all, spitting out dates and eras, when his eyes fell on one of the most famous tanks of his country: the Churchill VII. It was very badly maintained if it was at all, the tracks were rusted and one was lying on the return roller cover, the whole thing was rusting but the cover and skirts were rusting to the point it was holing. The gun was mostly intact except for the muzzle and the machine gun mount, the turret still had a spare track link on it here and there but most of them slipped off and were lying on the hull. Its base green coat was still visible but faded and chipping; it looked like a crocodile covered in fire ants. Rodney frowned, *nothing this legendary should sit like this,* he moved closer and explored it, opening up some hatches with great trouble, he thought *this old thing needs some tender love and care and it’ll look good as new*! He peeked in and saw an almost pristine interior with a few rust covered leak points, but overall pristine. He moved to the engine; very few remained this intact and pretty with an engine, and after more trouble the Churchill was confirmed fully intact. Rodney reeled back.

“Bligh me! It’s all there! What is it doing in a junk heap out here? Well old timer I’ll see to your restoration.” His job was really just to be there, it was over populated with employees and many had nothing to do but sit on their hands and kick the dirt, no one would care he’d be working in the back on the tank. He got an overall list of problems: rust, rotten seats, new paint, new gas lines, new transmission gears, new hatch handles, new hydraulic gears, new gaskets, a complete tread overhaul and realignment was a start, who knows about the batteries, lights, wiring, and driveshaft. He began by gathering up loose pieces and sorting them out, then finding a rust cleaning kit from the shed and working on the hull. He noticed it was surprisingly warm, not blistering hot, but warm to the touch and when he started scraping and rubbing off the rust the metal it molded and responded to his hand giving him a sort of buzz. Clouds rolled over at around lunchtime, and so he moved inside the turret to eat his sandwich, beans, scone and drink some coffee, as he sat in the gunner’s seat he noticed some dust on the side wall. Rubbing it off he read ‘Little Miss Daisy’ and a tally of three marks under it. “Little Miss Daisy, I wouldn’t think little quite fits the Churchill.” The tank seemed to shift side to side, followed by the loudest yawn Rodney has ever heard.

“*Yeeawwhhmm*, mmm, oh my. So, I assume you’re the one to be massaging my sides?” Rodney felt great.

“Why yes I’m the one, a great pleasure to meet you Miss Daisy.” He wasn’t shocked at all, one of his friends in school was a humorph, and he had the coolest father; a Centurion Mk III, and a humorph mother that was pretty cool as well.

I’m very great full of your deed, mister-”

“Rodney, please, just Rodney.”

“Well then thank you Rodney.” He shifted, even against the rain pattering on the roof her voice was beautiful, and her complement made him blush.

“Oh it’s nothing, really. It makes me cringe to see such legendary history rot away like this.”

“Why does it trouble you? Many have walked past without your type of reaction.”

“I love history, while culture is my primary I like the whole veil of things. I don’t know much about Churchills, but I know their basic principles.” They talked as he ate, he learned much of her history, role, and her kills (a Marder II, a half track, and a Panzer IV), and he told her of his growing interest in history, his major, his past, and soon after the rain cleared and he went back to scrubbing away. He got the whole left side of her hull cleaned of rust and paint leaving her bare gray. He came back the next day and had brought in paint per her colour request; a base tan-brown color, for a barrier against the weather. He applied the paint with her help, and finished painting in a couple of hours. After that he started getting the rust off her other side, and reminiscing the heightened enjoyment Daisy showed towards her rear getting rubbed. He finished that in the day and devised a plan to clean the tracks and spare ones. At the end of the week all her rust was gone from her outer hull and her base paint applied, her seventeen pounder gun muzzle was removed and her hatch handles were left there because of her sensitivity there, the seats were out and discarded. Rodney asked if her belly was clean, knowing it was her private region, and she assured him it was spotless. He worked the best he could on her, and did a good job, too, but he struggled with her engine and transmission assembly along with her tracks.

One day as Rodney was checking her suspension he asked her why she was in such a place. “I chose this; I saw no more reason for my existence. New and better tanks were on the field, new anti-tank guns were afoot, pin point missiles took the skies, and infantry zipped around the battlefield. I had no purpose anymore. I went into depression and got myself here.” Rodney nodded; he didn’t want her to die like this, not to just rot again in a scrap heap.

“Why don’t you come out with me? Get into Bovington? The tank museum.” She sort of shrugged her covers. He went to her engine and started scrubbing it of rust, she was quiet. She was pondering going with *him*, only *him*, he was sweet and gentle, fertile and promising, and actually cared. She turned her turret around and watched him crawl in with the hatch leaning on his back as he looked and scrubbed. His scrubbing made her feel good inside, she welcomed the old feeling of pleasure and love, she’d never felt intense pleasure but knew it got her going good on low days. He has done so much for her engine and she knew all he could have done was done but her engine would still be a mule to get on. Usually what she’d do is secretly rub herself tenderly until it turned over, but mostly she’d do it for fun. Rodney got all the rust he could out and popped out excited.

“Alright try it Daisy!” His excitement sparked hers and she tried to start it when a burning feeling in her gut ceased her.

“I can’t! It bloody hurts!” Rodney just realized his oversight.

“No fuel.” She realized as well.

“Oh well, not like I’d go anywhere anyways, the treads are locked up.” The treads were lined up in front of her near a huge vat awaiting treatment. Rodney had ordered antirust in a huge gallon and expected it to be waiting when he got home.

“Well, the antirust should have arrived by now.., I could try to get it.” Daisy smiled. “I’ll go get it, then.” He went off and was let out, the overseer felt it was too crowded anyway, and Rodney went home to grab the huge gallon packages of it, and drove back in time to fill the vat and use her help to submerge the treads.

“I’m so eager, Rodney! I never thought I’d do this again!” She was bouncing around on her many many ension mounts, so many in fact the nickname of armored centipede came around for a brief time. He d sort of attraction to her; she was interesting, comfortable in character, helpful and motivating. Seeing

her this excited and happy made him feel warm and gooey inside, he loved the feeling. They discussed how they'd get the tracks back on her for the remainder of his extended shift then he left; the tracks would be done in the morning or so. When they parted both felt painful and sorrow, learning to hate parting.

That night Rodney got home with his gut burning, it started when he left Little Miss Daisy and got progressively worse the further he got. He went to the bathroom and sat on the john waiting for that burning feeling to dump out but after ten minutes he quit and went to the bed. On his nightstand sat a condom package, something made him feel the need to take it tomorrow. Compelled by weird new feelings strong going and faithful, he put the condom in his wallet, changed clothes, and slept once his head hit the pillow. In the morning he had the fiercest morning wood after a dream of driving around with Daisy, it didn't subside after his piss, shower, or breakfast, it frightened him, but he felt it was partly due to his reoccurring thoughts of Daisy. He let it subside as he drove to his junk job with great perks. He stopped and got gas, was compelled to get another condom and female performance enhancers, and then went to the yard. He knew nothing was really going to happen and the need of the enhancers wouldn't be needed for Daisy, even if she was over seventy years old, metal beings would stay as energetic as a human in their mid-twenties, as long as they are physically maintained or healthy, making him think about Daisy's state being her bad condition. Her voice really gave nothing to her energy but instead her reactions during the actual intercourse, otherwise there's nothing. He got an idea and stopped by another store before he went to the junkyard. He marched up to Daisy's point and was met by a very eager temptress of a tank.

"Rodney! They're finished! Fill me up while I track myself." She had her spares on her turret and was sitting on her treads, rolling them onto her rollers. He smiled and obeyed her order and filled her up with the noise and thoughts of her engine working getting him hard, Daisy noticed this as he accidentally leaned against her pouring in the last milliliters of the gas tank, and smiled hopefully. She got the tracks on and felt as the last drops of fuel from the gas tanks slipped down the neck. She was ready, she wanted to run again, she wanted to move, she wanted Rodney to do it, she wanted him to enjoy his work, and her body was ready. They tried the engine, it failed to catch every time, even when she wanted it too and tried her damn best.

"Bloody hell, was it something I did?"

"No, it's always done that." She sighed just before a dirty smile formed on her face. "Usually I give it a.., jumpstart..,"

"Okay.., so do it."

"I think that maybe this time, I could get some help." She was looking at him seducingly, he met her gaze and it didn't say no. He started to untuck his clothes; she licked her lips as her mouth watered. She took his hand and led him up onto her skirt and had him kneel down.

"A little cleaning first?" He asked.

"A taste test for me and a scrubbing for you." She could hold back no more as he shoved himself into her lips. She let nothing stand between them as she reeled him in, instantly starting to suck and blow on him, and looked up at him with her green eyes giving a little enjoyment cue. He let his head slip back a little, moaning as he held her turret away while slowly thrusting into her. He was on his knees and strained to get his meat low enough into her mouth while still mobile, but they made it work with a little stretching on both ends. His left hand was on her turret roof and he moved his right to grab her gun barrel, and she had relaxed her skirt on her treads and tried to lift her suspension. He looked down at her, she was looking at his cock sliding into her mouth for her to taste, suck, blow, rub, and toy with but would occasionally glance up to him then close her eyes to savor him.

"Oh yeah Daisy, oh yeah." He moaned out, Daisy giggled and felt him start to thrust sporadically and his cock start to tense and quiver. She accelerated his countdown by sucking more and quickly rubbing his cock in a cupped tongue, until he came into her mouth. He pulled out just enough where most went into her but some landed on her faceplate. She closed her eyes and felt the tingle on her tongue and the warm comfort on her face, and then she looked into his eyes as she swallowed and moaned in delight.

"Clean now, again?" She asked hopefully, she'd never had sex before but she knew that sucking cock was

her favorite. He reached into his pants around his ankles and removed a small square package.

“Maybe later, now let’s get you going.” She looked a little depressed but it was a marginal let down, all she cared then was she was going to get pounded, and pounded by a man she would grind again and again and again. He slipped down and went to her rear but she stopped him halfway.

“Woa there, not down there..,” she took his hand and led him to her bow, “it’s over here.” She slid a panel under her bow. Rodney knelt down and saw a small dripping slit on the underslope, one of her manipulators was slowly rubbing a little gray ball at the top.

“I have an idea, wait one moment.” He hobbled off picking up his pants, Daisy closed her eyes and thought of his thick, long, hard dick way deep in her little pussy and this alone mad her pussy hotter, wetter, and squirm around an imaginary cock. She opened her eyes as Rodney drug around an ataman, she got the reason. When he got close enough she yanked down his trousers and laid him on the ataman and pulled it under her where she could see his face. She lifted up as he slid on the condom and fit it right, and then she let herself drip hot silver vaginal coolant onto his lap. He tried to get himself in but she held him there, slowly she bent his cock up and came to rest with her slit on his cock parallel to it. She slowly rolled up and down him, watching his face melt into bliss, her own face and body relaxed to her movements, too, and he saw her face show she enjoyed it just as much as he did. Once his whole length was wet and slick she lifted up and held his cock in her hand as she lowered back onto him, for her first penetration. She gripped him tight as she felt him break her lips apart, then he stopped her as she placed him against a sensitive barrier.

“What? Don’t you back out on me!”

“No I won’t, but, this isn’t supposed to be here is it?” He knew a bit about machine anatomy, although varied they all share a common standard.

“No, it’s not. It’s what you’d call a virgin wall. It will hurt, which is why it is still there.” Rodney shifted.

“I don’t want to hurt you.” He paused. “I could just eat you until the engine runs then we can get that cut out-”

“I don’t want someone I don’t know cut it, I want someone I like to pierce it, I’ll be fine, please, we need this Rodney.” Their eyes met, she wasn’t bluffing or showing and signs of doubt. He nodded. She lowered a bit more, the pain made her halt but she forced herself not to let up, she knew she couldn’t push herself any further. “Rodney! Do it! Just do it! Bloody Christ’s sake!” He acted to her face of pain and crying voice. He first pulled back to ease her pain but knew she didn’t want that, so he thrusted up with all his might.

“Daisy!”

“Rodney!” She screamed as her virgin wall tore open and she fell to her ‘knees’ on Rodney, pushing the ataman feet into the dirt a little. Rodney was sent into bliss as his whole dick sat and cooked in her tight glorious pussy, he moaned as she shifted around making sure the entire virgin wall was open. He looked in her eyes and saw a veil of pain but beneath it was a message of joy, desire, love, and the things that made her pain worth it to her. She lifted up and moaned as his size and presence was eagerly welcomed. Rodney looked down and saw not just the silver vagina coolant but a more brownish silver fluid, thick and hot; her blood.

“Daisy, you’re bleeding!” He didn’t know what to do, it was rare that a machine would actively bleed, except in childbirth for some cases, but mostly it took extreme damage to a very vital ‘organ’ in the system.

“I’m fine, I’m fine. I in fact feel better now.” She stroked his hair eyes closed and face looking bliss again. She moaned as he pushed his whole member back into her, maybe even to stop her bleeding he hoped. She felt the condom on him, it’s subtle and defying presence wasn’t tolerated by Daisy, so she decided to try to shred it off him.

“Daisy, fuck.” He moaned out as Daisy massaged his cock inside her. Her internal muscles were contracting on him in patterns and movements like corkscrew, milking, twist, wave, and such, tearing off his

condom. She tore bit by bit off until she got it all off and then ejected it out behind his shaft unbeknownst to him. Meanwhile Rodney lacked any drive to all out fuck her, he wanted to do that, yes, but sitting here with his cock being groped by this great gal was real good; he'd need more from her. He saw her clit bulb and smiled, engine vibrations and noise was all he needed. He reached down with his right hand and cupped the clit bulb, then he rubbed it around in between his middle and ring fingers before one of her hands shot to his. She moaned loudly, encouraging him to keep going and herself holding his hand and going faster, Rodney watched as her eyes rolled in her turret. Not long into it her pussy began to spasm out, gripping his cock hard for a second then back to the tight hold, this gave Rodney a great amount of pleasure and Daisy a spike of mass adrenaline.

"Oh yes Rodney! Oh yes Rodney! Don't stop! Don't stop! Don't stop no matter what! Don't stop!" Suddenly her engine started to kick and turn, then it erupted in a loud roar and was idling at full RPMs; Rodney wanted her so much more then. He resisted the urge to stop and pound her pussy in but he was one who kept his word, he rubbed harder and harder, pushing in on her softer region. Her grip on him squeezed, his cock felt like it was growing in reference to her pussy, it felt huge, then her loud moans reached a scream as her orgasm hit her hard. She squirted out on his lap and the ataman, warming his core up nice and making him feel accomplished. "Rodney don't st-"

"I'll make you spray, baby!" He pushed her up then he dropped down and started pounding her. They fucked for two hours, just constant pounding, he came many loads into her thinking he still had the condom on. He wouldn't pull out for anything because one, she didn't want him to, and two she felt way too great to try it. She came not as much as he did but she had her share. She would even start humping back when he slowed, but it was the vibration of her engine, it's noises, her cries of joy, and her attractiveness that powered Rodney to keep going. During the time Daisy thought he was too good to be true many times, but with how long he was going and the intensity to her plea corrected her thoughts; he wasn't leaving her. She wanted to bear his child badly and easily could have; her vagina was lined with his seamen, but didn't know if he could support one. At the end of the second hour Rodney noticed that her suspension was shaking and her wheels were pointing inward, he saw it as her knees buckling. He knew if she fell it wouldn't be far and either the ataman world break, or it would sink into the dirt, or probably both. He reached down again and stroked her clit, she grew louder and very soon after came for the last of the session. Her suspension gave and she fell right onto him and pushed the ataman into the dirt. They sat in quiet catching their breath as Daisy used her pussy to jerk off him one last time.

"Oh Rodney, that was spectacular. You did make me spray, again and again."

"Oh I fucking love you, Daisy. I fucking love you so much." She smiled and completely settled down on him. They interlocked hands and looked at each other.

"Rodney, I don't like condoms. They don't feel right."

"Next time I won't wear one then, or any time after now." She giggled.

"You weren't wearing one this time." She winked. He was confused. "I ripped it off you and got it out."

"So I-"

"Yes babe, and I couldn't be happier." Her eyes told Rodney she was lying.

"I'm sorry next time I'll pull-"

"Well I could be happier, I would be as happy as could be a mother." She looked at him beggingly, she was nervous of his answer almost dreading it. He was quiet as he thought, Daisy tried to sway his answer by gripping his cock more, stroking his hair, hugging him tight against her, and using a begging face.

He shook his head no.

' n't. I can't right now." Daisy stopped, she teared up. "I am sorry, I'd love to father by you, but, I've got
  gs to focus on before that." She nodded. He leaned up and hugged her tenderly.

“I understand.”

“Look baby, I’ll start up a family when I get a better job, I don’t want to risk failing a baby because we can’t feed it.” She hugged back. “Mark my words, once I’m done with college and settled in we’ll have one.” She perked up a little. “And I’ve kept my word haven’t I?” She felt better, better about their future, their relationship, better about everything. They rested there, after she finished him off for the session, and napped. They woke after a half hour and he dressed, she didn’t want him to leave and that sparked a thought from him.

“I got you a gift!” He handed her the bag he brought. The first thing she pulled out was the female performance boost.

“A little late for this, isn’t it babe?” He laughed.

“No baby not that, the other thing.” She looked again and pulled out a smartphone.

“What the bloody hell is this?”

“It’s like a radio, really small and it can send typed words, too. It’s called texting.” He proceeded to show her how to use it, what it all did, how she could ghetto charge it with her injector needle’s electric power output, and finally he gave her his number to talk to him.

“Nice, so.., anytime I want you, I text you and you answer?”

“Yes or call me.”

“Any time and for anything?” She wondered if they could ‘change oils’ anytime they wanted.

“Probably, yes.” They kissed goodbye and Rodney left for some olive drab paints to paint her with the next day. He was at the store when she texted him.

You could pant me white

Pant?

Paint me white

Thy dnt hve wite

What

Oh you don’t know txt talk.

No how did you get the punctuation

Press the 123 button in the bottom left.

Thanks! Now come paint me white tonight!

No white paint. Ran out.

Not with paint.

With what?

Sperm is white. <3 I made a heart.

.eally?

Yes! I want you so bad!

How bad?

I want you inside me at every good hole! My mouth mostly, but also in my vagina and even my exhaust pipes! I want to eat you and then I want you're massive size in my bow and my arse! Please babe!

You like the ! don't you?

No. I mean it.

Well… okay I'll see you soon.

<3<3 () c==8

8=====D () mines bigger.

They started sending each other longer dick messages before she ended it with a vagina picture tagged with 'its waiting.' He wanted to fulfill her fantasy but knew physically he couldn't, he could die from a popped blood vessel. Other than time he knew only one other option. "Baby I need you to penetrate me." Her face was bewildered. "You need to convert me." She frowned; she really didn't want to hurt him.

"Babe I don't want you to be hurt."

"I hurt you for our love, now I want you to hurt me. Please baby, please." He knelt down. Closing her eyes, she did it. When it was done he was trembling by her side. She scooped him up and cuddled him against her face, kissing his belly. She noticed something probing her below his belly. "I've got a thank you gift, baby." She smiled and unzipped his pants and instantly began sucking him off. For an hour he let her enjoy his candy, then he went to her pussy sand hit that for any other hour, then to each of her two exhaust pipes and banged each for an hour per pipe. Then she begged to taste him again and that was the finale. At around four AM she spat him out.

"Bloody Christ. Rodney I want so much more but I'm full, my tanks *and* my belly are full." She looked him in the eyes, desire still filled them. "I liked the pipe, fuck me there, again." He got on his knees and crawled to her rear. Her turret face followed. "And Rodney, could we slow down this time? He nodded.

"We should wrap up for bed." Her face lit up.

"Let's spoon after this!" He lined up with her pipe hole, still oozing from his previous visit, and slid himself into her constricting hole. She winced with a smile as he pushed through. Normally the pipes reached water boiling temperatures but because of coolants flowing through everything Daisy was only hot, not burning, and this felt very relaxing for Rodney. He laid down on her engine roof as she threw a rain tarp over herself, cutting her engine off. He started to fall asleep to her gentle throbs in her pipe when he changed his mind.

"Baby, why the arse? Why not the vagina?"

"I don't want you on that filthy ground! It's vile and disgusting. Stay here, babe, I like this." She wrapped her arms around him; he shrugged and went to sleep in her pipe.

As the summer progressed he applied the green splotches of paint on her but then their progress of refitting slowed and changed focus to loving and being together. Rodney had decided to move out of his apartment and move in to a garage big enough for Daisy and him, it would be tight but they'd manage. One day he topped off her fuel and told her the plan, she was excited but looked nauseous. They slowly started moving down the narrow paths; Daisy was complaining the whole way.

' ‘his is so dirty! Eww eww eww eewww! Gross!"

“It’s just some dirt, dust and mud, it’s not bad here.”

“Oh it is way worse than when I came here! Euhg this is disgusting! Can we clean it up, or something? Go another way? This is grooss! Eww I’m sinking in it! Ewg it’s touching me! Ahhg get it off Rodney!” She squirmed around in it, it wasn’t bad at all. She complained every meter, going on and on about the filth. “It’s getting everywhere! It’s just as bad as France!”

“Now I know why you’re Little Miss Daisy, could you chin up from here on to the garage? A crying tank won’t be very good for public view.”

“Promise to clean me first thing in the garage! Promise and I’ll shut up.”

“I’ll make you squeaky clean, baby.” She quieted down.

“You know, babe, the dirt gets *everywhere*. It may take a while to-” mud splashed onto her bow and chin, “pleh, ah, it will take a while to clean all the *nooks* and *crannies*. You better clear out the rest of the night.” He patted her turret to say yes. They got up to the front gates and none of the other guys knew that there was a tank in the back, let alone a living one. They treated her like a wrongfully convicted prisoner and let her out hastily; apologizing for things they had no clue of. Rodney got off and got into his car, it was a little 1976 red Volkswagen Beetle. He tied a rope between his car and Daisy so they wouldn’t separate and then they left. They weren’t stopped at all, only looked at funny by the one officer they passed, but they say on the side of the road until they arrived. It wasn’t too shabby yet wasn’t exquisite, it was cozy, and there was an adjoining garage with a guy who really loved his green and black Maserati, that he never drove, and would constantly be working on something that probably exceeded his mechanical affinity and needed no attention. He’d be blasting his music and standing in the open door in an oily tank top, baggy shorts, tube socks, a beanie cap over his shoulder length curly hair, and slide on Airwalks calling to any chick walking by. Rodney felt some sympathy for the guy and walked up to him, he was staring blankly and in disbelief at Daisy, he didn’t know she was alive but that his new garage neighbor has a tank.

“Hey buddy, how’s it goin?” The guy nodded. “Listen, I recommend going on home for the night. It’s ah, going to get a lot louder than your music can go.” He nodded again and went back into his garage to close it up. Rodney then turned Daisy around and backed her into their new home.

“Lovely, a very lovely place here. Your stuffs not to cramping or crowding and makes this feel homely.” She looked around, he’d barely brought much; just a refrigerator, oven, microwave, bed, bookshelf, and a nightstand, the bathroom latrines were part of the garage. “Oh look a drain, too.” There was a drain in about the middle of the garage. Rodney rolled up his sleeves and got some cleaning things.

“Where can’t I go yet, baby?”

“Nowhere, you’re my man and with that you can go anywhere and everywhere on me.., or in me.” She winked and smiled. With that he washed her down, it wasn’t much on her, and it simply washed off without any soap, which gave them more time to make love. They talked some more about the time for a baby, Rodney wanted to have it when his job was set and Daisy wanted to have it asap, like that night asap, and her main point was college is free and he had a good job now. His rebuttal was he’d earn less pay with his slackened hours and would be focusing more on school.

“Well you’re not changing my standpoint point, Rodney; you can kiss my arse on that.” He did, he planted a kiss right square in the middle of her ass. She jumped, his warm lips felt strange there, but were always welcomed there again. “On that note, choose your first poison, babe.” He decided to try something new that night. He went to her bow and crawled under.

“You love eating me so much; I think I’ll give it a go myself.” With that he closed his eyes and drug his tongue up her slit, drawing approving moans from Daisy. She quivered as each of his heavenly licks went deeper and deeper into her vagina; she looked down and saw his waist nude and his cock hard, erect, and tasty. She wanted to eat him even more then but it wasn’t possible, or was it?

ˏe, hold on!” He didn’t stop, he planted his open mouth on her pussy lips and sucked good as his

tongue searched deep inside her. He did this until her clit bulb pushed against his lips strong then he moved his lips to it and sucked on that real good and played around with it using his tongue. She knew she could not stop him so she took his long thick shaft in her hand and started a hand job. She worked his shaft fast, and thought of a way to get it in her mouth as soon as possible. She focused on her own joy, getting off as soon as she could, she stroked herself, let him ram his fingers into her tight pussy, fondled her nozzles and exhaust pipes, and braced for the strongest orgasm she'd ever felt. Her whole body quivered as she held it in, she would make it at least count, and went faster until she exploded on his face and went limp. Then she started her plan.

"Babe, you rocked me so hard, I need to piss." She was close enough to a oil change, a week or two ahead wouldn't hurt. He groaned as he got up and got a tray for her to release in. As her boiling hot oil streamed out under her force he got harder, visualizing the black oil as her silver cum and wanting to make her cum more and more, that's when a large tendril snaked into his vision. It had a long vertical slit and a bulb at the top, it was dripping silver coolant; her secondary.

"Shall we 69 it?" He smiled as he climbed on and let her move him against her face, he grabbed her tendril and plastered it to his mouth like it was an oxygen mask. They did this all night, although Rodney had to sleep for work in the morning, but Daisy sucked his candy all night long, enjoying every second of it. They went through the summer living comfortably there, to save on money Daisy insisted that she not have any fuel. After much pressure by her he agreed and while the sex could be a little painful at times she rather felt safer without constant fuel in her tank. Soon before they knew it classes started up again, and Rodney's pay lowered along with his hours, the time he wanted to be with Daisy was still there except he spent most awake time studying or working. One day he went out early to get Daisy a birthday gift and ran into his humorph school friend.

"You know Rodney, the car goes in the garage, right?" They laughed and hugged.

"Bloody hell it's been years, Carson!"

"Three years, three years." He looked back to the beetle car. "Still that old clunker scrap?"

"Yes, yes, still my little Beanie Butt runs better but not as good as my girl in there." He pointed to the garage.

"Yeah I was about to ask who changed you, so tell me who the lucky lady is?"

"Her names Daisy and she's a Churchill seven." Carson was pleasantly surprised.

"Wow, she's mighty beautiful then, you know if my pop hears she's around the two will never stop talking." They laughed some more knowing it's true. "Ah well call me later, I'm late for a meeting as it is." They parted, and they went about their ways. School was always easy for Rodney, and college was easy alone and even easier with Daisy, who can give first hand radio accounts of certain subjects and someone to relieve stress with. He wanted to thank her in so many ways and as much as he could but she never asked for much or anything extraordinary, just oil and some cleaning, and of course sexual favors happily fulfilled. Time flew by and before the two knew it the term was over, he graduated at the top of his class and that landed him the job he wanted oh so badly. That first weekend off from his job he knew he could make up the entire wait his wife Daisy had, and it'd be on the one year anniversary almost, too. He came to her Friday night with the proposal.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Finally, yes!" She was very excited, after so long they were finally having a child. They had long worked out the names and that it'd be a humorph so they got right to it, she didn't try to go for any of her enjoyment, she quickly got him to cum deep inside her where she opened for him and felt great, terrific, extraordinary as she became impregnated by her husband. After that they had some real fun for the rest of the night all the way into the morning sun. They repregnated regularly, and after a long ten months, a month longer than expected, Daisy gave birth to fraternal twins, a boy Churchill VII and a girl humorph. They were pleasantly surprised.

our luck, we hoped for one and got two." Rodney said holding his daughter Rebecca in his arms.

“I know isn’t it a miracle! Just simply marvelous, splendid! Oh isn’t life astonishing?” She was tired and holding her son Gregory on her engine roof cleaning him off.

“It’s interesting,”

“Hmm?”

“How Rebecca got all my influence, Gregory got none.”

“I think they’re two separate eggs.” She kissed his lips. “And that you need to call grandmum, proud daddy. Give me my baby girl, mum wants to hold her babies.” He carefully gave her Rebecca and went to the phone. He picked up the phone and looked at his family; Gregory was about a sixth of his mother’s size and his sister Rebecca was clinging to his side as their mom threw over a blanket on the shivering infants. Her bright green eyes combed over the children looking for any signs of need. She breast fed Gregory and bottle fed Rebecca. “Can we turn up the heater? Our babies are cold.” As the phone rang Rodney turned the heater up a notch and heard his mother on the other end.

“Hey grandmum-” she hung up after that. He tried again and again but only got the answering machine. Soon Daisy fell asleep and about twenty minutes later there was a knock at the door. Rodney answered and a slumping, shrewd looking old woman with white hair and a mahogany cane looked up at him and smiled wide.

“There’s my boy! Where’s my daughter? And why the bloody hell did you call me grandmum? Do I have grand babies yet?”

“You know mum its two-eleven in the morning. Didn’t you think Daisy would need some rest afterword?”

“I know how exhausting it is! That’s why I’m trying my best not to yell.”

“You’d be a perfect New Yorker, mum.” He said as she pushed her way inside. She waved it off and hobbled over to Daisy’s side quietly and looked at her grand babies.

“Ooh, they’re adorable! Oh Roody they look so beautiful!” She whispered to him, she may look like a ruthless hag but she wasn’t that bad of one, she was kind and respectable but would get her way if she felt like it. “They’re twins! What are they?”

“That’s Gregory, and that’s Rebecca.” He pointed to them, respectfully.

“They’ll grow to be big and strong before your eye, Roody. Mark every moment.” They talked quietly until grandmum went home after an hour and Rodney climbed up with Daisy and went to sleep. She hugged him tight as he snuggled up with his kids.

“We made the best things in the world, babe, the best things.” Rodney thought back on his life accomplishments, none of them even came close to this one. If he added up all the worth of the previous milestones they wouldn’t still come close to this one. He remembered one of the last things his mother told him that morning; *they’ll never cease to amaze you, Roody, never.*

The next morning they were woken by a screaming Rebecca, Gregory started crying because of Rebecca but calmed down way ahead of his sister. They knew he’d be more the quiet type right then but out of curiosity Daisy started talking to him.

“Can you say mumma? Say mumma, c’mon little Greg-Greg say mumma? Dadda? How about dadda?” Rodney was going to say *he’s only twelve hours old* when Gregory said mumma.

Fin LMD

little bit at the end is to show that the machine infant grows exponentially faster than a human at every .. Gregory will be equivalent to a twenty year old adult by the time he’s twelve and fully developed at

thirteen. Rebecca is slightly faster in growing mentally mature compared to a standard human baby. She will take the same amount of time to physically grow, however.

7, baby, Churchill, Gingyflame, porn, Rodney, twins, VII
4 Comments

HaM Ch. 28

June 5, 2015 by Gingyflame

Back to HaM for a little bit! This is mainly Inbred's POV during the trips and training.

Enjoy.

HaM and Es Sandwich, Please

Chapter 28

Frau had gotten Cindy's gun back into place after a few tries. It still had the huge shot gap, courteous of Alter Fritz, but Frau had taught her how to use her tendrils to form a shell to heal it back together again before mounting it in a cast system for her. Faust was strolling around and flirting with Anton when she saw Frau, Canine, Marion and Hansel with a little Sherman.

"Hello guys, who's this?" She smiled at Cindy friendly and Cindy's face lit up opposed to what the others thought.

"You look like my old friend!" She exclaimed in English. Frau translated for Faust. Frau was interested in this.

"Who's your old friend sugar muffin?"

"He looked a lot like she did! He had that face and body but he had a thicker gun and he didn't have that other stuff on him. Why does she have it?"

"It helps her, she has more armor. Where was your friend last?"

"Africa! We played in the sand all the time! Momma taught him English sometimes. His momma tried to teach me some but it didn't work too well."

"Do you remember their names, sugar muffin?"

"Yea! He was Geoff and his momma was just called Zwei (Z-wie). That means two." Frau asked if she knew any more German and she started counting and saying generic phrases.

"Inbred's missing out." Hansel said.

"Yeah he is. You think he's found one yet?" She asked as she wrapped around his waist.

"I think he's having a time."

_____

Meanwhile…

"Are you Corporal Ralph Smith?"

as dumbfounded; this girl tank in front of him was the most beautiful tank he'd ever seen. He wasn't into them like Hansel, but this girl, this girl could be an exception.

“Y-Yes, I’m the guy.” He stared over her, she was really wide with a curved bow without a hull gun, her armored skirts were also curved that way too, then her turret, he admired that turret with his heart in his throat. Her hazel eyes looked at him with a turret face that sloped on the sides like the Henschel Tiger II turret but her front looked Krupp designed. She had a rangefinder on her roof integrated halfway into her turret with a battleship box style housing and a periscope for her huge… gaping gun mantle mount hole.

“Good. Terribly sorry I pulled you from the front. I know your name so you might want mine, I’m Eryka. A new StandardPanzerKampfWagon E-100.” She smiled bearing her teeth under her turret gun mantle mount.

“Uhh… sorry for asking but-where is your gun?” Her face lit up like she just remembered.

“That’s what you’re deciding tonight.” He was confused. “Here, look,” she rolled up to him, he was frozen with butterflies running amuck in his chest. She picked him up and sat him down on her hull hatch to look him in the eye, “I don’t have a gun yet because there are two options for me and I couldn’t decide.
So tonight you’re going to help me.” He nodded and she smiled. “Thanks, it’s between a one-twenty-eight and a fifteen centimeter. They have a seventy-five as a secondary for both but that’s final there.” He didn’t care at that time, he just loved looking at her, her beautiful smile and eyes on a Dunkleglab base coat. *Hansel was right, I did find somebody.* They elaborated on what would be going on during their cooperation. He eventually climbed in through the gaping hole and saw the thickest slab of metal ever protecting his face from whatever would be shot at it, then he sat in the roomiest tank he could imagine. Eryka had ample space for Inbred to fully live inside her cabin with a twin sized bed, the seats as chairs for reading and the turret overlap next to his seat as a desk or counter, a small stove at the engine firewall, probably a bathroom somewhere, he saw her more as a sexy mobile home than a fierce warrior. He sat inside her gazing around at the range finder view port, the periscope view, a Machine pistol port on the right and left sides of the turret, an escape hatch in the back, and then his erected cock throbbing in his pants. S*o this is how Hansel feels… lucky bastard.* He explored her until a heavy truck backed into the hanger with modified bomb trollies hauling guns fit for destroyers.

“Jesus do they get any bigger!?” Inbred was absolutely startled by their size. The driver snickered something about a rat then mentioned the guns alone weigh more than the truck. Inbred looked at the guns then at Eryka who was sporting a lovely smile. “Is everything around here God sized!?” He thought about the term everything and hoped her pleasure spot wasn’t huge.

“No a few things are small.” He looked back overwhelmed by the two guns ready to mount and then around at the crew assembled to fit the selected gun to Eryka. The 128 gun was longer than the 15cm but was thinner and less imposing. The 15cm was larger and he felt that the space it’d take up would make her feel more like Marion. He looked at them and pictures them on Eryka and after much time he selected the 15cm with the reason in his mind as it made Eryka look sexier. The crew began working while Eryka picked up the huge gun effortlessly with what looked like flimsy arms, the hanger became hot with the amount of body heat excreted by the men working to the point Inbred removed his jacket.

“Damn! String bean!” She looked at his thin arms dangling from his broad shoulders.

“What about ‘em?” He glanced at them and hoped they weren’t a turn off for her.

“We need to put some meat on them bones, Ralph!” He prayed she could fall for him still. He mentally prayed the whole time the crew fit the gun to her and as they left, he prayed until she shut the hanger door with a slam. He jumped from his mental state and felt his loins kick on as he focused on her new look.

She noticed him eyeing her and took the first step. After all he was a cute little thing. “Like what you see?” Unconsciously he nodded. She giggled softly as he realized he was nodding.

“So-eh-um-uh, uh now what?” She thought about it, not really much productive things to do that late at night.

“Hmmmm.., get some damn weight on you! How do you do anything with those?” She poked his thin arms. ’ ’ve got real nice broad shoulders, good for building muscles. You won’t walk awkward like Heinz does.” ed went onto the defense of himself.

“Hey I’m stronger than I look,” she raised an ‘eyebrow’ at him, “I’ve worked all my life like this, I can throw and heave hay bales all day. I can and I will prove it.”

“Then it’d be more in your chest muscles, but you still don’t look big there, neither.” She watched as he lifted up his shirt and it hit her that she got his shirt off like that, she felt a little hot under the armor.

“I swear I am strong. I’m stronger than I look.” She looked him over.

“Neh, doesn’t look like it, still a string bean.” He frowned; he was thinking how to prove it. “How heavy were the bales?”

“Easily a hundred, some, but they vary per time of year. Some are heavier than me.” It hit him there; Eryka also came up with a test.

“Do a pull up.” She turned her gun over and held it out for him. He studied how he’d hold on to that, unlike hay bales this didn’t have binding string to grip. He jumped up and got a good hold, but inched up more to the top, and then he did some pull ups. Eryka initially watched his muscles form and appear out of magic but soon was mesmerized by his appealing body. She caught herself just before she would of started drooling to agree he had muscles. He dropped down and put his shirt back on. Eryka winced as he put the shirt on, almost reaching out to make him stop.

“See? I’m plenty strong.” He wiped his reddened face of sweat. Eryka wanted him, she did make the right choice for him as a gunner, and she wasn’t letting him go without her. She needed to get him to stay, she used Marion on him.

“What was your tank’s name?” He answered. “How’d you feel about Marion? Like impression wise, was it interesting or appalling?” He sat down on a crate and looked up to think. Eryka peeked down his shirt at his flexing body.

“Uuhhhh.., at first frightening. I mean I’m very quizzical, I noticed some things that just never made sense. We were talking of a name for her before she came out and she was disgusted by it, showed a crease in the turret. Then her gun would act up at times, I’ll get back to that, and Whacker was running to us from her radio and we got to her already started; Whacker didn’t have time nor knowledge how to start her. But the gun, Hansel ordered me to fire upon a Sherman but the gun was kicking when I hit the cable pull. That was her second biggest give away.”

“What was the biggest, then?”

“You don’t normally hear moaning and loud engine roars from the garage at night.” Eryka panicked, she didn’t want to blush or give clue she wanted him.

“That ought to do it.”

“It did, and I put them all together and was right the next morning; Hansel made her show herself.” Eryka inched closer.

“So how did you feel about them two?”

“As friends I would be fine, but they’re lovers so that offset me greatly. I mess up at all and Hansel could be mad, trust me he’s not at all nice mad and especially not when it comes to protecting her. So I was flustered and cautious, but it was all still weird and conflicting, but..,”

“But what?”

“Some people can make a heart change at a glance.” Eryka forced herself not to smile as big as she would have; she knew she did it to him. He was pissed way off as he stormed in but he did a whole one-eighty turn [illegible] he saw her. She changed him. He got up off the crate and she probably came out a little too much for [illegible]king.

“No wait don’t go!” He turned to her. “Not yet, why not stay a little longer?” He looked into her beautiful eyes and couldn’t leave, he didn’t want to leave. He wanted to stay next to her as long as possible. He walked over to her side and climbed onto her skirt.

“Let’s get used to the feel, then.” She nodded and helped him up on the turret, he climbed in and sat at his seat, cramped a lot like Marion but still significantly larger. She fired up her engine so he’d know what it’d feel like and to see how her new gun was responding; the life metal was slowly aligning to her and it felt numb. Not long then, Inbred was asleep, rocked by Eryka’s massive engine, and cradled by her warmth. She killed her engine, got low on her suspension and locked up, then fell asleep in the cold bitter air that has ensued them.

Fin Chapter 28

E-100, Gingyflame, HaM, tank
3 Comments

Luna and Decker Pt. 2

May 22, 2015 by Gingyflame

Here’s part 2. Scroll down on the day-post screen for part 1.

Luna and Decker Pt.

“You done painting your helmet, Kicker?” He had developed a certain intensity when he fought, he had a tendency to excitedly kick in the foot cupboards when he adjusted the yaw. Luna had adjusted to it but she was the one who gave him his name.

“Take a look.” He had a wide grin on his face and blue teeth on his helmet coming from the mouthpiece. He had painted blue blitz stripes under the eye sockets and blue boots on the sides of the helmet.

“Mine’s still the best.” Kickon said, his had razor points that came from the top to the cheek and flames from the bottom up to the cheek, all in blue. Kickback’s helmet was welded back together, leaving a scar that was the same as the one on his eye, and he had victory slashes on the air filter by his left chin, to Decker he had the coolest helmet. Kickout simply had blue fangs and blue tears rolling down his cheeks. They were all blue paint because they were part of the 501st legion, the legendary legion under command or Jedi General Anakin Skywalker. Luna and Decker formed quiet a relationship and mostly everyone they knew had figured they were in a serious relationship, and the clones that broke the sexual attraction lock were placing bets when the hanger would moan in the night. But it never happened.

Over time word had reached Anakin himself, and while at first it was preposterous but then he did recognize it. That small connection Anakin secretly had would come in handy later, after all the two pairs weren’t supposed to be. The war came to another stalemate, it seemed that it was moments away from ending and whoever strikes first will win, then the CIS attacked Coruscant and snatched the chancellor. The Kicks, as they’re known as, were sent to the surface to repel the remaining droids. After the battle they geared to attack Grevious’s lair but when they learned that they weren’t going the morale dropped. Luna and Decker were sitting alone together, cuddling up and watching the city light up as the sun set. Decker leaned over and kissed her frame slowly; depressed they weren’t going to bring the mad dog general down.

“It’s okay, baby, this war will end either way. We’ve done a lot for our cause.” She pulled him close and leaned him back into her arms. “We should just relax, baby, just relax. We should be taking a load off; we’re all alone in a quiet place, no one to bother us.” It seemed she was meaning sex, she was talking in a sexual tone, but she didn’t mean sex and neither did he. Instead they laid there together, he was moved to her neck’s roof, and they watched the world unfold.

babe, I’ve got to go do something real quick.” He slid down and gave her a goodbye kiss and walked on. He marched around until he found who he was looking for. “General, may I have a word, sir?”

“Of course, but one moment.” Anakin was talking with Chancellor Palpatine.

“No, no, Anakin my boy, mine can wait. Please, do tend to this matter, I will wait right here.” Anakin gave him a simple nod and turned to Decker.

“Sorry for interrupting you, sir.”

“It is alright. What do you wish to talk about, Kicker?”

“I’d like to talk about.., personal.., matters.” Anakin thought he knew what he wanted.

“Oh please don’t let me pressure you, good soldier, do go on like I’m not here.”

“Well sir, you know how Luna and I are,”

“Yes.”

“And the war’s end is looming..,”

“It is, go on.”

“I wanted to know if there was any way I could retire, her, after the wars over, of course. I just wan-“

“Certainly, there should be no harm in it. What is so special about Luna? Luna is the Gunship I saw earlier, right?”

“Yes chancellor, you are not mistaken. Luna is very… special. Luna is Gunship RHE dash S number four-four-nine-zero-eight-seven-three-five-two-two-zero-one.”

“The living one, ah… and you are obviously no clone so you must have feelings for her?” Chancellor Palpatine inquired, Decker shuddered.

“Y-Y-Yes, chancellor. We have… feelings… for each other.” He looked down to his feet, it must be so offsetting.

“Pick your head up, Kicker; we’ll settle it, okay?” He picked his head up, doubt in his eyes.

“Do not be ashamed, for there is no reason to be. I have matters to attend to with Master Skywalker now, but rest assured, you will see her retired from service.” They left him there, he went back to Luna. *That went better than I thought.*

He got back to her with a broad smile on his face. He wanted the war over now so he could surprise her with it. She hugged him again and kissed hello, she took him into her cabin and laid him across the bed they’ve made and they went to sleep. She had a wet dream with him and he dreamed of, well, running around Tatooine on a speeder made of Jawas while shooting food at anyone he saw. He always loved those dreams. Later on things were crazy, and the 501st was called upon to assault the Jedi Temple, Luna and Decker were horrified, appalled, distraught, and under specific orders. They were told by Anakin personally their orders.

“You do this for the Empire, and you will be freed. Fail and you are exterminated. Resist and you will suffer!” This scared them shitless, they tried talking to the other Kicks, and they just sat there silent. They were ordered to pick up a holocron and deliver it to the Senate, as Luna landed a group of clones raced out with the holocron. Two were climbing on when two Jedi came out of nowhere, one slicing through a squad of clones and the other sprinting for the boarding clones. Kickout silently blasted the Jedi with the laser pod he operated, right in front of Luna’s eyes. Kickback pulled her up off the platform; the other Jedi lunged toward them, towards the pilots, towards Luna. Decker felt how scared she was and instinctively to protect her he whipped the right bow gun over and blasted the Jedi. All before he knew what he did. Luna and hun were in
k the whole way back to the Senate. When they landed Luna broke out into tears and cries, Decker
ed her dash to comfort her, the Jedi’s face was in his mind.

“He must’ve only been fourteen… how… how…” Then Kickback turned around and took his helmet off.

“Decker, Luna, I’m sorry. I’m truly sorry you had to do this.” He sounded very sincere, the other two climbed out of their pods and went to the cabin, removing their helmets. The two clones in the bay exited, and immediately one dropped to his hands and knees quivering and crying, questioning the world and what’s happening in it.

“Ey-yuh, I’m not proud of what’s going on back there, but, it’s for a good cause.”

“What have we done!? What!? Why!? I-I-I-I don’t know!? I don’t know!” She enveloped Decker in her arms, she needed him there, and he needed her. Decker’s chair was lowered into the cabin along with Kickback’s, the clones hugged the tangle of Luna and Decker, as Decker looked at them he saw remorse and regret in their brown eyes. No one slept that long, hellish night.

Luna and Decker were sitting together, the Empire had been formed and the Galaxy was at peace. The clone troopers were sent to a facility to examine them for defects, but Decker and Luna knew they were being executed, all except the 501st legion and many other small teams of clone troopers. The clones also got new armor, and knowing that their friends Luna and Kicker would be leaving, gave their helmets to Luna and Kicker. Decker had saved enough credits to get Luna space flight. Technically she wasn’t retired yet and it’s been months since the Empire’s birth, Decker was growing restless and felt betrayed; he went to resolve the pact. He first searched for Anakin, or Darth Vader as he was called by then, and turned up empty handed. Instead of finding Skywalker, Skywalker summoned Decker.

“Gunner Kicker reporting, General.” Vader was wearing his life support suit, berating in that unforgettable way.

“It’s Lord now, Kicker.” Decker apologized. “I sense your anger, Kicker, your feelings of betrayal.., love.., fear.., anger.., you are here for our deal carried out.” Kicker agreed. “We have not forgotten our deal. As of right now, Luna is officially retired from service, your service term has also been ended,” a new ‘StormTrooper’ and medical droid came up to him and the droid stuck him with a needle and withdrew DNA from him, “she and you will be transported to her.., home planet.., of many climates known as Earth. There is a predominant species of humans there.” He waved off Decker.

“Thank you, Lord Vader.”

“One last thing,” Decker was leaving, he turned around and snapped to attention again, “the Emperor himself said the order of the Empire *will* come to Earth.” He dismissed Decker. Decker returned to Luna, a little mistrusting of the Empire but more over glad. Luna and him were loaded onto a new sleek Star Destroyer and soon were on their way to Earth, a trip of over two days at light speed. Luna didn’t know she was free, she didn’t know that Decker was out of service, either, but she’d find out soon enough.

“Wow! Baby look at it!” She called looking through the hanger shield down at their new home. “It’s just like Naboo!”

“Yup, just like Naboo.” He took her down to the surface alone, landing on a peninsula above the equator. They landed on stable grass in a clearing, a look around and a step outside told them it would be hot and marshy.

“Wait! Decker they’re leaving us!” The Star Destroyer turned and jumped to light speed. Now was Decker’s time to tell her.

“We aren’t a part of them anymore.” She froze. “You’re retired, I’m retired, and this is our new home. It’s called Earth.” She looked around, taking in all her surroundings. A large smile formed on her face.

“I love you so much Decker!” She pulled him to her kissing him and hugging him. Then a burden was lifted, she didn’t worry anymore, and her body was ready.

ve you, too, Luna. I can go find some food or people if you’d like.” She looked into his eyes seductively.

“No,” she pulled his waist belt on his armor to her side, “stick around with me for the *long* night. Just relax, take a load off, we’re alone with no one to bother us. Maybe even protect each other from bad monsters out there?” She had unbuckled his utility belt. She was undoing his armor locks when he got the idea.

“Oh, Luna, I can do that.” Her main blast shields closed then the smaller ones in the main closed too, he went in through the side cabin door and removed even more armor. She was wondering why they’d never done this before, they just never seemed to have any alone time for it. Most time was combat or rest or repair, what alone time they had was so wonderful to her that she never moved past it, she just savored and loved the time they spent together. It was the greatest she ever felt and doubted that sex could top it. As he stripped her hands felt his body, this time around reaching into his pressure suit feeling his muscles, shaven body, smooth skin, some sweat, his skin felt so sexy. Her nether lips began to water, and her mind ran completely wild with thoughts of sex. She caressed his growing cock once the crotch armor was removed, and unzipped the pressure suit to remove him from it. Soon he was kicking off the skin tight suit and stood proud and hard in her bay.

“Damn, babe! How did he fit in there!?” She was holding his gigantic cock with two hands. In actuality he didn’t fit in the armor, it was uncomfortable when he was soft. “Babe how am I so luck to have this!?”

“Well it’s actually not supposed to be that big..,” he waited for her to ask why but she was visualizing how disproportionate this cock must look on him, “it was because my muscles were shredded by a disease and the doctors pumped me with muscle growth steroids to heal them to their old state, but.., he was healthy at the time so he grew with all the others.” She really didn’t get a word he said, her hands were checking their measurements by themselves, unbelieving that he was twenty-five centimeters long by eight centimeters tall by twelve centimeters wide. She hoped she could hold him, cause she was going to get all that into her one way or another. He had grown over his years through puberty and adolescence how to keep his shlong soft, because getting hard left him light headed, just like then, and he never felt a lust that powerful; he was getting dizzy.

“Shit… well enough of this! I’m wanting you inside me so fucking bad right now!” Suddenly above him he heard something like a door opening then hot fluids fall in his head. “We are going to fuck so hard!”

“Oh Luna I am going to make you *scream* my name!”

“I’ll be screaming all night baby!” She had scooped him up and placed him on the overhead rack with his cock bent up on his belly, he was slid in and instantly his cock graced her parting with a stroke, prompting him to grind her until his meat was lubed up by her leaking. She didn’t leak much, almost none at all, Decker realized she was a moist girl, not a wet one, and told her to brace herself. “Do it, Decker, do it!”

“Almost-almost, damn! Got it!” He moved around trying to puncture her folds but couldn’t get it, when he did her whole frame shook violently, crying for him to go deeper yet cursing his size.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Deeper! Deeper Decker! Fuck! Fuck! Damn it! Damn that cock! SSSHHHIIITTT!!!” Her very loud moans, cries, screams and whimpers grew with her shaking the deeper he shoved. He focused more on getting in than feeling, but her compact virgin pussy made itself known to him, and he loved it. He eventually reached a roof, it was the top floor, but he had a little bit more left.

“Babe I’m not in yet! Whaddyou want!?”

“Take it! Fucking take it! Oh Decker! OH DECKER! FFFFUUCK!” He pushed it up, his cock shaking as it tried pushing her roof up, he eventually did it, and her screams sounded painful but her swift hands feeling his body, caressing his balls, massaging his shoulders, and the words she screamed told otherwise, of intense pleasure of a lifetime. He sat there, taking it in, her quivering vagina muscles, rocking airframe, hot juices that very slowly leaked out, her trembling hands giving him relaxing massages just by resting on him, all her feelings of plush and firm jello-like love.

“Take it in! Take it in! OH FUCK! DECKER! Fuck! Fuck! Take what’s yours! Take me! Feel it all baby!” Through ’ ›uivering she got and even bigger rush of dopamine, his gargantuan size just paraded inside her and ‚ ‚ up her entire hold, expanded it even, and she felt it wasn’t enough, she needed his all and more. She

also saw how he either would finish with a hand job or blow job, or… she'll take a pregnancy. She decided she'd take the pregnancy for him, she's wanted babies, so has he, and the sex was worth it, he was worth it, and as always the baby'll be worth it. He started to remove himself, his gripping head almost pulling her vagina lining out with it, his full shaft imprinting every detail into her mold as it passed, his head was locked about eight centimeters in when he stopped.

"Babe, this is-"

"You're cumming inside! Fuck, Decker! Hhhhhuuuuuu-yyyeeeeeaaaaaahhhh! I'll take it babe! I'll take it! Don't worry!" Then she remembered she has to absorb it for it to work. "I won't accept it into me! Go on babe! I'm not screaming yet!"

"Challenge accepted…" He forced his way up deep, and out shallow, then lubed up where he could power pound her fast. She tried her hardest not to scream his name, but he won the challenge and she screamed 'Decker' and 'fuck' like there was no tomorrow. Her pussy felt like heaven to him, and his cock felt like she was riding a torpedo, neither wanted to end but her G-spot was stimulated more than his was, and her gentle contracting suddenly snap-locked him in as her screaming moan overshadowed her near boiling orgasm erupting from around his cock. She poured and poured for about three minutes, moaning and praising the whole way. After she seemed to calm down and her pussy went back to the way it was Decker asked her a good question.

"You good babe? Can you take more?"

"Oh fuck ,Decker! I'll make myself take it for you!" With that he went back to his power thrusts, noticing her screams a little higher in pleasured tones. He power fucked her some more, drawing closer and closer to his climax. She egged him on, screaming his name and begging him to do it, to cum into her. He felt a tendril of hers move to his dick base and rub it right.

"Oohhhohohoho yeah babe that's the spot!"

"Mmm! Mhm! Aahh Decker!" He slowed, he quivered, and suddenly he came into her, she milked as much as she could out of him, extending his seed spill to fourteen seconds, and creating the best orgasm he ever had. He sat there quivering as his seed was moved all around the tight space inside her hold. She begged him for more, pleading with him to give her more, to go as long as they can; after all her lust was subtly building over the years. He agreed and he followed up on that promise. They banged each other again and again and again and again, hours passed, until they finally came at the same time. As they sat there rocking each other's world with an orgasm, Luna was able to focus her sight outside; it was outstanding. Decker was sprawled out on the overhead rack and she had her arms all over his sweating body, he was done, no more for a while. Their parts were aching badly and neither could go again.

"Damn do I fucking love you, Luna."

"Oh fuck, I love you just as much, Decker. Ah this is perfect, come on up here and let's sleep away." She brought him up to the cockpit covered in her love slush that took forever to gather up to a coating of him, and then laid him in his reclined chair.

"A beautiful view, huh sweetie?"

"Yes, perfect to fall asleep with you." They watched the sun rise, nether parts begging never to do that much again, bodies wishing they were in better shape, and Decker's brain finally able to breath with good blood flow again, that's how they fell asleep, and they wanted to sleep like that every time from then on. The next night when they awoke they decided to build a little home and find access to civilization. Soon they found out it was the year nineteen-sixty-two, and that Luna was pregnant a year later.

Fin Luna and Decker

[illegible]y much an overview of what Dak asked, only they left out the sex and all the lovey dovey stuff for him. [illegible]d they really told Dak was the battles, some stories, close calls and that stuff. This was all just like a time

lapse back to their love relationship.

Gingyflame, Gunship, porn, Star Wars
2 Comments

Luna And Decker Pt. 1

May 22, 2015 by Gingyflame

This is the Republic Gunship LAAT/i “Larty” known as Luna. Her backstory is being one of the first Gunships built, and took part in the battle of Geonosis. She is (unofficially) the Gunship that the legendary Jedi Master Yoda was using to ferry himself around. After Geonosis she was transferred to the 501st Legion due to an extreme amount of Gunship Losses in the 501st. She had the same crew throughout her past to this point in the timeline. Sorry this is a little late but I hope it’ll make itself up. Oh and the ‘Gunship is based off of’ (I shit you not it says so exactly like this) ‘ “many” modern helicopters, most presumably the Mi-24 Soviet-Era Battle Hind.’

It is a Battle Hind without the tail, squished a little thinner, blockier wings, and the intakes moved apart and made rocket housings. This, so to say, is my battle hind story. Only less battle hind.

Enjoy.

Luna and Decker

“So how was the Clone Wars?” Dak asked in his quizzical tone. “And why are we from here?”

“Well Dak, that’s a long story. I’ll tell you three about our origins and the Clone Wars. Sit back, it’ll be a long story.” Dak and Bliz lowered to their loading stance and listened, Zev huddled with Bliz. “Let’s start from the beginning… a long time ago…”

Master Gi-Ri-Sho set an orbit around the new life-bearing planet. The scanners read many intelligent civilizations on the planet below. It was much like Naboo, where it was mostly water with continents on the surface, only it was more diverse in climate. The indigenous people referred to it as Earth, and they were far from the technologies the over watchers possessed.

“The council wants us not to interfere or make direct contact, young one; they want us to observe their culture and planet.” The wise master Jedi said in a smooth voice, he was humans the dominant species on Earth and his padawan, Kippilian, was of the Twi’lek race and was a devoted and loyal learner but sought new and exciting things.

“Master why can’t we drop to the surface, to observe them on a more defined standpoint?” He jumped from the central quarters to the flight deck of the long elegant silver ship. He was short and large eyed, with yellow ferocity of a warrior making itself known with every glance.

“These people are primitive; they grasp the concept of civility but do not agree on it. They are constantly ng, and if they find us they will most certainly wipe their world of life with our technology.” He went back to studying. His gray eyes watching over every detail while his conscience hands carefully noted

observations. His untamed padawan looked widely over it all, but one blip crossed his path and caught his attention.

“Master, I think I found something,” Master Gi-Ri-Sho looked up where Kippilian was pointing on the display, “it says it’s life, but, it isn’t registered as active or anything. Only registered as alive.”

“This is strange. Perhaps a new species?”

“No master, this new scanner picks up all life and records it into the system, but this isn’t recording. Most interesting.” The master thought, the padawan was right. He got up from his seat and moved to the pilot chair and deactivated autopilot. “Master what are we doing?”

“Kippilian, we’re going to the surface to examine this.” Kippilian was amazed, excited, and nervous, but strapped in and observed his master pilot the ship gracefully to the surface and touch down not too far from the life source. “Come along, Kippilian, let’s investigate.”

“Yes, master.” They opened the ship access door and departed, cautiously moving closer to the life marker. They saw no movement, no activity, and only silver-gray metal ores. “Master do you believe it is a mistake?” Master Gi-Ri-Sho looked about and felt the force around him, it told him they were at the spot, and that this metal ore is alive.

“There is no mistake, Kippilian. Feel the force guide you, it flows through all living things, and this strange metal is life-able. It only needs some… guidance.”

“I suggest we take samples back, master.”

“I agree,” he withdrew his lightsaber and cut out a chunk of ore, “Let’s go back to the ship before we are found.” The two headed swiftly back to their ship and re-entered orbit. Master Gi-Ri-Sho was studying the ore but couldn’t find anything. He frustratingly tried again and again with the same dull results. They finished the day cycle of study and left for their home Galaxy. They presented their new ore to the council, who in turn delivered it to the Coruscant science community. It would be decades of time before the mysterious metal was cracked after thousands of cloned and replicated sources. But by this time the Galaxy was in a civil war, the senate was divided, the galaxy claimed, and the sides formed. The Separatists amassed a huge army of mechanical and programmed warriors, known as droids, with no sentiment at all. The Republic formed a clone army to combat the droids, and as the war escalated the board enacted a new card above the droids: self-thinking mechanical warriors. The scientists put plans for the sentiment machines in full ability to live life, to carry the survival instinct in all forms like the clones.

Decker looked at the Republic Assault Cruiser in awe. Its size was massive, stunning, and looming, but he knew the droids had stuff just as big. He looked around and saw the same faces everywhere, they were all clones and none looked like him, he was no clone. He felt like a real menace looking around at all the shiny white armor sets worn by his brothers in arms, and at his own, the feeling he was a part of this made him mighty. His unit was called to order and marched aboard. He was briefed and dismissed to his post, Gunship pilot, and looked at his new job with adoring eyes. All he could think was how hard could he push her? He looked over her and recognized many battle scars and the Geonosis assault tag painted on the side along with maybe twenty others, this old thing has seen some shit. His pilot appeared from the front, he was a clone with one eye put out and a series of scars around the eye.

“She’ll be up in a little while.” His voice was the same as every other trooper he met, but his reference to the LAAT Gunship was unique.

“What do you mean ‘she’ll be up’ sir?”

“She’ll explain. You’re not the norm, are you?”

“No. I’m a volunteer. Passed the exams with flying colors, too, sir.”

ѡ that. So did she.” He kept referring to the Gunship as she, not as anything else but as a person. It was

getting on Decker's nerves. "She was very impressed with you, Farley, most clones can't score that high. That's the exact reason she chose you as her replacement crewman."

"No more of this, who is this 'she' you keep talking about!?" He couldn't stand it anymore.

"Luna," he pointed to the Gunship, Decker was about to report that this clone was mental but he noticed in large cursive letters 'Luna' painted above the victory marks. "Only wait five minutes for her to wake up and all will be alright. I know I sound crazy, but wait, and you will learn." He waited and talked to the veteran clone. He learned that the scar and eye was from the second assault of Geonosis where a missile went off right ahead of the canopy and shattered the canopy and his helmet. By the end there was a loud yawn from the Gunship.

"I get it now…" Decker watched as a mouth opened on the green nose of the ship in between the two nose canons. He saw two large green eyes open on either side of the hourglass red canopy at the slimmest portion of the canopy. She instantly focused on them and smiled, baring her sharp menacing teeth; then she spoke in a gorgeous voice.

"Hello, Kickback! Is this the new guy?" She studied Decker with her smile still there, she scared him shitless.

"Yeah this is him, Luna; he's got some questions for you." She acknowledged this somehow with a nod.

"Well, hot stuff, shoot." Decker stood frozen. Her gaze was gentle and detail finding with a warming feeling.

"So you're not a droid?" He asked shakily, stepping back from her.

"I'm no droid!" She exclaimed as a metal tendril snaked its way around his hips. "And don't stand so far away, I don't bite." She pulled him closer, not to her hull but his arms' reach.

"So what are you?" He gulped.

"Calm down, hot stuff, you won't offend me I've heard it all. I'm wholly alive; I can eat, sleep, drink, love, birth, and sort of excrete. It's not like your excretion; it's more like sweating at a certain spot where it moves you." He was shivering in her arm, his face was pale but he looked like he was beginning to come around. He didn't look too bad either in her mind, then again she was always surrounded by hot guys that had no concept of sexual attraction in their DNA so she was a little desperate for something. She opened her cockpit and put him in his rear seat and closed it. "There is this better? We'll need to get pretty buddy-buddy before your trial by fire."

"That's not too far away." Kickback the pilot said. He knew they didn't need to be as close as he and Luna were but he knew that it would only help in their trust. He didn't know it but Luna had sexed him up and Kickstar, the old copilot, hundreds of times in a desperate effort but none proved successful.

"It's nice and cozy; I thought it'd be rough." He said, Luna's mind was thinking how cozy he'd be inside her hot vagina. She wanted to sway him but he was stricken tonight, she'll try tomorrow night. "So uh, how will this affect flying?"

She explained how it all worked. Kickback gave his point of view to him, assuring him it's virtually the same feeling. She could feel his powerful tuned muscles under his armor shifting and flexing around, he was driving her crazy horny, and she felt some hot fluid run down beneath her port. She wanted him bad, and could covertly get him there when Kickback left for chow but the hot stuff would lock up when she stripped him. She noticed before that some clones were evolving, where sexual attractions arise out of their DNA, but they aren't attracted to her body but to her mind; they like her but not her. Even still, she noticed she can get them on before they chicken out. Sadly the last time she saw them was right before droidekas ambushed them, slaughtering everyone on the ground. She took exceptional pleasure in disintegrating the droids that murdered her brothers in arms. Anyway she used those same techniques to secure Decker into accepting her for both her and her body. It soon drew close to launch, the RAC suddenly bursts to life as it [illegible]les out of the ship dock and points to the stars before flying into space. Decker and Kickback went to [illegible]not soon after, readying for the assault in a few days. The morning after Luna was hornier than ever

before and kicked her flirting up a large deal with Decker. She was able calm herself to nab him later on for a more enthusiastic fuck, possibly on a beautiful planet, where she'd get hammered for hours finally.

"So how did you guys get named 'The Kickers'?" There were the other gunship crews from the other posts talking in a group.

"Well it's what we do," Kickback said. "I lean back in my seat."

"And he's pretty easy going." The port ball gunner said. "I kick the ground troops out when they take too long."

"That's why he's Kickout." Kickon snarled. "I actually help them."

"Yeah well why don't you tell him how you got your name, then?"

"I fix things-"

"With your boot."

"Yes I do, Kickout! How many times have I saved your turret?" That shut Kickout up. It was just about every tour his turret jammed or locked up.

"Can it you two." Luna said smacking their heads together.

"Larty what's our name for our little shiny here?" Kickout friendly punched Decker in the gleaming white chest plate.

"Well he's got to get dirty, first." She licked her lips thinking about later.

"Well we don't have long, then. Tomorrow's a big day, Decker." Kickback patted Decker's back and left.

"You got your space down shiny?" Kickon grumbled. Decker looked at Luna and her green eyes and grinned halfhearted.

"Yeah, I think I've got it." He didn't notice it but he leaned closer to her, which excited her greatly. She knew it was working, working very well. Kickout and Kickon left them alone for some chow. She reached out and drew him close, he'd learned to let it happen and from there wanted her to grab him and hold him against her. His hand and head could feel her warm body but his armor insulated him, but he knew it'd not be long before the armor would be off for cleaning and all that'd be left would be his pressure suit. She closed her eyes as he leaned into her and thought deep; she could go longer without some sex, this was heavenly. He went to the briefing, returned excited, and sat with Luna. She proposed something to him that's bringing their relation closer.

"Decker, would you mind sleeping in the cab tonight?" She instantly thought of some bullshit reason when he agreed. "Oh. Okay then." She unlocked the cabin doors as he went for his' carry-ons' and waited for him. She thought how far they've come in only two or three days! She wanted to brag her tail off but to whom? Once he got back she opened the cabin door for him to enter and climb into his seat. He had his helmet, DC-17 blaster pistol, life support, and his talisman he kept around; it was a little starship toy from his childhood. He sat in his chair and had just gotten cozy when she dropped his backrest down in a reclined position and pushed him down.

"The seat adjusts? They never mentioned it."

"Yes it does. Go ahead and relax, Decker, there's a big day for you ahead." He closed his eyes and soon fell into the best sleep he's ever had. Luna couldn't get over this intense feeling, all tingly and warm inside with him lying inside her asleep, she loved it, and maybe loved him. She slowly fell asleep and dreamed of the [illegible]e droids she'll fry tomorrow.

The following day was a D-Day. An assault on an outer-rim forestry planet Teth involving launching in the upper atmosphere from the assault ships. There wasn't nearly as much resistance as anticipated but the sheer volume of dug in positions called for the Gunships to provide close air defense, where Decker shined. Victory after victory, Luna pushed back the date of sex with Decker, and Decker soon earned himself a name, too.

Fin PT. 1

Hmmm… ah the hell with it I'll put part two up tonight as well.

Gingyflame, Gunship, Star Wars
5 Comments

AT-AT Fan Fiction Pt. 2

May 13, 2015 by Gingyflame

The second part, the cliffhanger is continued! Enjoy this insert, not much sex but it hints to it all around it.

Part 2:

"I HATE YOU! FUCKING HATE YOU! JUST DIE! DIE NOW YOU FUCKING STEALER FUCK!" Right then it exploded, many explosions following it separated all the legs from it and sent it everywhere. Then a figure stood from beneath its old stance. It turned to face her and she didn't know how to react except scream.

"ZZZEEEVVV!!!!!!!!!" She kicked and clawed her way over towards him as he ran to her, dodging derbies and shots at him. "ZEV! ZEV IT'S YOU! IT'S YOU! I LOVE YOU ZEV! I FUCKING LOVE YOU SO MUCH!" As he drew close enough all her available arms wrapped him up into a ball to protect him and she pressed him against her tear washed face. "Zev don't you ever leave me like that again! Never! How did you do that! Oh baby please don't leave me like that, I damn near blew myself up!" She held him against her and that was all she cared about, Snow troopers were firing on her and her ball protecting Zev with no results. All she could do was kiss him over and over, but in the chest, he reached down and pulled her chin up and she obeyed him trying to make up for her incompetence earlier and kissed his face, then narrowing it to his lips. He returned kisses, locking his lips in her large and soft ones, exchanging tongues and tastes, leaving the battle surrounding them.

Bliz looked around, the Imperials were beginning to be overrun, each only had one operational Walker but the Imperial was left with one active gun, the rebels were outnumbered on the ground but their Walker's full assortment of weapons was thinning the herd. But the rebel went back to engaging the Imperial Walker that remained to target infantry, that's when it went bad. She held Zev closer, fearing the Star Destroyer bombardment. Something caught her eye; it was like a dull dagger blade slowly cutting through the clear blue sky, attached to a fat black arm.

"Get'em Red Squadron!" She looked up and around. *Pwet-pwet-pwet-pwet-pwet*

Three X-wings strafed the Snow troopers and the Walker, engines screeching overhead, but she knew that wouldn't be enough.

"Y-wings inbound." She opened her ball around Zev so he too could watch as Y-wing bombers swooped in from the Walker's back and drop their glowing light blue payloads all over the Walker. It erupted in a chain explosion from the very rear to the middle of the body to the forward to the neck, finally it reached the head and the pressure ripped the top off and made the whole body limp. She rejoiced as it fell on its face like she was and rolled over to the side.

"We did it! We did it! Run you stupid fucks, RUN!" Bliz exclaimed in a gleeful and glorious euphoria. She [illegible]ed Zev and kissed him square on the lips for the longest time yet, she felt great, absolutely astounding; he tasted so good, too. She felt so enlightened she was going to give him a good time. She

smiled as she pulled stuff around into an igloo style shape then undid his pants a little, softly stroking his cock into a large hard straw.

“Bliz, what are you doing?” He asked, okay with her notion but was concerned of the temperature.

“Rewarding you.” She pulled his freezing cock into her wet mouth, skimming her hot lips and cuddled by her thick heating tongue. He leaned into it, resting against her slightly angled faceplate moaning as her mouth worked magic for him, tenderizing and stroking his long meat stick rolling her tongue and sucking any precum out, moaning as his internal exotic taste stimulated her mouth. Her moaning heightened his sensual experience, reverberating his whole body against her warm faceplate.

“Mmmm, better than I thought.”

“Ah damn I love you.” She giggled at his high state, she thought it didn’t take long for him to escalate to his climax. He began to quiver greatly, he said he was closing in but that made her close her eyes and embrace him in a tight hug. He moaned deep and long as he spat his load deep into her mouth, all the way to the back of her mouth, it slipped to her tongue where she relished the feeling, moaning as more of him squirted out of his head.

“You’ve got a lot in you, babe.” She said as she finally swallowed his thick milk.

“And there’s more if ya want it, baby.”

“Oh yes I do, I really want more. I want you to pound my ass; I’ve been a bad girl.” She had a naughty smile. Zev returned her one.

“As soon as they all clear out I’ll give it to ya.” The sheer mentioning made her wet, her fantasies enlightened her mood. The Snow troopers turned out to be ill-equipped for Hoth, and when the Walker went down they began surrendering instead of chancing the barren Hoth landscape. A capital ship that assisted in taking out the Star Destroyer landed to collect the rebel force, and a representative accompanied by a scientist familiar with Bliz’s species negotiated on terms that Zev wasn’t too sure how to respond to them.

The negotiations included fully activating the other two Walkers in the sub phase and fixing Bliz’s damage as well, allowing her and Zev to be coupled, allowing Bliz to collect scrap for her fetus (this madly excited the scientist, she had been intrigued by the machine’s ability to reproduce with any other viable organism), Zev would remain in service alongside Bliz until she was in maternity and from there on he would be a star ship gunner. Then, if they decided to stick with it, Bliz would be taken to her ‘home world’ where her life metal was found nearly a century ago.

“So Snowman and Skimpy are alive too? What gender are they?” Bliz asked excitedly.

“Oh yes they are… moderately alive, so to say, they are thinking but not in control of themselves. I don’t know what gender either are for certain but if I had to say, male. That’s what we’re going to upgrade them to.”

“So, how do you know they’re alive?”

“They use the same thing you use to hear, only reversed.”

“That doesn’t help, how do I hear?”

“Well your body is mixed with the life metal tissue, it all acts like an ear drum where the reverberations in the air generate electrical notes, there on relaying sound. They do the same thing but can also do a similar reversed action, it is typically telepathic and achieved through frequencies and such directed solely at one they want to talk to, and the electrical signals that you’d generate increase when you directly think back to the voice.”

not crazy! I’m not batshit crazy!” She hugged Zev excitedly, and then a sudden thought came to her.

“Were all of them alive?”

“No just you and the other two.” That settled Bliz; she was erected and moved back to the base where her minimal wounds were healed with a bacta-metal composite to accelerate her natural regeneration. Snowman was next up to be fixed, he had lost his two right legs to the AT-IC, the first Walker hit by the AT-IC was toast. Snowman was being repaired and upgraded simultaneously, and it took a month before he finally saw the light of day.

Bliz was laying with Zev in the snow talking about the baby. Bliz was hell-bent on having a boy but Zev argued it would be a fifty-fifty chance. A month into her pregnancy and her womb in the rear of her body was already showing signs of growth. Snowman came out looking around and trying out all his new abilities, the greetings and welcoming was quick and friendly. One would think that he’d be attracted to the only female of his kind but that wasn’t true, Snowman previously had no reproductive organs and there on developed a strong bond without any sexual influence. The thought of sex with her made him feel queer and wrong but sex with another female AT-AT was perfectly fine and exciting. The next month Skimpy Slipper came out with the same deal as Snowman, but after that the months rolled by and soon Bliz was in maternity leave.

Zev was transferred to a starship; they were out investigating Imperial regiments when Bliz went into labor. He begged and begged to go back but was ruefully denied, he wasn’t very well to be around for the rest of the voyage. Bliz really wanted him there for this beautiful moment but she couldn’t nurture the baby any longer inside her. She was positioned in her load stance, the same one used to put the baby in her, to birth the child. It didn’t come out of the vagina but instead the rear access hatch the BaRC speeders used to deploy. Her ‘brothers’ were by her side to comfort her while a living AT-ST machine acted as her Nurse.

“Lira how’s she doing?”

“She’s doing perfect, keep pushing, almost there!” She was squatting behind a large bed for the baby to lie on as it came out. Lira was fitted with repulsor clutches to catch the baby and place it gently on the bed. It came out head first and upside down, followed by the body and legs. As Bliz pushed it out Lira moved to remove the umbilical cord, she was about to reach for it when it popped off itself. She gently laid it on the bed and began cleaning off the various liquids, Bliz kept asking boy or girl, so Lira checked between the rear legs.

“What is it!? Come on tell me!”

“It’s, a girl, it’s a girl but…” She looked at the slit running up and down; only the baby was on its side screaming for mama. “It’s sideways.”

“It’s a boy.” Snowman said. “It’ll slide open.” He was right, it was moved around for Bliz to see and she pulled at the slit sliding a protective panel.

“I was right! It is a boy!” She was exhausted, but she had to see Zev, she demanded it. “Get Zev! Get Zev! He needs to see him!” She was obeyed, a holographic communicator projected Zev looking right at the baby.

“Oh it’s beautiful!”

“Yes he is, very, very beautiful! Oh I wish you were here, Zev!”

“I do too!” Tears were watering his eyes, he couldn’t believe it, there were no words to say or explain this. He reached out to the blue image and tried to touch his son, his hand slipped through the projection. He wept. “So far away, I’ll be there soon, baby don’t you worry!”

“His name is Dak, our little Dak.”

“He’s not very little, sweetheart.” He wiped tears away, *soon*, he thought, *soon I’ll be there*. They say in
ce, no need for words. He watched his son snuggle up under his wife’s neck and squat, watching her
and mimicking them, to rest in between her knees. She tucked her head down and stuffed a large

blanket under his legs to keep them warm then another over his back, she wrapped him in some of her arms and held him as he fell asleep.

“He looks just like you, in every way he looks like you, baby.”

“You can’t see it but, he has your eyes, and your hands, and your smile. He’s got the best smile with his little teeth, so great!” Bliz said a good night and turned it off, wishing him the force be with him after it ended. Zev cried himself to sleep that night, how could he miss the greatest moment of his life like that? He feared it as a foreshadowing of Dak’s childhood, and that took his sole greatest fear. The rebels found no Imperials; they charted a course home and moved at the speed equivalent to light to Hoth. Zev was the first off the ship running as fast as he could, running through the snow to his family. He was welcomed by Bliz in a warm embrace against the bitter cold, a long kiss cemented his loving greetings home. He looked at their baby crawling around on its knees and all his dreams of holding him in his arms were crushed by his sheer size. Bliz put Zev down and ushered him towards his son but he locked up in amazement. Bliz called for Dak instead, he looked over and up to her smiling.

“Dak this is daddy, come meet daddy.” Dak looked down at Zev, on his knees Dak was probably four meters, five-five and a half meters standing if he could, and he towered over his father. He looked at Zev with a blank face, mouth slightly open, he was quiet and thinking; he twisted his head at an angle and made a gah noise. Zev smiled at him, overcome with pride and shock. Dak smiled like he did towards Bliz and scooted towards him. He playfully knocked Zev over with his chin before Bliz interfered.

“He’s only playing, sweetie, I’m fine.”

“No, no, he likes to rough house.” She picked him up with her larger leg mounted arms and looked him in the eye. “We don’t play with daddy like that. Okay?” Dak looked at her with his innocent smile and reached out with his legs and put a foot on her chin gun. She grinned and shook it off and brought him closer and rubbed her forehead against his. He let out a giddy laugh and giggle and kicked at her behind her chin gun mounts. “Alright Dak, let’s try to stand you up again.” She moved him down and straightened his legs then set them out wide. He made a face of discomfort while she placed him down; his legs shook as he tried to move. He stood up a little straighter, then his legs gave way and he fell on his chin. He let out a whimper then a cry as his mother went to comfort him.

“There is one way to fix it.”

“No he just needs to practice, and then he can stand and run around.”

“No, my problem. My organic problem.” Bliz stopped, they talked about it before but they decided to hold off. “I want to play with my boy; I don’t want anything to stand in the way. This’ll drop one barrier from that.”

“I still don’t know…” She began. “Maybe another time?”

“No, baby, I want to do it now.” She contemplated it, he would be a lot harder to kill, easier worry stress on her. She gave in.

“Come inside.” He was silent as she morphed him; he never fought it nor changed his mind. Instead he asked for extra, just to be sure, and thanked her with all his love when it was done. He came out when he had adjusted, and played with his son. “I think I’m retiring, babe.”

“You are?” Zev asked her, all her maternity leave she talked how she wanted to personally evict the Imperials, and now she was taking his offer to retire.

“Yes, I’m staying with Dak. Honey I want you to retire, too.” She pleaded, but his pride wouldn’t let him. He stayed in the service for a few years. He had close calls, sticky situations, and a run in with his father’s capital ship but every time, as he always promised, he returned to her faithfully; picking up a few moves from his buddies along the way that they tried, too. After all this, he retired as Bliz would ask every time he left. The
tist met them on Hoth with Dak there listening, over the years he had grown much larger and smarter.
ow stood almost fifteen meters tall; seven and a half shy of mom, and had grown to be very smart,

curious, and adventurous like his parents. They discussed visiting and possibly moving to Bliz's and Dak's 'home world' so mysterious and far away.

"What can you say about the climate?" Dak asked, all he knew in his life was the cold barren land of Hoth, anything would be better to him.

"Well the climate is varied; there are temperate, tropical, desert, tundra, and most of all a change in seasons." This of course appealed to the three, Hoth had seasons but they went 'cold' then 'colder' and finally 'blizzards and cold' so Hoth was a tad, cold.

"Great, any life on it?"

"And what's its name?"

"The name is Earth, and from a group very similar to you moving there they report humans."

"Why aren't they part of the Galactic Senate?"

"They are, primitive, they are close to our technology but we don't actually contact them because they haven't learned to co-exist planetary yet and it is still where any introduction of arms, as powerful as ours, would result in a planetary extinction." The scientist said this so monotone it was as if she couldn't give a shit, let alone a fuck.

"Good well find us somewhere where it never snows!" Bliz said very seriously.

"Please? I only know snow and I think I'm all done with snow. For the rest of my life." Dak said starkly, almost in a matter-of-fact way.

"There is a sect of people who speak our language, to them it is English but the writing is very different. Our contacts are actually in a reasonable place you desire. There the language is spoken, no snow, but it is mostly marsh swamp and very wet in a plains peninsula."

"Sounds like here if it moved closer to the sun. I'll take that." Dak said optimistically. He looked to mom and dad.

"I'll take it, too. How about you honey?" Zev thought for a while, he then agreed to it.

"Very well. We only decree that you remain there in that location, Zevulon will have to do any roaming about or venturing to civilization. We don't want the people hastily reacting to you two popping up." The two looked broken hearted but still agreed to the requirements. The gang packed up and boarded a Titan Drop Ship to ferry them to the Super Star Destroyer waiting to ship them there. All was packed away and soon they started the two day hyperjump to Earth.

"Mom, why do we need this big of a ship? Why not a regular one?" Bliz was thinking when a peppy female voice sounded.

"Hello! To answer that I'm equipped with stealth cloaking, they won't even see me! That way they won't flip shit."

"Oh, thank you, and who are you?"

"I'm Guardian, an Executor-class Star Dreadnought. Happy to help you. I'm one of the last Executors left, we're too expensive to use so most of the others were scrapped. I'm the only living one. Usually I'm protecting Corasaunt but for this I was needed." He smiled; he always loved learning new things and meeting new people. The journey ran on schedule and before they knew it they were gazing upon their new home planet.

Beautiful!" That was all that was needed to be said. They landed at night, so the dark bodied Titan

Dropship would be harder to track. They touched down in a very small opening and disembarked. Only seconds after landing an old war veteran landed in front of them. It was an old Gunship with the Republic markings on it; Zev was familiar with them because of the ones the Alliance had restored. “Greetings!”

“Hello there! I am Luna and this is my husband Decker, welcome to Earth!”

Fin AT-AT Fan Fiction Part 2

I had to put in the scene similar to the AT-AT death in the trailer. I had to, it was too awesome. Anyway I look forward to telling Luna’s and Decker’s story. Hell maybe even Lira’s and Guardian’s.

And why the fuck not?

That last picture actually brings up a good thought, what if Darth Vader was able to save Padme? I mean where their family wasn’t spread out and destroyed, where he was able to convince her to stay? Interesting… But then we wouldn’t have Star Wars!

AT-AT, baby, Bliz, Gingyflame, Imperial, porn, Star Wars, Walker, Zev
4 Comments

AT-AT Fan Fiction Pt.1

May 12, 2015 by Gingyflame

STAR WARS! I personally love star wars, don’t get me wrong Star Trek is cool but Star Wars has more fighting and sexy machines! Anyway my original idea was to post the LAAT Gunship story on May 4th, star wars day, but… AT-AT is sexy. 😉 So this is the first part. FAN FICTION! Blizzard 1 was Commander Veers’s (the guy who led the walkers on Hoth) personal experimental Walker and his son Zevulon Veers would desert to the Rebel Alliance after Hoth, shortly before the battle of Endor, I believe (IDK the Star Wars dating system is misleading). Zevulon Veers never really was around Blizzard 1 or Hoth for that matter, and due to personal tragedy his relationship with his father is… denied.

ENJOY!

Zevulon Veers climbed out of his speeder and looked around the Hoth surface. It was all white, white sky, white snow, white wind, white everything. He plodded around so his navigation gear could lock him in at his predicted location, and when that was done he returned to the speeder and flew through the white looking for something gray. The Empire had fallen a month ago, and in a rush to protect Endor, the Imperial forces on Hoth abandoned the base with most of its gear and equipment. The New Republic sought to reclaim it. His navigator sent him out in a maze of nothingness, lost in a flat plain surrounded by mountains. He was about to report that the coordinates given were inaccurate when out of the white a massive gray hoof appeared, as his speeder's nose flattened against it. Then all the white went black. He awoke in an Imperial ready room, familiar but distant, like his father's AT-AT ready room. He had bacta on his throbbing forehead and a warm cup of soup near him. Zev looked around, he assured he was in the ready room of an AT-AT, he was laying on the backpack charging chairs and saw the rapid deploy harnesses at the ready.

"Hello? Anybody here?" He got up and looked around. He was stripped to his lowest layers and was still sweating, thanks to the atmosphere control units overhead, and saw his outer layers bundled up in a shredded and bloodied ball across the bay. He stumbled around wondering how he got there, the base was totally abandoned and Hoth had no intelligent life forms. He got to the cockpit and passing through the neck experienced déjà vu, as he read the door markings he knew where he was. His father's own experimental AT-AT Blizzard 1. Thankful to be alive and filled with built up anger and disgust towards his father he slammed the blast door open and saw nobody. Now he was confused completely.

"Awake are we?" A feminine voice said through the commander's helmet placed on the coms station in the middle of the cramped pod. He shakily reached for the helmet and picked it up and talked into the face gap.

"Yes. Wh-who are you? Where are you?" He turned up the volume in the helmet.

"First I'm right here, and second I'm Bliz." He stopped. This girl was messing with him.

"Haha funny! Now seriously, who the hell are you? This is my father's walker you put me in and I'd like to know how you did this!" He demanded the helmet, realizing his foolish appearance.

"I'm not lying. I am Blizzard 1, I am General Veers's walker. Not! your father's, as much as you look like him you are not his son! His son is an ex-imperial officer you rebel trash!" As much as he loved not being recognized as Maximilian Veers's son, he was, disowned his father but still his son sadly.

"Look, I love how you took me out of his family tree, so did I, but I was the son of Veers! I am Zevulon Veers! Now answer the damn question! Who are you!?"

"I have you ignorant boy!" A metallic hand shaped object hit him in the back of the head. "You're as stubborn as your father. Damn he was a pain." Zev started to put two and carrot together, as odd as it sounded the AT-AT was active. "And before you call me 'droid' I'm telling you now, I am no droid."

"What are you?"

"L[illegible]ing. Droids can't do what I can. I am just like you, I can bleed, sleep, feel, sympathize, talk, think, love and [illegible]. Show me a droid that can do that." She paused realizing that technically they could. "And birth, give

birth. Show me." Zev thought about it, his father was proud of this walker, and it did take very special metal to build. Could they really make living metal?

"So, why talk with a com?"

"You wouldn't hear me otherwise. My mouth is outside the cab."

"Why did you save me? How did you save me?"

"First I pitied your stupid ass running into my foot, and then I figured you're the one sent to claim me and the other dead metal walkers, so I figured this would be best for my survival. I plucked you up and shoved you in. Covered that gash and warmed up rations. Nothing to it." Zev thought, she must be lonely.

"Well I'm ever thankful for you saving me. I am in your debt."

"Hell yes you are. Now, Zev, I remember you as an aspiring cadet. What happened?" He explained how hypocritical the Empire was to him, enslaving non-human species, something she knew first hand, and how unjust it was. Bliz learned of the defeat of the Empire, and as down as she was she felt some liberation of it. "But then I remembered what I am, and I'll be slaved again for your armies." Zev thought about this, technically she was a new species, intelligent at that, but is a weapon of war. "And while you serve I'll be under you, being a descendant of my previous commander." He thought. By this time she had sat him down in the pilot chair to rest him. He saw through the glass her eyes looking out. They were a bit darker and two dots that shifted across her viewport. She'd pull the middle of the viewport into a pinch like the bridge of a nose and forehead or expand them like raising eyebrows. Then he remembered a speeder crashed into her face and paralyzed his father from the waist down.

"How did that, fare?"

"Well that jackass scum got lucky. I could have incinerated him and only need some brushing, but no, he went and smashed through my face. Veers cared for me then, seemingly only then, and he ordered my faceplate and cockpit completely rebuilt and refurbished. This time, though, I've got reinforcing and more sentium in me. Now I can make more faces." Her viewport began flexing in all sorts of shapes, bends, gaps, and movements. Zev concluded that she had to keep entertained somehow and thought little of it.

It was very exciting for Bliz to have someone to talk to at last. It was only a month ago that the storm troopers and officers left but it felt like forever in this place. She had felt him crash into her foot and quickly knelt down on her huge legs' knees and used her body claws to collect the driver in the speeder hulk and carefully transact him to her body cabin, and all for someone to talk to. He was out cold for a whole rotation before he awoke, and she'd only let him out when she was sure he could stand the cold again. He asked to get some stuff from the speeder but she denied him, kneeling down to collect it herself and asking if it was everything he needed out of the speeder.

"Well, that should be all of it. Why?"

"I want to crush it!" He thought, it was something they were known for, and crushing it flat would be easier to collect since it was useless scrap now.

"Sure you can crush it."

"Yeees!" She exclaimed as she dropped his things in the hull and stood up. She backed up with surprising agility to one not familiar to AT-ATs like Zev was, and marched forward towards the wreck. She left an underbelly hatch open for Zev to hear the metal crunch and scream as her foot came down on it like one would crush a soda can, sounding similar, too, except for the hydraulic hoses snapping and hissing in death. He couldn't help but peer through the neck from the hull and see her viewport darkened, close-eyed.

"Having fun there, Bliz?"

*y*es! A lot of fun! It's so good, crushing things. It feels so empowering, feeling everything beneath you

crumble and give in to you!" He chuckled; she was a walker for sure. He sat down in a chair at first, then slowly leaned over and slipped asleep. She moved off the mangled mess satisfied that it was as flat as could be and noticed him out cold on the seats. She wanted to wake him and get him to contact the others to pick their asses up and get them off the damned planet but didn't for better judgment. She liked this alone time with him, someone smart and relatable with the same pain known as Maximilian Veers, to talk with. No dealing with bossy kids fresh out of the academy, or clumsy dim-witted clone copies of some poor retard dumb enough to let some white coat poke him with a needle. She felt a special bond to him, his personality matches hers nicely, and his appeal to her was inducing. She felt that she had to have him, one way or another he was going to be her director. She felt that the cold blizzard that constantly plagued this hell zapped her of strength, and she kneeled down on all four of her knees and locked up her legs where her body was only three meters off the ground, and then she went to sleep. She had set up over the year or so on Hoth a little pillow for her to rest her head on, it was cold but it was better than the neck pain she usually felt otherwise. As she started to fall asleep she looked at her dead-metal counterparts, also locked up like she was, about a quarter kilometer in front of her neatly lined up. There were four others with her as the leader, she remembered the commander of 'Snowman', the walker on the closest end and one other that survived the Hoth offensive, was sweet and secretly against the Empire, but he was neither as radical as Zev was nor as daring. Every so often she'd miss him and his blind ambition for something, something eluding of his mindset, but it was something indeed. She felt what he felt as she drifted to sleep then, thinking of what boundless lengths she'd do to keep Zev as her commander. For at least he was understanding and relatable.

She woke with a stir the next 'morning' on Hoth. Shooting open, her eyes searched for more people, but were only met by the same faces, blank and soul-bore viewports staring at her. She grew to hate them, even though they could do nothing to offend her being standard dead-metal AT-ATs, she hated their expressionless faces that never flinched, sympathized, spoke, they did nothing. She once almost toppled one to take her fury out on it but withheld for fear of prosecution later, nothing could really stop her now. That Walker was 'Hoth base AT-AT number 5', otherwise known as 'Bantha fodder' by Bliz and her hatred of them, she referred to it as a he and hated him the most, his neck was malfunctioning and never horizontally locked. That would be fine with her, if it didn't always seem to fall on her, just staring at her and mocking her.

"Morning, Bantha fodder!" She stammered up to her feet.

"That's not very nice." Zev said from about beneath her.

"Wha-? I told you to stay inside!" She was shocked. He appeared to have gotten some tools and such for a communicator.

"I feel fine." He said proudly, face asking for an apology.

"It that wasn't meant for you. Now come here!" He came close to her and was whisked up her forward right leg by a rand of arms mounted on her leg. Once he was inside he asked her who it was for. "For him! The bastard with the broken neck over there!" She yelled through the helmet and pointed with a metal hand to the Walker. Zev thought she may have been to the deep end recently.

"Have you tried ignoring it?"

"Oh yeah sure! I'm just going to ignore the only company I have here!" She couldn't, every time she looked at the others he caught her eye with his lifeless gaze. "Can I just end him!?"

"Let me think." The New Republic Army knew how many walkers were down here and about what condition they're in. They'd be suspicious of one randomly burning up on a snow planet. "Alright here, I know how annoying things can get but we need them."

"I've tried toppling him alone, it didn't work!"

"Fix that." He used the rappelling cable and shot down to the surface. He unlatched and scurried through the snow to the Walker and climbed into the body. He got into the cockpit and tried remembering back to

his learnings. Before Bliz's eyes the damned Walker started to stand up, and then it slowly marched forward so she could knock him on the side. As Zev was straddling back to her he saw her eyes, a light light red almost white dots on the red viewport. He also saw her mouth in a wide smile on the faceplate below the viewport. Her white saber teeth were making his stomach churn in fear. She yanked him aboard and carried him to the cockpit where he watched her move quickly to the other's side. She then pushed at him, slowly leaning him until, with a large metal groan and a crash, he fell over. Bliz let out a mighty roar of victory and placed a foot on the hull.

"Fuck you, Bantha Fodder!" She laughed happily as she backed off.

"Did you really hate it that much?"

"Yes! Yes I do! Nonstop he stared at me! Mocking me and staring!"

"Even though it wasn't alive?"

"Yes, I know it's like voices in my head but I welcomed what I could." Her victory gave her a blood rush and a little wetness down under. She wanted sex but under no circumstances would she'd do it with any human here, they'd freeze instantly. She thought of the massive garage she was in during her rebuild, it was on the other side of the base. She began trotting around the complex to get there where hopefully she could seduce Zev.

"Where're we goin?"

"A little walk. To get stuffedin." Zev wasn't too sure what her last sentence was, it came out a little fast. He turned back to go into her hull but remembered he had to contact the others.

"Bliz can I use your communicator?"

"Y-Yes just, just make it quick." He turned it on and sent a signal. No answer. He sent another, still nothing. He tried three more times before they finally answered. A little blue hologram popped up of his overseer.

"Alright buddy who the-Zev you're alive! About damn time. Now any news?"

"Thanks for the rescue party, Backer."

"You would've been the rescue party. The others aren't back yet."

"Yeah well, this is the place. What's your ETA?"

"We'll need time to pack but give us until maybe dusk. We'll be there around dusk."

"See you then." He closed it. A certain smell had entered the hull; it was enticing and sexually inducing. Zev had no idea what was happening but Bliz was using some natural chemistry to get him going. He thought of Bliz and noticed how attractive she was, he grew hornier towards her. He remembered she could birth and figured she had to have something. She knew he was getting horny, just his movements and temperature was a giveaway. She saw the huge enclosed gantry looming over her like a temple door, thankfully closed, and watched it slowly open with her outer hand pulling the lever. As she moved inside he made his flirting apparent, but she didn't listen; she knew already they were doing it. She dropped to her knees once the huge door closed, sealing in the impressive temperature increase inside the massive hall.

"Alright Zev, we're doing this!" She took off his jacket then helped strip him down. She felt his hot skin beading with sweat and this made her hornier, she couldn't resist opening her cover and rubbing her clit ball that had formed. She felt herself dripping from her slit; she closed her eyes and rubbed it slowly as Zev climbed down, moaning aloud fueling Zev's lust for her. With relative speed he went to the source of commotion and dripping noise, he saw her fondling her magnificent long sliver of hot silver-dripping vagina ' nd grew jealous of her hands touching and loving it. It was on her underbelly in between her two rear . She picked him up and pressed him against her belly below her slit just to feel him, and was happy with

it. She stopped fondling herself and moved him up to her opening; he had just thought how he would even touch her when she pushed him into a surprisingly tight spot with a long loud moan of pleasure.

She felt his long hard cock slide into her so easy, beating and hot as it moved her walls around. Her immediate reaction was to get up, she moved her ‘hips’ up as if to get off but she stopped this consciously and rode back down on him. She wanted this, she needed this, but her body seemed unsure of it, hesitant, she felt so right with this mentally and physically yet was contradicting herself like some part of the formula was wrong. Even still, the experience was intense and awesome, and caused her to shut her eyes tight and whimper and moan. She consciously started getting up on him then get back down, slowly humping him, her head dipped down with her focus moving to the feeling and getting more. But there was always that one off feeling whispering it wasn’t right.

Zev was gripped figuratively and literally by her, her pussy was tight around him and the sense was being stimulated more than anything. He couldn’t help but watch as her hot silver lubes oozed from her perfect gray slit and ran down his wet shaft while she rose and descended on it. His cock head was tingling as it was soaked in her and rubbed around by her slow glorious humps, their skins rubbed around giving to each other as they pulled and pushed against the other. He slowly started to come to his wits, her musk was wearing off, and as his senses came too he was shocked. He was at first scared she’d crush him, as she was coming down on him, but soon he realized that she was fucking him and he was for sure enjoying it. He always liked the Walkers, but Bliz awoke something deeper inside him with her musk, and he felt greatly attracted to her and especially in this moment. He lay awestruck and in nirvana, and felt that he was doing her a disservice and not giving her a full experience. He felt himself growing in his cock, lengthening, thickening, throbbing, and stunning Bliz with a surprising increase in size.

“Oh FUCK Zev! You’re so fucking big! Oh shit! Yes! Oh Yeah!” She felt him expand inside her, she didn’t want to hump him anymore, just wanted to lay there soaking in his size. Then he started to pull out, she was startled and scared he was horrified and was going to run but before she could musk him again she recoiled and moaned from his powerful thrust. He thrust in and her body natural lifted up then fell back down.

“Just relax and enjoy, Bliz.” He pulled out and started to pump in and out at a moderate pace, with her keeping pace in her recoiling humps she quickly filled the room with her moaning and whines.

“Oh fuck me, baby! Fuck me baby, fuck me!” Her feeling was whole, the doubt in her was gone, he wanted this, too. Her head dropped to thirty degree depression, as low as it could go, and her viewport was clenched closed in stimulus. She felt her body fully accept this and get into the humping herself; soon after she felt herself tightening up on him as her legs began shaking. Her grip on Zev gave away how much time was left before her climax, he noticed he was holding it all in, trying not to release inside her, and his effort proved evident when his pace slackened. Her hot fluids were almost gushing out, her soft and plush pussy was firming up and holding onto him, her huge and powerful legs on either side were shivering, and her pleasured screams and wails grew faster. She tried to hold out a little bit longer but failed; she instinctively pulled him in as deep as possible and thrust her head up as a great mass of her liquid forced its way out of her crevice, any noise drowned out by a great roaring moan from a very satisfied Walker. Zev was suddenly launched to her body and his dick forced in all the way as her orgasm shrieked out everywhere on his crotch and a little on his stomach, he could hold no longer as his rumbling cock shot through her spray into her depths.

She had the best feeling ever in those seconds. She was breathing heavily and locked up with her whole body quivering. Slowly she dropped her head down, her first thought was to go again, then to just snuggle up with him, and then how this secured their relationship, but then she felt something deeper and ahead of his cock; it was tingling, warm, and spread around. She smiled at the realization of sperm inside her, right there where temptingly she could take it and birth a beautiful child, but judgement got to her then. Right then as they embraced one another in their arms a thought hit them; they just insulted Maxmillian Veers and all he stood for: enslavement of non-humans, forbidding of interspecies relationships, Zev a rebel and Bliz free, and maybe the worst insult is his two once prized beings had just had sex thoroughly and enjoyably. They could only await the day he learned this, but they had no proof that they had sex, only a child could prove that, so let there be proof.

how does a baby Walker sound?”

“Great, but the Empire’s still out there, what if they come to reclaim you? That worries me, now.”

“Then we’ll reenact the Battle of Hoth in the other direction. I’m not going down without a fight.” She felt secure about it all, so she absorbed his seamen into her and told him it was done. They had about two hours before dusk so they spent it bundling up with each other for a nap. Then she got up and put him inside her hull and went outside.

“They couldn’t spare anyone?” She looked at at least two battalions of rebels in an accounting formation in the courtyard, and the two cruisers that touched down nearby had to have at least another two or three thousand crew. Speeders and equipment were all around preparing defenses like she assaulted.

“This isn’t what we brought, this isn’t right.” Zev was baffled, why were there so many? He descended down and found someone with answers, then shakily reported back to Bliz.

“What!?”

“The Empire is on Hoth, they want it back. We’re assaulting them this time.” Her first thought was this was a suicide attempt to stop them. The Empire would be geared for assault meaning walkers, twice as many ground troops than the rebels had, Star Destroyer support, close air support-but wait, this is Hoth; one of the coldest planets. They don’t have the vehicles that were built to do Hoth work.

“We have a chance, then.” He looked puzzled. “Think you could teach ‘em Walker controls?”

He did his best working with nine others to teach them how to operate an All Terrain Armored Transport and then eight others how to be a deck officer for all the walkers, Bliz didn’t need pilots. The spies confirmed that the Empire would be landing troops the next morning; they even got the landing coordinates. Bliz got very excited, the rebels were mixed about her, and the whole fighting force mounted and mobilized toward the landing site not too far away. Bliz was in the rear of the convoy so she could correct the other pilots’ mistakes, Zev wanted to be up in the front terribly, desperately, like he needed to prove himself to the other rebels. Their personas completely switched, Zev was restless and Bliz was calm and collected. They did come to an agreement; Bloz had her way, and instead turned to romancing with each other while Bliz snacked on the speeder she flattened. This continued until they were a few kilometers away from the landing zone, then Bliz took the lead and wished that the AT-ST Chicken Walkers didn’t perform so badly on Endor that the Rebels refused to use them, they came in handy for terrain scouting, but the rebels as a ‘present’ produced a speeder bike with terrain scanners on BaRC speeders instead. They went ahead overnight and scanned the ground and determined it strong enough for the AT-ATs. Then they waited, going over plans for scenarios and encounters.

Then the sun broke the darkness, the rebel soldiers rested on the way there and after the scenario run through, they were ready and eager to fight for the New Republic Alliance and stared as the long and wide Imperial Star Destroyer landed in the huge bowl. Bliz and Zev held the others back, with that Destroyer there they couldn’t do anything but watch them dismount. Spotters reported the looks of a garrison, six AT-STs, and two AT-ATs, Bliz was certain there was plenty more in the Star Destroyer but if it was fully unloading then they stood no chance.

“Wait, there’s a third at at coming out, it’s weird, it’s walking funny and more like a waddle. Hold on they seem to only have half a back,” the scout said, Bliz pondered, could it be? “It’s got a big-ass crane in the back…”

“Shit!” Bliz exclaimed, it wasn’t a crane. “GET OUTTA THERE NOW!”

“Ok-the-destroyers-leaving-now!” He said fast as he and his partner fumbled around to get to the speeders. Bliz told the others they needed to act fast and surprise them quickly, the Star Destroyer is going to orbit for bombardment support and there is an All Terrain Ion Canon with them. The walkers moved with a purpose, going about forty kilometers an hour, twenty shy of their maximum speed, to shock the Imperials.

[illegible] slowed as they came to the crest of a huge hill, they staggered over and in unison fired the dual chin [illegible]nted MS-1 fire-linked heavy laser canons targeting the AT-STs. Instantly three of six became nice warm

fires to huddle around and a fourth was professionally ice skating on its face, the other AT-STs made weird movements, the pilots must have jolted the controls in surprise, and returned fire when possible. The first return salvo was a snap shot and soared over the Walker heads, a second salvo did strike a Walker in the face, and the Walker didn't even flinch. Bliz ordered all to concentrate fire on the Ion canon transport. She lined up a chin shot for the walker's neck while two others went for the hull and another a leg. She was barely off and knocked the head ninety over in recoil, wile the leg shot missed and the body shots did little damage but penetrated. The Imperial AT-ATs turned to face them and fired shots. Bliz was struck along her side and in the sensory bubble on her head. Her head jostled by her and force in response to the pain she felt, a burning and sharp pain.

"Bliz, baby are you alright!?" Zev exclaimed standing back up.

"Fine, I'm fine baby." She was never hit with that high of canon power before and sure it wouldn't be the last. She went again for the Ion canon Walker neck but when she was ready it had turned to point the canon at them.

"Drop the troops!" Zev commanded to keep the troops intact. As the canon pointed at them Bliz snaked a shaky hand into his, both knew that would be their demise. As the troops were repelled down he felt Bliz's whole frame quivering.

"Zevulon, I love you." She said as the massive canon charged up with a green glow.

"I love you, too, Blizzard." The other walkers fired again and missed the thin body mainly or deflected off the armor. The cockpit shuddered as the canon spit out a green beam a meter wide. "And Storm Trooper accuracy." The shot had missed all four Walkers; they had unloaded all troops and were awaiting orders.

"Hit the Chickens!" The AT-STs were advancing up the hill. They were easily struck down by the AT-AT's superior firepower. "Now hit the others!" The Imperial AT-ATs held fire for the Ion canon to scare them off but opened fire at the sight of the Chickens sliding down the hill burning. Bliz was hit again in the face and the upper body. One rebel sharpshooting AT-AT landed a shot right in the compact drive motor induct just under the body between the legs and blew it up from internal reactions. As the body exploded the Ion canon fired again.

Bliz looked to her right and watched as the green laser burned it's way through the Walker's face, buckled the neck, expanded the body, and melted through the back as it erupted in a massive fireball and fell on its ass. She felt herself slip as warm fluid trickled around her vaginal blast covers and soon down her leg. Ashamed of pissing herself, scared she could be beaten so easily, protective of her lover, angered by their oppression, and confounded by abandonment, Bliz gave out and fell to her knees crying. She wanted to get up and fight, she wanted to lay down on her side, she wanted to earn her own life, she wanted to go back to the old way, she wanted to kill them all, she wanted to cuddle with Zev again, she wanted to free every planet in the galaxy, but mostly, mostly she wanted to take Zev, take scrap, take their developing baby, and go home. Wherever hers was.

"Bliz get up! Bliz they need us, get up! Please, Blizzard! I need you! The baby needs you! Please, Blizzard, please!" He was trying to get her up as the canon trained onto another. The two infantries clashed, the rebel walkers doing their best to flatten as many Imperials as possible but were being harassed by the Imperial Walker. Bliz looked up from her pool of silver tears and wished much hell upon her foes; she found no strength to get up but only that to keep firing. So she did, knocking out the Imperial Walker's repeating blasters and then a chin gun, before crumbling into her old broken state as the canon tore another rebel Walker's legs off. She watched the Walker tumble to the ground and sobbed even more, that was 'Snowman' falling, the last rebel Walker standing was the third survived of the Hoth offensive, named 'Skimpy Slipper' and that was all she had of them. Her compounding will expanded, grew bigger than ever, into a blood boiling rage.

"NO ONE! NO! ONE! FUCKS! WITH MY FAMILY!" She climbed back up in a mad frenzy unable to think clearly, she hurriedly steps towards the canon training on her, and fires all her guns at it that miss or do [illegible]ing to it. Zev constantly tried to talk sense to her but nothing got to her. The canon rapidly aligned on [illegible]and shot instantly without charging. She resurfaced, shot out of the blind fury. In slow motion she felt

the beam break a clean hole through the center of her viewport, cut through her blast doors, hit the rear wall, pass through her vehicle bay now womb, and break out her rear. She stood in a wide stance, mouth agape and face bewildered by what happened. Her forward legs gave and she fell on her chin burrowing into the snow in shock. Then she called for Zev, no answer.

“Z-Zev?”

Nothing.

“Zev!”

No movement inside her.

She screamed at the top of her voice for him. “Zevulon! Zevulon Veers! ZEVULON WHERE ARE YOU!!!?!!!” His hand wasn’t in hers, and she couldn’t feel him inside her.

“NO! NO! NO! ZEV!” She panicked, tears streaming down her face into the snow.

“ZEV PLEASE DON’T LEAVE ME-HE-HEEE! ZZEEVVULLEENN!” She became very angry at herself. Extremely enraged. “WHY’D YOU NEED TO PAY FOR MY FAULT?!!! WHY!!? PUNISH ME NOT HIM! NOT MY BABY! PUNISH ME! WHY’D HE HAVE TO GO!?! I HATE ME! FUCK ME! KILL ME! I DON’T DESERVE TO FUCKING LIVE ANYMORE!” She began to punch and kick herself in fury.

“SCRAP ME, CRUSH ME, RIP ME, SHOOT ME, VAPE ME, JUST END ME ALREADY!! ZZZEEEEVVVV!!!” She figured she’d blow herself up. She started to open her fuel up and her reactors up to set herself off then for some reason looked up at the ion Walker.

FIN PART 1

Hehehehe, cliffhanger.

So anyone else excited for this? https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZwWLns7-xN8 I am, this whole year is like nostalgia and it’s fucking great! Oh and a few funnies:

AT-AT, baby, Gingyflame, Hoth, Imperial, porn, Star Wars, Walker
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HaM Chapter 33

January 20, 2016 by Gingyflame

Well guys, here's chapter 33. This is longer than the last ones and so this has more plot line. I sent a copy to my friend to proofread and he instantly asked "should I watch out for any porn?" Sadly there is none and I told him this so he started off with his own. "She fucked him in his tailpipe." So there you go. There's porn from my friend.

Ch 33

"She's pretty new, uh she's..," Inbred hesitated, he wasn't really sure where to start. There was so much he wanted to brag about regarding her but he couldn't figure out where.
"Anything you'd like to know?" Eryka spoke confidently, filling in for his speechlessness.
"Yeah!" Banker started. "What the hell did you do to our tiny Inbred!?" Hansel didn't notice but he was bigger, as Banker stood next to him Hansel saw that Inbred was taller by a few inches, not much, but was thicker in his arms and probably the rest of his body. From Banker's perspective he clearly saw Inbred has swollen up, he had larger muscles everywhere. Not only that but his once light blue veins were now a gray color, there was some gray at the start of his fingernails and at the base of his hair, along the corners of his eyes the veins were metallic and as he smiled there was metallic tinge to his teeth, like he has some cavities filled with silver.
"Well..," she started.
"We kinda..," Banker wasn't amused. He wanted to know what she did to his friend. "You'll understand in time." Marion asked a not so touching question, and from there they learned she was bigger than E, not bigger than E and Jäger combined, she had similar suspension to E, a fifteen centimeter gun, and thicker armor than E all-round, she had a much stronger engine but was still pretty slow because of the weight needed to be moved. That's when the serious question came up again. Eryka kinda held it within herself but then blurted out.
"I don't want him to get hurt." Marion looked intrigued. "I love him! I do! I don't want him to leave me; if I'm breached I don't want him to be shot." It was an awkward silence before Inbred broke the silent snap.
"Really she wasn't too happy how thin I was."
"That's not true."
"Then why'd you overfill me?"
"To be sure no gun would hurt you! You were too thin!"
"You said it! I was too small!" They continued this jesting bickering playfully. While this happened Cindy woke up, she rubbed her eyes and looked around. Everybody was in their usual groups and nobody was moving, they were there. She happily threw off the tow cables and went to make laps around Marion when she came around her side and saw Eryka. She instantly stopped in fear and pushed herself back and behind Marion, shuddering against her.
"What's wrong, Cindy?" She went and held Cindy, trying to comfort her. "The big tank scare you?" Cindy nodded. "Don't be afraid, I won't let her hurt you. Go ahead, say hi." She moved Cindy to her side and inched her forward. Cindy caught Eryka's eye, she had never seen a Sherman in person before.
"H-H-H-Hi" she stammered." Marion turner her turret and whispered to her. "M-M-My name is C-C-Cindy." Eryka smiled to her.
"Hello Cindy, my name is Eryka." While Cindy warmed up to Eryka Whacker went inside Marion and plucked Hansel and Meats inside and rapped on Marion's wall to get her attention.
"We need to tell Cindy about Allison and the Major."
"What do we tell her?" Meats went on. "Tell her that she's a prisoner and a pet?" Hansel shook his head no.
"Well then how are we going to keep this all under wraps?" Marion piped up.
"I'll tell her everything, don't worry about it." She suppressed anything else. Once Eryka had befriended Cindy Marion pulled her in front of her and told her. "Cindy there's another new person here as well, he's the new Major and his tank, Allison, and they are bad people."
"How?"
"They would want to kill you, to hurt you; they want nothing but bad things to happen to you."
"D-D-Do they know I'm here?!" She visibly trembled, Eryka closed in to help comfort her.
"Yes but wait! We made a story for you."
?"

“So they won’t hurt you. We said you’re a pet-like Franz the cat, you like him-and that we’re keeping you. But you are not a pet, you are a beautiful little girl, but whenever they are around you need to do exactly as we say and not talk back, okay?” Cindy was still shivering with fear; her eyes darted around looking for people she didn’t recognize.
“Where are they now?” Marion, Eryka, Inbred, Meats, Whacker, Banker, and Hansel all looked for the two.
“They’re over there.” Eryka pointed to them, Cindy memorized what they looked like for her own safety.
“How’d you come up with that lie?” She asked very interested. Marion was mind blank.
“Banker came up with it.” Cindy turned around her turret.
“That’s cool! Could you show me how to lie?!”
“It’s an art that’s hard to teach.”

Irish walked the decks of his old friend, Prinz Eugen. They were on their way home after bombarding the Russians in support of Germans pulling out of the area, E and him used that time to practice long range fire, after a few misses, butting heads, and E finally letting Irish work his magic, they were nailing Russians like nothing before. While Eugen wasn’t too thrilled about getting that close to the shore she did enjoy pummeling infantry with AA guns and bombarding probable artillery positions, which were being used by Russians as it turned out to be. Irish had feelings for E, and he felt like she might of had some for him but she was, different, day to day. One day she’s nice, sweet, motivated and talkative, others she’s silent, hard, downright evil and caring only about her needs, like her doses of Russian tears and blood. She was still on the stern section where they put her, and as Irish walked aft he felt his heart beating in his throat, seemingly choking him, and he had to get some air in so he stopped by the most rear turret to catch his breath. He had told Eugen his intentions to her depression, but she still supported him anyway. Unknown to him Eugen was trying to be his wingman, and was trying to warm E up to the idea of loving a human. It wasn’t working. Irish was against the turret out of E’s sight and could hear the two talking. He listened with dread, remorse, and anguish as E declined anything, she said it was disgusting, unnatural to love another species, it was degrading that such people would do such a thing, how vile, wretched, dishonorable, and overall something that she nor any other machine and person shouldn’t stoop so down too. It completely crushed Irish, even after Eugen tried saying he had feelings for E, E simply brushed it off as ‘his fault’ and that was enough to completely crush Irish. He broke down, storming to his quarters where he slept it away. He wasn’t heard from until a few hours from docking. He didn’t appear different to E, but he was somewhat more reserved to himself. E wasn’t anything different.
“You’ve changed.”
“Sure.”
They said on the train ride to the rally point. They had specific instructions to remain elusive to the Allies, not to be found but rather to hunt from afar. That upset E a lot, and it soothed Irish’s worries of brawling. Irish received word that the Major was a SS officer; he and Edwards had worked with the SS before, usually saving their asses, but wasn’t thrilled about it. E was excited.
“Finally someone who will demand something!” They weren’t expecting what they’d find waiting for them, however.
Fin Ch 33

2, child, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, II, Prinz Eugen, ship, tanks, two, WW
1 Comment

Ham Ch 32

January 13, 2016 by Gingyflame

Hey again! Well you’re about to read what a sick day brings out! Just wrote this today and I’m already working on the next chapter.

Enjoy!

Chapter 32

onvoy finally came across a guard standing night watch on a foggy and cold morning; he checked each ID of the command and sent them along accordingly, sending the convoy’s motorbike ahead to message

their arrival. This whole planning and coordination was done by German SS messengers by foot, bike, car, and train to ensure complete and total secrecy. The Allies weren't to know what was bound to happen, not until it was too late. Marion was towing Cindy again, and in the murky and dark moonlight she saw the outline of a Panther and something else, something huge, something massive, something bigger than Jäger, even, and maybe Jäger and E combined. The Panther came forward into the headlights, in bright white paint there was the death skull and the dual lightning strikes; the icon of the SS. The commander's hatch opened and the torso of a man that looked to be an old hare came out with major ranks and he, too, had the death skull. Their new major was an SS officer.

"What model are you?" Mini asked, he was glossing over the Panther's road wheels and noticed they were not like any he's seen before; more like E's arrangement.

"Panther II," she snapped. She was aggressive, "thicker armor, better mobility, better suspension, and," she looked at Geoff, "an eighty-eight." She wasn't lying, her gun was thicker than Mini's and it was credible; Panther G models had been equipped with eighty-eights. From the way she looked ascetically and the way she held herself, she was a stuck up and all that SS panzer.

"Fall in!" The first words out of the Major's mouth. Everybody moved into their positions, Meats was muttering 'hide her, hide her' to Marion and she tried. Marion picked up Cindy as she pivoted into position. Even though Marion's size engulfed a full size Sherman, Marion felt that one of them caught a glimpse of Cindy, and for the first time Marion felt daunting fear, more powerful than the P-47 rocket attack and her first day on the battlefield combined into one horrid feeling. What Marion felt then in formation in front of this hate monger. What made matters worse is her Hansel is the company Captain, so his post was at the front of the company; closest to the Major and his death-head Panther. "I am Major Idek, this is Allison, and you will respect her as you would I. I am here to utilize you in the name of the Third Reich and to execute the will of the Führur himself! You fight for the Führur, you conquer for the Führur, you die for the Führur. Our mission for the Führur will be using the division between the British and the Americans against them; we will break through their worthless lines and break out all the way to their fuel depots along the shore! They will lose all of their fuel and we will have it all! From there we will push them off of the continent and we will be victorious!"

He ended his speech with the SS 'heil Hitler' and so no one offended him the others sounded off. The gang of the living machines were quite virgin to the propaganda, only the eldest bunch actually understood the cause of the war, who the leaders were, and why they were fighting. Otherwise the vast majority were clueless and only doing what they were told like loyal drone soldiers. Hansel and most of the others didn't like this and subtly tried to teach their tanks and AFVs the history behind the war and their creation. Marion had mixed views about it, like Hansel and her crew, but if the Major has done the same to his tank, Allison, then there is no doubt she is as hardcore Nazi as he is. This passed through Marion's mind just as she saw Allison glance away from her and whisper something to the Major. Marion felt very hot between the gears and bearings; Hansel felt her severe discomfort but couldn't comfort her for he felt very worried as well. Marion wasn't doing so good, she started shuddering when the Major or Allison glanced at her, soon she felt something along the lines of hot raindrops roll down her body, her breathing became more excited and energetic, her mind raced about what she'd do if they were confronted, her engine started to turn and run without fuel, her hand slid along her ammo rack, picking out shells to use in defense, the corners of her eyes scanned for weak points and where to group shots. She knew they wouldn't take too kindly if at all to Cindy giving that the Major is giving another speech about how the allies are no more than the Russian dog, commemorating Kramia for being the smart Russian and going against her 'subhuman oppressors' and all the sorts. Soon after he ended his speech with his most intense 'heil Hitler' ever, like he's motivated himself to join the SS and kill all the subhuman swine himself. It looked like he brought tears to his own eyes. After this they went through the usual proceedings, report in, and the follow up, change of command from Major to the Colonel, then dismissal. After everyone started moving Marion was trying to sneak away while hiding Cindy, still asleep.

"Captain Hansel!" Allison shouted. Marion froze, if she had a defined heart it would probably have a heart attack. She turned her turret to face her. "Sit at attention! And don't try to hide that Sherman!" Marion went instinctive, she raced for a shell but Meats knew what was better for her in the end and blocked the breach. [illegible]on slowly inched to align her turret with her hull while facing the Major and Allison.

“Y-Yes sir?” He tried hiding his chattering jaw.

“What. Is. That?” The Major pointed to Cindy.

“A pet, sir.” Banker snapped before a thought even graced Hansel’s mind.

“A pet?”

“Yes, sir. We thought that there’d be a need to show how weak and pathetic the American armor was to the children of the Third Reich.” The Major looked to the others, they were nodding in agreement.

“Alright, but don’t let your bitch shit on my soil.” With that he commanded Allison to meet with the tanks with no crews like Mini, Kramia, and Rosa.

Then something massive moved. Marion had completely forgotten about the massive figure she saw earlier trying to cover Cindy. Out of the early mist the massive object moved, the rising sun broke through the trees and shone against the mobile building.

“You mother fucking son of a bitch!” Banker yelled as he threw his gloves down. As he climbed out of the tank the others saw what he did; Inbred standing against a flat and sloped faceplate with two large hazel eyes peering friendly over them. Hansel glanced from Inbred’s smiling face to his hand, the new tank had a tendril coiling up his leg and a hand snugly placed in his.

“Hey guys, um, well.., this is Eryka.”

Fin Chapter 32

2, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, II, tanks, two, war, world
2 Comments

HaM Chapter 31

January 7, 2016 by Gingyflame

Chapter 31! We start rolling along here, there’s really nothing sexual but instead more details on a pregnancy. Enjoy!

Chapter 31
Hansel and Marion were sitting together waiting for Whacker to get out of bed, he had a hangover, and they noticed that Hetz was coming by. The whole battalion was mobilizing, moving deeper inward of Germany to meet E, Irish, and Inbred at another town before moving with the assault force. Hetz wasn’t with Aston and nobody had seen him all day.
“Good morning Hetz, where’s Aston?” Marion asked. She wanted to see the box Hetz had made.
“He’s sleeping inside.” She rapped on her flank with a hand. “Excuse me; I have to go exchange my ammo for real shots.” She continued on her way.
“I still need to do that. These blanks are only half the weight, I feel empty.”
“When was the last time I slept inside you?” Marion thought.
“It was raining and we wanted to have fun.”
“Why would Aston be sleeping inside her?”
“Because..,” she stopped, “dammit.”
“I told you.”
“She still gave him something that wasn’t sex, Hansel.”
“Alright, we’ll split it fifty-fifty.”
“Sounds good to me.” They started towards the ammo depot, Whacker would be a while. By the time they got there Hetz was handing over her last blank and receiving her real ammo. Aston was dressed sitting on
oof with his legs straddling her gun mantle. “Good morning, Aston.”
“Good morning.” He twisted around, smiled and waved.

“Do you have the chest Hetz made you?” He nodded and pointed into the open hatch. Hetz retrieved it and handed it to Aston.
“Nice, isn’t it?”
“Very. I’d like to learn how to do that.” Hetz racked her last real shot and turned around.
“It took a lot of practice before I could make anything close to that. I can teach you.” Hetz talked to her about what area of her tendril finger to use for certain jobs and what good wood looked and felt like while Marion was switching out her ammo. This bored Hansel and Aston to death so they went to find Cindy and her snow fort.
“I don’t think it’s a snow fort.” Aston commented.
“Why else would she pile up that much snow?”
“I mean it was too shaped and specific to her for it to be a fort.”
“Nah she’s probably a control freak.”
“We are talking about Cindy, right?”
“Yeah.”
“No she is not a control freak.”
“You never know, maybe she’s just obsessive with details.”
“No, no. If it is a fort, then why did she want my tent sticks?”
“Use them as pikes. Or tank traps. Half of us here are tanks.”
“Maybe, maybe.” They waddled around in the thickening snow until they came across Cindy and her snow collection.
“Aston! Hansel!” She yelled when she saw them.
“I’ll be damned.”
“Told you it wasn’t a fort.”

Once Marion and Hetz were alone they started talking. “So did Aston have a good birthday?”
“The best. His words.”
“Really? Where did you two go after the fun?”
“Oh, places..,” she looked around, nobody was nearby. She inched closer to Marion, “we fucked.”
“Dammit.” Hetz was startled.
“Wha-?”
“Hansel and I bet that wasn’t your gift.”
“Well it wasn’t, more for fun and the hell of it. It just seemed convenient.”
“Where did you go? How far out? Hansel and I had to go all the way down to the stream last time.”
“Oh not far, not far at all. Only into the hedges out past the HQ.” Marion frowned.
“I can’t fit in there.”
“It was perfect for us! At first I was happy to finally use that condom. I’ve had that since May.”
“Wait, you know you don’t need it, right?”
“No we did. We went all the way through.” Marion was surprised.
“When we last did that I lost it. I had to get pregnant.” Hetz nodded.
“I’ve been there; it’ll pass in a month or two.”
“It’s been a month.” She lied, it’s been longer.
“Then you don’t have much longer before you’re fine.”
“Do you think it depends on my size?” Hetz thought.
“That may be in there. Go ask Gretchen how long hers was.” Gretchen was the female Tiger I. She was among the eldest of the bunch.
“Where does she usually stay?”
“Over here by the ditch. I’ll show you.” She led Marion to Gretchen, Hetz asked bluntly how long her ‘heat stage’ was and Gretchen answered four to five months.
“Marion you’ll probably be finished before Christmas.” She started talking about when she was where Marion is at. “Yeah, my best friend was a Panther and she was in it, too. She was in love with my brother, and they, well.., you know the legend about where Tiger twos are from?” Marion nodded. “It’s true. My brother is the father. When she got pregnant she didn’t tell my brother, not for a little while at least but everyone found out at stage two.”
“Stage two?” Marion asked.
“Oh, there are a few stages for pregnancy in us. First is just making more synthmetal, that builds up in the walls of your vagina, then when the actual construction starts your basket closes. Your entire hull essentially
s, the deck hatches lock and don’t open, the basket closes off the turret from the hull, and anything
e the hull that isn’t a part of you is pushed to the side or front. Well the ammo will stay racked, but it’s

inaccessible. You know you’re in stage two when your basket closes.”
“Will I feel it?”
“Yes, it’s a gradual close overnight but you will feel it, especially when you try to turn your turret.”
“So I can’t turn my turret?”
“No you can but not as smooth as before.” Just then Hansel and Aston ran up to them.
“”Hey! You two need to come see this!” The four of them went back to where Cindy was playing in the snow. She sat proudly behind her creation.
“On my god this is amazing!”
“Look!” Cindy yelled out. She had made, out of snow, sticks, bark and rocks, four tanks. Three M4 Shermans and a massive Köingtiger all next to each other. “This is dad,” she pointed to the one on her far right, “this is mom,” she pointed to the one left of the dad, “this is Marion,” she pointed to the Köingtiger to her left, “this is Hansel,” she pointed to the pillar of snow all the way on the left, left of Snow Marion, “and this is me!” In the middle of Marion and the mom was a littler Sherman. The Shermans all had excellently shaped hulls and turrets. A stick jut out for the hull MG and below the chassis where it would be open space was stones to blacken it out. The tracks were made of bark and the wheels out of circular rocks. The hatches were bark, too, and the main gun barrels were the tent sticks. Marion was the same as the Shermans in terms of materials used for what but for her exhaust Cindy had found two tobacco pipes to use. On all the turrets were eyes and smiles. Hansel only had sticks for arms and two pebbles for eyes.
“I’m going to go get Derik.” Hetz announced, Derik had the camera for the battalion. She drove off with Aston to help her look. Frau with Canine and Faust with Anton passed her and were directed towards Cindy’s snow family. They, too, were amazed with it. They were all so used to war, hate, training to kill, and an eagerness to fight in battle, while this innocent child was in a carefree world, filled with once scary monsters that have become her family. It made the whole battalion rethink their lives, and what life meant. Once Derik arrived half the battalion had seen what she had made, and after some pleas and convincing, Derik took a picture of her and her snow family. Later they made a sign in English, French, German, and even Russian asking for nobody to tamper with the display. Kramia made the Russian sign and prayed that it never be interpreted. After that they rallied together, refueled, and left. Making headway deeper into German territory to meet the crossroads and group with the Fifth Panzer Army under the Forty-Seventh Panzer Division. They started off on their slow journey; Cindy wasn’t used to going this slow. She whined and complained on how slow they were going. Canine took her along with him and ran around the group, wearing himself and his worked engine out. Cindy was still ready to go, she circled Canine chanting “slow poke” in her playful tone. “Sorry, Cindy, but ol’ me’s too tired. Go get Mini or Erin. They’re young.” Cindy ran around until she found Erin, the Panther A. She pleaded with Erin to play with her, and finally Erin broke and drove around with her. Erin’s crew jumped tank to Gretchen beforehand, they weren’t in the mood to fight inertia. Marion watched Cindy try to catch the faster Erin, Erin’s top speed was fifty-five kilometers per hour. The fastest Sherman the Germans have ever seen was at forty-six to forty-eight kilometers per hour. While Marion could probably get forty kilometers per hour on flat paved ground giving it everything she had in the field she could never reach that, unless she went downhill, of course. The whole column of tanks, because of an angry Jäger, only went twelve kilometers per hour, so the speedy mediums were making rounds around the column like racecars. But one thing that Cindy had over all the other mediums was endurance, after an hour or two Erin was done and it was Mini’s turn to play with Cindy. When he was tired Cindy was tired and she crawled along with Marion, pleading to slow down and stop. Marion set Cindy into neutral and towed her along while she slept after a morning of play. Meats looked at the situation and smiled but looked a little worried.
“Marion,”
“Yeah Meats?”
“Don’t get too attached to the Shermans.”
“Why?”
“They are still our enemy. If you show them mercy, they won’t do the same.”
Fin Chapter 31

2, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel, II, Marion, tank, tanks, two, war, world
1 Comment

Hansel and Marion Ch. 30

ɲber 12, 2015 by Gingyflame

Here's the 30th insert of HaM. I'm probably going to just be doing HaM from now to a later chapter, just to get things rolling again. Every now and then I might post a story I've cooked up but needs thawing. Anyway, Enjoy!

Chapter 30

Marion was holding Hansel up to her side as they were refueling her, a little thing about the size of her turret came up to her side.

"Good morning Hetz." The Hetzer nodded.

"Have any of you seen Aston? I haven't seen him since sundown yesterday." Hansel and Marion thought.

"I think I saw *him* going down to the town. I'm not too sure; it might have been someone else." Hansel said. Marion squeezed him a little.

"Okay, thanks. What street?"

"Can't remember."

"Do you know, Marion?"

"No I don't." The little Hetzer looked disappointed. Her green eyes were in the vision slots on her hull face. Her mouth sat about the gun's level when it was parallel to the ground. She turned her little chassis around and went to go ask other people. "Hansel we weren't supposed to say anything!"

"I tried! It's instinctive, Marion."

"We weren't supposed to know anything, he trusted us with this."

"I know but how hard is it to find condoms?"

"What if that's not her gift to him?"

"It was your gift to me, and you said yourself you didn't have much to give."

"I'm not that creative. I could have made something if I had an idea. Maybe she's creative." Hansel looked her in the eye.

"He was too excited for it not to be sex." Marion rolled her eyes. "Cindy's coming back." Marion looked where Hansel was, Frau was escorting her to Marion while checking to make sure Cindy's new barrel splint was holding well.

"Mom look!" Marion froze and thought again. *What? Did she.., call me mom?* "Marion look! I got a new spint!"

"Sp*l*int, Cindy, it's a sp*l*int." Frau corrected her. Marion looked at it; it was Cindy's shade of green and looked like a picket fence was wrapped around her little gun. Underneath was the shiny silver metal growing back into place to reattach her gun.

"I can feel my gun again!" She rolled up to Marion's side.

"You can? So you can feel this?" She used a finger to circle Cindy's gun muzzle. Cindy giggled then laughed.

[illegible]! That tickles!" Hansel smiled at her. Marion found out that her gun muzzle was ticklish when they tried [illegible]ng bushes all over her as an ambush camouflage. Marion stopped and complimented her new gun

splint. Cindy then went over to a pile of snow and toyed with it, she's been toying with it ever since it started to snow. Hansel and Marion went over to the bunks and fetched Whacker, Banker, and Meats before they went off for training that day. Hetz also went, even without a commander. The Colonel said it'd be good for her to practice being more aware of her surroundings.

Cindy looked at the snow pile; she sculpted the front round and beveled the top of the other sides. She left two rumps on the frond and put a stick below the right rump. She went off towards the hill she would collect her snow from and got a hefty sized ball and placed it in the middle of the set snow pile. She was getting a thick stick from a tree near the road to the city when she spotted a lone figure walking down the road towards her, it was pulling a small sled with things on the back.

"Hey! You!"

"Hey there, Cindy!" The figure jogged over and ducked behind her. "Did they go train?"

"Yes. I kept my promise!"

"You did?"

"Yeah, I did. I didn't tell anyone!"

"That's great."

"What did you get?"

"I got some wrappers, some sweets, a cake, some blankets, beer and a coin."

"Whadya get for me?" She asked childishly. The man turned to the sled and lifted the cover, rustled through a box and pulled out a chocolate bar.

"I got you this!" He handed it to her. "You've never had anything like German chocolate, nothing comes *close*!"

"Thanks, Aston!"

"You earned it, it cost me six bucks for that." Aston started to the barracks when Cindy stopped him.

"Were there any big sticks on the road?" Aston turned around and rustled through the stuff again.

"No, but I have these you can use." He handed her four long poles that went to a winter shelter. "What are they for?"

"You'll see later." Aston went back to the barracks and set up for the others to return. When they did they were anxious to see if Aston was back. Hetz was the first back; she was caught off-guard as Aston jumped up onto her stern slope and surprised her. "I'm back."

"Holy-!" She instinctively threw him off but half-heartedly. She realized who he was and grabbed him before her push could throw him over Faust (who was behind her) and land on Canine. Aston just had a jolt back and was held over the ground. "Aston you scared the shit out of me!"

"I saw." She pulled him to her roof and hugged him.

"Happy birthday, baby! Did I hurt you?"

′ my chest hurts like a bitch actually. Otherwise I'm fine."

“I’m sorry, baby.” She massaged his chest. The hatches opened and the sweaty crew emerged. They looked towards the barracks and beheld the kegs of beer that appeared there. Whacker had Marion’s hatch open and they were downwind.

“Guys.., do you smell it too?” Sniffing noises came from Marion’s mantle.

“Yeah, what is that?”

“That’s German beer, brewed to perfection in a German highland brewery and fermented to perfection!”

“Marion meet Whackaholic, the other form of Whacker.” Meats said as he leaned against the inside of Marion’s turret. Hansel had a damp rag to his forehead, in one of the maneuvers Marion hit the brakes and stopped hard while Hansel was in the cupola. Hansel did not stop.

“Yay, Whackaholic.” Was all Hansel said. Soon a small celebration began. They weren’t just celebrating Aston’s birthday, they were also celebrating the Major’s promotion but above all they were celebrating their orders: move to the front and support an offensive. Meats was still in Marion’s turret with his cover low over his eyes.

“Meats, you going to join us?”

“Nah, I’m not a big party guy. Tell the Major he has my congrats. She closed his hatch to muffle the sound and let him sleep. Everyone was distributed one mug of beer, but Whackaholic would smoothly switch mugs with whoever was nearby. Ten minutes in and he had switched four mugs and was looking for a fifth to switch with. Hansel handed his mug to Marion, who gave hers to Whackaholic.

“Give it a try, babe.” She smiled and took a sip.

“Strong, better than the last one.”

“See? I told you that old beer was shit.” He took a gulp from his mug then kissed Marion.

“You’ve got beer breath, already.”

“Yeah, that happens quickly.” Everybody started to gather around Aston and Hetz, Hetz had something to give Aston. “Let’s see what it is, shall we?” He climbed onto her roof and watched. Hetz opened a tool box on the side of her hull and removed an elegantly crafted wooden chest about six inches long by three inches wide by three inches tall.

“Here, Aston. I made this for you.” She handed him the box. It was all wood construction with lubed wood hinges, it was beach wood with dark oil-soaked edges. It had a flower embroiled pattern with elegant vines on the corners and his name embroiled across the front in beautiful German cursive. It looked like something straight out of Elizabethan society. “Sorry it’s all flowers, it’s all I had to go off of for the time.”

“No, no, it’s beautiful. Thank you.” They kissed in front of the others. The others cheered and laughed, making the pair blush. “You made this?”

“I did.”

“It’s amazing, how’d you make it?” She used one of her fingers on her hand, using the inside corner of her finger she blunted the edge of the wood toolbox on her side.

“Like that, only more gentle.”

“I love it, Hetz, this is the best thing I’ve ever had.” Marion looked to Hansel.

’ ‘d you it wasn’t sex.” Hansel chuckled.

“Just wait; we’ll see how he is in the morning.” Later that night, after the celebration ended and the drunk were thrown in bed, Hetz had Aston alone.

“Hey Aston do you really like the box, now that we’re alone?” He studied the exterior.

“Eh, it could use a bit more color but I’m happy with what it is.”

“Great. There is some more to it.”

“Really?”

“Yes, push on the back edge of the bottom panel.” He did as she told him, he heard a pop from inside and he opened it to check, his scared expression turned to that of amusement.

“You put in a false bottom; damn you’re good at this.”

“That’s not all I put in.” She kept glancing into the box until Aston did too, he moved the false bottom and pulled out a single condom package. “That box is only half of your night.” He looked at her amazed. “So, what do you think birthday boy?”

“How in hell did you get a condom?”

“You let me worry about that!” She pulled him into a huge and dark hedge grove and turned on a dim flashlight. They were kissing then; she undid his belt with novice skill and worked the buttons from his shirt. She reached into his underwear and grabbed her dinner and tenderized it until it was nice and strong, he yanked his clothes off and threw the clothes near the covered entrance, and she pulled him up onto her glacis plate and grabbed his rock hard dick. “Give it to me Aston!” He slid into her lips as she licked them; her mouth structure put his cock straight down in a tight mouth. Her teeth retracted so it was just her lips, tongue, and throat. Aston was never in a better place.

Her mouth was a tad bigger than a human mouth simply because of her tiny size and confined interior, so it was as good a blow job as any prostitute could give. Her throat gripped his head and her mouth held his shaft, his base was circled by her lips and his cock belly was locked into submission by her tongue. Aston was limp on her front, she held him there with his burly chest in her face. She had her eyes closed, letting the flavor and feeling engulf her in exotic memory. She was swallowing her saliva to coax Aston’s senses into spewing his seed, and every time she swallowed he moaned loud and true. He pulled out a little bit and thrusted in repeatedly, humping her fast. His cock felt too good, he quickly felt his cum arising. He moaned and groaned louder and faster, Hetz knew what was coming. He suddenly pulled out and came on her faceplate. She felt his glops of hot cum fall onto her face just below her viewport and noticed that the drops were drawing closer to her mouth. She smiled as a glop fell upon her extended teeth; her tongue licked his semen off her teeth.

Aston groaned, he was suddenly cold again. He looked into Hetz’s eyes as she probed the semen already freezing to her warm body. In her eyes he saw her lust; she wasn’t finished with his gift yet. Hetz felt the cold air dry his sperm onto her hull, she remembered that all he had on was his socks; not snow gear. She knew what to do instantly. She wrapped around his waist and moved him to her side; she then pushed against the ground on that side and propelled herself onto her opposing side. That’s when she held herself perpendicular to the ground and put Aston’s feet on her road wheels, his cock right in front of her heat-bleeding pussy. Without words Aston knew she was ready, he pushed his head against her vulva and broke the seal. A strong feeling of warmth emanated from her and warmed his core fast. He pressed his hips against her belly and let her body heat mingle with his until they were the same, then he braved the journey out of the warm comfort and retreated into the cold before returning to her comfort again and again.

“Harder, Aston, harder!” Suddenly she slammed her cervix against his head and felt all of his skin on the wall of the cervix, too much. “Wait!”

?” She plucked him out and tried to roll the condom onto his wet cock. “Let me help you, baby.” He oped her hand and guided her through the motions.

“Alright baby,” she shoved one of her injector tendrils into her vagina to open the cervix, “prepare for the best gift you’ve ever had!” He pushed his way in, both were moaning and groaning and grunting as he penetrated deep into her very tight, hot, and wet cervix. Her engine turned over with every hump he did, rocking her chassis with his motions. Eventually he gained pace as her pussy slackened on grip and adjusted to his presence. Aston put great power behind his thrusts to really rock his girl, and she felt it. Every thrust would make her arms bend a little before they righted themselves straight again. The whole feeling they got out of it was immense, both were mind numb, and they could feel everything about the other. Aston wanted this night to never end, so did Hetz, they slipped away from reality and into heaven where they were the only ones there. They lost themselves so much that Aston forgot that that building of the awesome feeling was his orgasm approaching, he came without knowing it. Hetz felt his convulsions but knew he had a condom, she also knew that her orgasm was building and encouraged Aston to keep going. When Aston heard her say that she was close to cumming he jolted out to make sure the condom didn’t tear, it didn’t but still grossed him out. He pulled off the condom and wiped off his cock before Hetz’s pleads got to him. He slid back in and out, taking in all he could before her tightening pussy suddenly gave and she came. He pulled out and was instantly hit by the cold. “Why does it have to end so early, baby?”

“It doesn’t have too,” he leaned against her and kissed her belly, “I’ve some more in my back pocket.” She snaked into his discarded pants and pulled out three condom packets.

“How in hell did you get these?”

“You let me worry about that!” Before the night was old they had burned through the condoms and Hetz was righting herself. As her treads slammed against the snow again she collected his clothes and helped Aston into her hull. She laid her belly in the snow and used a blanket to tuck in Aston lying on her floor. It was as hot as ever inside her, a tiny and cramped space where four men in heavy clothes worked the day. He loved this tiny space, he loved this ‘tiny’ woman, and he loved this tiny world- unsure of how much longer he or anyone he knows will inhabit it.

Fin Chapter 30

2, Cindy, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, Hetzer, porn, tank, World War, WW
4 Comments

The Imperial Might of Japan Herself

November 10, 2015 by Gingyflame

I’m back! I know I’ve been quite quiet over the past.., few weeks but I’ve also been writing another story. The story of the largest battleship ever, the IJN Yamato. It’s a long ass story but it’s worth it. Trust me it’s good. In other events Black Ops III is out (got to try it, there’s a WWII simulation map and it’s a Tiger II GALORE <3<3<3), Halo 5 (I heard it was a let down 4 and 1/2 hour campaign) and so is Fallout 4 (which I’m sure the lot of you are playing and won’t see the light of day for a few weeks) and soon my personal favorite, Battlefront III (sticking to the classic count) is arriving. Anyway enjoy all!

Hisashi climbed down the ladder to the roof of the conning tower bridge. He stood back and bowed.

“Good morning Yamato.”

“Good morning Hisashi.” Her voice was elegant, beautiful; it captured her poetic namesake of Japan and all its beauty. Hisashi erected himself and looked up to the bridge where her brown eyes looked back to his, the tall and menacing tower of metal and man was an impressive sight no matter where you saw it, but only up close can one see a decade of war taking its toll on the mighty symbol. Her armored plates had sign of weathering, her eyes heavy with sleepless, bomber filled nights, her magnificent voice uttered by a slow ng pair of lips tired of trembling in fear of fire bombs, and at worse sight a usually unmotivated crew. The crew is very inexperienced, only two combat missions during the whole war, and only once did Yamato

use her guns. The crew had come up with a list of the most useless things in the world: The Great Wall of China, The Great Pyramids, and Yamato, and she didn't challenge the list, either. She's a mighty vessel, largest and heaviest in the globe. 79,808 tons of metal machine and all it's done to contribute to the Emperor's war is sail as a show ship almost. She confides in Hisashi and him alone her troubles, feeling of worthlessness, desire to fight, alienation from her fellow fleet ships, and her feelings of dishonor. But this morning on her newest voyage she had a hopeful fire in her eyes. "We're going to Okinawa, Hisashi; we're going to the front. No carriers. I'm the fighter now."

"That's great, Yamato, that's great. Finally we will fight for the Emperor! Fight and beat the Americans off our homes!" He was more excited than she was. "And then we will return victorious!"

"Hisashi, don't tell anyone this but,"

"What is it, Yamato?"

"It's only a one way trip." His heart sank. No returning, no glorious arrival, this is a fight to the death mission. "We're going to beach on the Okinawa beach and halt any attempts to land until we run dry."

"So be it." Their voices were tense and low; they had dreamed of after the war, together as a part of the mightiest navy ever, they'll now never see the day. Whenever they'd previously sit together they'd plan out how they'd engage the Imperialist Americans, dream about ravaging their puny ships and how they'd triumph over them, and steam into the San Francisco Bay Glorious in battle triumph.

"We don't have much time left, Hisashi. I'd like to live as full a life as possible." Her tone had dropped even lower. One day she told him of a lovely dream she had with a husband and a child, it was vague and she barely remembers it all but for that whole month she was obsessed by it, dreaming, thinking, talking, and sharing it with Hisashi alone. Often he'd ask why she only talked to him on such matters, the commander was much wiser than he was, but she never got around to confiding to the commander. She would talk to everyone and follow orders from the bridge but she never got personal with anyone but Hisashi. Still, he didn't mind.

"A taste of the sushi, perhaps?" He knew she had always wanted to eat sushi. He got up from his folded seat and moved towards the ladder.

"It wouldn't be refused." She said with a smile, but that wasn't what she wanted to say. "Hisashi, do you ever feel compassionate around me?" He stopped on the ladder. He folded his arm through the rungs to hold himself as he thought.

"I wouldn't deny the rumors." For a few years there has been a rumor that Yamato and he were planning to marry. Yamato heard it and passed it to Hisashi, but neither confronted anyone about it. They let it be a story that excited the crew on this long dull post. Yamato didn't share the other rumor that the crew thought of; the long and loud creaks and groans of her hull at night were love-making between them. That rumor was false entirely, she shifted around at night just to move, any movement felt like a million miles to her, and she loved moving in her tight dock slip. She looked down at Hisashi into his eyes and waited for him to continue. He didn't so she took the lead.

"At your heart would you agree? Truly agree at your heart?" This made Hisashi stop and think. He grew tired and slid down the ladder he thought that long; searching his feelings and after a time he found his answer.

"Yes." Yamato fought hard to hold back a smile but it showed anyways, Hisashi saw and couldn't help but smile back. Her teeth were impressive but not overwhelming; everything about her was representing the beauty of Japan: her teeth were straight and nice with a white polish. Most other battleships have shark teeth or simple razor fold teeth for a fear and intimidation factor but not Yamato; she had her eighteen inch guns for that. Rarely did Hisashi see her teeth so it was like a shining star to him. She noticed that she made him smile and blushed a darker gray than her base coat.

night she slept quietly and soundly for the first time since American bombers flew over Japan regularly. dreamed of a strange turn of events where once she arrives at Okinawa the Americans pull back, and

form a treaty with Japan to cease the bloodshed of their people. The Emperor agrees to this and the fighting stops. She is then refueled and moved back to Japan and from there they tour the Pacific, all the while figuring out how Hisashi and her would marry. They run into the fabled American battleship Iowa, the Iowa tries to smooth talk her but doesn't get through to her. Later Hisashi takes her hand in marriage and she bears beautiful children, then her dream was interrupted by the Commander.

"Yamato, Okinawa reports an increase in carrier activity. Ready for an arial attack close to Okinawa." He noticed her confirmation wasn't normal. "Everything alright, Yamato?"

"Yes senpai, well, no senpai." He asked for her to elaborate. "I wish for a fuller life, senpai, to love and birth and raise children." The commander nodded. He suspected she'd be going through rough emotions since hearing about her sentencing.

"Do what you see fit for fulfilling that. I know I wish I could see my wife one more time." With that she figured she'd hurry her relations with Hisashi up to the sex and possibly pregnancy. If she could beach herself maybe the Americans wouldn't scrap a pregnant and ammo-less ship, and spare her Hisashi as well. She realized that the Americans would show no mercy to her, none. By then she would have sunk many ships and killed thousands of Americans, she is doomed no matter what. Tears began to roll from her eyes; she began to quiver in fear. The largest and mightiest ship in the world is crying and quivering in fear.

She felt Hisashi stir, they had a unique feeling of each other, and they knew each other's feelings like their own. Even now in the midst of his night's sleep he felt her distraught emotions. He arose from his cot and dressed himself in the dark before making his way up the superstructure. The bridge commander stopped him and brought him close to whisper in his ear. *Do whatever she wants.* Hisashi replied, *I always intend too, sir.* Then he climbed another ladder up a deck and opened the access door to slide down the ladder to the conning bridge roof and bowed.

"Yamato, what's wrong?" He asked as he sat down.

"I never did anything with my life! I-I-I wish I could do more, to marry, to birth, to love!" She was about to break down again when Hisashi let his heart flow.

"I love you, Yamato, do you not love me?" It worked, she stopped tearing, she was silent, both of them knew the answer, she did love him. "Yamato there is not a single thing you listed that we cannot do tonight." She smiled a little.

"Even the birth of our child?" She said questioning.

"We can start it." She smiled more, slowly and armored panel beneath the ladder moved away and a large protruding hose-like object appeared looking like a vagina at its front.

"Please start, then." Hisashi moved towards her vagina, unsure and curious of it. He leaned over and looked at its sides; pistons and hoses, hydraulics and piping covered it. It had gears and such all along it's sides making it look very mechanical and easy to fix if something went wrong. It turned him on more than her vagina did. Her vagina was placed on a faceplate that looked like the bow without the protrusion; it gradually thinned into the lips of her beautiful vagina, like it was elegantly crafted by an artisan. "Are you alright, Hisashi?"

"Y-Yes, I'm fine, Yamato."

"I'm ready." He placed his index and middle fingers onto her lips at the top and felt how surprisingly soft she was, plush and smooth; he trailed his fingers down her slit softly. Her soft moans fueled his passion; he trailed his fingers up and down soft and slow until a little silver ball appeared at the top. He rubbed that softly, noting it was moist, and plunged his fingers into her hole to test her moisture levels. He eased his two fingers in and out pumping her and searching around for her good spot. He was breath taken by how soft she was, so plush, tender, and hot. "You're making me so wet, Hisashi!"

*r*eady." He undid his pants and shirt, pulled out his fingers; they were dripping with hot silver lube, and

placed his throbbing cock head against her eager lips.

“Yes, Hisashi! Yes Hisashi! Do it!” He followed her plea and fell on it; her moan signaled he’d gone deep. He felt her hot walls surround him, her slick inside welcome him, and her love embrace him and warm his insides. He hesitated to leave, still trying to figure out just what he was doing exactly, he pulled out to his head before thrusting into her again. Yamato was egging him to go faster, so he tried pleasing her and please her he did. Her eyes were mostly clenched shut or looking down to him, her mouth agape and moaning and grunting. Her whole hull and superstructure shook with every thrust.

On the bridge everyone could see Hisashi was doing a good job. Her windows used as eyes were blacked out and shut, her moans echoed softly inside, her shudders could be felt in anything they touched, and this was making the most of them a little ashamed and uncomfortable. They felt like they were trespassing. Only the commander and two of the elder men smiled. One young and curious sailor started to lean towards the window to peak but the commander swatted his shoulder and frowned at him. The sailor stood back shamed. The radio operator, one of the elders, tuned into what the Americans called “Ms. Tokyo” radio station and listened to her music and propaganda using the speakers on max setting to drown out Yamato.

“Oh Hisashi! Oh Hisashi! I never thought it’d be this good! Oooohh!” She wailed, Hisashi kept humping and humping, looking up to her face and watching her signs of gay enjoyment. He looked back down towards her vagina. Her lips wrapped around his cock and held on, not wanting to let go, and every time he pulled out a sheen of silver coated his cock to keep it warm in the cool air. “Oh, oh, oh YYEESS! Harder Hisashi! Love me more!” He complied, thrusting more powerfully and deeper into her. He looked down and watched as his thrusts pushed her vagina against his crotch and then coil back from its base like a cannon and then follow him out as he pulled out. He went hard and fast, watching himself penetrate her and push her vagina in. He listened to her gleeful cheers and rambles and felt amazing. Soon he felt her tightening on him, her moans becoming more rapid, and her temperature increasing. She snaked her arms around him and inside his remaining clothes, as she told him she felt it building. Then he felt himself rapidly building, but knew he couldn’t pull out, she wanted to feel it, and she needed to feel it. He started to moan, letting his body do its job without worrying about keeping it in anymore. Suddenly he couldn’t hold back, he pushed in as deep as he could and let go.

She cried aloud, “it’s so hot! So hot! It’s everywhere!” She felt it first inside her depths then it seemed that the whole pacific was Hisashi’s seamen, so hot and creamy; it made her feel hot all over and everywhere. Hisashi felt relieved, and Yamato’s great full cries made him feel even better, but she was still tight, still waiting her turn. And she was too good to only fuck once. He eased back out drawing a long moan from Yamato, she didn’t think he’d keep loving her but she was happily wrong. She wanted the most from this little time, she focused on what she felt and was not disappointed. She felt his skin, the slick shaft that rubbed her right, the cum still oozing from his cock. His hot seamen kept coming and coming, she never wanted it to end. Abruptly Hisashi pulled out to his head before dramatically stopping, causing Yamato to yelp in surprise.

“Ready for another?”

“Always!” He plunged back into her tightening pussy, pulling a moan from deep within her as her grip locked on him while her orgasm arose and couldn’t be held back anymore. He watched and felt her pussy throb around his cock, silver liquids pumped out of her vagina lips against his crotch. “I love you, Hisashi, I love you like the fish love their ocean.” She held him until the oozing stopped then allowed him to continue with the second run. It lasted longer than the first and was more intense as well, they built up together and at the same moment their cusps overwhelmed them and they came at once. They rested, still connected, for a good amount of time until Hisashi rolled off her to the side and leaned his back against her tower base. She wrapped around his body and dressed him again. “That was amazing, Hisashi. Surely that was enough to fertilize me.” He felt hot, sweaty, and perfect in her arms. She never wanted to let him go.

“I feel like we’ll never see the result, Yamato that makes me feel depressed.”

“I know. I know.” She thought of how her carrier sister ship sank; submarine. She thought that one day she [illegible]t be risen from the depths, and rebuilt, and if they do have a baby inside her it will grow and come into [illegible]ter world, with Hisashi as the father and herself as the mother. Only thing was: Hisashi will die. “Hisashi,

there's something I want to tell you."

"I'll always listen, my love."

"I will sink, but I may still live on with the baby inside me on the bottom. We might even stay together; the German cruiser said that's what their battleship did."

"What? How?"

"She said that the battleship's lover was transformed; I want to transform you." He thought about her want. He was told to do anything she asked.

"Yes." She comforted him, readied her injectors and placed them where it felt natural, and then she listened to his screams as she changed him. She finished up and held him tight, ordered for him a blanket and pillow to sleep with where he lay, in the fetal position, so she could hold him in her arms like they were married. Like they were married after this war and home in a harbor slip. And there they slept.

A few hours later they were awoken: the battle was imminent. The officers passed around sake, and told the crewman to drink, to ease the pain ahead. Usually when Hisashi drank he could get only a third threw the bottle before he was too drunk to think; he downed the bottle faster than he could a third earlier and barely felt any different. The rest of the crew wasn't fairing the same. Later there were run-ins with the American planes, Yamato and an accompanying cruiser engaged repeatedly but to no avail. She was talking to Hisashi when she abruptly stopped and told him a report came in about a hundred and fifty aircraft heading their way. Then her face darkened, she felt them on radar. She wrapped around Hisashi for comfort, he tried his best to comfort her but they both knew that she was obsolete, air power took the seas. The aircraft turned towards them in an attack pattern, her crew fired all they could. Her 18 inch guns were loaded with the buzzbee anti-air flak shells and fired at the incoming planes. The tracers went everywhere, the drunken gunners sprayed everywhere, bombs went off everywhere, and torpedoes were all around her. She was struck a few times and listed to the sides; she clutched her Hisashi in her arms as her damage control pumps righted her. For two hours the American planes tormented her, strafed her decks, the gunfire tearing her crew limb from limb, half from half, flesh from bone, life, from existence. Men screamed everywhere; turrets were hit with bombs and exploded into the sky. Her escorts were diced up as well. They were bombed and torpedoed to the bottom, only fifty miles from Japan's most southern point. She felt the end was near, the planes were getting closer and closer with each run, and much of her AA batteries were dead, disabled, in flames or all of the above. She lifted Hisashi, he was quivering in fear, and she looked him in the eye with her gorgeous eyes reminding him of Japan and asked him one last promise. "Hisashi!? I need you to promise me one more thing!" He knew what was coming, she thought about what she's asking of him, tears began rolling down their faces. "Promise me, promise never to forget me!"

"I promise! I promise never to let you go! I'll never leave you! Always with you!" They both leaned in; she brought him close to her lips. They kissed. A kiss is an unbreakable promise, something reserved for the closest of loved ones. And they meant everything about it then. She felt her side get rocked by a torpedo, felt the rush of warm Pacific water rush in, and keep coming, flooding her pump station and her halls. She knew she was sunk right then. She savored his lips' taste. His warm flesh tainted with the salty air and his sweat. His tongue sat on top of her massive tongue, stroking each other for comfort. Hisashi felt her tense up, felt her fear. He took in her salty metal lips and tongue, her slick warm fluids flowed into his mouth, her tender love amongst her amass of war and hate. He felt her pain, the flooding; they shared every feeling they had. Suddenly the heat in the middle of her erupted. Her eyes shot open and her mouth went agape, Hisashi was dropped as her arms went limp and an explosion ripped her in half, Hisashi felt a part of himself be torn from the whole, then half of his essence felt empty. He plummeted to the raging seas below and was hit hard. He struggled to return to the surface where he fought to stay above water. He met with a small group of survivors and drifted with them. They were all heart broke, demoralized, and any hope of Japan's survival sank with their ship. Some cried, cried like babies when they knew they dishonored their family, the Emperor, and most of all- Japan. Everything they lived for in their eyes abandoned them; they were the most worthless things in the universe in their eyes. Hisashi cried for his lost love on top of the dishonor, he felt her death. Not her disappearance, but her life leaving her hull when she was ripped by that explosion. They all [illegible]hed the mushroom cloud standing over the ship dispatch after minutes of intimidation. They were soon [illegible]ed up by Americans, triumphant in their slaying of the beast, celebratory in their victory. No Japanese

sailor could bear to look at anything but the deck. No matter where they sailed Hisashi knew where she was, he felt her presence on the bottom.

When the two bombs dropped on their home soil and their country surrendered the crew of the Yamato, and every other sailor, pilot, or soldier, felt the shame of defeat on their shoulders. Depression settled among nearly every one of them. Once they were released most would return home to move on with their lives and rebuild their culture and homes. Not Hisashi. He moved to the most southern point of Japan, built himself a seaworthy fishing vessel, and every day of the weekdays he sailed out to his lover's grave and sat. Sometimes he stayed overnight, waiting, waiting, waiting for some sign from his lover, from his long lost Yamato. He could drift anywhere overnight and he'd know his way back to her grave, just by their connection he knew where she was and how she was. He longed to be with her every hour. Years and years and years later he still went out; never missing a day he couldn't miss for getting more gas, food, or money. Occasionally he'd go fish with the son of his neighbor named Takeo, they were like father and son, and whenever Takeo went home he felt like that was something he missed out on with Yamato. Nevertheless he remained faithful towards his lost love and never searched for romance, but that didn't deter him from advising the youth about love. He was viewed as the wisest in the village, and would be asked for knowledge often. Few knew why he was the way he was; a 30 year old guy that's wiser than the 60 year olds, when he was really in his hundreds by the time the research vessels came and moved him off Yamato's grave.

"Sorry but we have Japanese authorization for this project." The announcer spoke in English.

"How wong?" He asked in the stereotypical Japanese accent. He actually could speak English fluently.

"About two to three weeks."

"Dat no good. I need dis spot fow fishing." He always welcomed explorers and gave them space, as long as they shared what they saw with him. Even still two weeks minimum isn't what he wants, alone time was still important. "I go as wong as you tewl me what down dare!"

"We're here to resurrect the IJN Yamato."

"I'm staying here then!" He instantly dropped the heavy mispronunciation accent. "You cannot stop me!"

"On what grounds?" He thought quickly.

"We'll talk in secret; we'll meet on your ship!"

"Negative, what is your relationship with the Yamato?"

He hesitated. ".., lover." He was brought on as some con artist, living ships were made famous by the raising of the Titanic two years ago but nearly all records of Yamato were lost. He sat down in front of a (useless) translator and the Captain of the ship. He uttered two words.

"Say again?" Hisashi sighed. For nearly 76 years he kept this secret.

"Back in nineteen-forty-five the Yamato and I were very close..," he explained his whole story with her, and then he told them his routine for the past 76 years. He even pointed to people who were on previous search parties for the Yamato remains and said the date their first search was. The men in the room were impressed. The Captain leaned over and asked for an electricity measuring device. Hisashi didn't catch the whole name but knew it had to do with the electric current in metal that usually give life to them. He was granted permission to stay on board for the operation for his insight and knowledge of her interior. As he watched submarine footage of the eerie black turn to greenish orange rust he felt shivers.

"This is where that final torpedo hit." He was told. Just then the sub's ultralights kicked on and Hisashi saw a hole bigger than his fishing trawler, deeper than his trawler long, black as death itself. He was staring at [redacted] killed his Yamato, and he knew there was more to her death than that. They circled all around the [redacted]rned hull, investigating the multiple torpedo holes in her massive hull. They decided to put the shiny

probe needles down right on her belly, one of the most sensitive regions of a ship, and tested the frequencies for any life. They tested for a charge sufficient enough to sustain life.

All failed.

Then they tried vocalizing their presence, even Hisashi piped up towards the end.

All failed.

“Again.”

Failure.

“Again.”

Failure.

“Again!”

Failure.

Every try failed. Yamato was dead. Some of the guys there pulled him back into his chair and patted his back. One of the more empathetic women massaged his shoulders. His whole hopes of finally talking to her again, ever, vanished in the blink of an eye. He cried like he did 72 years ago. After the tears started he got up and left, went to his trawler where he had a picture of Yamato’s broadside at the dock. He took that picture. He put it in his finest frame and made a little mural around it with a little book of his time without her. He held that frame to his chest and cried himself to sleep in the galley of his trawler.

They didn’t need him that day or the next to be honest; they explored and tested the outer of the hull for weak points and openings to fill. They knew that Yamato was too heavy for a barge or ship bus so they would need to really focus on the tear points to keep her buoyant for towing. The days after they used Hisashi’s guidance in navigating the interior. He wasn’t his helpful self, though, he helped but he didn’t actively help; trying for as minimal conversation as possible. It took even longer than they anticipated, run ins with unknown damage, furniture remains, and a few snagged RC sub bot cables for the most part, but after six weeks she was on her way to the surface. It took a grueling five hours to reach the surface, three more than Titanic simply because of weight and stability. Just before Yamato reached the brightest parts of the ocean the submarines carefully righted the hull. That was when Hisashi, sitting in the back of his little trawler with a camera, felt tears of joy run from his eyes as Yamato’s superstructure broke the waves and rose to the sky. He filmed the rising, and specifically zoomed on the holes that doomed her before taking an expansive shot of the whole scene. He put the camera away and looked at what time had done to his love. Her superstructure was mostly free of rust: being buried in the soft sand on the bottom while her hull looked like half shredded green cheese with rusticles all over her body. The guns were held in place as she sank to the bottom and only a few things were bent out of place. The antennas and wires and poles were swept away and the smokestack had taken serious damage. He followed her all the way back to the port that birthed her, and the same port that was to restore her. The Mitsubishi ship yards agreed to restore their lost child with help from the same team that coordinated the restoration of Titanic. Hisashi set up a tent outside of the yards where he had a clear view of the progress and remained there, watching the team toil away, for as long as he needed too.

Yamato’s eyes shot open, her mouth dropped and she screamed. She quickly regained herself and looked
nd, something was different. She didn’t feel any water, only chucks under her hull, she felt empty, entire
ons of her insides were gone, her guns were working and stowed, and nobody was on board. Hisashi

wasn't in her arms, either. She teared up and looked down where she last saw him. He was standing there, clad in a rubber suit with thick rubber boots. He was smiling ear to ear. She's never seen him smile like that. She instantly lashed out, wrapping her arms around him and pulled him up in between her eyes, both cried. She pinned him against her, never dreaming of letting go. Hisashi knew what she felt, he didn't dream of letting go ever again, not in his past near eighty years has he ever dreamed of letting go of her. Soon after they were glued together gangways touched her hull again and men and women went back to work. It's been three years since they first put her in the slipway for renovation, and they were nearly complete. Suddenly Yamato started asking questions.

"Hisashi what happened? How are we in the slipway? Why am I empty? Why was there nobody aboard?" He whispered all her answers to her.

"You blew up, you died. Your hull sank to the bottom."

"How long was I dead?" She said in disbelief, it seemed mere moments ago she felt the torpedoes tearing into her.

"It was seventy-nine years ago. We lost the war. Japan wanted you back as a memorial so these people rose you up. They fixed you. You were gutted and your inside was changed for a more appealing look and to fit museum pieces. Nobody was aboard because we needed a massive electric discharge to bring you back to life."

"Is that why you're in that rubber suit?" She giggled as she stroked his rubber back.

He too chuckled and agreed. "Yes, yes. Yamato it's been so long, I've missed you exponentially. You missed so much. I wrote it all down for you in a book I left on my trawler."

"When did you get a trawler?"

"A month after the war, I used it to make a living and sit above you. Every day I went to your grave. Every day I waited for something. I would have given it all away to be with you again forever." She gripped him tighter.

"Hisashi I'm sorry I left you."

"That doesn't matter now. Now, now we are together. Together without a war."

"Now we can have the child!" She was so happy, super excited, she could barely contain herself.

"Yamato.., they found something inside you."

"The baby?"

"No, a composition of your life metal. It, too, was dead." She looked him in the eyes, he wasn't looking cheery. "It was dead; there wasn't anything they could do with it."

"I.., was pregnant?"

"Yes. Not anymore. They had to use it in the restoration." She frowned and teared up. "They're sorry."

"We have to try again?" Hisashi nodded. Yamato closed her eyes and brought him close again. They were locked in that hug for the rest of the day. The night came and workers were still toiling away, her launch was scheduled for the morning. Then her main turrets could be assembled and put in place. When morning came hundreds flocked to the pier to watch the monstrous hull move like nothing into the water. Yamato instinctively questioned why the water wasn't at her waterline before looking into her answer's giant and gaping holes. That afternoon the shell pieces were dropped into the well for gun turret number two for ay of the huge size, also dropped in was a quarter scale working model of the gun loading process. She breath taken when a wingless Zero followed them in, then the wings, then some decommissioned

bombs, and finally a large table covered in model waves and a model of herself leading three destroyers, a heavy cruiser, the carrier task force, some light cruisers and a Fuso class. A few other models of aircraft, an American task force, and various other gun caliber's shells before the crane in the rear was put in place followed by the aircraft hydraulic launches. It took a few weeks after that for all three of her main gun turrets to be put into place, but after that she felt complete again.

To her surprise there was already a small crew waiting for her finalizing. Apparently a band of maritime merchants were assembled to man her in her longest voyage ever: to Hawaii. Not to the launch point where they staged the attack on Pearl Harbor but to the actual Pearl Harbor. The crew was dressed in casual clothing as food, fuel, water, and other utilities were loaded on to her and she was prepared to leave her slip. If anyone were to come try and remove Hisashi from her she'd make sure they had a nice swim home. Nothing will separate them again. They loaded for about three days before they set off for Hawaii.

"I wonder how much the world has changed, Hisashi. What happened while I was gone?" She snuggled him close to her and watched the rising sun as she left her home harbor.

"Let me get something from my trawler and I will show you." She let him go and he made his way through the stairways and corridors to the rear of her superstructure and exited to the aft deck. Hoisted by the crane was his trawler, kept neat beneath the waterline by his disciplined training some eighty years old. He climbed the rigging into the trawler, entered and grabbed a book that has had twelve different spines and hundreds of additions, and left for Yamato's conning tower roof he always goes to. He handed her the book, ever so tenderly and cautiously did she turn the pages, reading dates, events, journal entries, accomplishments and downfalls. She read and read and read, until she got to 'Japan regains military' and stops.

"If we're just barely getting a navy then why am I not part of it?"

"You're obsolete. Just like last time."

"I know that but I am still a capable ship. Why not?" He wasn't supposed to know this but he did some sleuthing early on in her reconstruction.

"You are set up for modern weapons platforms. If the need be you can be returned to the slip to get your AA batteries upgraded, anti-missile systems, the radar is already directly linked to the main batteries, and the radar is up to date. If you see something on that you can hit it. If we go to war your AA guns will lock on to planes miles away and track their every move. If a missile is launched at you the anti-missile system will handle it." She seemed to do her little 'nod' in agreement, but seemed hesitant.

"So what is a missile?" Right then she conveniently saw a small Japanese warship with her crew at attention, the ship had only one gun in a turret and a massive space in the deck filled only with hatches. She stared confused at it. Hisashi explained:

"That's the modern Destroyer. More powerful now than you ever were."

"How? It only has one gun and a few torpedo tubes."

"Missiles. See all those hatches on the deck?"

"Yes, what are they?"

"Those are where the missiles are." She wanted to open that hatch and pull out a missile to see for herself what it was but she knew she couldn't do that. "A missile is like a flying bomb. It's a mix of a jet engine and a bomb. They can be told by someone on the ship to hit this area, an area miles and miles and miles further than you could reach, and hit it with guaranteed accuracy."

"How!?" She was utterly amazed and confounded on how that was possible.

.es itself like a kamikaze, adjusting, leading, and seeking out the target so it will hit."

There are things to combat it?"

"Yes. The anti-missile system uses radar to detect the missile and sensors to home in onto its position to shoot it out of the sky as if it were a plane." He explained the invention of a computer to her, and that the computer is how it all works. Then when he satisfied her mind she continued to read for a little bit before she asked why they were going to Hawaii. "It's more for you, to show you that we've moved pass the war. We don't want you to be resentful towards the Americans. There's already a spot marked off for us, there's talk of a ceremony and welcoming party. Then on December seventh the real ceremonies will begin." He rambled on about what America has done in the past, what their likely to do, how Americans will walk on her decks as part of a memorial special, all this elaborate planning and how it'll all be executed.

"I love it when you ramble, Hisashi." She plucked him up and held him against her face. They shared a silent moment together before she asked about how the cultures have changed. That was when Hisashi rambled on about how much Japan has changed in appearance, culture, and government. He rambled on for an hour and a half, Yamato listened to every word. Finally at the end he got to how there's so much premarital sex and so much bastard children in Japan. "Sex is now not for two married lovers anymore, it's for fun with no thought of the consequences."

"Well, I'm not disapproving of marital sex for pleasure." She said looking deep into his eyes seductively. Hisashi grinned.

"You're not actually agreeing with them are you?"

"Not premarital sex but, come on Hisashi. The world's changing, we should get with the times." She pulled on his belt buckle. He looked around, it was night time, half the crew was asleep, nobody will be on deck, and they had mastered telepathic communication so nobody would hear them.

"I guess it's time to stop being the old man of the village, then." He undid his belt for her, she undid the buttons of his shirt, untied his shoes, unzipped his pants, and stripped it all off him. He sprung up ready and waiting, she put him on the conning tower and opened up for him. This time he didn't start with fingering, he sat down and licked her from bottom to top. She was already moist, the stripping and thought moistened her, and her whole hull groaned with his laps around her track. He kept licking and probing until his cock ached and her lips oozed her bright silver lubricant. When he felt her leak onto his face he got up and moved his aching cock towards her when she surprised him and launched herself into him, instantly moaning and tightening up on him.

"Like the improvements, love?" Her arms coiled around his and her hands met his at the end. She wrapped around his waist and turned him around, leaning his back against her hull. He slid down to her conning tower roof, leaning against her superstructure, her vagina tendril still fixed to his crotch. He couldn't help but relax, close his eyes, and let everything go. Years of loneliness, stress, despair, all of it being released by Yamato. Just her arms and hands wrapped around him was enough, her gentle stroking of his hair, her arms caressing his muscles, and with her pussy on his cock it was exactly what he needed and more. Every worry fled his mind, every ache his body, every defect his essence, for once in his life he was whole. Yamato was encountering a similar experience, holding Hisashi in her arms wrought out all her confusion, all her trouble, all her anxiety. His big hard cock stuffed into her tingled her whole hull into a blissful heaven while his firm grip on her hands assured her they weren't wrong, his relaxed body encouraged her body to relax and relax it did. They silently thought as one. They were one, one being in heaven. The only thing they knew was they were together, peacefully together at last. One thing, however, one thing still sat in Yamato's mind.

"Hisashi, dear, let's have our child now. In this time of peace, and grace."

"Let's do it." He whispered to her hull. Suddenly her vagina grew hotter and a little moister. She led him up to his feet, moved her vagina back to its old position, and guided his hands onto the tendril's sides.

"Love me, Hisashi. Love me like you did all those years ago."

, "

He pulled out and thrusted in again, and again, and again. He gradually picked up the pace, humping her faster and faster. Yamato figured that the decencies had been lost and let her suppressed dirty drive unfold.

“Oh yes Hisashi! Oh fuck yes! Oh fuck me harder Hisashi! Fuck me harder!” Hisashi was excited by her pleas, this dirty side of her really drove him, he lusted even more than ever. He obeyed her whim, pushing hard into her and putting every muscle into overdrive. Her loud mental moans, groans, and cries excited him even more. She was spitting out so much dirty phrases and cries of pleasure that Hisashi’s discipline broke and he, too, started to be dirty.

“So fucking good! Ah Yamato you’re so tight! Fuck!”

“Fuck my cunt! Fuck my tight cunt! OOOOOhhh fffuuuck! OOOOOhhh fffuuuck!” Hisashi moved his right hand off her side and placed it atop her tendril, moving his thumb to rub her clit bak while he plowed her pussy. “Oh! FFUUUCK! FUCK! Oh Fuck!” She reached over his hand with hers and assisted in his task.

“Your pussy is so fucking hot! Damn it’s so hot!” He also noticed how much tighter it had gotten, but he was cut off by Yamato.

“You’re so fucking big! Fuck it’s so big! Fuck me big man, fuck me more! OOOHHHH YYEEESSS!!!” She came on him, her hot insides spewed out onto his crotch and leaked down his legs to her conning tower roof. She moaned aloud quietly, but very loudly in his head. Hisashi kept rubbing her clit, polished shiny silver like a mirror, and that seemed to keep her juices flowing out of her marvelous pussy. For a good three minutes she kept leaking on him, moaning, and throbbing on his cock.

“Did that satisfy you, my precious?”

“Almost, now it’s your turn.” He instantly went back to humping. He moved his hand back to her side, letting her own hand take over. He felt one of her arms creep up his left leg and her warm and careful hand massage his testicles. She gripped and tugged on his cock, milking anything that would come out. “Mmmm, you’re close, dear.” She felt his cock tremble, his humps hesitate, his hands on her grip. “Don’t resist, cum inside me, Hisashi.” Her persuasion worked. He thrusted into her as deep as possible and came, moaning aloud as he came. Yamato felt again his hot sperm, spewing all over her insides, warming her body and transforming the surrounding sea into a hot bath. “That’s the stuff right there, baby.”

“I’m not done.” He pulled out and pushed in again, for three more minutes. Every time he went as deep as he could he released even more sperm into her. Yamato savored every drop that entered her, encouraging more out of him by milking his rigid cock as he pulled out. “It’s done now.”

“Finally dry, Hisashi?” She said disappointed.

“Yes, dearest, I’m dry now.” He backed out of her and admired the mess they made. Her silver fluids were all over the roof, and backsplash had covered the end of her vagina in her own juices. Her vagina lips sat open, her metal muscles stuck open, slowly closing as more of her fluids barely dripped out, some of his white seamen was slowly falling out of her hole and was covering the walls of her insides. The sperm was racing towards something inside her to fertilize, if she wasn’t fertilized already. But Yamato wanted that feeling that they first felt, as Hisashi sat down again she coiled around him and held his hands.

“You might want to plug the hole, baby, we don’t want our baby to come out early.” She slid herself onto his still stiff shaft. Both openly moaned to the world. Yamato pulled a large blanket around her opening panel for her vagina tendril and draped it around herself and Hisashi, tucking them in to spoon for the night.

“Yamato I have no words to convey how much I love you.”

“Neither do I, Hisashi, neither do I.” They snuggled each other and fell asleep.

The next morning the mess was gone, washed away by the sea mist and spray. Hisashi awoke first; he [illegible]nted in the early morning light and stretched out. Yamato still had her arms coiled around his and their [illegible]ers were still locked together. He peeked under the covers and saw that she was still riding him, it made

him smile. He stirred to get up but Yamato stopped him.

“No, no. Stay here, baby, go back to sleep.” He was pulled back to her hull and as good as it felt and as much as he wanted to stay he needed to get to work. He withered through her grip and got dressed. “If you won’t stay here at least tell me where you’re going.”

He took two of her hands into his and looked into her weary eyes. “I’m going to teach the crew more about us.”

“Our history or our love?”

“Our history.”

“Don’t deny our love to them. If they ask answer. You were always squeamish and denial of us together.”

“That was different, we weren’t actually together.” She brought him up to her eyes.

“But deep down you knew we were.” They peered into one another’s eyes. He nodded, she was right. She put him up above her bridge in front of the access door and opened it for him. “I love you, Hisashi, be proud of that.”

“I am, but will the world understand my pride?”

“They will learn.” She smacked his ass as he walked down the hall. Hisashi couldn’t help but blush. He got past it and met the Mariners in the mess hall. Most of them would be representing officers because of how old they are; only a handful would represent the body of the crew. He sat down and asked a question right off the bat.

“What do you know already?” The crew knew a variety of things, some fact, some fiction, some controversial. Hisashi set them straight that day; he taught them the greetings, honor code, hierarchy, the rank system, everything he knew they knew at the end of that day. The ones on the bridge wouldn’t be taught because they’d be asleep during the memorial, recovering from countless hours on the bridge working away. The meanwhile Yamato read Hisashi’s history notes and tried the smartphone he had out, figuring out what lies ahead for her and Hisashi as parents. Took her a few hours but she found an article from decades of study about machine children. She found that her dreams of a ship baby won’t be feasible, it’s cost way too much for them. Instead she needs to focus on the other end of the spectrum: humorph. She brings it up with Hisashi later that night.

“What worries you, Yamato?”

“I changed our plans, dear; we won’t be having a little ship.”

“Why not?” She sighed.

“It would be just too much for us. So we need to have a humorph, pretty much what you are.”

“What about a mix, dear? We can blend together.”

“No, no, even then it would still be too much. It would be too big and too much resources. I would need to eat one of my turrets and then some.”

“Don’t give up hope, dear, don’t quit on your dreams.” He leaned off the ladder and wiped some tear build up off her face.

“I have, Hisashi, I’ve looked at every possible method I could find. It just won’t work. I’ve already accepted it, no matter what I make I will love and cherish it like nothing else in the world. All I want now is a child and but I need your help for this child.” Hisashi looked into her eye, her beautiful, amazing, breathtaking He couldn’t upset her, he didn’t have the strength.

“Alright, Yamato, I’ll help you.” She instantly rejoiced and yanked him off the ladder into a hug.

“I love you Hisashi.”

“I love you, too, Yamato.”

“You know what it means, right?” She asked in a low, seductive whisper.

“No, what?” His mind raced through naughty thoughts.

“We’re doing it. Every. Night.” At first Hisashi was excited, thrilled, but soon his cock ached and hurt, he thought again. Nine months of sex? He knew it’d get pretty boring and sore down there. Yamato smirked and giggled, she knew how he felt.

“Don’t worry, love, I’ll keep it nice and relaxed.” She began to suggestively massage his cock with a tendril.

“Really? Here?”

“Oh, no, but later.”

The days passed, each night they loved and fed the fetus’s growth. No problems, only questions and answers, only Yamato’s curiosity and Hisashi’s knowledge. Days rolled by before Hawaii finally came into view, Yamato felt both excitement and apprehension. For her it was only days ago it seemed that her nation and their nation were at each other’s throats. She felt tense and ready. Noticeably she raised her main battery guns a degree or two when an American flag was seen. Later, late night on Dec 5th Pearl City’s lights shone in the black. Yamato was breath taken by the tranquility, no ships routinely entering or exiting, no planes in the shy on patrol, just the lights of homes, beach goers, drivers, offices, bars, and hotels. Yamato couldn’t wait to see Japan from that far away on a cool night. Yamato was slowed to ten knots and waited for contact from the U.S. At exactly the time set up beforehand the Americans sounded on her radio. They discussed for a little, and then Yamato was escorted by tugs to her marked position. When she got there Hisashi decided to hit the sack, Yamato wrapped around him as he slept; she was too tired to go to sleep herself. A few minutes later on of the American Destroyers started flirting with her. She delightfully shrugged him off, flattered by him but not thinking of trying something like that.

“C’mon! There’s a whole world to explore, a little adventure never hurt!” He had a big ole smile on his face. Yamato giggled.

“I’m flattered, little guy, but I’m married and got one on the way.” That finally shut him up. He backed off with a “whatever” and went back to sleep. Yamato looked over his alien body. It looked nothing like what she was used to. After that she tried looking around at other ships. She saw across the way a white bridge in the middle of the water. The reflection of the moon was casting a silhouette of what looked like a huge well. She remembered reading something about a memorial here but she wasn’t sure if that was it. She saw this huge outline nearby; it had a tall tower with shorter ones behind it, a long and low hull, and had three large blocks with massive long tubes coming out. *That’s the Iowa that’s here.* She thought, it was longer than her, and the angle she had on it, it was also a lot thinner than she was. “Psssst! Pssst! PsssSSSsssSSSt!”

“What-?” The massive thing stirred. “Do you know what time it is? I’ve got shit to do in the morning!” It was a female; Yamato was excited, she hadn’t talked to another female ship in years, for her memory. Yamato had barely a clue what she said; she didn’t know anything English, really.

“I sowry,” was all she could say in English that was applicable to the ship’s tone, “know Japanese?” Was said in Japanese.

“Yes.” She said in rough Japanese. “Hold on, let me wake up, I’m old and not in the best shape.” Her hull groaned as she stretched it out, it rocked side to side and barely bowed up and down. With a few lip smacks she sounded more awake.

ɔd night, I’m guessing you’re the Yamato?”

“Correct. You’re an Iowa, right?”

“Yes, I’m ‘Mighty Mo.'”

“Who?”

“The Missouri.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be, barely anyone knows that name.”

“So how have you done, since, birth?”

“I’ve had ups and downs.” Yamato spotted little gleaming eyes on what looked to be the bridge’s reflective windows. “We all have.”

“You were retired in the nineties, right?”

“That was the most recent; our class has been moved in and out of mothball a few times. I wouldn’t doubt if it happened a few more times.”

“Why, though? Your nation has the best navy, it’s huge and massive. Aren’t the destroyers stronger than us now, why were you needed?”

“Well..,” she thought, “I always thought it was for a fear factor, and for inspiration, but when you really think about it, I think it was because our shells are cheap. They’re just cast shells and canvas powder bags, less complex than the missiles.”

“How many missions did you do?”

“To be honest, I don’t know. I never cared to count. I just went at it like it was my last. I know I’ve done stuff in Japan, Korea, Vietnam, the Middle East, and I’ve been escort for a few task forces.”

“How often did you get out?”

“Back then? Tons. I was rarely here.” She thought about who she was talking to. “How many times did they let you out?” Yamato reflected back, years lost at that slip, she hated the miss-use of herself.

“Hisashi could count it on one hand.”

“Oh.” They waited. “So.., who is this Hisashi fella?”

“He’s my husband, soon to be a father.”

“Congrats!” This made Yamato smile, no one had ever gave her or Hisashi a congratulations, this American battleship, once her arch nemesis, is now she’s her closest friend after a few converse words. “Do you know what it is yet?”

“Human morph.”

“Not like that, boy or girl?”

“I’m only a few days in.”

“So how does it feel?”

different. I just feel a little thicker in my belly. But every night I need Hisashi, not a want, no, I need him.”

“How?”

“The way you’re thinking right now.” Mighty Mo put her thumb and finger together and put a finger from another hand into it. “Exactly.”

“Nice. Just don’t rub it in. I haven’t seen that kind of action in over two decades.” Yamato nodded to the destroyer that was hitting on her earlier. “Him? Hell no.”

“Come on, I won’t tell anyone.”

“Nope.”

“I’ll get Hisashi out here, have ourselves a double date.”

“Nuh-uh.”

“He might be big..,” they giggled. “At least give him a shot.”

“Knowing him? No way.”

“What’s the worst?”

“I’m stuck with his child. Living with knowing I fucked that little shit, him bragging to everyone about it. It goes on but you get the idea.”

“So he’s a dirtbag.”

“Dirt is more respectable than him.” She looked back to Yamato. “But the last time. Oh it was so good. It was a sailor, one of my sailors, and it was his last night with me, it was so nice.”

“Go on.”

“There was a full moon, shallow waters that were clear to the bottom, and he was in my arms, a cool spring night. He leaned against me and wished he never had to leave. I wanted to spend the last night we had together just making love, making love like time stopped.”

“So, give me details, Mo.” Missouri smiled and chuckled.

“You’re dirtier than him!” She gestured to the destroyer. “Alright, I asked him to do it, I gave him my sugar straw and without a word he’s lapping at my innards. I start to undress him as he’s eating me; he goes to my clit and starts nibbling on it. Oh that was so good! I was in heaven, he brought me all the way, I came on his face, just how he likes it, and that’s when I moved him to my lips. I licked his long hard dick until it was a silver glow, then I put his big dick in my mouth. He tasted so good, he was so warm and hard in my mouth, his cock oozed some cum from his rock head and boy did I drink it, I drank all of him!” Yamato stirred, her pussy started to heat up and moisten. “I put him in heaven, I still can hear his moans and I miss his body pressed against mine, he was always warm and strong, and pretty good in the sack. I sucked him off and just wished that he came forever, that flavor, mmm. I’ll tell you nothing beats that flavor, the flavor of a man, Yamato, you should try it. Anyway so after he came we went on to the main course. I tightened up before he came in so that he had to force his way in. I love it when he has to push his way in; it’s more dramatic and entertaining. But he pushed and stuffed his big dick deep into me, mmmm was it good, so big, so thick, so warm, so, so awesome. We fucked from there, no other way to describe it, he rode me, I rode him, we rode at the same time, I rode him some more, then he over took me, and then we spooned until he was ready again and he rode me more. God that night was the best lovin’ that we’ve ever done. We loved longer than ever that night, from twenty-two-hundred to o-five-hundred. I never wanted the night to end. It was too good. I miss him, I miss him so much.”

’ never came back?”

“Oh he came back, every year he comes back. He has a family now, but, none of them know what we had. Actually, he’s coming to the memorial tomorrow.”

“Do you ever want him back?”

“I won’t lie, I do, but I won’t do that. He’s moved on, I just wish that I could move on to someone else but he’s still there, he’s still there.” There was a silence between them. “How’d you and Hisashi become a thing?”

“How did we meet? Oh he was assigned to me. He had just been moved from a Mogami cruiser as a navigator to me when I was commissioned. He was at first the only one nice enough to continuously talk to me. We bonded over the years and it moved from there. I remember our first time.., it was the night before I died.”

“Wait you died!? You didn’t just sink!?” Missouri was startled by this. Truly startled. “Do you know how hard it is to kill us? Titanic, she snapped in two and survived! The tanks, they’ve been shot, burned, whole pieces of armor disintegrated, and they still lived! What the fuck happened to you!?”

“She was shocked to death.” Hisashi was woken by Yamato sensually caressing his crotch as he slept when Iowa was reliving her final bedding. “When the magazine exploded it discharged her electric life force, overwhelming it and extinguishing it from existence.” Yamato forgot that he got out of bed.

“Mo this is my husband, Hisashi.” They greeted each other. “How do you know that?”

“I talked to one of the mechano specialists. She said that is the only plausible way that could have happened.” Hisashi then talked to Mo in English, occasionally turning to Yamato to update her on what was going on. They talked about what to expect, asked where everything is, and asked about what the plans were for the December seventh memorial. Missouri told him whatever she knew and complemented him on his excellent English. From there they just talked about their experiences, views from the opposing sides of their war, politics, current events, and the rising awareness of living machines. In the morning light of December sixth Yamato saw that the bridge over the well was indeed the memorial, the Pearl Harbor Memorial that sits over the USS Arizona hulk, the “weeping lady of Pearl” looked worse than Yamato did at the bottom. Hisashi said it was because of the light that shone on the Arizona and not Yamato.

“I wonder if she was alive, like us.” She looked to Missouri, Missouri looked back and shrugged.

“I dunno. None of the vets ever mentioned it to me, even when I asked. They all were just, silent.”

“Why do you guess?”

“Well, miss questionnaire, do you have your own answer?”

“I do, I think she was, and nobody talked about her because, well, look at her.” They looked at the ship; there was extremely obvious evidence that she was mostly scrapped above the deck.

“Maybe, I think it’s more for respect of her crew. Regardless if she was alive or not.”

“There is a way to find out.” Hisashi looked at them and disappeared inside Yamato. About five minutes later he and two other men carrying a large generator looking device with a long cable on top attached to two golden probes. The men carried the device to his trawler and loaded it on board. Then a woman with a laptop ran from inside to the trawler and climbed aboard. “Missouri, do you allow us to test a sample of the Arizona’s hull?” She looked around; the entire harbor was closed to the public for the memorial set up operation.

“Hell, go for it.” Yamato stretched her crane over her stern and dropped the trawler into the water. The trawler puttered over to the mostly drowned turret well and the team fired up the equipment. The woman opened the laptop, bored up a program, plugged a cable into the machine and nodded to Hisashi. Hisashi ’ ed over the gunwale and probed the metal hull. Missouri and Yamato glanced at each other ‘ imously.

To be continued.

Who Knows what Hisashi means?

Battleship, Gingyflame, Iowa, Japan, naval, World War Two, ww2, Yamato
4 Comments

IS-III Part II

August 26, 2015 by Gingyflame

Here's what I've cooked up for Dima and Demon. The sex scene is kinda lame, I'm sorry but I didn't really feel motivated to write the sex scene, more geared towards what's after it.

Enjoy.

IS-3 part II:

Dima rocked side to side in the shipping hold. She was very excited to be going on to a life with meaning. She was at one end of the hold with her turret backwards and at the other end was Demon facing her. He was holding her rear drive sprockets close to his forward drive sprockets trying to keep them warm against the cold Atlantic air. He wished he could be by her side but because of the packed ship there was no room. He cuddled her ass against his chest and reached for tarps to cover themselves with. He had just gotten them settled in and warm when he noticed Dima had the eye.

"What's on your mind, Dima, baby?"

"Us rocking the boat." They smiled as the audible sound of her track link 'pantie' falling to the floor echoed throughout the cargo vessel hold. She reached across to his armored cover and removed it, then stroked the hardening member presenting itself. The engine noise and closed off bulkheads meant they would be a faint moan to the crew, and fret little about being interrupted. They eyed each other as Dima pulled his cock to her wetting vagina lips and split them open with two of her fingers. She closed her eyes and moaned softly as she felt his hard head touch her innards, and moaned louder as she let her lips snap shut onto his cock. She pulled more out to press deeper into her, moaning more and more.

"Not any deeper, please, baby?" Demon asked, he was scared of hurting the child, going too deep and hitting it. She nodded, she wanted him as deep as the first night but knew that couldn't happen, not for a few more months, at least. "You're so soft, softer than last time. God damn it's so good!" He pulled his cock back out to the head as she moaned and grunted.

"Rock me, Demon, rock the baby and me asleep." She pleaded with him, after the two months they've met Demon learned she liked it rough, weld bending rough.

"I don't think I can rock you as hard as I did on shore-"

"And whys that?"

"I don't think the boat <personal pet peeve it's a ship> can take it." He smiled while she frowned.

"Just get humping, already." She snapped. "Unless you want me to lead." He instantly started thrusting his hull and cock into her, letting her drop her nose into the hull and ride up onto his hull front. He lowered his rear and thrusted up into her heavy chassis, thrusting her rear into to air every thrust upwards. Her vagina molded to his thrashing cock, holding onto him tight, and getting tighter with every other deep penetrating thrust. At one point her loud moans and grunts turned to her Russian language, Demon always liked it when she spoke Russian, it made him feel like her special one. He moaned aloud in between her vocals to fill the

Eventually their engines started to turn over, started, because of fire hazards the two were drained of fuel and obviously their ammos were removed. The clicking and grinding of metal grew louder and louder as did the moaning, then the noise of screeching metal began as Dima's arms gripped Demon's skirt and death gripped it; as per the other marks this wasn't her first time doing it to them. They loved each other for what they guessed was the rest of the night, that morning was when Dima proposed something that made Demon shiver.

"Demon, I want you to feel the child for me." He shuddered.

"What?!"

Reach inside and tell me what it feels like, our child." He out right declined. "If you won't then I'll do it myself."

"You'll hurt it!"

"No. It has Russian blood. It won't feel a thing but a mother's hand." She was about to reach into herself when she darted and grabbed Demon's hands and shoved them inside her vagina. "Maybe you are the baby, and this is the man?" She joked. Demon was very intrigued and raced ahead deeper into her vagina, lifting up her hull onto his chest so his arms could reach. "Or maybe not."

"Damn," he felt all the way to the womb, almost a boiling hot inside as he gingerly searched for the fetus. He touched something with a finger and knew exactly his blood ran in those tubes. He closed his eyes.

"What is it like?"

"I can feel it's suspension, it has your wheels." Dima giggled and shivered in excitement. She could feel commotion inside but not specifics, Demon was making his way around her insides, around the fetus.

"It has your chest, and my round hatch on it. It's a little sausage," Dima giggled, "with my rear-"

"Boy or girl!? Boy or girl!?" Demon felt around.

"I dunno."

"Where's the turret? What gun? What turret? Is it heavy?"

"I dunno, is it heavy?"

"I can't tell!"

"Alright, it's a closed turret like ours, your shape but my height.., and the gun mantle is rounded, the gun is pretty big." Dima giggled a lot more. "It'll be beautiful, babe." He retracted his arms, placed her on the floor, and looked her in the eyes.

"I love you, Demon."

"I love you, Dima." They slept together until they woke up hours later, only to go back to sleep to pass the days. Allen wasn't allowed in and was kept with the crew the whole voyage. Soon they would all see the sun set over the New York skyline.

Fin IS-3 part II

baby, Demon, fetus, Gingyflame, Hellcat, IS-3, IS-III, porn
3 Comments

HaM Ch 29

August 19, 2015 by Gingyflame

Here's a little update of HaM, but mostly Irish and E, it's pretty small, though. Next I'll put up part II of IS-3-way, only it's not really a 3-way anymore so the name doesn't fit anymore.., I need a new one.

Enjoy!

Chapter 29

Marion woke up shivering, she felt weak, brittle, and open. Hansel was sleeping in a heavy sack on her engine roof; she woke him up with fright in her voice. He woke up and instantly tried calming her and finding out what troubled her. Soon Cindy, too, rolled to them shivering.

"M-M-M-M-Mar-r-rr-rion, I'm c-c-c-cold! Could w-w-we hu-hu-hu-hud-d-d-ddle?" She was shivering worse than Marion, because of her smaller size and thinner skin. Marion welcomed her over and pulled her close to share their body heat that they generated. "R-R-Run y-y-y-yer eng-gg-gine."

"Why, dear?" Marion asked as Hansel tried to spread his spare sheets and jackets over them. Cindy was puzzled then understood.

"Oh this your first winter," She was warming up fast and snuggled against her massive overseer, "momma said that when winter comes we get cold and weak. We need time to adjust to it before we're comfortable. Just wait a few days and we'll feel better." Marion stroked the top of her turret.

"You feel better, darling?" Cindy nodded.

"Mommy and daddy would put me between them so I'd feel better." Marion said she felt better as well and turned her engine on very low to save fuel, Hansel laid back down in his spread out sleeping back and enjoyed her engine lulling him to sleep.

E looked up at the huge battlecruiser Prinz Eugen and felt small for the first time. She had her mouth agape and her lust skyrocketing over the twenty-eight centimeter guns. She got wet as she enviously stared at those eight guns. She couldn't help but cower and lower her hull.

"Feel small?" Irish asked from behind her in a playful smile. E didn't answer right away but with:

"I want those guns..," she drooled over them; Irish looked over her as he strode past her and hoped that Eugen wouldn't turn her sexuality.

"I fired them way back, well aligned them to what I was told."

"What else?"

"Well, I aligned the guns, fired them, used the rangefinders in the turrets, and turned the turret. Well not at one time, I'd switch roles for the duties." He looked at her and noticed she was genuinely interested by him. "You wanna know how it all works?" She nodded fast without removing her gaze from him. He explained how it all works as they waited for direction. Then a cocky and stuck up enlisted first class seamen walks up and tries to boss them around. Irish smiled down at the loud speaking overstepping kid.

"I said move, tanker." He snickered. Irish stopped E before she could do anything.

"` let me tell you something, I out rank you and you will address me as such." The seamen narrowed his
at him.

“You sit on my base, under our order, you listen to me.., sarge.” Irish pulled some papers from his ID pouch and slid down off E.

“Look here, I outrank you, seamen first class, and you will respect me as such.” He showed him identification that denoted Irish as Chief Gunnery Officer. The enlisted’s face looked horrified and instantly snapped to attention.

“My apologies, sir.”

“At ease.” He asked again where he was to go and was taking E there. “Oh and next time you confront anybody, you show respect, seamen.”

“Sir yes, sir.” He led E to the direction given.

“How? I don’t get it.”

“I’m a higher rank in the Wehrmacht, but first I was an honor grad at camp and highly liked by the officers, and Eugen, and rose fast into chief gunner officer, it’s about Sergeant First Class.”

“How do you have it still?”

“Well due to some recommendation by officers that went up and up I was found by some tank generals and soon I was volun-told to switch. I was moved over and promoted to First Sergeant as compensation. Actually I left her my uniform; I might get that back while we’re here.” They stuck to the path when Irish veered her off.

“Why?”

“Fuck that they want us next to the shit loaded last, I’m taking us up front.” He took her to the bow where Eugen instantly spotted him. They were ordered on by Eugen instantly, and E was taken to the stern for more operating space. Irish was met by her with intensity.

“My little gunny!” Eugen sounded in his head and E’s. “You came back!” She hugged him discretely as he stood near the rear turret, he stroked her arms.

“You miss me?”

“Hell have I missed you! You aren’t leaving again are you?”

“Sorry but we’ll be leaving in a few days. You’re the boat?”

“Ship.” Irish and Eugen said in unison. “Aww, really?” Eugen asked.

“Yup, sorry. I missed you, and the sea, so much.” E watched and listened, she knew how to mentally think to each other, and thought to herself alone. *Are they together or something? How can she even think about him? They’re so small and that’s for me, I’m small to her so how would he even be worth full to her? It’s wrong; she should have a ship, a real man for her to ride. At least she’d feel him.* She looked at them somewhat disgusted, yet also somewhat intrigued. *What draws them together like that?* She wasn’t sure. She shook it off and looked out towards the sea.

Fin Chapter 29

Cindy, E, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, Irish, Prinz Eugen, ship, tank
4 Comments

ANIC PT II

July 30, 2015 by Gingyflame

Here's part two for yall. I've got nothing to say, really, so

Enjoy!

TITANIC PT II

"Violet, dinner is ready." Titanic told Violet, she was on her bed drawing a picture of a park filled with trees, grass, people, sky and a sun.

"Okay mum." She rolled over and put on her favorite green shirt and a little brown and red striped skirt, slipped into her light up tennis shoes and galloped down the hallway toward the stairwell. She ran down the stairs and zoomed down the hallway and ran over her cousin Tobey sitting in the hallway.

"OW! Vi-let! Aunt T said no running in the hall!" He rubbed his black hair and stood up to confront her.

"Well what were you doing in the hallway, toad?"

"I found a coin and I was playing with it. Dinner is done do you want to sit with me?" He was two years younger than she was, and she had grown big. She had long Auburn hair that Titanic had helped her braid; when Violet asked how she knew how to braid when she had no hair Titanic showed her an unbraided rope. She had tan skin from playing on Titanic's decks all day and her skin turned from the metallic gray as a baby to a more human look with silver hair roots and veins while her nails were a hue of skin and gray mix. Tobey shared much of her features only he had black hair and pale blue eyes.

"Hmm, yeah." She grabbed his arm and pulled him along to the crew mess hall.

"Hey there Violet!" Violet spun around to see Walt with his deck of cards in hand, he had a raspy yet young voice and a wind burned face from nights on the bridge and crow's nest. "You eatin with us?"

"Yup! Got any more tricks, Waldo?" He loved to play with Violet, all of the crew did, but Walt played hide 'n seek with her the most and he was really good at hiding, as well as magic tricks.

"I sure do, here I'll show you." He knelt down to her level and began shuffling.

"Alright Violet, pay close attention now. I'm going to draw a card and you're going to call out a house it'll go too. Alright?"

"Yeah!"

"Alright, what house Violet?"

"Clubs! The house of Clubs!" He quit his shuffling and pinched the cards to spit into the air. It looked like he wanted to stop on a card but they slipped from his hand and he scrambled them around.

"Drat! Oh well, let's pick up the cards." They swept all the cards together and Violet looked through them.

"There's a card missing, Waldo."

"Ah! So it seems, check your shoe there." He pointed to her left shoe, she pulled it off and out shook a card. "What is it?"

"It's the seven of Clubs!"

"Yep, happy belated birthday, Violet."

…anks, Waldo!" She hugged him and gave the cards back.

“Alright now, you little scamp, go on and get some food.” She and Tobey went into the crew’s mess that was once the officer’s mess and grabbed a tray. The crew lined up at the counter to get their food, Violet and Tobey went around the counter and stood next to the server.

“What do ye want little guril?” He asked in his thick Scottish accent charmingly.

“I want… that, that, some of that, and-uh… that!” She pointed to the various food trays.

“What do ye say?”

“Pleeeease?” He smiled and served her sweet potatoes with a topping of gravy, a bit of ham, and a bread roll. She started to walk away when he stopped her.

“Hold on there lassy! Ye’re fogotten son’n.”

“No. Oops, thank you!”

“No lassy, ye’re plate’s not full.”

“But I don’t want vegibles!”

“Ye’re got to eat them little guril, so ye’ll grow big an strong!” He plopped a serving of broccoli onto her tray. “Ye’ll thank meh letter in life.” She grumbled away as he served Tobey his food. She saw her father sitting off to the side looking over more documents and ran over to his side.

“Hi daddy!”

“Hey baby. Where’s Tobey?” She put her tray down at her spot and pointed to the counter before climbing onto the bench.

“What’s that?” She pointed to all the papers around Bradley.

“They’re more papers from Mr. Patelo.”

“Okay. Where’d aunt Britney and Uncle Harry go?” Titanic and Bradley were watching Tobey while Britannic, Harold and Patelo chased down possible areas for Olympic’s residence.

“Off to find auntie O. Hi Tobey.”

“Hi Uncle Brad. Mom said they were going to try the are tick. What’s the are tick?”

“The Arctic is a very cold place above Ireland.”

“That’s where penguins live!” Violet said as she filled her mouth with the sweet potatoes.

“Violet don’t speak with your mouth full.” Titanic said to Violet, Bradley, and Tobey simultaneously to keep it within a circle. She swallowed her food.

“Sorry.”

“And penguins live in the *Ant*arctic, Violet, not the Arctic. Polar bears live in the Arctic.” He went back to studying.

“Uncle Brad when will we find auntie O?”

“Soon Tobey, we’ll find her soon.” Violet and Tobey at their dinners quietly while Bradley stared at a certain
‘lite picture of a fjord in the Norwegian area. “Violet, look at this and tell me what you see.” She took a
look at the picture where his finger was pointing.

“It looks like a small pencil, daddy. See there’s the lead at the bottom and there’s the eraser at the top. The eraser looks used daddy.” He smiled and patted her shoulder.

“Thank you Violet, you helped me a lot.” Violet looked at his notes and thought.

“Is that Auntie O?”

“Maybe.” She finished dinner and took her tray to the counter and placed it on the stack of dirty dishes before running back to her room. Bradley sat at the table with Tobey who had put his tray on the dirty dishes as well.

“Uncle Brad, when will me and Violet go to my mum?”

“Well she said she had about a weeks’ worth of rations left yesterday, so maybe in a day, two days maybe.”

“Then you and aunt T will go to look for Auntie O?”

“Yup.”

“Why can’t we come?” Bradley was quiet; Violet had asked that same question.

“Titanic, honey, could you get Violet for me?” Titanic fetched Violet and she came running back.

“Daddy what is it?” He sat her down and reminded her of the question.

“Well, Violet do you remember when mister Patelo and I went off and we turned out the lights while mommy held you in a closet with the window and door blocked and locked?”

“Yeah.”

“Well there were bad men on board. They wanted to stop us and sink mommy. They don’t like us-”

“Why don’t they like us daddy?”

“Because they’re scared of us, they’re scared of what the world would be like if we lived. You know you’re different right?”

“Yeah. I’m not a human.” She said proudly.

“Well they don’t like you because you’re not human, and they don’t like me because I’m not anymore either. They really don’t like mommy because she’s not human.”

“Why not? Mummy’s awesome! I love mummy!”

“They don’t, they think she’s not natural, she’s a freak.” Violet pouted.

“Mummy’s no freak!”

“Violet, we can’t take you or you Tobey, because those bad men want to kill you. We don’t want you to get hurt, and they wouldn’t stop until you were dead, until I was dead, until Harold was dead, until mommy was dead.”

“So what did you do to the bad men that night, Uncle Brad?”

“We, we…” He had to tell them something.

them the truth dear, they need to know.” He brought Tobey and Violet onto his knees and hugged them .s chest and whispered to them the truth.

“Mister Patelo and I killed them.” Tobey wasn’t too affected by this; Violet began asking a fury of questions.

“How daddy? Where? Did you get hurt? Did mister Patelo get hurt? Did any escape? Did they hurt mummy?”

“Hold on Violet! I have a gun; you know what to do if you see a gun, right?”

“It’s always loaded and don’t touch it! Find you or a adult and tell mummy!” Tobey nodded in agreement.

“Good, no one you know was hurt. Not mister Patelo, not mommy, and nor was I hurt. None of them lived, mister Patelo made sure of that.” She hugged him tight.

“I love you daddy. I love mummy.”

“We love you too, baby.” Tobey was sitting there trying to grasp the subject. He must of thought really hard about it because he asked if he could go to bed. *“Yes dear, you can go to bed.*” Violet left with Tobey to her room. She walked into her room and sat on her bed, taking off her shoes, shirt and skirt, throwing them into a hamper, and laid on the bed in her undies to keep drawing the picture she started. Tobey went to his room undressed, brushed his teeth and flossed before he went to bed.

“Do you really think it’s Olympic, dear?”

“I’m the most certain about this one than any before.” He looked at the picture and circled the grid coordinates. “Our turn now, we’re going out to find her.” He leaned back in his chair and relaxed.

“I hope we find her, we’ve come too far not to find her. And Bradley, dear, I want another.”

“We’ll see. We’ll see.”

“At least tonight could we, say, warm up, dear?” She mentally spoke in a seductive way that was really at its best in her mental talk.

“You know I can’t say no to you.” He thought back to her. They shared dirty plans with each other; they worked the night out so tediously Bradley went for more food to keep him going through it all. He ate it quickly as he listened to her elaborations of the things she’ll do to him. He dumped the plate and tray off in the sink and hurriedly strolled to his room. He did stop to check on Tobey and Violet, Violet was laying on her bed coloring in her picture.

“Make sure you clean up and brush your teeth before you go to bed, sweetie.”

“Okay daddy.”

“And don’t stay up too late.”

“I won’t.”

“Goodnight Violet, I love you.”

“Goodnight, daddy.” She got up and ran to his leg in the door and hugged it. “I love you, too daddy.” She then broke off and ran back to her bed. He closed the door and went to his room.

“I think I want another one, too baby.” He thought to her. She responded with an envelope of arms as he walked in his room, shutting and locking the door behind him.

“Ready to get busy, Bradley?” He kissed one of her hands and undid his shirt. “*That’s a yes, then!”* She reached into his pants and massaged his growing cock. He let her open his belt and pants; he savored her hands slowly gliding down his legs as she pushed his pants to the floor. She slid her hands all around his skin, his ’ d shoulders, defined chest and abs, large biceps, leg and calf muscles. She was grazing over his body ˛ n she felt his boxers, she stopped there somewhat aggravated. *“Why do you need these? I’d prefer you*

not wearing them, dear. A lot quicker to get to the good parts."

"I like it, it's normal and comfy."

"What's comfier? These boxers, or me?" She tempted him with flashing her tendril vagina at him.

"Well, I'm gonna have to go with you, babe."

"Well let's get comfy." She ripped his boxers in half to launch his rocket up into her space. He mouthed *my favorite boxers* as he watched her throw them in the waste bin. She nudged him toward the bed to snap him back to her, he climbed into bed as she slid onto him and threw the covers over.

"I forgot the light." She switched it off immediately.

"Aaahhh! Why don't you wear me around your waist instead, Bradley?" He chuckled softly.

"I have changed you, you'd never say that nine years ago."

"Oh no I would! You've changed me, yes, but now I'm just more OPEN about it!" She pushed him deeper mid-sentence with a hard thrust to push on his hilt. He grabbed her tendril and held it there, flexing his cock inside her tight throbbing pussy.

"Because a tendril snaking out my pant leg would be a little obvious." He pulled out hardly then tried to push his way in. "OH you want it, don't you!? You're so fucking tight right now!"

"Fuck yeah I want it! I really want it! Fucking give it to me Bradley! Give me all of it! Fucking flood my insides!" She rode him as he pushed into her, her juices pumping out onto him and the bed while he squished it out with his expansive member. She became tighter and hotter as her speed increased; he was on his final stretch before he'd meet her on cloud nine. He reached down and ferociously pets her clit, she in turn reached and caressed his sack in her warm gentle hand, accelerating each other's run to the orgasm. She locked him in deep just as he focused all his attention on holding his sperm in, both being pushed to climax only by one another's throbbing and trembling.

"I-I-I-I can't take much more!" He huffed through clenched teeth.

"I'm ready! I'm ready!" She was gripping on him where his cock felt like solid steel.

"Take it! Take it and make another beauty!" It had been apparent they were locked together at a stalemate. He reached down and gripped her tendril and squeezed it while rubbing up and down. If it at all hurt her he didn't know, her screams and cries in his head were of joy, encouragement, and praise.

*"YYYEEEEESSSSS BRADLEY! YYYYYEEEEESSSSS!"*She felt his seamen shoot deep into her and cover her closed inner walls with hot sticky and tingly goodness. She felt it get hotter and hotter at his head meaning it was clumping up there. She wanted it everywhere inside her, and she rolled him on top of her vagina that suction stuck to his groin to dislodge his baby cream and trickle it down her juicy plush cavern. She figured he built up for this because she felt him ooze for thirty seconds or so nonstop, and something told her he still wasn't done. He started to pull out extremely slow, leaving a good covering of sperm all along her path evoking more pleasant cries and whines from Titanic in Bradley's head. He kept coating her gleefully accepting passage in his white cream until his head had exited her vagina where he pushed the rest he saved out into her for a creampie. *"Oh Bradley! You really know how to make me happy!"*

"I know how much you love the touch I leave you, so I funneled it all out for you, my sexy dream ship."

"*This dream ship isn't done yet, Bradley baby.*" She was about to start when Bradley stopped her. *"What? What's wrong, dear?"*

' alright with having another, but what's it going to be? Are we going to have it now, or later? It's in your na now." He smiled at his own pun, she giggled at it as well.

"Well, you've wanted a baby ship before dear."

"Yes but, I've looked at it and it'd be really hard to raise. It'd need more milk, more space, we'd need to tow it everywhere with us, there are a lot of difficulties."

"Wouldn't you feel it'd be worth it, dear?"

"Entirely, but, just not now. We've got to focus on this right now."

"I have a plan, this time we'll have a morph, and then later we can have that ship baby you want, dear."

"Sounds good, Titanic."

"*There I get laid every night*." He smiled and kissed her hand. He watched as the jizz-drooling tendril reversed and sucked up his creamy gift. *"Aww, Bradley, the good stuff is gone now! Could you be a dear and fix that for me Bradley?"*

"I was gonna fix it anyways, darling." The two of them went all the night long. They usually did this once a week and never had sex on the other nights, focusing more on tasks and Violet. It was a weekend night and Violet would be asleep for most of the next morning regardless of what her parents did. Tobey was an early riser, however. The next morning he climbed out of bed and went outside. He liked being outside, he liked looking at the birds in the sky, the fish in the sea, the clouds in the sky, and anything else that was outside he typically liked. He stepped outside barefoot and was caught by one of the officers.

"Tobey, go on inside and get your shoes on! You'll freeze your feet in this winter wash. He felt the deck was wet and freezing cold, as he turned back he caught a glimpse of a long white ship with five dark yellow structures rising to the sky and a green band going down the side. He lit up and spun around and saw his mom heading for the port.

"MUMMA! MUMMA!" He called and ran up to the rail and jumped up and down waving his arms hello. The officer swept him off his feet to keep his feet off the freezing wet deck.

"Yes your mums here. Come on let's get you dressed, Tobey." He carried him to his room and told him to get dressed. Tobey was getting dressed and made such a racket singing "mumma's here, mumma's here," he woke Titanic up. Titanic heard him and looked about and saw her sister, but something was off. She looked at her from her broadside view, she saw red at the water, but it was weird; she followed it and saw no red at her bow or her-

"Britannic what happened!?" Britannic's face lit up but held some shame in itself.

"Oh, uh… it's quite a tale-"

"I warned you about the ice! You didn't listen did you?" Britannic looked ashamed.

"You're right. I'm sorry. It's really not my fault! I was way clear of the surface break!"

"I told you most of them are underwater. I told you all about them." The two had drifted close to each other.

"In all honesty it wasn't my fault! Let me explain. We were reading the sonar and it said I had at least two yards clearance. It was wrong and I scraped a portion of my hull as it drifted under." She sounded hurt, hint of physical pain but mostly emotional.

"I know it hurts, it hurts."

"It was cold, cold and painful. The mine was nothing compared to that! The mine was instant and contained; the ice was slow and burning." Titanic gave her a reassuring look. "The water was the worst; it came up slow freezing, and it was stinging. Nothing like the Mediterranean seas, they were warm and comforting."

“I know, I know.” Britannic’s moorings were tied and checked and the gangways were ferrying people in and out to prepare her for dry dock for repairs. Harold was comforting her from his room. Patelo walked down the gang way and thanked Britannic before greeting Titanic and asking to come aboard.

“Go ahead. Bradley’s got some news for you, I’ll wake him.” She shook Bradley awake and told him to get dressed in a hurry. He made himself decent while Patelo lagged along her magnificent halls and grand interiors. He made his way to the navigation office where he met the Captain and husband of the ship, Bradley, along with a few other high ranking officers.

“What’s the good, Mister Bradley?”

“Well the satellite pictures you gave me were pretty boring and bland, but one was eye catching.”

“Go on.”

“Here, in the Norwegian arctic fjords, this blip right there…” He pointed to the stubby pencil Violet called it. “My daughter confirmed it as a little pencil, so you guys don’t need to get so close to it.”

“Aging can be a pain.” The Captain said as he refolded his second pair of spectacles.

“Yeah, anyway she appears to be set with her bow facing the delta and her stern looks like it’s in a dock, possibly a dry dock. Our only problem would be getting her out, there’s all this ice in the channel to the Baltic Sea.”

“And the Baltic’s to shallow for most ice ships, isn’t it?” The first officer asked, he seemed doubtful in his tone.

“Sadly yes, but if that’s her then she got there somehow, and that’s how we’ll get her out.” Bradley concluded, there was a tense silence in the room.

“I have an option.”

“Yes? What is it?”

“An old German cruiser, she was designed specifically for Baltic Sea operations and her guns could be quite useful in dislodging those ice clusters.”

“But could she ram one?”

“Most likely no, but it’s pretty hard to withstand eight twenty-eight centimeter guns, ain’t it?” They nodded in agreement. Then the question was asked by Titanic.

“Who is she?”

“The Prinz Eugen. We raised her some time back and fixed her up. She hasn’t used her mains yet but ice’ll be a good substitute.”

“When will she be here?” Titanic asked excitedly, entranced again by the huge amount of info pointing to reuniting with her sister.

“She’s in Germany, if she’s back from her *celebration* voyage yet. So about a day if she’s in port otherwise who knows? I’ll send word now if it’s a done deal?”

“Yes, send her a message. Include her using her guns!” Titanic ushered him to the radio station. He agreed and switched on the radio and dialed it in.

entaug Patelo!

"German? What'd she say? Why is she speaking German!?" Titanic asked astounded.

"Hush, it means good morning. Why do you think she speaks German?" He went back to the radio and asked Eugen to speak English for Titanic.

Ah, that's fine. Greetings Titanic!

Yes, hello Prince Yoi-gen,

It's Prinz, not Prince.

My apologies, as I was saying, will you help us?

Help you with what?

I'll explain, Titanic. We're searching for the R.M.S. Olympic and we think we've got her.

What's the catch?

She's locked up by ice in a fjord in Northern Norway, in the Baltic, and we need your guns to pulverize the ice.

I think we can do that. We'll help you.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Titanic rejoiced. Patelo gave Eugen Liverpool's position where Titanic and Britannic were currently so Eugen would meet them there. After confirmation he signed off the radio and met with the officers again.

"Prinz Eugen's onboard. Give her a day to meet us here and from there we'll continue on." The meeting was closed and all that was left was the waiting game.

Titanic couldn't sit still; she'd twiddle her thumbs, wag her rudder, toy with her cranes, or pluck her anchor chain to pass time. Bradley talked to her to sooth her; excite her, anything to calm her anxiety, anything at all. Violet had packed some of her things and came out to say goodbye to mom and dad before she left with a very excited Tobey to board her aunt. Titanic and Bradley watched Tobey run down the gangway to his mom and Violet stroll down and skip over to Britannic's gangway rolling her travel bag behind her. Titanic never really felt normal when Violet went to spend time with Britannic, she knew she was in safe hands but the feeling of being hopeless in protecting her life was something she knew too well and didn't want to ever go back.

"Take care of her."

"I will. Don't worry, Titanic, I'm not going anywhere." Titanic shifted nervously as she always did, but they all knew she'd get past it. Night time came around and Titanic wanted to get it on and wasn't afraid of doing it in front of her sister, they'd had an orgy when Violet was at grandparent's house and their crews were on leave for the time, but Bradley really wanted a morph baby. She was a little upset but he did agree to snacking on her, which he did for a long and splendid time, before making her some chow and scrounging some scrap for her to munch on he started watching for the cruiser. He lulled her to sleep so more of her energy would go to forming the baby and so she'd have less conscious time before they set out. He sat in the starboard bridge over watch and saw a silhouette with a low curved hull and a bold tall superstructure with dim lights all about the ship.

"That must be her." She was smaller than Titanic and Britannic, shorter lengthwise and height wise, but her speed he could see in harbor was faster than Titanic's speed. Her movement showed her nimble design at work as she weaved port and starboard to increase her wake and drag as she sent herself into reverse.

' tenacht!" She called, Bradley sat there lost. "Spreken ze Duetshe?" He shook his head no. "Obviously glish, then. Oh vell."

“So you’re Prince Eugen?”

“Prinz Eugen.”

“Prinz Eugen, okay, so you’re helping us?”

“Yes I am. I’m helping you through the Baltic. What’s her speed?” She gestured to Titanic as she dropped anchors.

“Uh… she can reach twenty-eight, twenty-nine if there’s a tailwind and current for her.”

“Her cruising speed?”

“She usually goes twenty to twenty-two, but she’s really anxious to get there so don’t doubt her going full steam.”

“Don’t worry I can reach the thirties. I’ll keep up and ahead.” Bradley was able to go to bed then, he said good night and went inside and hit the sack.

FIN TITANIC PT II

baby, Bradley, Britannic, child, Gingyflame, porn, Titanic
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HaM Ch 39

March 15, 2016 by Gingyflame

Ch 39

Hansel and Marion were tending to Cindy, Porscha and Ferdi both agreed on what Dora said as being true and they strongly recommended that Cindy be worked out. Cindy's engine had just given out when Marion arrived to comfort her; Hansel had brought some oil to soothe her hurt engine. Cindy had an oil change, and got her engine a good rub down massage from Marion and her oil covered hands. Dora told Cindy that she'd be stronger and faster than before, and that if she kept working her engine it'd keep getting stronger and faster. Cindy asked if she'd one day go a hundred miles in a second, Marion said she could do anything if she tried hard enough. Marion towed Cindy over where Marion slept with her by her side and stayed there, letting Cindy sleep while bundled up in camo netting. "I wish you could have met my mom. You two are so nice." Marion thought to herself, this was random and not at all expected. "But I know that she's watching us, mommy and daddy are in heaven watching over me. They gave me to you because God knew you were a nice mom." Marion was touched, she didn't believe in God or Satan or anything, really, she had a small conception of religion in general. Marion felt warn tears touch her side, she knew Cindy was crying. "Don't cry, sweetie, I'm sure your mom and dad would want you to be strong." She held Cindy tight against her side.

"That's what they told me every day, to be strong." She sobbed more. Marion stroked her turret roof and patted Cindy's side. She remembered a little song that Hansel sung to her, the time seemed more right now than when Hansel sung it to Marion.

""Hush little baby, don't say a word. Momma's gonna get you a mocking bird. And if that mocking bird doesn't sing, momma's gonna get you a diamond ring. And if that diamond ring turns brass, momma's gonna get you a looking glass." Cindy had calmed down; she picked up the lyrics from there. She sung until she fell asleep. It was only 1750 hours.

Marion let Cindy sleep under her wing, she waited for Chuck to get on and asked if they could possibly change the plans, it'd be something more engaging but still achieve the goal. Chuck wasn't sure, neither was Joshua nor Rosa but Marion really put forth the energy to make them agree. Eventually they agreed, the old plan involved waiting for the German line to be pushed back where Marion and Cindy and the tag-along Rosa would be swallowed by the Americans at a certain part of the city. It was safer for Cindy, but much more dangerous for the others. The new plan was safer for the Americans, but more dangerous for Marion, Hansel, and Rosa, possibly Cindy, too. Marion had Hansel bring a white bed sheet and a stick to tuck away in Marion. The new one that was so dangerous for them was that they were going to leave the German line and drive over to the Americans where they'll surrender; it was bold and maybe costly, depending on when they leave. The fuel lines had been stretched so far that fuel was scarce, Marion herself wasn't near full and probably wasn't going to get much more until the supply lines caught up. The Americans had reached the front line and were pushing up. After only a day they were about to knock on Bastogne. Marion prepared everybody, Rosa and Marion interrogated Chuck for his description and Katelyn's. After that Marion gave the descriptions of herself, Rosa, and Cindy and entrusted Chuck to tell Katelyn. Once all the details were set the radio channel was left to the long distance lovers. They had gotten Rosa into the deal and surprisingly it was easy to get her in. Getting Marion and her crew in was difficult but getting Rosa in was very easy. Marion thinks it is because Rosa has no crew, people that instilled Nazi beliefs into her, when Rosa is probably more likely to destroy the Shermans than Marion. Cindy stirred awake and looked at her gun barrel, Marion saw her sneakily peek under the barrel wraps to check her gun. Marion smirked as Cindy picked at the rebuilt gray metal seam, scratching off flakes of green paint at the edges. She pulled out a flake of green paint and examined it carefully, glancing at its texture and consistency. She looked to Marion's side and saw the long gray strike on her armor, a long gray stripe, and noticed that Marion's paint was thick and wavy like a big cage was welded to her armor.

"Momma Marion," she whispered in the dark, "why is your pant so big?"

"It's not big, sweetie," she picked at her scar until she got a flake off, "it's thin, just like yours."

"So, what's that?" She probed Marion's Zimmerit paint.

"That's Zimmerit," Hansel said he jumped down from Marion's roof and went to one of her storage boxes, "it makes sure that magnet bombs can't blow her up." He pulled out a magnet for making a compass. He smacked it against Marion's side repeatedly. "See? It doesn't stick, but," he walked over to the end of the on Marion's side, "it sticks to her metal hull." He stuck it to Marion's bare metal frame, Marion giggled.

Hansel plucked it off and stuck it to Cindy's stern.
"Ha ha! Hansel that tickles!" He removed it from her body and went to put it away. "But we don't have any magnetic bombs, so why do you guys put that on your tanks?" Hansel stopped, he didn't ever hear of the Russians using them either.
"I don't know, Cindy. May just be paranoia, we have them, why not our enemies?" He locked up the box and climbed back onto Marion. They went to sleep for the night, but Marion wasn't actually asleep, she was running through scenarios again and again in her mind, planning and planning for the operation. She was running through what would happen if they were encountered by a German patrol when she heard screaming, not from a man or woman, rather from a demon, a banshee.
"ARTILLERY!" She threw her arms around Cindy and pulled her close. Fritz and Jäger rushed over, Fritz flanked Cindy and Jäger covered the front, Cindy's rear was open when out of nowhere Allison rushed up from behind and closed the rear. The shells streamed from the sky, the Germans shouted commands, the soldiers scrambled, the hummels and other SPGs aimed to the sky and fired back, firing blindly into the night. Shells crashed everywhere, a stray shot hit the church and made a loud 'gong' noise as the tower crashed to the ground, buildings soon became infernos, bunkers and fox holes were the hottest shit, and Cindy was the most armored tank around, except for her top. Her top was the only thing that worried Marion, shrapnel could fly at her from any direction and she was safe, but a direct hit or a shell landing in the space around her was bad, very bad. The barrage seemed like forever, Cindy was petrified while Fritz wanted a real fight, not this pussy barrage shit. Jäger also wanted a fight, Allison was just happy that the American shrapnel couldn't harm any of them. Once the three hour barrage was finally over they assessed the wounds, Fritz and Jäger got a good load of shrapnel from a shell that landed off Jäger's stern and Fritz's front, Cindy was unharmed. Allison, Marion and Jäger comforted Cindy before they went to sleep again; Fritz went to go make sure Edwards didn't get his ass blasted by a bombshell. Edwards was fine and so was Franz, during the shells' screaming Franz crawled inside Fritz and was safe inside. Marion held Cindy close to her side and put the chin of her turret on Cindy's mantle. "It'll be okay, Cindy, it'll be okay, tomorrow night we'll get you home. We'll get you home tomorrow night."
"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Cindy cried into Marion's side as she grabbed onto Marion's hull and turret for comfort. "I love you, mommy Marion!"
"I love you, too sweetie, I love you too." Cindy fell asleep again shortly after, Marion didn't sleep or even act like she was. She kept her eyes open and searching, watching the sky for bombers, searching the black horizon for trouble, checking anything suspicious with tiger stares. She noticed she was low on fuel but Chuck said that they weren't that far, that Marion could get there with the fuel she had. She still felt that it wasn't enough.
The following morning she ate food to help fuel; she ate some meat and ate the stale bread. The bread tastes revolting and the meat was undercooked but she didn't stop, she knew what she must do. Her crew gathered and boarded and they dropped Cindy off with Dora for the day. Dora said that today she'll be helping heal Cindy's engine, Marion thanked her and wished them luck, Cindy and Dora did the same for Marion and the boys. Marion turned around and headed off through the city, she used the roads so that she wouldn't use her engine and it would conserve fuel. She was moving at a good jogging speed when Hansel asked if anyone else has heard of the new American tank. They all shook their heads no.
"Apparently it's been giving our guys a hard time, but I'm sure we'll show it who the big boss is. Right baby?"
"We'll fuck him up." She said confidently, she wasn't sure though. Chuck had never mentioned a new tank. Later that day they were moved to the edge of Bastogne, they were on the front. Marion had perched herself in an alley, she had pushed some snow onto her glacis plate and she was sitting out with a clear view of a field, all the way to the tree line about two kilometers away. Hansel stood proudly in his hatch, scanning the fields with his binoculars. He stopped on six green boxes moving in a flank towards the city, two had rounded tops and the other four had square top turrets. He adjusted the binoculars as Marion trained on the green speckled vehicles. "Hansel, that one to the left, second in, it has a rounded hull and turret, yeah it has a mark on it. It's on the turret."
"Yeah I noticed..," he cleaned the lenses and peered through, striving to see the mark before it's too late, "Marion, Chuck's girl, you said she had a heart on her, right?"
"Yeah, it was a sideways heart on the mantle."
"Don't fire! Don't fire!" He wrapped in Marion's roof to get her attention.
"What are we supposed to do then? Let our soldiers and friends die?" Marion said. Meats piped up.
"They're bound to see us, start a fire on the engine deck." He and Whacker poured alcohol on some paper wood and lit a fire on the deck while Marion got Banker to cut his lip and face plant the snow on her [illegible]or.

Smoke billowed from the deck and there was no commotion around the Tiger, the Sherman crews looked on and saw a man slumped over the drivers' hatch with red snow beneath him. "Poor bastards." The Sherman E3 commander said as he looked on. "Katelyn, what'er think did 'em in?" The Firefly thought.
"Satchel charge and the infantry." The commander nodded.
"Chuck likes them Nazi crosses, right?" Katelyn nodded. "Think dey got any of 'em?" Katelyn looked back to the tank; they were in a pretty lousy position to fight infantry.
"No, they ain't got any." They kept on into the city. Once they were well out of sight Marion snuffed the fire and picked up Banker.
"You alright, Banker?" She covered his lip where they cut it and applied pressure. The blood had gone from the lip all the way up to his forehead.
"How the hell did you convince me to do that?"
"We'd die if you didn't." He stopped, nodded and carried on. Meats kicked the charred materials off Marion and Hansel stood up in the hatch and leaned over, kissing Marion.
"My conscience isn't happy." Whacker said as he sat back down in his chair.
"Neither's mine, Whacker." Marion said, she hugged Hansel. Meats tapped on the turret's lifting eye loop.
"We could warn the other infantries, y'know, say they slipped past us." Whacker instantly got on that right away. The infantry guys took it well, they bought that the Shermans out maneuvered her gun and slipped into the city. Later there was an SPG moved into the field, Hansel watched them set up while Marion looked to disable them. They weren't spotted until it was too late; Marion's gun sang as a shell broke the sound barrier and pierced right through the gun housing, dropping the huge American artillery gun onto the hull where it was useless. The soldiers dropped to the snow for cover.
"Whacker scare the shit outta them!" Whacker let the 42 rip, Hitler's buzz saw sent pops of snow and dirt up everywhere, and sparks flew as the bullets bounced off the artillery's thin armor. The G.I.s slowly crawled away. "If they point a gun at us knock them down." Not too long after the G.I.s disappeared a half-track with a gun on its back appeared from the brush. Hansel dropped into the turret while Marion slammed it shut.
"Hit the halftrack!" The halftrack fired and the building wall next to Marion exploded, obscuring Marion's view. She waited until the dust cleared, it shot again and hit Marion's upper glacis right in the center, messing up her shot as she fired. It passed harmlessly over the halftrack, it moved while it was reloading, Marion felt Meats chuck another round in the breech and readied her gun. She trained on it, adjusted and fired a screaming shot through the halftrack. It kept moving.
"I fucking hate their shitty armor!" She yelled agitated as Meats tossed in a HE round. She waited for the Americans to fire again, a miss hitting the dirt in front of her, and she fired once more and silenced the halftrack for good. For added measure she put one into the useless artillery tractor as well. They decided to move before artillery rained down from the sky, they relocated deeper into the city. They decided to grab Karl and Eugene and they went and assisted a group of infantry with dug in Americans, they had Whacker spray the street, Karl and Eugene spraying the buildings, and Marion during her coaxial in bursts down the road and into fox holes. Hansel even came out with the 42 and gunned down a balcony MG nest. He thought of Anton the whole time. They were dug in so deep and were so unrelenting, they just wouldn't die Hansel said, he ordered the building down. Not the floor, or the wall, he wanted the whole dammed building to the ground. Marion complied and blasted the first floor with a few shots; the building crumbled and caved in on the Americans. Hansel and them over watched the soldiers that were taking prisoners and clearing rubble. Whenever they came to a G.I. that was pinned under too much rubble they shot him. It would later hurt their consciences but at the time Marion's gang didn't feel anything, anything but revenge.
They came across a regular Sherman, it was a new one apparently, and the two Panzer IVs weren't getting through the armor, it fired once into a Panzer IV and set it on fire, the crew bailed in order: driver, radio operator, loader, gunner then commander, while the Sherman focused on the other Panzer. The Panzer shot hit right on the drive sprocket and destroyed it, leaving the Sherman immobile. Marion rolled up in front of the Panzers, laughed as shot after shot flew harmlessly off her body. Is this how Fritz feels? She wondered. She looked at the Sherman, the driver tried to move it back helplessly. She couldn't help but smile, the man in the cupola looked terrified, she shot only once. It zipped through the armor and blew the turret clean off the tank. The hull was smashed against the ground, splitting open the hydraulic suspension and popping off one of the wheels while the turret flew towards the heavens with a fiery tail. It tumbled in the sky and came crashing down on top of a house, disappearing into the structure. Every American Hansel saw it seemed to heighten his anger even more; it made him full of indescribable rage.
Blood didn't seem to touch them that day, death didn't faze them, destruction didn't scare them, it only fueled their thirst for Anton's revenge. They never encountered Katelyn but if they did, they'd do what Fritz
ɔ Cindy and Marion would probably knock her over, call for help, and take Katelyn with them across the
ˌ ˌhat night. They fought for the rest of the day, using a little bit of Marion's fuel but not too much, she

hoped. She let all the boys sleep while she returned to the base, she discretely caressed Hansel, making sure he had a very good dream. She had them gather their things discretely and they loaded it into her hull while she flattened her spent shells, they had everything ready, Rosa was always ready, all they needed was Cindy and darkness. Two hours after sundown they all were ready.
Fin Ch 39

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, WW II
1 Comment

HaM Chapter 38

March 8, 2016 by Gingyflame

I've got nothing to say.., Enjoy!
Ch 38
Marion woke up early in the morning, she looked around, still dark, still snowing, still holding Hansel in her arms. She woke him up and got him to move into her hull where it was warmer. Once he was inside she talked her mind. "Hansel I can't get Cindy out of my mind," Marion looked to her side where Cindy was bundled up in camo netting. "I don't want her here."
"I know." He didn't really know, he was too tired to know. "Cindy shouldn't be here."
"Hansel! I know you're half-assing this." She grabbed some snow and tossed it in his face. He jerked up awake and threw the snow off.
"Goddamn that's cold!" He planted his face against Marion's wall to warm it up faster. "What, Marion?"
"I don't want Cindy here, it's too dangerous."
"It's dangerous for everyone. Marion, this is a world war. There's nowhere the war won't touch her. All that we can do is put her where she's safest." Marion was silent.
"I don't think we can do that." She sounded dark and depressed, it worried Hansel.
"Baby, what makes you think that?"
"Ever since I've gotten to the front, all we've done is retreat. Hansel if we retreat too much there'll be nowhere to hide her from the shots."
"But we're pushing up now, we are winning!"
"You know better Hansel, we won't be winning for much longer."
"You're such a pessimist, Marion."
"Only rightly so, Hansel. I still have hopes for our survival, and we will be having kids of our own. But for Cindy's sake, we need to do something." Hansel dropped his head. He knew there was no arguing this.
"Alright Marion, but how would we save her?" Marion had been thinking about it.
"The third army is coming."
"How does-"
"Chuck is coming." Hansel remembered, he started to piece things together.
"But Marion, what about us!?"
"I've been talking to Chuck, and he's been talking to his higher-ups, he said that we should learn of our fate today." Hansel felt sick to his stomach.
"I don't know, Marion, what about our friends?"
"We'll tell them that we're doing the right thing."
"What about Germany, my family, the families of Banker, and Whacker, and Meats? What about them?"
"Those are things wars should be fought for, not this one. You saw what our leaders are doing, they're mad dogs. They are doing that to people like you, they are not right, they are monsters. They are not who we should be fighting for, they're what we should be fighting." Hansel thought, many of his old friends were taken away and might be in those camps. He knew that Hitler was a mad man, that he was crazy, but the camps made him evil, made him the devil. Hansel had indeed lost faith in fighting the Americans, but he fought to protect his people from insensible slaughter. As he looked at the choices, both had senseless slaughter and both had reasons to fight. He was terribly conflicted, he didn't know anymore. He didn't know.
"Marion I don't know. I don't know anymore." A terrible thought hit him. "Marion, they used that Tiger as a tool against us, what if they pit us against the Germans?" He felt Marion shudder.
"I don't want to fight Germans, I'll fight Nazis but I won't fight Germans." Hansel felt the surge of sleep over him again. Before he went to sleep Marion asked him what he was dreaming about.
"You and I relaxing in a magical forest on a bright summer day."

“How fairy tale.” They slept for a few more hours before they woke up for the day. They had captured Bastogne and were relieving the night shift when Marion heard Dora’s voice.
“Marion!” Marion turned to see Dora in fresh winter paint; she had white all over her body. E was with her followed by Ferdi and Porscha.
“Are you fixed, Dora?” Dora nodded, her engine had serious troubles one day during training, she and the other two were sent back for engine tuning.
“So are you going to tell me how you got that long hit on your side or not?“ Marion started her story, Hansel talked to Dora’s, Ferdi’s, and Porscha’s commanders while Whacker got the radios turned up. The losses at the ‘Battle of the Tigers’ put the three new arrivals under Hansel’s command. Bastogne wasn’t completely taken yet, pockets of resistance still plagued the city and secretly Marion and Hansel backed them and wished them luck. Later in the day Dora met Cindy, literally the morning the three engine-troubled tanks left Cindy was brought back. Dora wasn’t sure how to respond to Marion taking her in but was instantly overtaken by Cindy and couldn’t help but found her adorable. They soon got radio contact with Chuck and that’s when Marion persuaded Meats, Whacker and an eager Banker to join her cause. That’s when they told Cindy. Cindy rejoiced that she was going back to the Americans.
“You’re going to take care of me, right!?” Marion looked into Cindy’s eyes. Her little innocent mind didn’t fully see that Marion would become a P.O.W. and that Cindy would be kept away from Marion. Marion knew that they would probably never see each other again. But she couldn’t say no to her.
“I’ll be there, dear. Don’t you worry.” She hugged Cindy, the snow had gathered on top of Cindy and stuck to her hull front, it hid her well.
“We’ll win, Marion, we’ll beat Hitler and win together!” Hansel shushed Cindy, Marion covered her mouth.
“Cindy, you can’t tell anyone. Anyone at all! Okay?” Cindy nodded, she saw that this scared them and crossed her ‘heart’ over her driver’s outcropping.
The battles went on; every now and then a report would say that a tank was lost. Usually dead metal but still, that scared the tanks and their crews. E and Irish grew restless, they wanted to fight but they were kept idle by Idek. They rarely displayed their affection but when they did they tried to do it when no one was around. Jäger hung around them and would come in at times when they were hugging or holding hands. They quickly shot down anything but Irish knew Jäger knew he was lying. Marion scored another kill and her Tiger kill stripe was painted onto her gun when they found some extra paint. Hansel, Marion, Meats, Whacker and Banker decided that they would carry Cindy over during the night so that they wouldn’t be seen. They planned out everything and all they were waiting for was Patton’s Third Army. Then it would be the end of Marion’s short career.
Soon reports came in of American armor to the south of Bastogne, Patton was at their doorstep. Most of the others grew ready for a fight, they cleaned their guns, checked their ammo, tuned their engines and some even sharpened their teeth. Marion wasn’t too thrilled to fight anymore, she still maintained herself but it was considered more as hygiene rather than battle preparation. Marion was hanging out with Jäger and Fritz and some other tank destroyers like Rosa and Ferdi and she was watching their preparations. Jäger and Fritz were cleaning each other’s gun while petting Franz their cat, Ferdi and two other tank destroyers were greasing their tracks, but Rosa was different. She had a special gleam in her eye, it looked a lot like hope and desire mixed together. She was still cleaning her gun and lubricating her treads and whitening her teeth but she seemed to be in a daydream. “Rosa, are you there?” Rosa snapped out of her daydream.
“Huh? Oh! Yeah, yeah, I’m here. Are you?”
“YYYesss? Are you alright?” Rosa fidgeted and looked around.
“YYYYeah.” Marion smirked. She started to leave but she grabbed Rosa’s stern and drug her away from the group.
“Rosa, what’s going on?” Rosa shook her mantle no. “Rosa, something is going on with you. You’ve been daydreaming all day. What is it? A secret lover?” Rosa backed off.
“What!? No!” Marion looked her in the eyes. She lifted her eye shaders in a ‘really’ look. “I-It’s nothing. Really. I’m not hiding anything. I’ve never met an American before.”
“Rosa, I never asked that.” Rosa went wide eyed. She visibly shook in her treads. “Rosa, I’ve got my own secrets with the Americans, it’s okay with me.” Rosa still seemed uncomfortable. “Rosa, you can keep a secret, right? You’re cracking but you’re not broke yet.” She nodded.
“Back in June or July I was being moved to find Fritz, we came across a Sherman. He and his crew were terrified; we could see pigments leaving their skin and the tears of fear and death bundle on their eyes. We couldn’t kill them, they were too helpless. We camped out with them that night-my transmission was flooded-and we talked. We quickly became friends with the Americans and we found unused radio channels, ow we still talk to them. But the Sherman showed me his lover, a Firefly-I think-named Katelyn and he named-”

“Chuck!” Marion was surprised.
“Yeah, his name was Chuck.” Rosa shifted. “I-uh, I fell in love with Joshua.” Marion was shocked.
“How did that happen?”
“He sort of saved me; they fixed my drive wheel and my tracks. I’m here because of them. Otherwise I might be scrap or I’d be getting raped by something. That’s why I hate Shermans.” Marion suddenly felt violated; she wondered if Shermans would try their way with her. “But Chuck didn’t, he found me and brought Joshua. They helped me, and I might have Joushua’s baby.” Marion was instantly brought off the rape subject.
“What?”
“He may have, y’know, knocked me up.” She had a sly smile on her face as her eyes drifted to the dirt.
Marion picked up her gun mantle.
“Don’t be ashamed, you love him, right?” Rosa smiled and looked left and right as she agreed.
“Yes, I do love him.”
“Then why are you so ashamed? Rosa, don’t be ashamed.”
“But how would anyone take my word if they knew?”
“I know and I trust you.” Rosa shrugged and looked past Marion. “Look, we might be meeting Chuck and crossing the line to their side soon.” Rosa looked at her intrigued and in disbelief. “Yeah, we’re taking Cindy over. I’m sure they could talk you into the deal.” Rosa’s eyes lit up. She begged Marion to talk her in, she dropped her suspension and cupped two hands together and pleaded. Marion promised that she would try her best. Marion asked what they might name it and that’s when Rosa pulled the paper out of her mantle.
“This has the names,” she unfolded it and handed it to Marion. “Zachery is the boy name, Jasmine is the girl name.” *Jasmine, I like that name,* Marion thought to herself, she might just use it herself.
“Rosa, I could actually get the radio signals from Whacker and give them to you.” Rosa bounced up and down; she started begging again for the codes. Marion had Rosa follow her to where Whacker hung out. It was with Mini, Kramia, Meats, Griffen and the girls. Marion plucked him from the group and secluded the three of them. “Whacker, what are the radio codes for our channel to Chuck?”
“Well they aren’t codes, they’re channels.”
“Whatever! What channel? What dial do I move!?” Rosa asked impatiently.
“I’ll show you, it’s hard to explain.” He climbed up and tugged on Rosa’s hatches. Reluctantly she unlocked the hatch. He climbed in, asked for her hands, and guided them through the process. She excitedly talked through the radio, begging for Chuck or Joshua. “Rosa, they get on at select times, you gotta just wait on this channel, okay?”
“Okay.” She said depressed. Afterwards Marion explained her predicament to Whacker and said she’d tell the rest on their next shift.
Marion went to go tell Cindy. Cindy stayed with Dora when Frau and Marion were out on shift. Dora vaguely knew that Marion was going to get Cindy back to the Americans but Dora didn’t know how or when. Marion came across Dora loading heavy crates on a sled and Cindy trying to pull the sled. Marion watched Dora egg on Cindy while Cindy’s face showed how much she was trying. Marion looked at the sled’s load and thought it had to be at least ten tons. Cindy looked like she was in pain.
“Dora what the hell are you doing!?”
“Making Cindy’s engine stronger.”
“No you’re breaking her engine!”
“That’s how she’ll get stronger.”
“Cindy stop! Don’t hurt yourself, sweetie!”
“Marion, it’s the only way to make her stronger. Your engine isn’t like that one,” she pointed to the disabled Tiger I dead metal engine, “it’s like a giant muscle system. Ask Hansel, Meats, Whacker, Inbred, or Banker how muscles grow bigger and stronger. They’ll tell you that they break; they rip and break before they grow bigger and stronger. Our engines are much the same. Why do you think Ferdi and Porscha are still around? Their dead metal counterparts broke down or burned out long ago but their engines broke and grew stronger, so has mine. If Cindy breaks her engine it will only build her strength! Trust me! It’s what happened to me last month.” Marion eyed her down. She would ask Hansel, and Ferdi and Porscha about it, but first she unlatched the sled from Cindy and carried and pushed her over to where Hansel was resting.
“How do you feel, Cindy?” Cindy was panting and shoveling snow onto her back to cool her engine off.
“I’m tired!” She whined, she leaned against Marion and snuggled up to her. “And hungry.” Marion wasn’t too sure about that, she’d never been hungry before. “Do you guys have any casings I can eat?” Marion did have some, she picked them from her shelf and laid them right on Cindy’s bow, Cindy licked her lips and took a deep breath. “Mom would crush them for me, but her casings weren’t that big, can you crush only one?
[illegible]be two? Please?”
[illegible], sweetie.” Marion picked one up and flattened one on her hull bow, she handed it right to Cindy. Cindy

took a bite and smiled.
“It tastes just like moms!” Marion smiled as Cindy tore at the flattened casing. She finished the casing and hummed. “Marion, can I have another?”
“Sure dear.” She flattened another and gave it to her, Marion thought of how she was mostly empty inside her hull; she had her whole cabin to use. “Cindy can you open your hatches?” Cindy swallowed a bite and answered.
“Yeah, I can.” Her hatches flew open like a bomb blew them open. Marion peaked inside, she was empty. “I can flap them like a bird wings!” Her hatches on her turret flapped furiously, like Cindy believed they could make her fly. Quickly they slowed and stopped because of how tired she was.
“Can you reach inside you like this?” Marion opened a hatch and put one of her arms inside. Cindy nodded and slithered an arm into her side hatch where spent shells would be tossed. “No, in this one.” Marion touched the rim of Cindy’s commander’s hatch; Cindy stuck her arm in, all the way to the bottom. “Just like that! Here Cindy, I’m going to give these to you. Whenever you’re hungry, just reach in there and grab a snack. Okay?”
“Okay.” Marion crushed all of her spent casings and stacked them inside Cindy; she had Cindy pull one out before she let Cindy close her hatches. “It feels weird, mommy.”
“You’ll get used to it, sweetie.” Marion stopped outside Banker and Hansel’s little tent, she called them out and asked them how muscles get stronger.
“They break and build bigger, like a bridge. When one bridge breaks usually the bridge is built bigger and better.” Banker said, he was tinkering with a block of wood and a bayonet he found. The huge size gave away it was a German bayonet.
“Whatcha making, banks?” Cindy asked in between bites.
“A top, I didn’t have anything like a cup to make it out of so it’ll be a little blocky. When I’m done do you want to play with me?”
“Sure!”
“Just cut the corners, alright?” Hansel said.
“Yeah, sure thing.” He went back to pointing the bottom.
“Hansel, Banker, Cindy, we might be taking Rosa with us.” Hansel and Banker looked disapproving, Cindy’s face lit up.
“Why?” Banker asked in a down tone.
“Because she’s in love with Joshua.” She mouthed she’s pregnant to them so Cindy wouldn’t catch on.
“How can we trust her?” Hansel said. Banker seconded her in a darker tone, emphasizing the trust.
“She could be out to put us down.” He said.
“She knew who Chuck was, and Katelyn, she knew Joshua before I even named Chuck or Joshua. She seemed very, very determined to be reunited with Joshua.” The guys still seemed doubting. “If you were there you’d understand.” Suddenly Marion’s radio crackled to life with Chuck’s voice. Marion spotted Rosa out of the corner of her eye stop what she was doing and respond.
“Chuck! You’re still alive! Chuck! Chuck where’s Joshua?!” It took Chuck a moment to respond.
“Who’s this?”
“Rosa!”
“Oh! Rosa! How are you?”
“Where’s Joshua!?” The very moment after she finished it was Joshua on the radio.
“Rosa!? Is it really you!?”
“Yes! Yes it’s me!”
“What are the names?”
“Zachery and Jasmine!” There was a pause.
“Oh my god! How are you doing? Are you alright? What happened?” Marion brought Banker and Hansel over and they listened.
“Convinced yet?” They nodded.
Fin Ch 38

Gingyflame, HaM, WWII
1 Comment

HaM Ch 37

n 1, 2016 by Gingyflame

Hey guys! So I saw that it looked like chapter 36 was the end; it's not, no where close. That compilation was just so breathtaking for me that I had to say something. Anyway, here's chapter 37!
Enjoy!
Ch 37
Shortly after the battalion regrouped just shy of Bastogne the assault group that had been on day shift was retired for the night, it included Hansel's team, E and Allison, Canine's mediums, and the tank hunter team. To keep her a secret Eryka only preyed at night, and they were very effective. The regular tanks were kept outside while the experimentals were hid away in heavy tents or stable buildings if possible, tonight E and Allison were kept in separate warehouses for liability reasons, E was kept furthest from the camp because of her significant armor. Earlier in the day they reflected back on her first kill: a Hellcat, the Hellcat from the prior day. The one that shot Faust. It angered E so much, they saw it waiting there, sitting in an ambush, they watched Faust move into the trap. E wanted to charge down the hill, crash through the building and slam or shoot the Hellcat. Irish said no, it's too dangerous; they didn't know what was hidden behind the buildings. Irish only let her shoot through the building in rage of his mistake, a mistake that hurt his friends, a mistake that haunted him. He knew afterwords she was right but he stuck to his guns in spite of E. He had to show he was in command of her, not the other way around. Their argument spiked as they entered the warehouse alone, the only thing that was keeping E from tearing Irish to pieces was her own will. Irish could do nothing to harm E but E could kill Irish in a thousand ways, plus nine.
"You know damn well we couldn't stop it! There was no way we could save them!" Irish yelled at her as he jumped off her glacis plate in front of her.
"Yes there was! We could of shot that Hellcat before it hit Faust! You were just being a fucking coward! I could have easily charged down and shot him or take the hit and not Faust!" She was eyeing him intensely in the low light of the warehouse. Her gaze shot right through Irish and she bared her teeth, like she'd tear him to bits. Her limit was spilling over, she couldn't take much more.
"They still would have shot Faust for a tank knocked out and you're a shit shot on the move and you know it! We would have screwed Hansel over, he'd run for Anton and get gunned down. We could do nothing but what we did!" She was steaming, she was at the edge.
"FUCK YOU!" He spun around on his heels.
"When, where and how hard!?" She snapped. Irish's face went from determination to fear as her manipulators lashed out and knocked his ass to the ground before she started pulling him by the hips toward her. "E calm down! Calm down it's not your fault! It's not your fault!"
"Right here!" She exclaimed as he passed under her jutting hull. "Right now!" He looked down and saw she was messing with his outer layer of winter clothes. "And VERY hard!"
"E it's just a comeback I didn't mean it! Don't do this! You can stop! I'm fine with it! Stop!" As much as he wanted to fuck her hard, he didn't want her to regret her decision later. She had his coat and boots off and was tearing through his shirt buttons like they were nothing, she quickly got his belt open and his pants down. Before he knew it she had him nude and was stroking his hard erect member. He watched in worry and want as she removed her stroking hand to get some of her slick precum from her slit and lube him down with its warm touch. "E think about this first!"
She moved him under her slit, he eyed it wanting to lick and eat every inch of her pussy. "I've thought enough! Now we act!"
She dropped her suspension down with a bang and pulled him to pierce her lusting pussy. The two let out a loud and long moan of victory and relaxation. She was incredibly tight to where she bent his cock out of shape but natural desire had Irish flex it straight and proud. He felt her juices squeeze around his cock toward him and felt her powerful engine's life flowing through their bodies, her temperature was absolute heaven to the bitter winter chill that permeates around them but with E's warm belly pressed against him he wasn't aware of the cold. He felt her heavy breathing circulate around her core's structure, he closed his eyes and saw her beautiful face closing her eyes and pulling her lips taught as he felt her stern end raise gently. Her pussy felt coiled around him with it's slow churning plush and welcoming texture enveloping his hard cock in a embrace only love could enforce, her hot juices eked slowly out of her and ventured upon his belly, chest, and legs along with her manipulators to explore his body that was hers now.
She closed her eyes as he melted into her arms and moaned in a successful melody as she held his cock inside her, never had she ever felt like this. His hard, filling, amazing cock was better than any self-fucking techniques and felt amazing. She could feel his smooth skin rubbing her pussy right, his blood coursing through his thick veins, his head spreading out wider than his thick shaft tickling her walls, it all felt overwhelming. Irish made her all warm inside literally, she felt relaxed, warm, pleased, and especially loved
[illegible]ing Irish to her belly with his warmth soothing and comforting her into nirvana. She wanted to get
[illegible]ed hard so badly, to ride him through the night but he wasn't doing anything, they were just sitting

there soaking it all in. Irish felt her tense up her torsion bars to bounce on him but he wanted her to sit back and relax so he cautiously pulled out to her moans and whining and smiled as he was about to fuck her good.
“Are you ready, E?”
“Fuck the SHIT outta my cunt, Irish!” With that he thrusted himself in all the way going deeper than initially and wondering why she locked him that deep, so deep her clit ball was pressed against his crotch. “Let’s do this slow at first, please Iree.”
“Whatever your heart desires, sweetie.”
“One last thing, for the hell of it.” She slowly forced her cervix down on Irish, holding him ridged with a forced tight hold on his cock. The cervix crept down on him, as he slowly penetrated her cervix, she moaned and whined with her engine gradually raising its output. Her breaths increased dramatically as it finally warped around his cock head and their sensations were unbelievable in affect, they could feel each other’s body like they were one. Irish could feel her spark circulating her body currents, her huge power ready to be unleashed, her confidence, her huge gun, strong wheels, almighty engine, faintest touch in her sensors, her sheer enjoyment of him, and he could feel her love for him. She could feel his nimble frame, his awareness, his willingness, his passion, his life in his veins, his love for her, the two knew this was right as her cervix finally slipped onto his whole member.
He inched his way out filling the warehouse with a low moan of theirs. He closed his eyes and inched in again, taking time to feel all that she had to offer and for her to do the same of him. He continued this slow love making to his lover’s wish.
“Faster, Irish. Please go faster.” She said softly to him, basking in the feelings she felt.
“Right on cue.” He said with a smile noticing this is when she’d go faster by her lonesome. He did pick up a quicker beat and knew he was doing her right with her heightened whining and engine revs. Her fluids gained flow and she let more out onto his flexing body as it penetrated her with power behind it only waiting for her cue.
“More! More! Give it to me Irish! Don’t hold back I know you got more!” She commanded as a bigger grin formed on his face, she was predictable. He let it out, pounding her hard and fast reserving no energy and enjoying her eccentric yelps of joy. He closed his eyes and saw her again with her eyes closed tight and her teeth bared and the occasional tongue falling out as she panted to keep her engine cool.
“RRRRRRUUUUHHHH FUCK YES! FUCK MY PUSSY! FUCK IT, FUCK IT JUST LIKE THAT BABY! OH FUCK YES IRISH! OH FUCK YES! OH-HO-HO-HOOOO! GOD THIS IS GREAT!” Irish had never heard her like this, he must have been doing something right. He didn’t know that, he was just trying to keep it going, keep giving her the best feelings she’s ever had. He had his eyes clamped shut, and he saw her the same way, with her mouth agape and filling the room with her warming breath and sounds of ecstasy. He never felt so good, his cock felt so pressurized and held, he pulled and pushed his way around her cervix, each thrust in she’d easy up and become plush, when he’d leave she’d grip him tight. Her fluids leaked onto his crotch and rolled all around his lower body and her arms tightly held him against her body, save for his hips. E started humping back, really sending some feelings back at Irish. He felt her, her enjoyment shot through his body, relaxing his body like an intense massage mixed with dopamine, sheer pleasure soothed everything and numbed all that wasn’t caused by their sex. He moaned loud and long as her cervix pulsed more and more, growing tighter and tighter every time it pulsed. His climax was on its way but he didn’t want it to come, that would mean that it was over, and he didn’t want this moment to end ever. They felt overwhelmed in pleasure, nothing amounted to what they felt and before they knew it they had reached their climaxes. E reached hers first because of her heightened senses and her orgasm wiped her mind of any worries while her pussy locked Irish inside. Just as he reached his orgasm. They came with each other, nirvana blanketed their minds and neither cared what was going on as they felt a massive surge rock their bodies and leave them trembling in a seemingly endless flow of dopamine. As their loud moans calmed down and they returned to reality E held Irish against her belly, she felt his sperm deep in her cervix, creeping it’s way deeper and deeper inside her to tingle her senses in all the right ways, relaxing her body and warming her deepest and most sensitive feelings. Irish was not the same. He was terrified, he had just came inside a very sexually active female tank, into her cervix, they were royally fucked in the worst ways. He quivered in fear, he felt E’s loving arms relaxed and tenderizing, unknowing of what happened.
“E..! D-Do you kn-know where b-babies come f-f-from?”
“Of course I know where. I was taught.” She said this so calm, no excitement or show of regret, just, said it like she’s say anything else. “You comfortable down there?” Indeed he was, never better in fact.
“B-But-”
“, I know.” Irish was going to continue on but she cut him off again. “I won’t be pregnant, we could try ver but I’ll never be pregnant. Another tank couldn’t do it, either. No amount of sperm, no matter the

depth, no matter anything, I will never have a kid." She sounded depressed, she held Irish tighter like he was a remnant from her childhood.
"How, E? Why?"
"I don't have any eggs. They were supposed to put them in but they didn't. I first opened my eyes and saw them, a little thing that looked like a sack of eggs. They were sitting on a table, the engineers explained it to me. They said that everything was there but the thing that gave me children. I haven't told anyone this before. They said that there probably won't be a replacement anytime soon, that after the war they would need to sample my specific composition to make me something that would fit me. But-"
"There won't be anything after the war." She teared up, Irish by then was soft in the nether regions so he exited and tried to get some clothes on. Their fun had gotten E's engine to warm up the room so Irish really didn't need clothes. He was released by her only for him to crawl out before she picked him up again and held him to the side of her turret. He comforted her as tears streamed down her face.
"That's why I was so angry, Faust could have kids, she could further my kind, but I am useless. I'm the most expendable one."
"Come on, you're not useless! Think of Cindy, Marion hasn't given birth yet she has a kid, she has Cindy."
"That's because Cindy's parents died when if they sent someone like me then they would still be with Cindy."
"But then Marion wouldn't have anyone but Hansel to care so much for."
"Her crew, they're a family."
"They are, but Cindy holds a special place in their hearts. E, we can still have a kid, it may not be our own blood but we can have a kid. You aren't useless, you are a great motivation, an excellent fighter, a very sexually active and exciting woman, and now you've shown me that you do care. E, you are everything to me. Isn't that important enough to save you? I think you as the most special one out there, one of the most useful vehicles. I do. Do you?" She sniffles and wiped some tears from her eyes.
"That sexually active thing you said."
"Yeah."
"I'm not actually that active, I'm maybe active maybe an eighth of the time. It's just me overcompensating."
"Then you are a good actor, add that to the list of things." She giggled.
"Maybe I will." She let Irish prepare for bed. As he was opening his cot she took it and snapped one of it's joints so that it was useless.
"Why'd you do that for!?"
"An excuse for us to sleep together." She grabbed his sleeping gear and laid it out right below her gun, she raised it to the roof for him to fit as close as possible to her turret. "Oh and another thing," she grabbed his head and kissed him on the lips, he went with it. He thought how ironic it was they kissed after they had sex. Unprotected sex at that. "We should have done that first but, whatever." He chuckled.
"I thought the exact same thing." He crawled into his sleeping bag and dozed off in minutes while E was asleep in seconds. He watched her sleep soundly with a big grin on her face as he, too, drifted to sleep. Their alarm sounded promptly the next morning, they greeted each other with a morning kiss and E tapping on his morning wood's head.
"Is it always like that?"
"Yeah. Nothing abnormal about it. Yes, it can be used if you'd like."
"Oh, really?" She flicked it down and it sprung back into place. "Too bad we didn't think of that when we set the alarm."
"Oh well." He started to dress himself, he noticed last night how E was instantly more affectionate towards him than ever before. Someone else was bound to catch on, too. "Hey, E, who do you think will notice us first?"
"What do you mean?"
"You're more affectionate to me, someone else is sure to learn. Who do you think will notice first?" She thought on it.
"Hmmm, I think.., Allison. Allison will notice first. She's got a keen eye for those things."
"Nah, I think it'll be Marion."
"Why?"
"She figured out Mini-Rommel before anyone else."
"Maybe." She wrapped her arms around his waist as he tied his ankle boots. "What ever happened to Dora, and that Ferdi and his wife?" Irish stopped. He only saw them for those few hours.
"I don't know. I do know that Ferdinands have problems frequently so maybe he's way back being repaired, either him or his wife. Maybe Dora, too." There was a knock at the door. E jumped. Irish held back a laugh as [illegible]hecked the door. He brought his head back in and said "Speaking of them devils."

To be honest I completely forgot about those three at the end, Dora, Ferdi, and Porscha. My bad.

2, E, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, II, Irish, porn, two, World War, WW
Leave a comment

HaM Ch36

February 26, 2016 by Gingyflame

Ch 36
Prinz Eugen watched a sea turtle swim by her bridge. She watched it swim around her fore structure gracefully. A large tiger shark drew near, stalking the sea turtle around her. She seated at the shark with one of her manipulators. Shoo! Shoo! Leave the turtle alone! She had to strike the shark to deter it, the shark snapped at her hand but got a punch to the gills for it. It swam off as fast as it came. She listened in to the radio, it was early March, in the year twenty-twelve, the man on the radio was going ballistic about how the world is ending and yada, yada, Eugen turned the channel. This one was playing some smooth jazz, the music she was familiar with, it brought back memories. Good and bad. She thought about Bismarck and Rudolph, and Irish, and E, and losing the war, being turned over to the Americans, sexually confronted by some American ships that really liked her look, their sad faces when they eventually learned she wasn't into them, promises of retirement, the bombings, rolling over and the pain that ensued, and then she opened her eyes again. This is retirement, blissful retirement. She groomed the reefs that had grown on her hull, she always thought of it as gardening. Her retirement was being laid down along an atoll and turning into an oasis for the ocean life, she gladly accepted it; she loved the ocean and would love to be more a part of it, but they took one of her propellers in honor and remembrance of her and her fellow ships and sailors. Later in the day a dive team came down, she felt people walking on her belly above the ocean waves. They were strange, however, they felt very heavy until they placed a box down on her belly, and the divers she saw made their way to her bridge before one of them swam up to the surface. She felt like she was being pecked at with needles and felt a surge zap through her body, the diver that went up returned and nodded at the other diver. They affixed their lights to her faceplate and shone the lights at themselves. One affixed a clasp to her body and turned a switch on his belt on, a green light flashes for a few seconds before it held still.
"Hallo? Guten Nachmittag." Prinz Eugen was amazed, shocked, she hasn't had anyone talk to her in decades. She scrambled her mind, this was very unexpected. She answered the man.
"Hello! Hello! Oh it has been decades since someone's talked to me."
"Hello, I am Tobias Hagan, grandson of Rupert Hagan-"
"I remember that name."
"Yes, he served on the Bismarck, he knew Rudolph. Anyway we are here to ask you a question."
"Go on." Tobias looked to the other diver and they talked, he nodded and the other diver went away.
"We are offering to raise you from the seabed and restore you to your maritime standards." She came out of hiding, her eyes were wide and her mouth agape, she never thought anyone would do this. "If you want, it is all up to you." She thought. "Please.., all the others said no. You're the last resort." She looked him in the eyes; his brown eyes agreed that what he said was truth.
"I'll think on it. How long will you be here?"
"We're setting up a camp on the atoll." She never broke eye contact with him; she saw something that flooded her with memories. Memories filled with Irish and her. She saw that twinkle in his eyes, his want for her to sail again, the openness of his heart. She saw his desire for her, not anything near sexual but that he wanted to see her sail again, see her take to the seas like his grandfather did. That night after they headed ashore she thought about it long and hard. She had asked questions like what would happen to the reefs on her, they would be destroyed, the safety she gave the fish, it would disappear, and she didn't like the answers but he did promise that they could sink a ship in her place. "That," she decided to tell Tobias the next morning, "is the only way I'll agree." After some phone calls the deal was made.
Because he was the only one who knew how to use the equipment, Tobias was the only one to talk to Prinz Eugen. He kept her occupied by talking about his family history, starting with how his grandfather escaped Bismarck's sinking, his grandfather moving to America, his family being raised and learning German through his grandfather, his own four years in the U.S. Navy, how he came across this project and how the other four ships turned down the offer. Eugen wasn't sure if it was the lack of interaction that made her attracted to s or if she genuinely felt attracted to him but either way she didn't want him to leave and it pained her when he did. A few days later she saw the hulls of at least three ships. Those three ships were a dredge, a

specialized salvage ship that was towing a huge barge, and a boat bus to haul her to port. They began by excavating various parts of her and collecting loose debris and putting them on the barge. Next they reinforced her hull with specialized metal before the final step of excavating the water took place. Because she rolled over and per-say snapped her neck her bridge was on the barge watching them pick up her hull and roll it upright before it was towed to deeper water and placed on the boat bus. With everything set she demanded to watch her replacement be sunk, it was an old Russian oil tanker from her own era. She watched as eight charges blew out the sides and the ship dropped about eight meters into the water along the atoll. Satisfied, Eugen was taken across the land to the Atlantic Ocean. She talked to Tobias, who she begged to keep her company on the voyage. He talked to her about some stuff on television that's not on the radios and when that was exhausted he thought he'd bring up some future plans.
"We're not really a global interest yet, but we'll be one soon."
"Why? Raising ships is a pretty phenomenal feat isn't it? And what soon will make you one?"
"Well Eugen you are a pilot, if you can't be raised and rebuilt-mind you that you're already raised and there's nothing new about rebuilding ships-then the countries that are interested will pull out funding. Since word that the pilot has been raised got out, the countries like Britain, France, Belgium, Norway, Japan, America, Germany, Spain, Russia, and a few other satellite countries have shown greater interest and have asked for a few ships to be tested for the grounds to be raised. The next ship that we're looking at that was proposed is German."
"What ship?" Not too many ships came to mind that Germany would have rightful interest in.
"A close friend to you and someone close to my grandfather." Eugen couldn't believe who came to mind.
"Bismarck!?" He nodded. "Why? Germany tried to bury the Nazis and all of their doings long ago! Why raise one of the symbols of their power?!" She combed the deepest parts of her mind for that reason, she saw a kind friend and a lovely woman, but she knew the world would see hate, tyranny, violence and oppression. Bismarck would be considered Auschwitz II, Eugen favored Bismarck too much to let that happen to her. She wasn't going to let them make her friend feel like a death camp affiliated with hate and tyranny. She would try her damn hardest not to let them do that. "No! It would ruin her!"
"Hold on-"
"No! Don't raise her to be another reason why we shouldn't let tyranny rule! Don't use her as an example of hate and oppression! She's not like that at all!"
"Eugen! Stop!" She shut up; he was looking at her in the eyes. "They already know she's alive, or at least that she once was, they don't want to make her another Auschwitz."
"Then what are they using her for?!" Eugen demanded. Tobias was silent, he slowly spoke again.
"They want to either make her a German maritime museum or somehow incorporate her into the navy again."
"Why the navy again? We've had our time in the sun and now it's the carrier and missile systems. And what will happen to me?"
"You're an easy one to answer; you'll be a nuclear museum, because of your dealings with the bombs in the pacific you'll be affiliated with them. German and American companies are co-owners of you when we're done." When he said co-owners Eugen shivered, she didn't like that term.
"Could we not refer to them as that?"
"What would you call them?"
"General Managers, X-Os, I'd like to think I still have freedom to do what I will and decide not to do anything."
"That's alright. But Bismarck.., I guess they'd fix her like the Americans did the Iowas. Improve her fire control-"
"Impossible."
"-and upgrade her A-A battery, put on some missiles and missile defenses, maybe put some torpedoes on like they did to Tirpitz-hey, did you know.., Tirpitz?" He asked awkwardly, as so he doesn't stir any emotions within her more; Tirpitz was afloat for years before she rolled over, and even after that she was intact until she was scrapped.
"No, Tobias, she wasn't alive. Bismarck was supposed to be the flagship and thus have the best capability. How sad."
"Yeah-how sad." Eugen was quiet before she spoke again.
"I actually don't know if she was alive. I never really saw her nor talked to her. Meeting Bismarck and figuring she was alive was an accident." Tobias stirred and grabbed his gut.
"I really hope she was dead-metal." Eugen knew why, being slowly ripped apart after drowning your only [illegible]ds wouldn't be a good way to go out. They were quiet for the rest of the day. Eugen prayed for Tirpitz, [illegible]e was once alive she prayed that she was in good company now and feeling good and resting

peacefully. Eugen nearly cried thinking about it all. She was in awe of the canals, how so much had changed yet so little was really different. They rounded the Florida coast and sailed north to the Pennsylvania docks. There was already a slot ready for her and right next to it was a massive slot for Bismarck.
“Why is Bismarck going to be taken all the way over here to be restored?”
“Well, this is our place. So that’s why.” He leaned close to her and whispered something. “And besides, don’t you wanna see your friend soon?” He smirked and patted her armor.
“Why so close? Tobias?” He was caught off guard.
“What do you mean?”
“You got real close to me. Why did you touch me like that? Something deeper than most think? Huh?” He snickered about it and left. Ha! I think he likes me. She couldn’t help but smile.
He was going out to help retrieve Bismarck and he was talking to Eugen, she either wanted to go with him and nerve keep Bismarck happy or he wasn’t going, she really didn’t want to leave her only friend. Other people would talk to her in bad German or English, asking the lucky ship about her stories and she was happy to tell. Some of the vets and sea salts told their own stories and while she had friends Tobias was the only real friend that she liked. She was forced into a compromise, she would talk to him with her radio and when Bismarck came up she would join in.
“Maybe I’ll meet Rudolph.”
“You haven’t met him? I thought you would have at least talked once.”
“Oh no I talk to him, too. I meant I would see him and shake his hand so to say. He’s a nice guy. I hope he’s still alright.”
“My grandfather feels responsible to this day about it, he says it’s like the scar that is always there, tormenting your conscious and making you believe that you’ll burn in hell and that you rightfully earned it. I think he just needs closure, he never really knew what happened to him.”
“Is your grandfather still alive?”
“Yes he was walking without a cane last week but, his health turned for the worst recently, I don’t want him to die yet. I want to find him some closure first.” He leaned against her freshly cleaned wall and sighed. Some tears formed in his eyes. “I really don’t want him to die.” Eugen knew he was starting to sob, her external arms were pinned under her bridge but her internal arms could comfort him. She opened the door to the bridge and led him inside.
“Tobey, what if I told you that Rudolph and Bismarck are still alive?” He stopped sobbing and listened, one of her cleaner and more functioning arms picked up his chin. “Ever since she sank all those decades ago we have been talking, talking with our radios. I haven’t heard from them in a month but they’re still there. If he can hold out for maybe a few days I could help him talk to Rudolph.” Tobias perked up; he rubbed his eyes and got up.
“He’ll pull through, he’s gotten through worse. I’ll tell him we should have Bismarck here by the end of next month.”
“There you go!” He started to walk out of the bridge, he paused at the door.
“Did you call me Tobey?” Eugen thought.
“Did I?”
“You did.” She apologized. “No, no, it’s fine.” He left for the day, the next day his little fleet of ships sailed off to get Bismarck. Eugen watched in distress as they left. Later her radio sparked to life.
“Hello? Eugen you still there!?” It was Bismarck. Eugen rejuvenated at the sound of her friend.
“Bismarck! You’ll never guess what’s going to happen to you!”
“What? I’m going to guess another movie is being made. Rudolph what do you think is going to happen to us?” – “Uhhhh.., a memorial or something like they did to the Titanic? I don’t know, honey.”
“You are being raised from the bottom!” There was a long pause on their end.
“Eugen, are.., are you alright?” Bismarck thought that Eugen had gone mad. After Eugen had assured Bismarck and Rudolph that she had not gone mad they talked in denial again. “Yeah, they also said that they’d raise the Titanic with ping-pong balls but that hasn’t happened.”
“No-no-no-no-no! Trust me; I’m sitting in a dock in Pennsylvania because they raised me! They have a plan to get you guys, too!” Eugen paused. “Well, my hull is. My bridge is sitting along the slipway.” Bismarck laughed a little bit.
“Well if you really are sitting there, why are they doing that and what did they do?” Eugen told them everything she knew they did. By the time she finished her explanation Bismarck and Rudolph were excited so much.
“We’ll finally sail again!”
’ could actually hold each other!”
longed so much to see the sun again!”

“Oh it’s been so long I almost forgot what it looked like!”
“We could finally have kids!”
“We could see our friends again!” Rudolph stopped, he only had a few people he considered friends. They were Bismarck, Prinz Eugen, and Hansel Walter. He thought about how long it’s been, how the war still ravaged for so long, the dangers Germany went through after the war, he sat down on Bismarck’s bridge deck and leaned against her. He spoke solemnly. “We could see Eugen again, that is.”
“Don’t feel down, my little reindeer, I’m sure he’s still out there.” She massaged his shoulders-they both knew deep down that she was wrong.

December, 1944
Hansel jumped awake. He was breathing heavily and looking around, he was confused. Marion felt him stir and wrapped arms around him. She picked up his blanket and tucked him in his sleeping mat again. He was lying on her engine deck for the night, right above her warm engine vents. She laid her arms on his body and asked what he dreamt about.
“I-I don’t know. I saw a sunken ship that was raised up, and there was the ocean, and then that ship talked to another one, also sunk. Then I saw a bigger ship, a German one, and the sky was white and bright and the ocean was flat and blue, and I saw an old friend. They thought I was dead.” Marion lulled him back to sleep; they had much to do the next day. While Hansel drifted to sleep he thought, whenever dreams were that real to him they always came true, always. From his car to the war to being a tanker, even meeting Marion, they all came true. He didn’t want this one to happen, he wanted to prove this one wrong, he wanted to prove Rudolph and.., Bismarck, prove them wrong and be there. Through and through he was going to get through it all, he’ll get through it with Marion. That was his promise to his friend.
Fin Ch 36

Bismarck, Eugen, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, Prinz, ship
1 Comment

HaM Chapters 1-36

February 26, 2016 by Gingyflame

Here’s insert 36! I’ve compiled them all into one post and… … … … 161 pages later it ends. Heh, I never ever thought I would do this. This really amazed me and I’m posting this so that the separate chapter will be on top. Thank you all for reading my stories and thank you so much for your feedback, it means the world to me.
Enjoy!

Chapter 1
“Dear: Mother, Father, And Sister Gretel,” Hansel wrote; “To answer your question on how my first battle as Panzerkommandant faired, I only have one remark: I fear the Communist more than the Americans! My reason is the American tanks are ill-equipped to combat the most modern and advanced Panzers the Fatherland has to offer, their only strength, as I have seen so far, is the vast quantity they can employ against our inferior numbers…” Hansel’s mind drifted as he wrote his letter home. He couldn’t help but think about the poor souls trapped in their “Tommy Cookers,” who died moments after being penetrated by a German high-caliber round. How heartbreaking it must be for their families back home, their sons and brothers and fathers dying in a foreign land, never able to attend a funeral, or burial ceremony. He thought of his family then, his father served in the “First Great War,” then after the service, his father met his mother in a pub in Munich, his mother was a bartender and they began seeing each other, they both had common interests as jokers and comedians, as well as a love for old literature, hence their first child being named Gretel, Hansel’s older sister, and their second child named Hansel. Comedy runs in the family, and as children growing up in the 30s, Hansel and Gretel were immersed in propaganda and their parents’ comedy. Hansel’s mind wondered about, until he finally ended his letter. “To satisfy your thirst for my progress, I have claimed seven kills in only the time of an hour and twenty minutes. Farewell for now, I must attend to some maintenance.”
“-Love, Hansel”
As Hansel closed the note and gently applied the address label over the seam, he was called for. “Hey Sell,” [illegible]as a nickname for Hansel, he made most of his money as a child as an errand boy and a marketer, selling anything he found interesting at the weekly market. He grew to be more proficient at the task, and

would sell things to his bunkmates in boot camp, hell he even sold stuff to his officer! He could sell salt water to a sea sailor; Hansel took a step out of his tent and was greeted by Inbred the gunner, a lanky, average height, white-blonde hair brushed back with a scruffy look to it, he's got scars all on his back and his broad shoulders so broad, a wooden crate wishes its corners where that square. Inbred was whipped as a child, whipped by an ox that is, the ox wore a harness for the plow to be mounted on, and they tried plowing during the ox mating season, when the ox got rambunctious, and started bucking while inbred was in the pen, the ox threw the child's chest against the wall, and the hardened leather straps whipped him, until his pa shot the ox. He was used to hard work, being that his great-grandparents where from Alabama and that he's an American-redneck descendant, but Inbred was scared to the point he doesn't work with most large animals anymore.
"It's that damned radiator again, Meats says it won't flow."
"Again? I just fixed that last week, is Meats sure?"
"He's positive- hey Sell, I'm pretty sure I've already asked this before, but, why do you always work the tank? Isn't Meats the field mechanic?"
"Yes, Meats is the designated field mechanic, but I love machines, I used to fly crop-dusters, once, but I'm passionate for ground machinery, you know I built my first car right?"
"No, but that doesn't help my understanding-"
"I feel at home, when I'm working on the tank, or anything, I feel a- a special connection between me and machinery, and I trust Meat to do a good job, but it doesn't feel right for me to operate a vehicle I haven't checked or worked on. Now do you understand?"
"Yes sir, I understand completely… So do you ever dream of-"
"DAMN RADIATOR!"
A large, hefty, robust man squatted aft of the King Tiger's turned turret, his hands digging into an access hatch opening, the curses he rambles on echoes in the engine compartment, making his deep cello voice even more god-like. He stood up when he heard Hansel's call; it's a miracle how he fits in the tank: 5'11", 280lbs, bulky broad shoulders, a chiseled chin, jaw, and brow with a bald head, his arms look like he could punch through a brick house with one swing, bold defining pecks assist that, strong legs apparent as his pants bulge at the calf and thighs and this is only displaced by a beer-belly. This is one of the rare times Meats gets to work on the Tiger, about 65% of the time Hansel does the work, and is typically overseeing the 35% he doesn't do the work. "Hey Captain, have you come to oversee? Or are you "relieving" me of shift?"
"I'm doing both, Meats, I'll oversee your progress then make some changes, I honestly think there's more we can do to the radiator, so we don't have to fix the junk later."
"Good idea, Sir, Whacker's on the radio right now. He might be able to radio-"
"The local girls," Said an echoing voice. "I can do that right now, it'll only take a second." Whacker climbed out of the hull machine gunner/radio operator's hatch and made his way to the antenna. Whacker was a little short for his age, 32, being only 5'5½", and a little rounded, he has every other quality of a stereotypical Irishman- strong upper body strength under the flab, an excellent drinker, bright red hair, a thick mustache, chiseled cheekbones, and thick sideburns. He always wears pilot's cap on, he wanted to be a pilot but he was too short for his want-to-be role, he could fix anything regarding radios and electricity, his step-father was an electrician, his father died in the "First Great War," ironically killed by British tanks, he grew up in the inner-city, surrounded by poverty and crime and groups trying to seize political power, and isn't interested in going back. He has a masturbation problem, hence nickname number 1, nickname number 2 is Whackaholic, and he also has a drinking problem. When he gets to the antenna, Whacker starts messing with it to receive a better signal.
"Gah lemme fix this up-"
"No, Whacker," interrupted by Meats, "Radio command and inform them of radiator problems and that we are in control of the situation working on repairs now. Right, Cap?"
"Hold off on that, Whacker I want you to look for the nearest town, we might be able to find some better materials than what we've got. Then tell me of our options, after that we'll inform command about where we are and the situation."
"You're the boss. Got it! Hey, Captain Sell, want me to wake Banker? He does have the map and he isn't doing anything."
"So what is he doing?" Inquired Inbred, "he's sleeping again isn't he? I'll go wake him up!"
"Oh boy, Inbred really has the peeve of lazy workers; let's see what he does this time shall we?" Hansel commented, they all gathered around as Inbred grabbed the toolbox, marched to the driver's hatch, and [illegible] it open.
".KE UP YOU SPOILED SCHEIßE KOPF!" Inbred then dumps the toolbox contents through the hatch,

waking Banker, who then freaks out, along with releasing cries of pain barely louder than the noise all the tools striking the metal components and flooring.
“WHAT THE HELL WAS THE BIG ASS IDEA!?” Banker jumps out of the tank and confronts Inbred, who is a lot smaller and the youngest, about the action. They start to quarrel, and then limbs swing, and Banker loses. As always. Inbred gathers up the tools as Banker retrieves the map. Once everyone has settled, Whacker reports a town with a steel mill 50 Km east, Banker confirms. Banker is the second youngest; only 21 years old, with Inbred close behind at 19, but is the most immature. He acquired his nickname by ranting on about how his family owns a bank and how one day he would uphold the family tradition and take over the business; he never really stops talking, ever. He’s average height with blonde hair, blue eyes, white-as-silk skin, to sum it up he looks like the Aryan man you’d see on a Nazi poster, and absolutely HATES being called Aryan; he is not a strong supporter of the Nazis, but applauds the accomplishments and improvements they made to Germany in its darkest hours. With everything organized and agreed on, the crew packs up the tents, and set out on the journey east.
“Don’t go any higher than fifth gear, we don’t want the engine overheating, we didn’t fix the radiator yet, alright Banker?“
“Rodger that, commander“
FIN CHAPTER 1

Chapter 2
After about 100 minutes, the crew arrived at an occupied French town whose name none of them knew how to pronounce. They bartered with some locals for a place to house the King Tiger for repairs, and another residence for them, the residence was abandoned but clean. The downside was there were only four beds; someone was going to pitch a tent or sleep in the Tiger’s barn or the Tiger itself. After a lengthy debate after Hansel said they could have the beds, proving the argument that unveiled right after his announcement unproductive, they all decided that the 6’2” officer was to sleep outside/Tiger house/Tiger. Indeed, Hansel is the tallest of the crew, being 6’2”, 225 lbs, and only 24 years old. Damn. Hansel didn’t mind, he loved the Tiger, it gives him confidence, it makes anyone who stands next to it insignificant in comparison. It’s just so big: 10’ tall, 39’ long, 12¼’ wide, really anything on land that moves is insignificant to it.
Every time Hansel closes and locks the commander’s hatch on it, he feels invulnerable, powerful, destructive, feared, but most importantly, he feels a unique connection- stronger than any of his other greatest accomplishments, his old crop-dusting job, his schoolwork, his top rating in gunnery and leadership at boot camp, even the car he built by hand doesn’t compare to this feeling. He values this tank more than all previously stated achievements. Sometimes, at night, Hansel will come out to the tank and lay on the turret roof, just thinking, pondering ideas, he even sometimes talks to the tank like the tank’s a being. He’s never loved a girl, never had a girlfriend, completely virgin to loving another person like that.
Tonight, though, he thinks of the question Inbred was going to ask before he was cut off. Hansel thinks of all the questions that someone like Inbred might ask; Inbred is very curious and inquiring, so there’s a range of things he could ask.
“Let’s see,” he said,
“He was asking: “do you ever dream of: _____?” hmmm,” this troubled Hansel.
“Do you ever dream of: flying again, no, no, he’s asked me that before,” Hansel thought deeper into the mind of Inbred:
“Do you ever dream of the war ending? Yes? Is that it? Nah that isn’t it…”
Hansel came up with question after question, but Hansel doesn’t really dream at all, he only dreams about one thing…
“Hmmmfff, he said: So do you ever dream of-“
“Tanks?” a feminine voice said. Hansel flipped shit. In a moment’s notice he undid the latch on his Walther P.38 holster pouch, and whipped out the pistol, safety off, in the blink of an eye.
“THIS IS A PROHIBITED AREA! PRESENT YOURSELF IMMIDIATELY!” He shouted, adrenaline pumping, heart racing, he was always protective of his tank, even more suspicious now that the Allies where in Europe, he didn’t want a spy or freedom fighter messing with his prized possession.
“Calm down it’s only us-“
“WHO?! I DON’T RECOGNIZE YOUR VOICE!”
“Well, first off stop yelling you’ll attract the locals, and second you’re on my head, Hansel,”
When Hansel realized that there was only one human in the barn, he got… excited. On quite a few occasions, Hansel would be talking to the Tiger tank, wishing that it would talk, unaware that it could, and understood
’ He slid off the turret roof onto the driver’s hatch and turned around to meet eyes to left-side-eye, and
completely flabbergasted to see a large beautiful brown eye meeting his excited/on-edge gaze with a

comforting one.
“Hello, Hansel”
Hansel noticed movement just below the gun mantle; he looks to see and is met by a wide grin across the frontal turret plate. He was star stuck, for about 5 minutes he couldn’t even talk. This made the Tiger giggle a little, once he could talk:
“So uh, how long have you been able to…?” Hansel gestured to her face, indicating talk and make facial expressions.
“Ever since I rolled off the line in May, 1944; so about a month.”
“So you heard me all those times?”
“Yes, you’re very interesting.” Said the Tiger; making Hansel blush.
“You’re also very protective and thoughtful of me. I think you’re sweet.” This made Hansel blush more, and become frustrated, why hadn’t she said anything before? Why now?
“Why haven’t you told me before? Why now? And does anyone else know this?”
“I’m very shy, I was afraid you would transfer, and now because of all the things you say to me, all the events led up to me wanting to come out to you, I feel like I can trust you. I could have said it sooner but we were never alone together like we are now. No, you’re the only one I can trust right now, none of the crew knows.”
Hansel felt relieved, he felt like there was something behind his connection to the tank. Wait, he thought, she knows my name, and does she have a name?
“Hey, um, so do you have a name?”
“If you’re referring to a distinct name, like I know you by, no, no I don’t have a name.” Hansel felt sad, his crews’ got nicknames, but none of them, except Whacker, thought of a name for the tank.
“So how about-”
“I will NOT be named “Ladies’ Joyride”! NO WAY am I accepting that!”
“WHY would you think I’d propose that? We all shot that down IMMEDIALTY.”
“Well I was just letting you know, honestly I almost revealed myself that time, but you four ended that right there for me.”
“You’re welcome. AH, good old Whacker, I was going to say… mmmmmm Marion maybe?”
“I like that; I can live with it.”
“So it’ll be Marion?”
“Marion.”
“Okay, nice to meet you; Marion.”
“Oh, Hansel, one thing?”
“Yes Marion?”
“Please don’t tell the other guys, I don’t want them to know, ESPECIALLY Whacker! I don’t want him getting ideas.”
“I’ll keep it secret, Marion, and one question: How did you hide your eyes and mouth from us?”
“OH! I have a cover that slides over my eyes, I can see out, you can’t see in, same with my mouth. To answer your next question of “Where can I sleep?” You can sleep under my chest. You’re sitting on top of it right now.”
“Alright, thanks Marion… So under your chest that’s the ground beneath your lower glacis plate, correct?”
“Correct. Sleep tight Hansel; see you in the morning,”
She then closed her eyes, and fell asleep. Hansel unrolled a cot kit, removed the legs and slid under the tank’s “chest” and fell fast asleep. While he dosed off, he answered Inbred’s question. “Yes, Inbred, I do dream of a certain tank…”
Fin Chapter 2

Chapter 3
Hansel woke early the next morning, as he sits up, unaware of his surroundings, he knocks his head against Marion, who greets him a good morning. He instantly hits the cot again, rubs his head, and replies as he rolls out. “Ah, god that hurt, good morning to you too, Marion,” he walks around, to regain his bearings, “So you want to chat for a while or should I go wake the crew and repair your radiator?”
“Actually, Hansel, I faked the radiator to get you alone, I remembered passing this place on our way out and I knew you’d try to get to a safe place to perform any repairs.”
“Well, you were right on that. Now how am I supposed to explain that to the crew?”
“Just say you repaired me last night, you were worried and you couldn’t help but fix it. You do it all the time.”
’ ’, excuse me; I have to go take a leak.”
ansel, don’t forget your letter home. There might be a station out there.”

Hansel had completely forgotten, what with the events yesterday, and pulled the note out of the jacket pocket, and stepped outside to relieve himself and to find a mailing station. After finishing up with a local tree, he headed to the town, where he found a mail station to deposit his letter. Hansel then meanders around town searching for a place to get a meal.
“Looking for something dear?” Asked a stout elderly woman; “I could probably point you in the right direction.”
“Thank you ma’am, I’m looking for a place where I could get a meal, is that is possible?“
What he was really looking for was a kitchen he could use, with maybe some cooking materials, Meats got his nickname not because of his size, that helped but he got his name because of being the best damn meat chef in the whole battalion. Meats could turn a nine day old dead raccoon into a five star dinner better than actual five star dinners.
“Oh, I’m sorry sweetie, but we don’t have any of those anymore, the old one is down Charmayne Street, on the left.”
“Thank you very much, ma’am, that’s all I needed.”
Hansel waved a farewell to the woman, and headed down to Charmayne Street. Hmmm, if Marion could control an individual component of herself, could she work on her own? This idea and many similar ones drifted throughout his mind again and again. If it is possible, could we train where she could defend herself if we the crew were incapacitated or not in the picture? If we’re being called upon by an officer, could she ward off saboteurs on her own? He thought, and thought, and thought. Hansel realized that all the controlling herself questions he asked had to do with protecting her, from dangers he can’t be there to protect her from alone…
“OH GOD!” He stopped in his tracks, almost eating the dirt, “oh god, I think I’m in love, with Marion, a King Tiger tank, a machine!”
This realization made Hansel feel conflicted in his gut, the willingness to accept it, to finally love someone, someone who can respond, communicate, maybe even love too, he thought. Then he had the other side, denying that it’ll work, she’s an almighty TANK, you’re just a crewman to her, weak, incompatible even, and maybe even just a card and she’s using you, stupid! Hansel got to the point where he might throw up, so he started talking to himself:
“No, she’s not using me, and I might not love her, this is just a stronger bond. Maybe this is love, god how am I going to tell my family? Does she even have reproductive organs? I’ve been underneath her lots while working on the suspension and I never saw any groves like an opening, only access panels bolted to the hull. SHIT how did my life come to this?!”
He sat at the curb, head buried in his knees, just muttering to himself…
Marion heard movement outside; she closed off her eyes and mouth in case it wasn’t Hansel. The door finally opened and in stepped Whacker, “Hello, Captain? You around? I’ll just be on the radio,“ Nothing different, Marion thought, Whacker will set up and get on the radio every morning, he’s not a bad guy, he gets on and listens to command and battle reports on enemy movement. Something that probably saved us twenty times, she thought. She let Whacker do his radio thing while she focused on other subjects, like Hansel… She never felt anything like this feeling towards him than anyone/thing else, she felt good, no, perfect, with Hansel around her, she knew that if this was indeed love, and he felt it too, that they would be able to copulate, she has the necessary “organs” to satisfy this need, knowing all too well human male reproductive anatomy, thanks to the man in the passenger seat: Whacker!
“OH SHIT THIS IS BAD” Speaking of the devil- thought Marion,
“THE ALLIES ARE 30 KILOMETERS AWAY!” FUCK-FUCK- FUCK-FUCK!
Whacker jumped out of the tank, and ran screaming at the top of his lungs for the others to wake up and get their asses to the tank. HANSEL!? She looked over to see Hansel, with a what-the-hell-are-you-screaming-for face looking at Whacker, who “calmly” tells of what he just heard on the radio; Marion doesn’t care what’ll happen afterwards, starting up her engine for maximum effective time to get the hell out. No one questions it while scrambling into the tank, commands being spoken, updates, the “Yes I fixed the radiator last night and DO YOU THINK I GIVE A SHIT IF YOU DIDN’T DO ANY WORK!?!” Banker pulls out of the barn, and makes a B-line to the nearest hills east, in a desperate attempt to hold off the first wave.
Fin Chapter 3

Chapter 4
The group raced toward the hill about a half-kilometer away, Marion knew she couldn’t out run the American tanks; she could only carry her 70 ton ass at 40 km/h on a good road, although she is 2 km/h [illegible]r than the other Tiger IIs, thanks to modifications that Hansel and Meats made. However on the dirt and [illegible], about 35-37 km/h, uphill at a 30-40° incline; 31 max. She wasn’t overly fond of her mobility, still

confident in herself, though, proud of her 88mm Kwk 43 gun that could tear right through any American armored vehicle-two or three if they're lined up right-and can sit far back and pick them off where they couldn't reach her if they tried. Anytime she had to get dirty, she was safe knowing that her 150mm frontal hull armor sloped at 50° and side armor of 100mm at 30° was impenetrable for the 75mm HE guns the Americans sport; as for her turret: 180mm front, 80mm at 30° sides and rear, she was fine. She only feared their numbers overwhelming her and disabling her where her crew would be forced to leave the safety of her hide, and be killed. That was her only fear.

Halfway up the selected hill, Hansel spotted some movement and small gray smoke trails and plumes about a kilometer or two from the town. "I see something, about a kilometer-and-a-half from the town traveling along the main dirt road running Northeast-East," Hansel zooms the binoculars all the way max power to get a better look at the objects. "I confirm five American tanks, two half-tracks, a truck-no-two trucks, and an open MG car, in the column order of: tank-halftrack-tank-tank-truck-car-halftrack-tank-truck, copy?" The crew sounds off to affirm that they heard that a column of whoop-ass was headed for them indirectly.

"Alright where're we going, commander?" Banker asks as they reach the peak of the hill.

"Head for the trees and hedge groves at 9:45 put our 12 facing the town. Meats, load up some HEAT, lets scare these fools off and then we'll get out before more arrive."

The crew follows the orders to the letter. Meats opens the breech, picks up the heavy-ass round and fist loads the round in the gun in under 5 seconds, thanks to his strength and hand-not-really-needed-eye coordination along with practice. The crew prepare for battle, going over drills and routines, Hansel sits down and closes and locks the commander's copula hatch, Inbred checks gun/turret hydraulics used to turn turret and raise/lower the gun, Meats checks that his hatch is locked, gun safety is off and the breech is closed and locked properly while Whacker and Banker checks hatch locks and Whacker loads the hull MG42 7.62mm and checks the radio.

"Don't fire until I say, Inbred, and aim for the lead tank, then hit the car," Hansel instructed Inbred. Hitting a Sherman tank is no problem, at a half-kilometer a Sherman is a decent size, and the sights on German guns were spot on, now imagine hitting a Jeep from that far; doable with practice, yes-but what about when it's moving? "Fire now Inbred!" A shot rang out instantly; if the crew wasn't wearing ear protection they'd probably be deaf for a time, as the shot sped at the Sherman at about 982 m/s (3,220 f /s), Meats loaded up another round, replacing the spent shell with a new round in under 8 seconds-"Gun ready"-sounded to Inbred that he was ready to fire, and unleashed the beast on a small Jeep, nailing it in the passenger seat, obliterating it where it stood. "Fire at will, Inbred!"

Inbred continued to dish out shot after shot at the column racing for the protection of the town, each shell striking the mark, and tearing the target to pieces. This one-sided battle continued on for 10 minutes, the Americans dodging from cover to cover in the town trying to spot the Tiger raining hell on them, the Tiger tank trying to dislodge them from cover and send them back from whence they came. One Sherman tank caught sight of the Tiger, and attempted a shot; the tank pulled into the street from an adjacent side road, took aim and fired, to be met by an explosive end as its hit with no chance of survival. That one dared shot flew through the air, and hit Marion in her left cheek; the pointed part of the side turret that curves like a flat-ended oval, and exploded on contact, being for anti-infantry and light-skinned vehicles. Marion bit her lip and resisted to yelp in pain, as it felt like a bee sting. The Americans finally pulled out, with only one tank and halftrack, and both trucks riddled with shrapnel. The crew erupted in cheer, only for a moment until they realized the death and horror they caused- four tanks with crews of five, a halftrack that can carry twelve men, a Jeep with two poor soldiers, and an unknown amount of foot soldiers killed by shrapnel; not to mention any townsfolk who were unlucky. The Americans only fired once, opposed to 14 from their foes.

"Poor bastards never had a chance." Commented Meats

"Alas, that's war now, where men aren't equal in ability anymore-no longer relying on wits, experience, skills, or even training-but on quantity, and maybe quality, of the instruments of war one possesses." Added Whacker, it's a shame he's right.

"We didn't even take damage, did we?" Inquired Inbred; with a cocky tone.

"No, we were hit, I'm amazed you didn't hear it Inbred. From the sound it made, it sounded right next to your head." Hansel knew they'd been hit, he was familiar with the sound all well, a misfire in live-fire training struck Hansel's tank when he was the gunner, and scared him half to death. It bounced with only a dent on the turret.

"So that metal-ripping and tearing sound is what it's like to get hit?"

"Correct, Inbred, now Banker; get us the hell out of here!"

"Don't have to tell me twice-" Banker starts rambling on about who-knows-what.

`el takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and tallies four slashes under "TANK" marked on the wall to
eft, one under "1/2TRACK", and one under "TRUCK", bringing the total kill count to nine tanks, one

halftrack, and one truck (Jeep). He still needs to paint the kill stripes on Marion's barrel. He also needs to repaint the shot mark on her cheek, or maybe she wanted to keep it as a battle trophy, he didn't know, he'll have to ask her. I wonder if it hurt. If Marion even feels pain. He started to think about Marion, after a while he was brought back to grips with the crew when he overheard one of the conversations rambling on.
"I doubt you have a pinup girl as your girlfriend, Banker." Responded Inbred to an unknown comment to Hansel.
"Hey Sell, do you have a girl at home?" Banker questioned.
"No, I don't have a girlfriend and…uh… I've never had one either-" Banker, Inbred, and Whacker started denying that, Hansel was pretty good looking, actually, and the three had a problem believing the truth Hansel told them.
Hmmm, I can change that, Hansel… Marion thought.
Fin Chapter 4

Chapter 5
The group traveled for 2-3 hours before their stomachs demanded food and forced the crew to stop and ration out some meals. Banker brings up that the fuel tanks are half-full with the reserves added. So the crew check the map, try figuring out where they are, and eventually finds out that there's a German camp just over the hill they were hiding near, and felt pretty stupid. They then proceed to ride in on the Tiger, not entering the tank (except Banker who drove) with all the hatches opened to air out the insides. Once the greetings where over and done with, they asked where the rest of their unit was, only to learn that they were one of only a handful that escaped the rapid advancement of the Allies, but there were still no reuniting with any company mates as they were so far-spread. Therefore, Hansel inquired whether he could get his Tiger tank re-fueled and rearmed; he was given clearance, and instructed to put his tank in the camouflaged tank house #7 where the supplies would be unloaded in an hour.
"Marion, do you ever wonder why the tank houses look exactly like enclosed mini-plane hangars?"
"All the time, that's number seven right there."
Hansel maneuvered the goliath vehicle into a structure with maybe a 4ft clearance above the tank. The tank house looked like a food can buried halfway sideways into the ground with hanger doors erected at either end, then painted green and brown with hints of yellow and foliage strung all on top of it to finish it off.
Hansel and Marion talked for about 45 minutes and Hansel ate some supper, when they heard a heavy truck pull up and numerous German voices, Marion closed off all living appearances while Hansel went to unlock the door and let the deliverymen in, Hansel asked that the mobile fuel pumps and pods be left next to the rear right fuel tank, and the ammunition near the left. "I just want to be sure that everything is done right, no offense just paranoia," when he really just wanted to talk to Marion more, who would only talk when alone with Hansel. The men left and Hansel closed and locked the door as per regulation.
"So Marion," Hansel started as he fueled her, "how'd it feel when you were hit by the American tank?"
"That stung like a bitch," Marion snapped, "come look at this, it looks disgusting!"
A long mechanical tentacle with appendages that looked like a hand appeared out from underneath Marion's hull and touched the spot.
"Well you're just full of surprises, aren't you Marion?" Hansel said, a little uneasy as one of the smaller ones without a hand approached him.
"Oh, these are my hands and arms, and some are just arms. See?" Marion was letting Hansel admire the tentacle about a foot from his face. He lifted a hand and touched it; it responded instantly and jerked back.
"They're quite sensitive and your hands are freezing!"
Hansel moved to the left side and examined the mark; it was midway up the turret and had blown away paint in an elliptical fashion, stretched from right in front of where Hansel sat in the cupola to maybe 5-6" towards the center of the turret at about 4½" tall, and it wasn't a clean wipe. The blast had torn up some of the anti-magnetic paint, and left black/brown scorch marks on her, the entire spot was like burnt scrambled eggs, just a ragged ugly mess. Hansel checked on the fuel, which had just about finished, and proceeded to grab a paint kit and supplies. He then started sanding and stripping paint on and around the blemish, so he would get a base to apply the paint properly and make it look good, that's when he found out he had no paint for her Normandy camouflage, and instead prepped the gun barrel for the kill count stripes.
"So, Hansel how many kills do we have?"
"We have 11 tanks, 1 halftrack, and 1 truck, but I'm only counting the tank kills for the stripes."
"While on the topic of numbers…"
"Go on, Marion,"
' e you really never had a girlfriend before? Or did you just say that to get off the subject?"
  at I said was 100% truthful; I've never had a girlfriend."

“Well,” Marion continued, with a sly grin; “we could date…”
Hansel joined in on the fun, they “joked” about dating, and how it would work as Hansel loaded ammunition letting the paint kill stripes dry. They went on to discussing how they’d probably need to inform the others. They thought about Whacker’s possible reaction; how hilarious!
“So Marion, let’s say this is our first date; what do we do?”
“Well Hansel… we ate; you and your food and me and my fuel, you dressed me up pretty; cleaning my wound and painting my guns, we’re at a, quote-unquote hotel, so we could…”
“We could what?” Hansel asked, he wasn’t picking up on her ‘breadcrumbs’.
“You know Hansel, something not typically done on the first date; we have known each other for quite some time…”
Marion continues on and on, Hansel still doesn’t quite understand, but Marion knew he was starting to think sexual, that he wanted her, and she wanted him so she got as close to saying ‘sex’ without using the word ‘sex’:
“We could do it, Hansel,” Marion finally said. Hansel’s lust for her skyrocketed, and she sensed it.
“Yes, but, but, how would it work? I mean,” Hansel’s mind is craving sex, he is ready, but scared. “What if I don’t have the correct-”
“Oh you do Hansel.”
“How do you-”
“Whacker.” Hansel curses and blesses Whacker as he gives in and starts to undress himself, he is then enveloped in Marion’s arms, one strokes his hair, knocking off his deflated officer’s cap, some untie his shoes, rub his skin, unlatch his belt and buttons on the pants, and yank them down to the floor as he steps toward her. He is completely undressed by the time he reaches Marion who thinks wow, he’s shaven everywhere, Whacker wasn’t, why is Hansel shaven? She tells him where he’ll find it: on the underside of the hull, about four feet center from the base of the rear armor plate. As Hansel is crawling into position, with Marion’s arms wrapping around his body, he thinks Wait, what if I’m too small?! This thought frightened him, with reason; proportionally, her opening should be huge compared to Hansel himself, though Hansel is larger than average in size of packaging, even that wouldn’t be enough. He was relieved when he felt it, though he couldn’t see it he could feel it with his cock, he slid down and was actually surprised that it had to be only about human size, and the teasing made Marion shutter; she has been wanting this for a long time… Hansel slid up again, to properly place himself for Marion, who started to gently caress his testicles in one of her hands, Hansel then slid his erected penis into Marion, who let a muffled moan and another shutter out, slowly he pushed deeper inside her. Hansel was breath-taken, the feeling was astonishing, she wasn’t a machine at all, she was tight, and very soft and soaked, she was also pretty warm, even though the placement of her vagina is practically rubbing the heavy engine, and she wasn’t blistering hot or freezing, not even cold, like the engine that hasn’t run in maybe two hours, he couldn’t describe how it felt. He continued on and reached a plush ceiling just as he was completely pressed against Marion, his whole length was inside her, reaching the ceiling initially made Marion tense up, and moan and breathe harder and more sporadically. Nowhere to go but down, Hansel gently eased out, but not all the way for he was 4 inches in when completely on the floor, he repeated slowly for 2 or 3 repetitions, picking up the pace afterwards, this made Marion cry out in amusement and joy, she then rapidly became tighter, and tighter, and quiver more along with the moans and heavy breaths. Hansel theorized, and was proven right when Marion came, Hansel chuckled: “I thought that guys always came first;” Marion blushed and felt a little embarrassed, she assured Hansel that she had the endurance to go again, so Hansel pushed on, evoking more pleasure for Marion. Her orgasm left Hansel’s crotch soaked with liquids Hansel didn’t care at all to recognize, only making her pussy slicker, and reset for another go, this time she lasted longer than before, Hansel continued on, until at maybe what Hansel figured was 90% into his journey, Marion’s shaking became more violent, her vagina was tightened tighter than last, her engine roared at full RPMs, her gun coiled back, her face clenched up and the forward half of her suspension gave out causing her chest hit the floor.
“Fuck me my Panzerkommandant! Fuck me my Hansel! FUCK ME MY LOVE!” Marion exclaimed.
“YES MY LOVE!” Hansel eagerly replied gritting his teeth, as he had reached his climax and was resisting letting it happen just yet.
They released at the same time, allowing a loud and drawn out sigh of a satisfying and exhausting fuck from the both of them, Marion came stronger than her first, and drenched Hansel from knees to chest in the mixture of lubes and oils. Marion stroked Hansel’s cheek, and played with his hair, too exhausted to move, Hansel decided to sleep there for the night, somewhat spooning with Marion, whose vagina was gently [illegible]ting around Hansel’s stiff cock. The doors were still locked as is protocol and nobody would have heard [illegible] through the walls and doors, nobody even knew, and knowing nobody will check on them in the night,

Hansel and Marion slipped into blissful sleep, the best sleep either of them has ever had.
Fin Chapter 5

Chapter 6
When Hansel awoke the next morning, he knew he had to tell the others about Marion and him. He climbs out from under Marion, who righted her suspension in the night and turned her turret to the left, and confirms his previous suspicion that she could control her body, for her gun was completely depressed down. She's still asleep, completely relaxed, Hansel thought; why else would she let her gun drop? Hansel moves on and starts dressing himself, he leans up against Marion to put on his boots; as he does so, Marion wakes up peacefully, and kisses Hansel on the back of the head.
"Oh that wasn't a real kiss!" Hansel remarks as he turns to face Marion's smug face, they embrace in a long kiss. Hansel notes that Marion tastes like a mixture of steel, grease, oil, water, and something else; something welcoming and pleasant. Marion experiences a similar feeling; a mixture of tastes, and a warm, hearth-like feeling. When they withdraw from each other, Hansel can't resist asking: "How did that just happen?" Marion only had about 3-5" of space between the turret base and the mantle overhang, so Hansel was trying to figure out how Marion's mouth worked.
"Well, my mouth actually goes under the mantle, if you were to look at me level. It's about- mmmmmm, halfway from the bottom of my chin to the gun brace, where my gun and mantle actually connects to me. When I talk my chin actually flattens, like a mattress, it doesn't swing like yours."
"That explains that to me, but how have I not encountered your parts while I was working underneath you? I've worked on the suspension probably 20 times and I never noticed an indication of a vagina."
"That is the same as my mouth and eyes, it's covered by an armor plate that slides open, and sinks into a slot; so it's flat and smooth in either position, and sensitive in both, you have no idea how many times you've fondled me while working down there."
Hansel chuckled; he always wondered why it'd start getting hot and leaky down there. Hansel focused, he told Marion he thinks they should tell the others, Marion disapproves; she's still concerned and shy. Hansel brings up points on why; such as how she's been listening to them forever, they are probably going to like a talking/interacting tank, Whacker will stop it inside her, how they just FUCKED, and some other minor points. Stubborn like an ass, Marion holds tight and provides a counter example:
"Hansel what if they lose trust in you for not telling them immediately? What if they lose faith in you? What if they are scared because of me? I'm a talking, living, tank who has been listening to them for their whole deployment and doesn't even tell them or hint to them their vehicle is alive; wouldn't you think they'd lose confidence and trust?"
Hansel slowly nods in agreement, but then retaliates, "Then it'll only get worse until they figure it out themselves, Marion, it'll be better if we inform them now. I'm not going to back down. I will tell them, they need to know, after all, they're the only family we've really got right now," Marion can't change his mind, she decides that she'll swallow her fear and talk to them. They agree to meet here, after morning meals, with the crew. Hansel goes off to the showers first, he reeks of Marion. Which isn't that bad of a smell, Hansel thought.
After the shower, Hansel goes to the mess tent, and gets some breakfast rations. He's taking a bite into this damned hardtack bread when the group walks in. They seem to always be in pairs, Hansel noticed, they did seem to always hangout like school children, in groups, usually Whacker and Meats that walk in first, followed by the youngest two: Inbred and Banker, who are always arguing over something Banker says. Today, it was French Toast, more specifically, what makes French Toast French Toast. Once the group sat down around Hansel, they started the usual morning conversation; how'd you sleep, any dreams, what are we doing, stuff like that, once Hansel had finished his breakfast, he told the crew to meet at tank house #7 for an important briefing and to keep it secret. They all complied.
"Alright, they should be here soon, Marion," Marion's eyes were darting around; she was biting her lower 'lip', indicating that she was nervous. "Don't worry, Marion, it'll all be fine, they'll understand," Hansel continues to assure Marion things will be alright to comfort her for a few minutes until the door was knocked on. Hansel checks the viewport and spots Whacker's eyes 3 inches from his peering into his soul, "We're sorry, Miss, for eating part of your candy house, all we wanted was some food," Whacker jests total child-pouty face. Whacker could make a great comic, Hansel thought before relying in his witch voice: "It's alright dears, come on inside, lunch is ready, E-HE-HE-HE-HE-HEEE!" Hansel loves himself sometimes. Hansel opens the door and lets the 'children', retaining his witch voice until he closes the door and locks it again, and then he goes back to his real voice. No one noticed the beady eyes darting around or the
:hed quivering lower lip being bitten on the tank turret.
Cap'n Sell, what's the brief about?" Inbred questioned

“Well… it’s about Marion.” Answered Hansel; trying to figure out how to convey his thoughts.
“Who the hell is Marion?” Banker sounded loudly, “Ohhh! Captain was lying about a girl!”
“Well at the time I was telling the truth but-”
“You went chasing skirt didn’t you? Waytago Sell!” Banker interrupted, frustrating Hansel.
“NO! STOP!” Banker ceased immediately, “The girl is what I want to talk about, if you would all turn around, you’d meet Marion.” The bunch turned around and met Marion, who was shaking, and making the crew uneasy.
“Why is the tank shaking?” Meats said concerned.
“Ah, this is Marion, she’s my girlfriend.” Hansel piped.
“The witch is crazy,” Whacker said dully, “Although I do wonder how the witch got a 100 ton tank to shake like and alarm clock…”
“I’M ONLY 70!” Marion shouted defending herself, making everybody but Inbred jump.
“WHAT *gasp* THE HELL!” Whacker exclaimed, catching his breath.
“Well Marion, no turning back now, time to talk.” Hansel says, Marion looks at the bunch that all but two are confused, one not confused being Hansel obviously, but then Inbred wasn’t confused, more confident looking instead- standing tall, large smirk, calm composure and arms crossed.
“Why aren’t you startled?” Marion interrogates Inbred.
“Why because I already knew-”
“How? How did you know?” Hansel asks sternly and concerned.
“I’m not stupid, I know how to solve a puzzle with the clues,” Inbred goes on, “I first noticed when Whacker brought up a name for her, I noticed the sides of the turret above the gunner’s wall clench after he said that, like brows. I also wondered why the tank’s radiator was acting up; I took a look at it, perfect, no problems. Then when the tank was running yesterday, Banker was taking a shit when Whacker runs over screaming, and I know he doesn’t know how to start up the engine. Then clue 4, I didn’t take the first shot yesterday… (At this point Marion is blushing) in fact I wasn’t even sighted in on the tank! The next is when we were hit, I did hear it Hansel, but I also heard something else-a little yelp-a feminine one, too. Lastly, I was walking by last night…” He stops there, at the last clue Hansel starts blushing. “But what I don’t know is how long.”
“I’ve been hearing you guys since day one, inside and out, I was always there.” Marion comes out, this acknowledgement makes Whacker’s face turn white, and look horrified and stunned, as he then starts walking towards the door, “Bye witch, I’m gonna go home now and puke up all the candy I just ate…” is all he utters, he gets out the door and just keeps walking, and walking, and walking.
“Sorry, Whacker” Marion peeps as she blushes.
“He’ll be fine; I’ll just go make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid.” Inbred says as he chases after him.
“So how long have you two been uhh…?” Banker hesitantly asks.
“It’s only been two days, Banks.” Hansel says, first confidently but then shocked as he realized how fast their relationship escalated.
“It feels like forever,” Marion stated, “And things unfolded quickly.” Marion smiles at Hansel, who shoots one back at her.
“So, let me get this straight, Marion threw the radiator out of whack to get Hansel alone to talk to him, right?” Meats clarifies.
“Yes.” Hansel says without a pause, Marion was holding back a bit, ashamed looking.
“And you two have banged already, right?” Banker says jokingly, a half-cocked grin.
Without a split-second pause, Marion shoots back “Yes” with a proud look on her face, the shy one in the relationship did this, leaving the outspoken Hansel with the ashamed look, and making Banker go straight poker face and stop still, realizing she wasn’t joking when he was.
Fin Chapter 6

Chapter 7
Later in the day, after everybody calmed down, got things straight, and cleaned up the puke, they team set out to link up with the closest remnants of their unit and form an attack squad. Hansel and Whacker pleaded to be folded into the unit that was currently housing and supporting them, but they said-“We’re just too damn small,”-and by that the colonel meant that his Panzer IV regiment wasn’t going to assist the Tiger II at all in combat-as much as the colonel wanted a Tiger II in his regiment-he couldn’t support it or even transport it like he needs to with the Panzers, the Tigers just to slow. The rally point for the remainder of the now platoon-and-a-half sized unit is northeast of the Panzer base, a good 200km away. On a full tank of fuel Marion can only go 110km, so the crew had to carry external fuel tanks to get them there. They
'd be cutting it close, but the rally point is a refueling base anyhow.
majority of the journey that day was uneventful, a little rain at around 14:00, but it was a long boring

travel otherwise. Until about 3½ hours later…
“Hey Sell, I see something up ahead in the field,” Meats hollered into the commander’s hatch. Hansel stood on the seat/stool and looked over to Meats, who was sitting on the loader hatch with his feet propped on the loader’s periscope cover pointing literally in front of the tank.
“Ah, I see it,” Hansel remarks, “It almost looks like an American tank.”
“It’s not moving, and it looks like the engine hatch is open,”
“Yes, it does,” Hansel picks the binoculars off the hook and peers at the tank, “Indeed, they’re performing maintenance.”
As the group approached cautiously, Hansel removed the rail-mounted MG42 and ammunition and attached them to the commander’s gun mount right above the cupola.
“I don’t like this,” commented Marion, “I see men working unnoticing of our presence…”
“WIR KAPITULIEREN! WIR KAPITULIEREN!” WE SURRENDER! WE SURRENDER! Rang out in a panicky tone from the Sherman as they drew closer. Once they got close enough, the Germans counted five scared to death men, and a shaking tank. There’s more? Hansel thought, And it’s American. The Sherman was a tiny tank to Marion, being only a foot shorter than her, but only 19’ long and 8½’ wide and only half her weight, Marion felt completely superior to it. The same thoughts are shared by the Sherman, he felt insignificant in comparison to her, he couldn’t even muster the strength to elevate his gun level, and let it drop down in submission.
“Well, what the hell are we gonna do?” Whacker brought up a good question, “We’ve got to keep moving or else we’ll run out of gas, and we can’t take them with us or capture them.”
“You’re right,” Hansel thought-“Wait how do you know German?” He inquired.
“I taught him, commander,” An American said, he looked to be of German descent, Hansel thought, “I taught Chuck some German, didn’t think we’d need to use it like this.”
Well damn, what can we do? Practically anything, we may have to- Hansel’s train of thought was interrupted when Meats said “God damn us but we’ve got to shoot them.” The Americans that understood him started to cry, plead no, Chuck the Sherman shut his eyes and prepared for the MGs to start up, a tear rolled down his turret side. I can’t do it, Marion thought,
“I can’t do this,” Marion said, “This is my one fear, I can’t do this to someone else,” the Americans’ faces lit up with hope, “We’re moving on.”
Simultaneously, Whacker, Meats, and Hansel said “Agreed,” and Meats let out a sigh of relief, he hated the war, but understood what he needed to do, and Banker finally pipes up with “Well the damn transmission got drenched in the down pour so we can’t start up.”
“HOW THE-” was all Hansel could manage to get out before the Germans groaned in disapproval, “Well, it looks like we have the same problem, commander,” the American piped, “I see no harm in setting up camp until they dry.”
After the two teams huddled, deciding whether the proposal should be agreed on, they reached a similar conclusion of ‘well we can’t move if we damned tried our hardest so what the hell?’
The two unlikely comrades busted out their camping kits and set up shop around a good sized fire. Two of the American crewmen pulled an old WWI rifle out, some ammo, and marched off, before they got far, Hansel and the American tank commander Joshua ran over to interrogate their actions. The two promised they were hunting in the bushes for some boar or deer they saw earlier. After some time back at the camp, the members heard two rifle shots two second gaps, then later the two from earlier brought in an impressive boar, which they skinned, cooked, and carved. Whilst this happens, Marion gets bored and her curiosity takes charge;
“So, Chuck is it?”
“Yes… why?”
“I’ve never met another living-machine… have you?”
“Only my girlfriend, Katelyn, that’s all. So I guess you’re single?”
“N-no, I can’t say that anymore,”
“Oh, so, is it one of them?” Chuck motions toward the group of men around a fire burning an overweight pig.
“Ummm, maybe…” Marion blushes a light red(?)
“Ahahaha! Which one is it?”
“There’s not many to choose from…”
“Is it… your driver? Umm-uhh Banker?” Marion doesn’t respond. “No, so… Inbred your gunner?” Again nothing. “Whacker?”
‘ god no.”
.mm, that just leaves Meats… and Hansel-” at the mentioning of Hansel Marion blushed harder, a darker

red(?)
“It’s Hansel, isn’t it?” Chuck asked for clarity, Marion nodded her gun.
“Don’t be embarrassed by it, love is twisted, embrace it; how long?”
“Tonight is the second night.” Marion answered.
“Ah, it’ll get better; I just hope it’ll outlast the war.”
Marion suddenly realized this concept of possibly being forced away from Hansel. She started to tremble, she didn’t want anything to come between her and Hansel. Then she felt depressed, Chuck isn’t with Katelyn. Hansel and her are at least technically inseparable, as tank and commander, but Chuck and Katelyn?
“I’m sorry you’re not with Katelyn now, Chuck.”
“Yeah, I just hope she doesn’t get harmed, I don’t want her to hurt, so I try not to sacrifice myself, I hang back, and protect myself for her.” Chuck sighed in sadness.
“Do you have any pictures of her, Chuck?”
“Yes, yes I do,” His manipulating arms reached into his mantle and pulled out a little picture of two different Sherman variants. One was an E2 (Marion found out Chuck’s designation: M4A3E2 Sherman) and the other is a ‘Firefly’ Sherman, armed with a 17 pounder long barreled gun. Marion easily noticed a large sideways heart dent on Katelyn’s mantle, and asked about it. “That’s how we met, I accidentally shot at her in combat, and the round split, forming the heart.” How poetic? Marion thought to herself.
While the tanks were conversing, the crews were celebrating a glorious feast, even though it was burnt pig. The crews attempted to the best of their abilities to converse, themselves, but this proved ineffective so the majority gave up. Hansel learned a lot about Joshua, the two just clicked together like long lost friends. Later on, the group hit the sack, even though they bonded, all of them kept their side-arms unlatched and loaded. There was no need for use as all of them were exhausted from the work, and slept the night away; once awake, Whacker encountered Jackson, the Sherman radio man, getting on his radio. Huh, good minds think alike.
Once the crews awoke, finished off the remainders of the pig, they assembled their transmissions, and started off on their tracks, Chuck going west, Marion going North, both looking for their units. They exchanged information on unused radio frequencies, and decided on one to use if they ever wanted to chat. Within the hour the Germans were huddled around the radio waiting for a response; which came after about 2 minutes of waiting.
The groups happily talked for a long time, what else was there to do? Around mid-day, Marion needed more fuel, so they had to stop and switch the fuel out of the extra storage tanks mounted on her ‘back’ and transfer it to her tanks. This was a long process that took almost an hour due to cruddy pumping machinery. Once this was done, they marched forth, until they reached the rally point an hour or so before the sun will set.
“There isn’t a soul around, Cap.”
“Nope, not a soul. Wait I see something!” Hansel looks east and sees a Tiger II on the way flanked by some Tiger I’s, they look odd, though.
“Hansel it looks like that King has a bigger gun than I do, you see it too?” Marion was right; the approaching King Tiger had a larger gun than she did. A lot larger.
“Yes and it looks like they have stuff all around their armor.”
“Well there’s only one way to find out… wait.”
Fin Chapter 7

Chapter 8
“What the hell is that?” The formation of modified Tigers rolls up; the crews disembark and cluster together. The Tiger II with the massive gun stops near Marion and shuts down as the crew exits. The commander appears from the cupola, a tall figure with a long face and a bold nose and brow that seemed to give him a piercing 1000 yard stare.
“Excuse me officer but, what the hell is that?” Inbred asked again
“This my friend is an experimental King Tiger; a King Tiger mark II so to say, I’ll let Fritz tell you himself, it shouldn’t be awkward, after all your Tiger seems to be alive as well.” Marion then realizes that she forgot to veil herself, what with trying to figure out the odd battle group fast approaching. “My bad,” Marion replies.
“I am Alter Fritz, an experimental Tiger II with upgrades including 105mm KwK L/68 main cannon, an improved engine and drive system, a heated cabin, over pressurized air filters for elimination of poison gas, a stereoscopic rangefinder, and extra ammo storage; along with a few field modifications here and there.”
“So why are you all here?” Asked Banker.
’ were sent here to support your unit, but as you know they were attacked by American ground attack
.es, and it seems you all are what’s left.” The commander answered. They didn’t know about the attack, it

must have happened while they were talking to the Americans.
“So a few more questions, who are you? Where is your detachment from? What is that gear on your tanks?” Hansel questioned, trying to figure out who will be in command.
“I am 1st Lt. Edwards, we are experienced fighters from the Eastern front, and the gear on the tanks are skirts from a wrecked Panzer. IV company cut and welded onto the hulls and turrets for protection against airborne anti-tank rockets; and no, the Tiger Is don’t have any factory upgrades, only the spaced armor added.” Edwards answered rather confidently. Hansel was an experienced gunner when he served on a Tiger I in Russia, but when he was promoted he was switched to a Tiger II commander on the Western ‘Atlantic Wall’ reserves.
“So I outrank you?” Hansel questioned, he never commanded a squad before, and isn’t sure if he’s ready, he doesn’t want to waste a whole platoon of heavy tanks, and certainly not a one-and-only experimental Tiger II.
“Technically yes, I was to rendezvous here and meet here with you, the commanding officer of the remaining ‘ghost unit’, but seeing how your records indicate no trace of platoon command, I would recommend I assume command until the unit is folded into another.” Edwards hesitantly said, Hansel knew he was right; he gladly turned command over to Edwards, and asked how the skirts helped their armor.
“The rockets the Americans fire at us are timed detonation; meaning they explode a certain time after impacting the tank, which by then the rocket would have penetrated the armor, and thus the rocket would ignite the containments of the tank,” Edwards happily informed them, pointing and showing the mechanics with a stick going through the crevices of his joined fingers. “However, the spaced armor tricks the rocket into igniting outside the tank, the fuse setting it off right after striking the skirts.” The group was fascinated, something so lethal and deadly rendered useless by a guy with scrap metal and a welder. Before Edwards could explain how he figured this out, a scout posted in a fire tower spotted a platoon of Shermans heading for the fuel dump, which was right behind them. The crews raced to their tanks, prepping them and arming for battle, the Americans had the drop on them, and would swarm them fast. Whacker was the last to lock in; he needed to get their radio frequency first. Marion asked which frequency and Whacker gave her the channel, the radio adjusted to the channel before Whacker could touch it.
“krrshhhk-THEY’RE COMING OVER THE HILL!” Was the first thing that they heard, followed by the roar of guns fired by the Shermans, they were met only by ricochets off the German armor barely leaving a mark. Two Tigers got their guns elevated enough to return fire, one just barely missed while the other hit one square in the mantle. The only way the Americans would be able to really damage a Tiger tank is from close ranges at the sides and rear, and these Shermans must have been veterans because they attempted to swarm the Tigers. Fritz got a shot off going straight through a Sherman, front hull glacis passing through the engine block and penetrated another Sherman, causing both to instantly stop and catch fire. While Fritz was reloading he turned to hit another Sherman charging full speed at his flank. The most unlikely thing happened, the Sherman couldn’t alter its course and rammed into the 105 gun; the Sherman’s gun is only a 76mm caliber with a barrel diameter of 96mm, and it rammed into the girth of Fritz’s, and was stuck. With the force of the impact the gun recoiled back, hitting the loader and knocking him and the shell over, Edwards thought fast and instantly dropped the rear access hatch in the back of Fritz’s turret; leaving an exit hole for the Sherman’s fire. The Sherman spammed shot after shot unaware they were whizzing through Fritz, passing harmlessly through his turret and out the back.
Banker instantly knew what Hansel wanted him to do before Hansel could command him, Banker pushed forward to 3rd gear on the gearsticks, moving Marion forward passing Fritz’s rear until the turret had a clear line of fire on the Sherman. Marion revved up her engine to the max RPMs. The turret on a Tiger two has two modes, hand cranking, and power turning, at maximum engine output the secondary motor could put the turret around 360° in 10 seconds; 36° per second, Marion knew this, and her turret was on target in under 4 seconds. Inbred lined up the shot, aiming for the base of the turret in an attempt to rupture the shot storage. When Hansel commanded fire, Inbred hit the hand pedal trigger, and sent one through the turret, still igniting the ammo and blowing the back of the turret away.
“Dammit we were high!” Marion sounded, almost in a jesting manner.
“Nah that works,” Fritz said as he backed out of the snag and turned his turret to hit a Sherman peppering the rear of a Tiger, doing nothing to render it ineffective; just messing with the exhaust and the engine’s coolant. “But let’s focus at the task at hand and swipe the Sherman dirt away!”
“Their numbers have been halved!” The over watcher in the lookout tower radioed, the sunlight was dwindling, and the light that flashed from the guns was starting to sting their eyes. “They’re pulling back! We’ve got them scampering off ha-HA!”
Suddenly Edwards comes over the radio and says excitedly yet coolly that he spotted a ‘white stripe’ Sherman tank in the overlooking hedges. A white stripe on a Sherman turret indicates a field command tank,

and usually should be dealt with immediately; but as soon as he got that out, they all heard a low engine rumble in the distance…
“P-FOURTY-SEVENS INBOUND!” Hansel heard Marion’s engine stutter and sputter a bit, then roar back to its usual tempo.
“TO THE WAREHOUSE NOW HANSEL!” Edwards shouted into the radio, and Marion wasted no time making a desperate dash carrying her heavy ass to shelter. Suddenly the P-47s appeared from the sky and unleashed a hailstorm of unguided rockets upon the Tigers, their armor skirt mods worked exactly how Edward described it worked, and they sat in the field and took the punishment, laughing as it does nothing. Except Marion, she’s about 200 meters away from a warehouse when Marion feels a sharp pain in the back portion of her right side wheel and bogie system. Nothing felt wrong, until that sliding feeling on her wheels ended and she felt nothing on the tops of her wheels. She stops immediately.
“Excuse me Marion, but, WHY DID WE STOP?!?” Whacker says calmly at first then in a panic.
“I’ve been tracked!” She replies in a sorrowful and deathly tone, like she was about to cry.
Around the time this was happening, Edward pops open the cupola hatch and pulls a dual-mounted MG42 mount, typically reserved and used by the Luftwaffe for anti-air roles, which is fine and dandy right now. He unleashes the fury of ‘Hitler’s buzz saws’ and peppers the P-47s trying to strafe, the bullets do nothing to the airframes, Edwards knew this, but smash through the glass with no problems, scaring off the attackers with his accustomed accuracy, and moves his attention onto Hansel’s predicament.
“Looks like the boot strings need to be retied,” Fritz said jokingly
“Yes, yes they do.” Hansel remarks as all the crews park the tanks near the ware house and move to help re-track the disabled Tiger II, Hansel and Meats pull off two replacement track link sets for the tracks while Whacker and Inbred guide the track hitched up to Fritz who is pulling the track back into place while Banker cues his movements. Once everything comes into place, they had to figure out who will do the most labor intensive part: busting off the broken track links and bolting on the new ones, all with one giant ratchet wrench. All of them simultaneously turned their heads to Meats.
“Oh okay! Get the big guy to do it! I’m not going to this time.” No one looked away. “Damn you all.” Meats got the tool and proceeded, this time everyone took pity and helped bust it off. Then Edwards walks over and says that they have a motorized one… They were done in three minutes. The platoon huddled around a fire while a select few were fueling up the tanks and the reserves. They were discussing that the nearby building could house the tankers while the tanks sat outside, except for Marion. They said that she needed to be in the warehouse because of the fact that she couldn’t be camouflaged as effectively as the other tanks, the spacing beams on the tanks were used as tie mounts for the bushes and nets and other masking utilities, while Marion had none of these.
“Fine, but Hansel stays with me.” Marion reluctantly agrees to Edward, who continuingly pressures the warehouse on Marion.
“I see no reason why not, fine, Hansel you’re bunking with Marion.”
“What?” Was all Hansel said, he was in a ‘sleeping high’, where it was hard to focus on things because he was mentally spent and needed sleep.
“Just come with me!” Marion proclaims as she grabs Hansel’s rucksack carry handle strapped to Hansel’s back, dragging him with her while Hansel’s face says ‘I don’t know, I don’t care’.
“Hey Marion, what happened to your engine back there?” Hansel asked intrigued.
“Well, it’s the equivalent to shitting yourself…” Marion replied.
“So, what’s up? What are we doing where you wanted me her?” He asked.
“We are going to have FUN tonight!” Marion softly spoke to Hansel, which upon hearing this perks up, and snaps out of the high.
Fin Chapter 8

Chapter 9
As soon as they got in the warehouse and locked the doors, they began to strip Hansel. Marion slid her hands under the layers of clothing Hansel had on and undid his undergarments while he undid the outer garments such as his jacket, headset and hat, belt, boots, etc. They got to it quick, Hansel hatched an idea and laid down on his back and kicked himself under Marion, who was oblivious to his position as she wrapped her arms around him. Hmm, this doesn’t feel like it did the other night… Marion thinks as Hansel shimmies underneath her, almost like he’s- Marion’s arm reaching up to stroke Hansel’s hair contacts a stiff but malleable shaft where his chin should be. Wait that’s not a chin what is he-! Hansel circles Marion’s prominent clit with his tongue right then, making Marion moan and shudder with enjoyment.
“Wha-What are ya-you do-oing? Ahh-ah-hah!” Marion manages to ask, completely enveloped in pleasure.

“Shhh Marion, I’m tasting you, enjoy love.” Hansel pulls out to answer, then goes back making Marion moan a bit more.
Hansel stops his circling, and drives his mouth into the split sending his tongue deep inside to search the area. He moves all around, looking for the spot, after a while it starts getting a little more wet inside. Hansel tasted some familiar tastes, similar from the kiss but this was more enjoyable tastes, the flavor danced on his tongue, so he started to make his tongue “dance” inside her warm caressing halls. He then realized what will happen soon and pulled his left hand up to his chin and inserted his index finger to test the tightness. Ooo she’s halfway! Hansel forces his tongue further into her depths, releasing loads of heavy moans, breaths, and loving remarks. Marion was in a completely new trance, the sensations the sensors inside her uterus were on a loving fire, and she couldn’t even think straight yet still knew how to repay Hansel for this awesome experience. She started teasing him, softly stroking his long hard cock, exciting Hansel more, tempting him, teasing him. Go ahead my love, grab it, don’t be shy- Hansel thought, thinking Marion was wanting to jerk him off. Marion started to rub the appendage that’s supposed to be a thumb up and down the head, forcing juices out in a slow smooth flow.
Hansel’s tongue then touched a portion of her lining and this certain spot made the engine rev up and the walls to tighten, Hansel found what he was looking for, he backed away from that spot ignoring Marion’s plea to return there; he was saving it for later. That later did come, the pressure on Hansel’s finger was immense, and his tongue had started to be constricted as well, Now I go! Hansel’s tongue made way to Marion’s G-spot, and French kissed it. Hansel took a deep breath and waited for Marion to release, she tried to hold out but the G-spot forced it out, all over Hansel’s mouth area and into his mouth as well. Hansel pulled out and coughed some of the liquid out, as a gag reflex, but then accepted the taste and allowed himself to swallow. The feeling of swallowing was eerie; sliding down his throat, but still he enjoyed it somehow.
“Now it’s your turn, Hansel” Marion said seductively as Hansel tried to spin around to insert his cock into Marion’s vagina.
She grabbed him with her manipulators and carried him to her face. Hansel didn’t notice down under that she was turning her turret at one point; she set herself up for repayment. She carries the confused Hansel to her side and places him on the armored track skirt, perfect height for her. Hansel then realizes what ‘his turn’ was, and fumbles up, a little shocked and concerned of what’ll go down, “Don’t be shy, Hansel, just relax and enjoy, love,” Marion then impels Hansel’s hard ridged cock into her mouth, and proceeds to suck on it and wrap her tongue around it. Hansel began to protest, but stopped once the sensations hit, his brain was nullified, and he began to slump over onto the sloped turret roof. Marion’s tongue was warm and soft; it was made of fine rounded links like chainmail, except a lot smoother, almost as smooth as a human’s but somewhat larger than a human tongue but not supper massive, and its entirety engulfed and caressed Hansel’s member, then it started to play with him. Licking one side until he was teetering on an orgasm, then stopping until he calmed down and did the same on the other side, then it started to stroke Hansel’s opening on the head, inducing “Gah”s from Hansel as this was an alien and unnatural feeling, yet still pleasuring. Then she pet the head’s top from tip to brim, eventually after a number of teetering cummings, she set Hansel up, got him to hold for as long as he could, then smiling awkwardly, licked the base of his head and member at the bottom side; a sort of male G-spot, and sent Hansel moaning and cumming.
All the previous unfulfilled climaxes piled up on reserves, as Hansel’s release was long and stimulating. Marion enjoyed the taste thoroughly, catching every drop on her tongue, savoring the unique taste and texture of it; it was warm and fluid, spurting out in streaks and first hitting the roof of her mouth before falling on her tongue, where it would sit, and start stiffening. Hansel erected his back, and tried to pull out but Marion was holding him in, she swallows and then gives a muffled ah-ah-ahh, saying that Hansel isn’t done yet, and he won’t be; he barely lasted half as long as Marion did, and needs to go another round. Marion kept his boner alive; rubbing and stroking it, and proceeded with previous gimmicks but changed a thing here and there. She implemented pulling him out to the brim then pushing him back in all the way slowly, Hansel enjoyed this, during this phase of oral sex Hansel went limp with stimulation; completely slumped onto her roof resting his lower portion leaving it in control of his lover.
Marion was growing tired, so she decided to finish Hansel, but in a disturbing and somewhat hurtful method. She went back to the basics, wrapping and caressing, until Hansel announced he was close, and then when he tensed up holding it in, she plugged his hole with her tongue. I’ll help you hold it, babe… She started to blow him again, only at a faster pace than before. In and out she swayed him, more and more did the pressure mount in Hansel’s penis, until the point he felt a sting; that’s when Marion gave in to exhaustion and removed her tongue to let it out. Hansel let out a long sigh of relief, and Marion giggled a
’ as this time the super pressurized cum shot like a gun and tickled the back of Marion’s “throat”.
w can I go back again?” Hansel asked in a seductive tone.

Marion just gave a nod, breathing heavily, exhausted by her actions. Hansel makes his way down under and rubs his dripping cock against Marion's opening, each time he pulled towards him Marion's engine revs up a quarter gear; he inserts his member and Marion lets out a loving moan. Hansel forces his whole length inside, Marion was still tight from the earlier ordeal, and before he's all the way he reaches that ceiling from the other night.
"Marion what is this?" He asks as he probes it with playful thrusts, each one exciting the engine.
"Th-That-ssss mah-my cervix," Marion tries to say smoothly but is interrupted by her heavy breathing and the stimulus Hansel produces with his thrusts. "It protects us machines from impregnation if we don't want to become pregnant, I can raise or lower it based on the male's size."
Hansel stopped after Marion mentioning cervix, and he thought about her being impregnated, and wondered: "How would that work between us?"
"I don't know, but that's how the first Tiger II was conceived; a Tiger and a Panther fell in love and secretly copulated, the Panther gave birth to a heavy tank with sloped armor, they used the father's name of Tiger and named it the second Tiger tank; Tiger Ausf. B," Marion replied, then asked innocently "Can we get back to it now?"
Yes, Hansel immediately thrust upward expecting the ceiling that wasn't there anymore; Marion must have retracted it deeper. He continuously pleasured Marion, until her forward suspension gave again and that's when he paused. At that moment Marion's rear suspension went perpendicular to her hull, and then fell onto the reverse angle, she locked her suspension so Hansel wouldn't be crushed as Marion lost control of herself. Hansel knew she locked her suspension; his old crew locked the Tiger's suspension in a ditch crossing, resetting that was horrendous; perhaps Marion can reset herself? Never mind that, Hansel thought, and focused on pounding Marion's G-spot. She didn't last long, exhausted to the point she could only quietly moan, Hansel didn't last that long either; also being exhausted. They finished in less than two minutes, then they just lay there, but eventually Hansel climbed out, set up a cot and got dressed into sleep clothes, and unlocked the warehouse door while Marion reset her suspension. They looked as though nothing happened that night… except the oil and various liquids under Marion, but that'll be gone by morning. Then as Hansel and Marion where falling asleep;
"I love you, Hansel."
"I love you too, Marion. Sweet dreams."
Fin Chapter 9

Chapter 10
Hansel and Marion woke up the next morning, and proceeded with the usual morning greeting, a good morning kiss, how'd you sleep questions. Stuff like that, only Hansel needed to use the restroom really badly, and it was the weirdest and longest piss he'd ever taken; same with the dump; for obvious reasons. After he emptied his system his stomach roared at him, he hadn't eaten since yesterday morning, and so he headed off to the place the smell of food originated. He walked into the old office building and was greeted by the ugliest room he's ever seen; the wood was rotted, the ceiling was sagging, the wall paper was shit to begin with but wear and tear along with nobody around to fix it made it look like someone painted horse shit on the damned wall!
"Great, just great." Hansel muttered to himself, he walked over to the server and picked up a ration of food. The ration wasn't anything to write home about, and that's what Hansel wanted to do so badly; contact home, he felt a little more downed, the setting made him down at first, and at that moment he just wanted to be with Marion. He scoops up his 'food' and heads toward the warehouse; as he is on his way he stumbles into Edward.
"Captain Walter, the night patrol caught an American in the fields, as of right now he's being held in the shift master's office two buildings down. I would just like to know if you would care to assist us interrogate him? Your driver and radio operator have already agreed."
"Yes, I think I will be able to, let me eat my breakfast then I'll join you."
"Thank you sir," Edward then salutes Hansel, not a hiel Hitler salute, an actual pre-Hitler German army salute. Hansel dismisses the Lieutenant with the proper German salute, and continues off toward Marion.
"Hansel Walter? Is that your name?" Marion asks interested; nobody's ever called Hansel by his last name around Marion.
"Yes, my name is Hansel Otto Walter." Hansel grins, never introduced himself to a 'lady' like that, Marion nods and she then gives her 'name': "I am Marion Panzerkampfwagen VI auführung B, or Marion Tiger II, or Marion KöingTiger." Marion searched for any other names and found none.
' 'nk your name beats mine, Marion." Hansel said with a chuckle, trying not so spill his food. They talked , while, shared views on the previous battle, and then Hansel brings up they found a survivor and

Edwards and Banker and Whacker are interrogating him right now. Marion asks if she could tag along, what's the harm in it? Hansel and Marion drive over to the shift master's office; Hansel notices her engine isn't running.
"Hey Marion, how are you moving if your engine isn't running?"
"I can control my body without much fuel, I just can't go very fast or get any actual power; I'd get stuck in the mud."
Satisfied with the answer, Hansel just watches her maneuver around corners, hydrants, barriers, and anything else in the road with enjoyment; he really loves Marion. Marion snaps him out of his stare by asking why there's a hole in the side. Hansel looks up and notices a shot hole in the spot that looks like it once was a door. He explains that it was probably locked so they blew it open. He climbs down from Marion and walks to the 'door', Banker and Whacker are standing there with aggravated and furious faces.
"The fucker knows German, and won't stop calling me a fucking Aryan! Why won't they just let me shoot this schweinhund right NOW?!" Banker is furious.
"Aaww! Is the Aryan boy mad?" A sarcastic and taunting voice comes from inside, Hansel looks in and sees a battered brunette man no older than Hansel wearing the same uniform marks as Chuck's loader, only it wasn't Chuck's loader.
"Do whatever the hell you want with him Captain, just don't kill him." Edwards then storms out of the room, it was obvious he had enough comments.
"Oh look, the Nazis are getting frustrated, is it because their mommies don't love them? Or is it because they were accidents?" The American was flawless in speech, and it seemed to have and Austrian dialect to it.
"He keeps insulting me, my parents, AND MY CAP!" Whacker grunts, he and Hansel go way back to Hansel's first deployment, and Hansel knows how he cherishes his pilot cap.
"The fat pilot loves his hat, too bad it'll never be used in a plane; he's just too short and fat!" Hansel flinches, he knew that one hurt, he dismisses the two to relieve some steam. Marion asks with a chuckle: "This isn't how interrogations usually go; is it?"
"I hear a Nazi whore!"
"No, I don't get around at all, I'm no whore." Marion shoots back confidently. The American sits up and leans back, scoots the chair he's tied to over, and spots Marion through the window with a cocky smile.
"And it's not just any whore; it's a TANK whore! How many have you banged?" He looks right at her, Marion loses her confidence, not sure how to respond. He keeps pressuring her, diminishing her facade, then Hansel steps in to defend her.
"Ooo, she bangs people too! That must double the slut rating, how many times you fuck this Nazi? Wait let me guess!" He continues to count off random numbers; Hansel insists he cease his insults to her, to instead insult him like a man and not a lady like a bitch.
"Oh, so she's special to you? Like you two are dating; too bad she's seeing others because you can't please her. You could do better than that whore-" Hansel commands him to stop, the rage building inside of him, here this little shit has the nerve to insult his girlfriend while he sits in captivity. The American pushes on, repeatedly calling Marion a slut and a whore. Marion can't take anymore; she breaks and starts sobbing softly.
"Oh look at that; she cries because she knows it's true!"
Hansel snaps.
Hansel grabs the chair by the back rest and drags the American to a vacant enclosed room; ignoring the taunting remarks from the American. He closes and locks the door. Thirty minutes later he emerges, wiping off his knuckles and using some of the American's ripped clothing to wipe off his boots and buckles. Not many people dare ask what he did to him, and those who do aren't answered. Edwards checks to see if he is still alive; he's greeted by the American giving him the answers to questions asked before Hansel's arrival.
"Are you okay, sweetheart?" Hansel asks Marion, Marion sniffles and nods; Hansel asks if there was anything he could do for her. She doesn't reply, so Hansel wraps his arms around Marion's gun barrel like a hug and says he could paint the 3 kill stripes they earned. Marion perks up and rolls over to their warehouse. They did more than paint stripes. Awhile after the pick-me-up fun, Edwards knocks at the door. Hansel opens the personnel door, and greets Edwards.
"I would have told you earlier but Alter Fritz said to give you two your alone time." He said awkwardly, aware of what 'alone time' was.
"Oh, sorry, is that a problem?" Hansel asks, Edwards assures that it isn't a problem, and goes on to inform him that the Americans have a large fuel reserve station on the Belgium coast, and that (other minor stuff not really appealing) and that he is a Jew from Austria.
' ` a Jew?" Hansel asks, he personally didn't care about the Jews being a 'problem', neither did Edwards,

“So what he’s a Jew, what’s so special about that?” Marion asks, she interrupted Hansel mid thought.
“Oh it means nothing, we’ll just leave him here when we evacuate. The Americans will deal with him.” Hansel answered. So that is what they did, evacuate almost immediately.
Fin Chapter 10

Chapter 11
The Americans were mounting a few kilometers away, the German company needed to move fast. Hansel didn’t notice that the battle group was an entire full scale company, complete with fuel trucks, ammo trucks, and the other necessary utilities where included; they had set up at the fuel depot already when the tank squad moved to meet up with Hansel the other day. The tanks were getting into the formation when Fritz notices a small ball of fur under his overhang on the back of his turret; he spins his turret around and is met with large frightened cat eyes. Fritz is confused as what to do, he’s never encountered a cat before, it hasn’t run off yet, and his engine is running while the cat doesn’t seem to care. The cat looks like it sounds off, and starts rubbing its face on the groves on Fritz’s bell-shaped mantle, the reverberations he feels must be the cat purring; it likes him! Fritz smiles, he appreciates the small things in life, at any instant his could be whisked away and he wants to know he died satisfied he enjoyed his life.
“Hey there little guy, what are you doing?” Fritz asks the cat, the cat just looks at him and appears to answer; the sound drowned out by the engine. “You remind me of Jäger, you want to tag along little one?” The cat jumped onto his gun, adjusted and jumped onto his roof and crawled into the cable-mount eye on the slope then lies down compliantly. The cat was a gray with dark spots that almost looked green, its tail was short and its fur was thick, its green eyes were menacing, and it seems to be a skilled hunter for its health and weight. Edwards climbed up and looked at the cat.
“Alter Fritz who is this?” He asked, “I think I’ll name him Franz. He’s my cat now.” Fritz replied, sounding childish; Edwards smiled and just dropped his head and shook it no, laughing a bit as he continued mounting the tank. Franz ran over to the open hatch and jumped inside. Not a fuck was given by anyone. The formation fell in, and they all rolled out eastward, Edwards made contact with command and they instructed the company to return to Edwards’ old unit stationed near Munich for enlistment purposes. Hansel was giddy when he heard the news he would be returning home for a while. Marion brought up how she could meet his folks in ‘person’. Hansel turned quiet, signaling he had to think of a plan to do this, he never thought about actually introducing Marion to his family, he’s thought of their reactions but never telling them. Munich was a long, long, LONG ways away, so he would have plenty of time to formulate his plans, and to prepare for the possible reactions; most of them unapprovingly but Hansel knew he’d end up staying with Marion anyway.
It took about 3-4 weeks to travel, what with the speed, refueling, camp stops, air scrambles and breakdowns, otherwise everything was according to the planned times. When they were in a 3 day away window, Fritz would grow ever more anxious to get there, and would often leave the group behind until he would run low on fuel and stop to wait for the convoy to catch up. Edwards knew why and would laugh, he left Hansel and the others out in the blue as to the reason, but this was acceptable for Hansel and Marion had their own secrets. After long weeks of traveling, they finally reached the outpost at Munich. God how this changed! Hansel thought, when he left there weren’t AA guns or searchlights everywhere to be seen. It looked like a military occupation, but understood this was all because of the bombers.
“Fritz!” Marion and Hansel look over to see a JägdTiger go full speed towards Fritz, they both had a huge smile, the man on the roof of the J-Tiger did not however. He was caught off-guard and was thrown out of the hatch his legs were sitting in, rolled off the roof, and caught himself on the rear view periscope cover so he wouldn’t be thrown off the back after he slammed into the engine cover. The tank destroyer slammed into full reverse to slow herself down so not to smash Fritz, who had elevated his gun so that once she stopped next to him, it wouldn’t be interfering them while they kissed.
“Damnit Jäger you made me spill me drink! And it’s about time you got your white-ass back here Edwards!” The man who was on the roof stood up and threw his cup at Edwards with a smile, he was a little short to the J-Tiger of course but only 5’10” and was pretty slim, he was of Irish ancestry, you could hear it in his speech but he looked like an Irishman: really white skin, bright auburn-red hair in a long hair flat top style and hair everywhere on his arms, legs, chest, high cheekbones and a rounded chin with a broad grin, freckles everywhere. He had wide ears, a comfortable and approachable looking person, then when Hansel and Marion caught a look at his eyes they were breath taken, his eyes looked like a storm; a blue iris with a white lining and arms that stretched out encircled the pupil. He walks across to Fritz’s hull roof and walks over to Edwards and gives him a definite brothers’ hug. The two engaged in conversation as they had not each other in a long time. The tanks retract from their kiss and cuddle, talking to each other softly, The Tiger who must be named Jäger looked into Fritz’s eyes seductively, Fritz’s crew disembark and leave

the couple to themselves, Edwards and the Irishman walk over to Hansel, Marion, and the rest of the crew standing around Marion and introduces everyone to the stranger.
“Well it’s nice meeting you, my name is Hans, but you can call me Irish, you all see where that came from obviously.”
“Irish where the hell is Jäger’s skirts?” Edwards asks, punching him playfully as he asks with a comic tone.
“She wanted them off, to quote-unquote “fully seduce” Fritz, I’m convinced it’d work either way; skirt or no skirt. I noticed there was a cat next to you that had the same cammo pattern as Jäger does.” Irish remarks, punching Edwards back with a grin. Edwards tells him the story told by Fritz about the cat, how it even reminded him of her; the colors matched perfectly.
Jäger and Fritz roll over, still cuddling, holding ‘hands’ and encircling each other’s upper structure with the leftover manipulators in a many-armed hug. Fritz introduces Jäger to the group, the crew didn’t feel awkward anymore, the whole living machine thing kind of grew onto them. They felt no different from talking to a human than they did a vehicle. Jäger had many shot marks on her upper glacis and superstructure, and at least triple the kill stripes as Marion, her gun was a massive 128mm Pak gun, and dwarfed Marion’s and Fritz’s in size, Fritz still had length however. Jäger’s eyes were green like Franz’s eyes, and hers were positioned on her face plate like Chuck, not on the sides like Marion and Fritz. The people went off for some chow and Fritz went off for fuel, Marion was good on fuel, she kept her extra tanks on, and her primaries was nearly topped off because of them.
“So how long have you two been together?” Marion asks Jäger.
“Ohhh, a long time, I can’t remember it just seems like it never wasn’t,” Jäger replies with a long smile on her face, “He told me about you and Hansel.” Marion nodded, they told him on the trip, and she couldn’t get a certain question out of her head.
“I have a question, Jäger, it’s about our ability to reproduce.”
“Ah, I had the same question too, when I was in Russia a designer visited to oversee performance, I asked him about it. I’m sure I can answer your question.”
“How does it work?”
“Well he didn’t get into scientific terms, he said that the male gender carries the male key, and the female gender carries the female lock; just like we already know of humans. The difference is that unless impregnation is successful will the cervix remain open and that contrary to humans, we can mate all through our pregnancy. That’s how Tiger IIs were made, the Panther didn’t tell the Tiger she was pregnant until she was about halfway in to it, then for fear of killing the fetus, he ceased all sexual activity with her. That’s how the sloped armor and the less complicated suspension and gun length arose, from the Panther’s qualities, while the Tiger contributed the heavy armor, high caliber multi-piece gun and barrel, and sights, if he continued on, the Panther’s genes would be overridden and a Tiger I with slightly sloped armor would have been born. This is for super-fast breeding, where a female can take in multiple male keys to create a new mixture of qualities for a better tank; the male amount overrides the equivalent female amount, if the Tiger stopped after initially impregnating the Panther, it would have produced a Panther with heavier armor. If the cervix is punctured but impregnation or the child is born then the cervix will shut again, unlike humans, this is to protect against forced mating or rape if you will. Do you understand?”
“Yes, yes I do, but, could I bear a child of Hansel’s seamen?” She asks hopeful, almost eager even.
“I do not know of that, sweetie.” They sit in quiet until the group of crew and Fritz returns again.
Fin Chapter 11
Chapter 12
Early in the morning, Hansel was awoken by Edwards. He knew the Lt. Colonel and the Colonel would only be at their offices early, and even then the Colonel was a maybe. Hansel gets out of his cot and dresses in his uniform, he loves wearing his uniform, it makes him feel proud and he looks good in it he’s been told. He walks with Edwards, who is giving him the best tips to sway their conclusions favorably, he warns Hansel of their characters; the Colonel is laid back and usually a yes-man while the Lt. Colonel is a hard-ass by-the-book douche. They soon get to the office and the Lt. Colonel is the only one in the room. Shit. They try anyway; Hansel gives his question respectively, and awaits the disapproval.
“Normally I would say no, but today is special.” The Lt. Colonel says, Hansel starts to smile but is cut off before he can thank him. “Hell no. You can’t just get folded into my battalion and expect to take leave on the first day! The balls you-”
“Ah shut up you tight prick!” The Colonel walks in from a side room smoking a pipe, “This Captain here has every damn right to take leave. He’s seen more combat action in a week than you ever have in a year!”
That’s not the only action I’ve seen more of. Hansel thinks to himself smirking. “Then he hauls his ass here his home and wants to see his family, and you say no, well we certainly know who’s the ballsiest, or the dest person in the room. Don’t even start with the paperwork bullshit. Captain I order you to take your

leave, enjoy yourself." Then he turned around and walked back into the room, not once did he take his pipe out of his mouth. The LTC frowned in disapproval, gave the two a stern gaze, and said dismissed coldly. Hansel walked out in strides, relieved of his worry, and strode to Marion with the news. Marion gets giddy and they kiss for a little, then Hansel goes to a telephone station to call his parents. His parents are thrilled to hear he's a half-kilometer from their apartment, he asks them to come out to the fields in-between Munich and the camp in three hours; they agree instantly. Hansel recaps with Marion about the plans, heads off to the showers, and gets some grub. He finishes up and goes to clean up Marion, he persuades her to let him polish the shot marks the 75mm AP rounds left, they didn't hurt as much as the HE shot that hit her, and the marks weren't nearly as big. Then Edwards and Irish stop by in their uniforms.
"Wait, you're only a 1sg?" Hansel asks Irish, "How are you a tank commander at 1sg?"
"Well, the previous tank stripe was a dumbshit, I was the gunner and next in line. One day his dumbass thinks it'd be smart to stand up in the cupola in a close quarter tank battle. I think you know what happens next. Anyway the only thing we recovered was from belly button down when it fell to the floor spurting blood and internal shit all everywhere. Jäger didn't enjoy that feeling inside her hull, and it was a pain in the ass to clean. I was never properly promoted and it was only a field promotion; we still don't have a gunner so Jäger takes all the shots."
Hansel and Marion shuddered; they definitely didn't want to experience that first hand. Hansel finishes washing Marion in the nick of time; and the two depart for the fields. They arrive late by two minutes and no one's around; Hansel waits knowing his parents are always late. At exactly ten after an old little brown car rolls up and two figures step out. Marion instantly recognizes them as Hansel's parents; the resemblance was unmistaken. His mother was very fit: slim and curvy; you couldn't tell she bore two children, with a face of a 25 year old and a gorgeous head of brunette hair that was styled into a bell curve. His father had a handsome and withered face with a bright joyful smile and large comfortable eyes magnified by his glasses, he was very tall and a little hefty, not fat or overweight, but he had some heft to him; he was bald like Meats and he walked assisted by a cane due to his profound limp probably from the 'First Great War'.
"Oh look at our little Hansel!" His mother exclaims, her voice revealing she was older than she looked, "Oh you look so handsome and grown up in your uniform." She envelops him in a long hug; she holds back the urge to cry in joy.
"You look like a man, son," His father announces as he hobbles over to give his son a hug. "Sorry Gretel couldn't make it; she had too much work to do." Father and son lock eyes in a warm friendly stare. "I'm proud of you, Hansel, and I hope you go on to do even more; you've already surpassed me." Hansel nods and says thank you, revealing he too is holding back tears.
"So how many have you popped Hansel?" His mom asks in a playful tone. "I bet he's bagged a hundred, right son?" His father adds in a comic voice.
"Naw I've only got 14 tank kills." Hansel answers, as they talk Marion happily watches unveiled, she doesn't veil herself anymore, she has confidence in herself. Hansel's dad brings up Hansel's tank and how massive it is. Then Hansel starts to talk about it, building up for his introduction.
"So who is this person you wanted us to meet, Hansel?" His mother brought up, Hansel took a deep breath, and answered.
"I wanted you to meet Marion, my tank and girlfriend." Hansel says as he rubs his hand across Marion's side, Marion then says hello confidently, and introduces herself. The parents' reaction wasn't the same as the crews', Mr. Walter was actually intrigued about it, and Mrs. Walter was unmoved, she still had her warming pleasant completion.
"I always knew you loved machines Hansel, and this just warms my heart to know you found love in your interests." His mother sent Hansel into shock; he didn't expect this from his mother.
"Damn I wish my car would talk, that'd make fixing it a hell of a lot easier. Damn thing." His father's was expected; Hansel shared the same comical style.
"So you aren't disappointed or shocked about this?" Hansel asks confused.
"No dear, I am shocked about the living machine, but disappointed; no, you find love in all sorts of places and who are we to tell you right and wrong in love? You need to make your own discoveries in love." His mother said, his father adds "Your life is yours to explore, and Gretel would probably be all for it. She is a lot like you only more inquiring of life."
The group talked and conversed about their adventures and battles and history, Hansel and Marion left out sex of course, but on the topic of Gretel and her husband wanting children did make Marion bring up that children weren't an impossibility. The conversation then turned into Hansel and Gretel's first moments and baby years, parental stuff that embarrasses the child on a date. Normal family stuff; Hansel was still surprised his family was treating Marion like a normal person. All the while Marion was playing with Hansel's hair; apting Hansel to ask why she always played with his hair, and then realized Marion had none to explore

herself, and let it happen; accepting the pleasant feelings she produced from playing with his hair.
Once it was late and the two pairs needed to go their separate ways, they said their goodbyes and farewells as a normal family, and proceeded home. While they were underway, Hansel asked Marion about the children being a possibility;
“Yes we can have children. I know two tanks can and two humans; I’m just not entirely sure about a tank and a human.” Marion replies, and then sighs in disappointment.
“What’s wrong, honey?” Hansel asks concerned.
“I wish you could meet my parents, well my parents design wise. I haven’t even met them myself.” She was getting down, Hansel pet the top of her turret, and asked to watch the sunset. Watching the sunset brought up Marion a little, and induced her to ask Hansel of something they haven’t done since they left the fuel depot. Hansel agrees under one condition: don’t set up for pregnancy, Marion agrees and follows her word. The deed is done and they roll home. Where they barely spot Jäger and Fritz bonding like they just did not too earlier in the trees, they simply smile in adornment and proceed quietly to their tank house and fall fast asleep. Hansel dreams of his usual dream, and Marion of how their offspring would look.
Fin Chapter 12

Chapter 13
Marion and Hansel were off on leave, Edwards and Irish were off messing around with the crews of Jäger and Alter Fritz; and the two lovers were flirting with each other to pass time. They haven’t been together for weeks, and really only met each other within the first week of deployment in Russia, their love was quick and eventful however; almost a work of fiction how fast they connected.
“I missed you Fritz,” Jäger commented after a long kiss, she then switched to her seductive voice: “and I haven’t been able to please myself the way you pleased me that one time…”
“Well now that we’re together I could fix your want…” Jäger snatched him, she’s wanted him since he left, and the same can be said for Fritz, the two were extremely horny and desired sex unbearably. “But where would we have our fun?”
“Well, there is one spot that isn’t too far from the base, only about a five minute roll from the houses.” She had a great seductive voice, sometimes Irish wonders if they really only banged once before questioning if they banged almost every day of their relationship. Fritz and she agreed they would go out at sundown. Until then, they convinced their crews to let them go for the night for a ‘reunion’ and were reluctantly approved, and by reluctantly: Jäger held Irish at gunpoint to get him to agree, after all she was considered ‘nude’ without her skirts and anti-anti-tank rocket shields in their places.
Sundown; Fritz starts to get aroused, Jäger is leading him to their spot and the whole time she lets her chassis rock side to side lulling Fritz’s eyes to stare at her ass, her large gorgeous and tasty ass. He felt an erection coming on, it wasn’t banging hard but firm, it was pressing against the inside pocket of his lower hull. Male and female anatomy for tanks is pretty much the same; the genitals are in the same area to prevent them from sustaining battle damage from an anti-tank round. Once they arrive at the thickly forested circle Jäger did a one-eighty and met Fritz in a sexual kiss, Fritz’s cock went mad, he felt it pushing and throbbing in his hull, but he couldn’t let it open up now; it would rocket into the ground and that would ruin the night.
“I can’t hold it back much longer, baby, let’s get started, shall we?” Fritz implied, Jäger smiled a sexy grin and spun back around and raised her rear suspension to elevate her hind end then proceeded to shake it in Fritz’s face. Fritz simply lowers then pops his forward suspension to get a jump up to Jäger’s engine roof; he then adjusts himself and releases the beast in his hull. Male tank scrotums are like manipulator arms in that they can extend and bend to a certain degree at the base for ‘maximum effectiveness for delivering the male key’ when it was really to be able to fuck the shit out of their mate. His package shot out and nearly impaled Jäger’s ass if he wasn’t in a gently sloped position, he then spurs his engine to slowly push him to his spot to fuck Jäger.
“Oh god damn you take a long time! JUST FUCK ME ALREADY!” Jäger was going mad; her hormones were demanding sex now, good long and hard sex.
“Your wish,” Fritz extends his member to her thickened vagina lips and starts stroking them. “Is my command,” He says in his sexual cold monotone voice.
Jäger shudders and groans, each stroke releases her warm juices onto his cock giving Fritz a wave of pleasurable sensations. Fritz continues to rub her pussy, releasing small amounts of his juices exiting his end and being rubbed into her slit. After a good bit of this Jäger grows annoyed by this teasing and slides onto Fritz’s cock, moaning and groaning with hints of pain as Fritz’s member was quite larger than one may think.
’re so tight, warm and wet Jäger, when did you pleasure yourself last?” Fritz asks rhetorically, holding his urge to moan due to the immense pressure on his cock.

Jäger gasps in between moans “The night before you got back, you?” she can feel him throbbing gently inside her, the precum in his dick being forced out by the cum building inside him. She then goes back to her moaning and murmurs.
“Not since you and I last fucked, no time alone to do so.” He answered as he pulled out a little to thrust. Jäger feels this and prepares for his charge, he pulls his hull up towards Jäger’s roof and thrusts his probe deep inside Jäger; who yelps in both pain and pleasure followed by a cry for more. Fritz then ‘humps’ Jäger again, then slightly faster again, and faster, and faster, each blow more pleasurable than the last, until there was no pause between a thrust and a pull and another thrust. Jäger was breathing in bursts now, her vagina felt like it would explode, and her forward suspension let go of strength to put it all in her hind suspension, her chest was being pounded into the ground. Jäger was slick like ice, and felt like a sauna, her vagina was compressing on Fritz’s cock with an unrivaled power and effectiveness; Fritz was growing close, he could feel it a lot stronger now.
“GERRUNG I-MM-CL-OSSE –YAE-GER!” Fritz grunted out, focusing on pounding Jäger’s pussy hard. “AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH” Is all the response he got. He suddenly felt a great increase on the constraint of his dick; Jäger is either close as well or griping him harder consciously. He clenched up tight, holding back his ejaculation as he quickly tried to pull out but Jäger’s manipulators wrapped around him and pushed him back in. “BU-AHHHHH!” Was his response, the immense wave of cum initially stayed put inside Jäger but the sheer amount forced a great deal out between Jäger’s clit and the bottom of Fritz’s throbbing probe. Fritz went brain dead with his orgasm hitting him hard, his suspension went out and he simply rested on Jäger.
“Uh, uh, uh, now, it’s, my, turn-” Jäger then pushed herself up, and lowered herself down, riding Fritz’s cock like a pogo, she moved slowly, and savored the feelings. She moved her hull around to position his member to rub the right-there! “Ahhh-ha-ha that’s the spot!” Jäger announced once she contortioned her body to rub their G-spots together, Fritz didn’t verbally protest but he felt the pain of the tight slow grind and would whimper a little on every push. She rubbed them until they were ‘raw’; forcing two more orgasms out of Fritz, then Jäger grew close to hers…
“OooOOoo! Ah Fritz, make me cum!” She stopped her grinding and let Fritz take over. A malevolent looking smile overtook his face, and he having regained his strength, he FUCKED her. Her mouth watered and she drooled, her eyes rolled back into her ‘head’, and she death griped Fritz’s devastating member then went completely limp and null in her vagina during her explosive orgasm. Fritz didn’t stop there, he continuously pounded her until she could feel her pussy again, and it felt like jello, then he released his final deposit of seeds into her closed vagina. The cervix was beaten but not broken, and Fritz slowly slid off and landed with a thud, the two of them sat on their hull bellies, too exhausted to get up, then sat together in an embrace and a string of kisses.
“I love you Fritz,” Jäger says affectionately, leaning against Fritz.
“I love you too, Jäger,” He replies lovingly, then a face of concern dawns him, “Jäger where is Mini Rommel?”
“Oh he’s still with us; he’s just in the city helping with the recruitment. He’ll be back tomorrow. Why?”
“He usually has a pick-up line we’d joke about right about now…”
Jäger simply puts a finger over his mouth, and leans for another kiss, and is met halfway by Fritz, they relax and watch the stars go by.
“So, Fritz…”
“Yes dear?”
“Tomorrow night, I’m thinking oral…”
“Hah, that’s something I’d want to see us try!”
“Yes but I’ve been wanting to taste you for a long time now, and I think I have an idea on how.”
“Maybe, but we’ll have to see, darling, we’ll have to see.”
“Another thing, love?”
“Yes dear?”
“I’ve been thinking about children…” Fritz is offset by this and sighs deeply, he too has been thinking.
“After this war ends, after, if it ends.”
Fin Chapter 13

Chapter 14
The group was hanging around eating morning chow and talking to the American tank and crew on the radio. The Americans have been trying to teach English to the Germans and the Germans teaching German to who didn’t know already on the American crew, with a good deal of success. Neither Hansel nor Marion talked about last evening; keeping Jäger’s and Fritz’s little adventure secret. After breakfast finished, and
one except Hansel and Marion dispersed, Marion brought up that she needed to pee.
have to what?” Hansel said aghast.

“I need to pee, Hansel.”
“What is supposed to come out exactly?”
“Uh, I need and oil change. Is that better Hansel?” She said sarcastically.
“Yes, I’ll get the tools-” Hansel was cut off by Marion.
“No I can just piss it out while you get the new oil.” She was growing more annoyed.
“Alright then, fine! Why are you getting so pissy?” He asked while handing her a container to release the ‘piss’ into, also a little annoyed.
“I haven’t taken a piss in over two months.” She snapped.
“So what? My car needed an oil change once every six mon-”
“I NEED TO FUCKING PISS DAMNIT!”
With that he shut up and put his hands up as if to say ‘fine-you-win-you-don’t-need-to-be-a-bitch’ and went to get more oil for her. Along the way he passed a Panther tank that definitely belonged to the unit. It was a Panther D model, but along with the standard side skirts it too had extra skirts like Fritz around the sides, rear, and around the turret in a similar manner of the Panzer IVs. Ah the good old Panther D’s! He loved Panthers, on the Russian front when the Tiger I first appeared it was unstoppable, then the T-34-85 came along sporting an 85mm long barrel that could pierce a Tiger’s front like butter, the Panthers however came late just enough and their fronts could deflect anything the Russians shot then. Matched with speed, maneuverability and firepower, the Panther is the best medium tank that ever entered the war; Hansel thought to himself. He noticed some painting on the side of the turret: Mini-Rommel.
Mini Rommel was rolling along, trying to find either Jäger or Alter Fritz, he’d just been relieved from his piss-poor duty as a playground for Hitler Youth children and wanted to talk to a familiar face. While strolling down the tank houses he passes an unrecognized face, he was pretty tall, blonde hair, rank Captain, and had an eye for him, he wasn’t offset by the eyeing, he’d get it a lot; he was one of the best damn tanks the German war machine has produced and he’s damn proud of it. He concluded another heavy tank was added because of the rank and the man being unknown to him, he rarely forgot a face. Not too long after that he comes across a living battle veteran Tiger II awaiting oil in its house. Eager to make a new friend, he rushes over to introduce himself.
“Hello there, my name’s Mini Rommel, but most either call me Mini or Rommel. What’s your name?” He asks optimistically.
“My name’s Marion, nice to meet you Rommel.” She responded cheerfully. Shit. Rommel’s outward completion doesn’t change but on the inside he sags and feels down, he hates having to do this, he feels wrong and stupid. He kicks himself mentally and thinks of a really bad pick-up line. God how I hate this!
He starts flirting with Marion very badly. Marion just lets it happen, wanting to see where this’ll end up for the hell of it. She listens and jokes with him, but in his voice she can pick up a hint of sorrow and regret, she can’t quite pin it but she’d say he’s holding back, and/or doesn’t want to do this. Strange. After three minutes he stops flirting and just talks. Then Hansel gets back with the necessary amount of oil and greets them.
“Hello again Mini Rommel, I see you’ve met Marion.”
“Yes I have, most people either call me Mini or Rommel. You must be Hansel?” Marion noticed his voice, he sounded uplifted, relieved.
“My name is Hansel; do you have a crew, Mini?” Hansel asked.
“No I don’t have a crew; I am one of the experimental tests of performance. I am completely self-sufficient: I load my ammo racks, load my gun, re-fuel myself, really the only things I can’t do effectively are man the hull machine gun, fix myself, close-quarter infantry repelling, to sum it up anything that isn’t part of my body at close quarters.” Hansel was impressed; all his previous assumptions were indeed plausible: Marion could fight for herself if need be.
“So, you must get lonely, I mean you don’t have a crew to company you.” Hansel asked blandly, Mini sighed.
“Yes, I do get lonesome. That’s why I spend the majority of my time with Fritz and Jäger, speaking of which have you seen them around?” He replied in a depressing tone.
“No we haven’t Rommel, not today at least.” Marion said ushered, possibly bored and depressed about his state.
“Alright, I’ll keep looking; it was nice meeting you two. Farewell.” He continued onward in search for his friends.
“Damn that sucks,” Hansel stated, “He doesn’t have a crew. I couldn’t operate alone.”
“He flirted with me horrendously.” Marion started.
“He What?!” Hansel said, jealousy setting in, as well as fling feelings. He starts to rant on but Marion over [illegible] him.
[illegible]n’t mind, actually, I’d say he was either holding back, or he hated flirting with me. You should have

heard some of his lines, they first off sucked and secondly his presentation was downright awful; it was somewhat amusing." Marion talked over him; Hansel was listening, and quite mad that she didn't care. "I feel pitiful of him almost, not emotionally bonding, but empathy maybe."
Marion eventually forced Hansel to agree to let this slide, she did say that she at first only wanted to see him try and fail, and maybe to see if there is something up with him. There was something strange about him, every other day he'd leave the base suddenly at the same time, and return with quarter the amount of fuel he started with before he left. He is a good spirit, and his name originated from Rommel being called The Desert Fox and how Mini and Rommel are both sly and cunning. He's quite playful; he screws around with Irish, Edwards, Whacker and Banker a lot, and sucks worse than Whacker and Banker combined at flirting. Hansel experienced this first hand while working on Marion's radiator… again… he was appalled, enraged, and was only held back from laughing by Marion's hand cupping over his mouth. Hansel agreed that Mini didn't like flirting, that he was hiding something. Soon the winter months would arrive.
"Hey, Inbred." Marion called one morning. "You're a puzzle solver right?"
"Yes I am, why Marion?" He answered.
"I need a favor from you, you know haw Rommel acts strange, I have a hunch why."
"Go on."
"I have two ideas, he's either a spy somehow, or he's got a secret lover."
Inbred was in to it, he loved riddles, Marion gave him all she knew and more reasons why. She felt more on a spy, but Inbred would probably know best. "I got nothing." He states; confusing the shit out of Marion.
"What do you mean?!"
"This is Hansel and your riddle, not mine. I'll give you my idea after, but for now this is yours and yours alone."
Fin Chapter 14

Chapter 15
The group was hanging around the afternoon mess tent on a rainy Sunday when a platoon of Panzer IV's moved to support the battalion finally arrives after the rain stops. The group pays no mind as they pass, Mini was joking with Whacker, Banker, Edwards and Irish, Marion, Fritz, Jäger, Inbred and Hansel were talking not too far from the others. While Banker and Whacker were arguing over who's role was more important or more difficult, nobody really knew what it was exactly just that may have been the topic, the Pz. IV crews disembarked very loudly. They must have been raw recruits none probably older than 20. That is when Hansel heard the splashes of someone running very fast towards him from behind; he had no time to react, before he could turn around he was almost tackled off his feet and enveloped in a bear hug. A sobbing and choking voice piped up.
"I thought you were dead!" Hansel instantly recognized the voice. "Y-Y-Your battalion was listed as…" His voice cracked: "Destroyed!" He then broke into more sobs and gasps for breath.
"Who the hell is this?" Jäger said in an authoritative tone.
"This, this is Anton. Anton Walter. He's my cousin." Hansel said, holding back tears of his own.
"So why is this such an emotional incident for the two of you?" Marion said, she understood family but Hansel wasn't an emotional crying person.
"I pretty much raised him." Hansel said, twisting around to hug his distraught and amazed cousin.
"What-"
"I'll explain later, Marion."
The two let each other go after a long time, Anton was considerably shorter than Hansel, he had to be only 5'5" and 125 pounds. He looked like Hansel only he had a more innocent and young look to his eyes, that was also different; Hansel had brown eyes while Anton had green. Anton kept a high-and-tight haircut and his uniform was spotless; he had a Hitler Youth Iron Cross badge on his chest and the Hitler Youth dagger at his side. Hansel noticed this; he was uplifted to see Anton was taken care of after he left, even the old scars looked like they cleared up! A Pz. IV H model outfitted with armored skirts rolls over and greets the group.
"So this is the Hansel Anton would keep referring to." The Pz. IV was definitely female, her voice gave it away, it was soft and comforting like Marion's, but more mature like Fritz's.
Anton spins around in a flash and answers; "Yes Faust! This is Hansel!" He says very fast bouncing up and down, he then darts towards Faust, jumps onto her sloping front, hops onto the hull roof, then belly flops onto her turret roof and spins around to face the others. Faust simply chuckles softly. The others are somewhat confused as how to act, the scene just went from an emotional reunion to a playful recess from work.
' \ntie, how about you tell Hansel and the others your position in the crew." Faust spoke aloud to Anton,
. .ng up to him while he looked around curiously.

“Oh! I’m Faust’s loader and her mechanic and her camouflage painter!” He said enthusiastically, getting a not bad face and a slow nod from Hansel, Marion shot a sounds familiar face to Hansel, who was different only by being a tank commander.
Anton’s head jerks up and left, he lunges off Faust exclaiming “TREE” and runs off toward a low hanging oak with Irish in the limbs and Edwards at the base. “Here we go again,” Faust sighs as she sluggishly rolls to the tree. Anton gets to the tree and without stopping jumps into a branch and hauls himself up a good bit by the time Faust gets to him.
“Get down from there damnit!” Edwards says aggravated, “You got one too?” Faust asks also aggravated.
“No I have TWO IDIOTS to deal with!” He replies rhetorically yelling into the tree.
“Yeah well you can just shut up! At least I can climb a damn tree!” Irish yells down, crawling towards the other idiot, Franz, who is spooked on the edge of the branch. Anton scrambles up past and stops about three-fourths up and pauses to look down, when Faust calls him down he simply says no. The two keep going back and forth; down-no-down-no-down-no.
“Anton, get down here! Else I’ll shoot you down!” She threatens, “Let’s not and say we did!” Irish shoots back. Franz jumps from branch to branch until he gets to the ground where he bolts for Alter Fritz and Jäger, then to Faust. Anton mopes as he climbs down.
“Alright you little shit now it’s your turn to get down!” Edwards yells at Irish, who is starting slowly down. About halfway he steps on a branch and it gives way, letting him fall through the tree screaming SHIT the whole way until he hits the ground on his back with a thud and a groan. He stands up and brushes the foliage off of his clothes as Edwards walks over.
“Damnit Irish!” He sounds loudly as he smacks Irish over the head with his hat.
“Gah! WhatIdo!?” Irish asks quickly and in an elevated pitch.
“Well first you scared the damn cat off. Then you fell halfway out a tree you scrump!”
Faust goes on rambling about how Anton’s ruining his nice uniform and how one day he’s going to go off and get himself hurt while she pulls him to sit on her sloping front and holds him there with her arm as a lap-belt picking the bits of tree out of his uniform and hair while also wiping off his face. Meanwhile Hansel starts to explain his history with Anton to Marion, Inbred, Jäger, and Fritz.
“It starts when I was eight years old; he was only four and didn’t have the best start in life. His father left him and his mother when he was born, and his mother was only around for maybe three years; and during those three years all she did with him was go to work and feed him, otherwise she left him with my grandmother to take care of him but when Anton was three and a half she demanded that Anton’s mother be around more. She would go out to the bars or the corners and bring home men of all sorts and they’d only last about two-three days before they’d disappear, Anton’s home was across the street from mine and I’d go over to his apartment after school and teach him some basic skills like counting, spelling, writing, speaking, manners, and about some history. I would take care of him by bringing foods, water, clothes, grooming utensils, soaps, that kind of stuff. When he was six his mother would start beating him in drunken spurs, I found out and I’d either be there to defend him, or I’d usually opt for taking him over to my house and letting him sleep in my room, safe from his mother. He started grade school and I would walk him from my house to the school every day, I gave him some lunch, a bag, and some change for the day, but being small he was pushed around by the other boys and beat up a few times, and he’d lose all I’d given him that day. The worst beating was when he was nine, the bigger kids at school had pinned him to the wall and punched his gut, kicked his legs, elbowed his chest, and crushed his arms before lunch, he said he threw up a bit, and left school and barely got home, that’s where his mother was, a drunk mess and pissed that he was at home, she beat him even more, around the head, back, and waist region. He was bleeding a good bit when he got out as best he could and made a dash to my apartment building, he fell in the road and crawled to the door when he passed out from blood loss, my mother found him in the lobby and took him upstairs to our home and called me out of school. I knew something was bad when I was told it was urgent and found the blood trail still in the road. Anton was lucky to be alive; when he was conscious I told him he wasn’t a part of that household anymore that I will take care of him fully from now on, mother and father supported me and helped me when I needed it. Something that week made me very enraged and I demanded to know who the kids who did this to him were and where I could find them over the school break, I found them, all five of them, and I beat each one of their asses shitless without mercy. None of them died but my message was clear, none of them touched Anton again. I saw him through thick and thin, through the best and worst of times, I helped him with schoolwork, with social problems, I fed him, clothed him, cared for him when nobody else did, he was very active, he’d run around constantly, he couldn’t sit still or think about one subject longer than a minute to save his life, he got into trouble a lot, for horseplay, insubordination, that
He never once saw the wilderness, great trees, wild animals, none of that, all he saw was promotion
ers, pictures, poverty, and then Hitler Youth groups; he wanted to be a Hitler Youth so bad, he’d beg me

and beg me to sign him up, but I didn't let him. I was afraid of what they'd turn him into, whether it is a failure or a cold blooded, heartless, incompetent Nazi, but I had hoped it may shape him up better than I could, and from what I can see, it did the latter. He must have joined after I left for basic's school, he cried when I left, begged me not to go, he told me right as I left: I wanted to be like you; now how am I going to do that Hansel!? Please don't leave me!" Hansel got more and more emotional as his story progressed. He didn't start crying or choking, but this is the most emotional he's ever been around anyone other than Marion, Inbred was completely breath taken by this. The moment of awe was short lived, as Anton was running after Franz he had recently met with Faust, who was chasing after him pleading at this point to stop, followed by Irish and Edwards chasing after Franz but still behind Faust. Franz ran underneath Fritz, and only downed for a moment, Anton switched to a game of chase, chanting "You can't catch me! You can't catch me!"
"Oh I'll catch you Antie! Mark my words: I'll catch you!" Faust taunted Anton, playfully chasing after him, Irish and Edwards had no idea that Franz was under Fritz and continued to chase Faust believing she was chasing Anton who is chasing Franz. Jäger, Fritz, and Inbred realized this and couldn't help but laugh the ass of their chassis off, except Inbred, he just laughed his normal and scrawny ass off.
"So, you pretty much raised him his whole life?" Marion asks a bit concerned as she watches the comic scene go on.
"Yes I guess one could say so. Why?"
"I'm starting to reconsider having kids."
"Well, I tried my best I'd say." Hansel said hopefully. "That doesn't help." Marion replies.
Hansel smiles awkwardly and slowly nods. He stays quiet for a while then is hit with what Marion has just proposed. He's quite offset and his facial expression turns toward the horrified side. He looks over to Marion and meets her ever-comforting gaze and asks a bit questioningly: "Kids?" Marion's face scrunches up and she snaps out "No not now! Of course not now. Later on in time. Maybe after the war." Hansel takes a deep refreshing breath and releases in a sigh of confidence and relief. Marion smiles and instantly starts teasing with him again.
"I'm still rethinking that decision based on the turn out of your first child…" She says, gesturing to Anton running circles around Faust as she playfully laughs and tries to chase him with her turret spinning as fast as it could. Irish and Edwards found out that Franz was somewhere else and had given up in the chase and were exhausted and lying down in the mud near Faust, Irish not giving a fuck about the muddy mattress while Edwards was half-assed kicking at him to get up.
"Ehhh- I tried my best at the time, I'll do better with ours, okay Marion?" Hansel asks as he leans against Marion, who wraps her manipulator arms around him in a warm and gentle python hug while they hold hands. "HmmHmmHmm, we'll see Hansel."
Fin Chapter 15

Chapter 16
Once everybody calmed down and regained strength lost in their fun, they all huddled around in a large circle, sitting on their assigned tanks, Whacker and Banker had stopped arguing, Franz slept underneath Fritz's gun mantle, Edwards was sitting on the commander's cupola hatch, Jäger sat left of Fritz with Irish passed out sprawled out, a muddy mess, on her roof, to Jäger's left sat Marion with Hansel sitting on her turret in line with her gun while banker leaned against her cheek sitting on the hull and Whacker siting in his position with the hatch un buttoned, Inbred was sitting in the loader's hatch, while Meats was cooking up a supper, he was fed up with what they served here. Left of them was Faust and Anton lying on his belly on Faust's turret roof with his head propped up with his elbows and hands. To the left of Faust and right of Fritz sat an empty space.
"Wasn't there a modified Panther with you guys earlier?" Faust asked intrigued.
"Yes there was. Where is Rommel?" Hansel replied, also concerned.
"Damnit you two! I told you guys to keep an eye on him!" Marion said angered as she smacks Whacker and Banker up-side the heads with her manipulators.
"We were!" Whacker says sporadically, defending himself, "He kept mumbling I'm going to be late, and she's definitely not going to this time, then we started arguing- (Banker pipes up about the argument again) – shut up Banker- and that's when we looked over and he was gone, not a sound as I can remember!" Marion continues to look sternly at the two who appeared like scolded children.
"He went that way then turned right." Anton states, pointing just left of the oak tree he climbed, then drags his hand right slowly, "And he went off into the woods a bit, then Faust yelled me down." Marion curses
r her breath.
n't see why it bothers you so much," Inbred said to her, "He can't be a spy, think about it: we aren't

informed of any key details, we're still here and alive, he is still alive and he would make a terrible spy. He has shitty cover ups and presentation, along with the fact he would be a Russian spy on the Western front? Not logical at all." He made a point; Marion knew he'd always make a point, and smiles.
"Now all that's left is one option." Her smile grew maliciously. "Hey Hansel, let's start us a good fire, now seems like a good idea!" Hansel is quite stunned by this, he's never thought she could be this hell bent on something. His expression says worried, she did go from being extremely shy to exposing others of their secrets. In less than a month.
"So you want me to go get fire wood out where Rommel disappeared?" Hansel asks as he slides her side and pops off the skirt. Marion just smiles and looks him in the eye with an: I'll pay you back glare, Hansel doesn't care about the I'll pay you back but trudges off anyway.
After about eight minutes alone, Hansel starts to talk to himself like he thought he did before Marion, he rambles on in English, trying to practice it, he wanders through the woods for a while, deeper and deeper, talking more and more. He stumbles upon a toppled tree, baked in the sun by a clearing, dried out from the rain about two-three hours ago; he visually marks it and out of the blue, spots and indicator of the topper. German tank treads. He tracks them for maybe a half mile then hears Mini-Rommel, speaking English! Holy Shit where did he learn that? Hansel asks to himself, still talking aloud. He comes across Mini's flank view, he covers in the bushes and observes. Mini continues to speak broken English, to someone else, he can't see them, Minis in the way. Then Mini stops talking, he was flirting, very, very, well, making his previous shows look completely faked and purposely shit. Then another voice starts about wanting to stop hiding and come out to Mini's friends, it was feminine, a different broken English tone, there was something familiar in that voice, a certain dialect he remembers from the-
"Russians!" Hansel blurts out unconsciously, still in his think aloud mode, Mini instantly jumps back, scared shitless, revealing Hansel's only nightmarish fear: a T-34-85, also scared shitless, looking right at Hansel. Hansel freaks shit, he shoots up unable to conjure a scream, hitting his head on a tree branch and is launched out into the open by his mass changing direction. Mini-Rommel moves in between Hansel and the T-34 crying please don't hurt her! Please don't! Hansel finally screams in terror as he kicks and thrashes toward the bush he fell from, he slowly starts to breathe, extremely fast but he's not screaming, and realizes he's still alive and partially recomposes himself to point a shaking hand and finger at Mini.
"WHO IS SHE?!" Hansel demands, completely terrified, he notices his hands are white, and expect his face to be white as well, it was.
"Her name… is Kramia, and she WON'T HURT YOU!" Rommel screams to be heard over Hansel's burst of panicked screams. "You actually decided and argument we've been having." He turns to Kramia and speaks to her in Russian, quite fluent Russian, better than his English.
"I'll speak in German then, better than my English." She says in perfect German, she calms Hansel down with Mini's help to where Hansel could talk in his usual tone.
"So why do you speak English? How?" Hansel asks, and is told it was supposed to be their 'secret language' but that proved flawed, and by radio channels do they learn. Hansel learns that Mini can speak Russian fluently and Kramia can speak German fluently, obviously. After some questions and answers, once the sun downed Mini-Rommel swallowed his pride and agreed to take them to the camp after Hansel gathered the pre-found fire wood.
"You have no idea how badly Marion wanted to know this," Hansel said, still squirming in front of Rommel's gun mantle, "I think I could have gone without."
"Yes, now you know. I'm deeply sorry for the things I've said to her." Rommel says, flipping the coin on Hansel.
"It's alright, I understand why- wait, you knew about me and Marion?" He asks a little frightened.
"Yes I knew for almost the whole time. Except the first day, I didn't know then."
"Now you don't have to do that anymore, Mir." Kramia said, Hansel asked what she said and she clarified that she calls him Mir instead of Mini, or Rommel, or Mini-Rommel. Once they arrive at the huddled group Marion chant she knew it repeatedly. They build the fire and the two lovers explain themselves as to why they were hiding this, and then how Hansel reacted.
"Hansel, why did you scream when you saw me?" Kramia asked him. Hansel sighed, and prepared his answer.
"Back when I was in Russia as a Tiger I gunner, I used to not fear you, or anything you had, it would bounce off the Tiger's armor. Then, that changed, obvious enough, in the closing days of Operation Citadel. We were in the south group, the reserves that were to advance past the main force once the defensives were gone, and we were met by a whole division of T-34s and I didn't know but also T-34-85s. We were warned
u 85s, that they can puncture our Tiger's frontal armor, but no one in our regiment had seen one and
to describe it, anyway, we came down a hill crest, and tried to plow right through." Hansel starts

growing darker in tone, and holds back his full emotions, “I’ll never forget that sight, I can still see that tank jump as it fired, then it went blank. I hit my head on the sights and slipped out of mind, I thought I was dead, but I awoke to see Karl the loader painted against the inside, and Brüno our commander dead and missing a leg, Erwin the driver wasn’t responding, and Whacker was passed out snoring at the radio, my legs where torn up and Whacker’s left arm was too, the shot went straight through the mantle on the loader’s side, and exploded. That 88 gun receiver is the only reason I’m alive. The next thing I know is I feel like we’re moving, but Erwin wouldn’t respond, then I wake up and I’m being hauled up through the cupola hatch by German medics. I just wish to see Erwin again, to thank him for saving my life, for saving Adam’s life.” Hansel gestures toward Whacker, who’s asleep at the radio, “For saving our lives.” Hansel can’t hold back any longer, the day was too emotional that he started to cry. Marion hugged him tight.
“What was the Tiger’s number?” Rommel asks as if he had just had a realization.
“3-3-1, why?” Rommel smiles open mouth still, showing his sharp panther mimicking teeth arrangement.
“Because I was there, you were a special Tiger to roll in; the fact that only two of the five man crew was warm to the touch still was interesting…” Hansel stopped crying and looked Rommel in the eyes begging him to elaborate what it meant. “Yes, sadly Erwin the driver was long dead.”
Hansel started trembling, all along his first deployment protector and destroyer was alive. Hansel sat in sheer amazement; he was on that thing for a year-and-a-half and not once did he ever think it be living, same for Marion but she came out after a month of Hansel talking to her unknowingly, he wondered, was it a male or female, what was its personality traits, why this, why that, but one thought kept popping up: why did it save us? Marion’s told him how hard it is to run solo when she first tried, and that moving through mud was almost impossible without Banker or a driver working the engine and controls, so why did it put forth so much effort? Then a familiar voice pipes up.
“What do we have here?” Edwards, awakened Irish, Inbred, and Anton snap to the position of attention. The Lt. Colonel was here. Hope fled from Rommel’s eyes, Kramia knew the stories of him, and sunk as well.
“Five German tanks and a group of crewmen. And. One. Russian. Tank.” They all sunk, they knew he’d have her out within the week, no the next 24 hours, Munich had factories. Rommel started to weep.
“Now, you all know me, I’m strict, by the book, up-tight, a cold bastard, right? But take this to mind, all men have breaking points, where they can’t take it at all, the last straw so-to-say, and this straw is more like a broom, and said broom is up my ass.” The group knew what was to be done with a captured weapon: disassembly.
“And that broom can ram all it wants but that won’t stop me from fucking its ass hole!” The group was stunned; did the strictest man on base just say fuck you to the book? “I accept this, and the Colonel has no authority under the field of captured weapons, so my say goes, and you are free to do as the other tanks may do. My only condition is be prepared to get a fresh coat of paint, and say good-bye to those ugly red stars, have a good night everyone” With that he left and went to his quarters.
Rommel and Kramia rejoiced, she began jumping up and down excitedly using her torsion-bar suspension. The others breathe a sigh of relief, and Whacker finally wakes up due to Kramia and flips shit when he sees her, similar to Hansel, and buttons up his hatch and sits inside Marion until they persuade him otherwise. Kramia tries as well, using his name which freaks him out even more, HOW THE FUCK DOES IT KNOW MY NAME! Eventually he calms down and opens up the hatch, and then they go on about how he missed the best thing to happen at the base yet. The two lovers cuddle, and whisper to each other, all anyone else hears is tomorrow night, after the pretty paint is done, then Mini-Rommel perks up and is as energized as Anton, who must have given it all to him because he passes out on Faust’s head those two call it, a.k.a. turret as the other call it.
Fin Chapter 16

Chapter 17
Early the next morning, Mini-Rommel was awoken by an excited Kramia, she couldn’t contain herself, overjoyed at the fact she was accepted into Mother Russia’s most bitter rival’s tank division without a hitch! She was bouncing on her suspension and rocking side to side, eager to get fully appointed to Mini’s side of the war, once Mini finally woke up fully, he looked to Kramia and acknowledged her energy level and was answered by their first French kiss. Mini was shocked at first, then let it happen and closed his eyes and returned his half to her, their tongues pushed by each other, lovingly caressing and moving around each other in the other’s mouth. Kramia found his lips to be softer than they appeared and his mouth warm and welcoming, while Mini felt Kramia’s lips as full, tender, and pleasant and her mouth warm and, like her tongue, very caressing and active. They savored one another for what felt to them as forever, they then ed back and withdrew from the kiss, and just smiled at each other. They sat in quiet embracing each r with their manipulators and up against each other enjoying their company, Mini had to hold back his

awoken lust for her excited by the kiss, ti was demanding to be met, but he resisted, it was too early and they were outside awaiting the painters to show up any minute. Then along comes the tank group, the group forms their usual circle, and Hansel, Anton, Inbred and Irish show up with painting utensils and supplies.
“So, you guys are my painters?” Kramia asks them, who nod their heads yes, “Are they good?” She asks the tanks.
“My two painted me,” Marion responds, proud of their work, “Same for me,” Faust says as she opens a can of paint for Anton who insists on himself using the crowbar to open it.
“To the best of his supplies’ abilities.” Says Jäger, as she looks at Irish with a ‘you’ve-got-to-be-fucking-stupid’ face. The paint he opened was completely solid, a whole gallon of paint dry, and he was holding it upside down smacking the bottom of it for a reason unclear to anyone else.
“Damnit Irish! This is why we can’t have nice things!” Edwards says, yanking the paint can form him.
“No this is why we can’t have things.” He replies as he takes it back, then chucking it off to the distance.
“Well there’s no yellow.”
“We weren’t going to use yellow; we’re making her look like Rommel.” Hansel answers as he dips his brush in the paint and starts painting the frontal glacis. Anton exclaims he can do this and climbs all around Kramia painting the outline of his color, a darker green, and in two minutes has outlined the green placement for the whole tank. Curious Inbred, who has to paint over the base colors with his small amount of yellow paint for the spots and slashes, asks her of their production methods.
“To simply put it imagine a crushed ant mound” Inbred looks at her with a face of ‘how-dare-you-think-I-want-a-simpleton’s-answer and she begins to elaborate in her hyped up and comic mood. “We Russians like to mass produce everything, and the way I could describe it to you is this: picture a giant catapult sitting in the front of a factory, now that catapult is the supplier of tanks to the front lines, and the factory is just streaming out tanks, and the catapult launches them: T-34, T-34, T-34, BOX of T-34s, T-34, T-34, and so on.” The time of explaining the T-34s being launched she was using one of her manipulator arms as a figure for a catapult arm, jerking it up at every T-34 then resetting it, then describes the KVs as getting stuck at the factory doors because they’re too fat and the tank destroyers begging to be sent to the front but being denied. As she tells of the battle tactics of Russia (just shoot/kill/both them) Marion notices Irish’s can is rusty.
“Hey Irish, your paint can looks rusted through, you might want to secure it better.”
“Naw, it’ll be just fine, see?” He shakes the can up and down strongly, it holds for a while then as he is coming to his final sections the bottom falls along with all the paint, everyone laughs as Irish tries to scrape paint off the inside of the remaining can.
“The retardation, it surrounds you Irish!” Edwards cries as he laughs uncontrollably, “I’m not the brightest tool in the shed, okay?” Irish responds as he starts to join in with the others. Inbred makes a remark correcting the phrase, then he accidentally knees his half-filled can of yellow paint, the bottom flies off sending the paint all over his legs.
“THE RETARDATION IS SPREADING!” At this remark Kramia’s gun drops as low as it can go and she laughs so hard it sounds like muffled gasps for air. They started painting again, with what was left of the paint; the last section to be painted was the rear glacis and engine exhaust covers and pipes. As they started painting, Mini noticed that when the brushes stroked the exhaust covers, Kramia looked like she was excited, sexually excited, they’ve never had sex before, but he knew when she was horny and vice-versa. He took note on that sensitivity, he couldn’t help but grin. Two years they’ve loved each other, and today they finally had their first real kiss, and tonight have their first intercourse, they looked at each other and held each other’s hand.
Inbred took the black paint and brush to outline the cross on the sides of the turret, then he plants the brush between the hands of Mini-Rommel and Kramia.
“I feel that you should do the honors.” He says then backs away. The two try to fill in the outline to the best of their abilities but can’t help but chuckle at the pitiful attempt to be perfect. They fuck it up of course but she doesn’t care and insists on letting it be. “It’ll be our little mark.” She declares.
“Now all she needs is some extra skirt armor and the assimilation will be complete.” Irish says in a malicious way, along with a creepy and disturbing smile as he looks toward an abandoned metal-can house. “Damnit Irish, you and your creepy shit!”
A small group of them go to the shack to collect and plan out the placement and arrangement of the skirts, the only ones that don’t go are Marion, Hansel, Mini-Rommel, Faust, Jäger, Fritz, and the Colonel, who has the tendency to appear out of nowhere. He startles those still not accustomed to his random drop, and once the appropriate greetings are over he makes an announcement:
“ may have noticed that we’ve been starting to get a lot of sentiment machines lately, and I would like to ain the significance of it.” He says in his usual typical Colonel voice, pipe in place, “It’s no coincidence we

started out with an unusual amount of living tanks, they've popped up before, the first one I met was with your father actually, Captain Walter, she was a A7V named Elfriede, shame that the Brits got ahold of her. Anyway, we've been designated as the battalion of the living tanks, and pretty soon a flood of new living machines from all fronts should be showing up, a Marder II, a Grillie, two Hummels, some StuG IIIs, a Pz. III, a Tiger, a JägdPanther, more Pz IVs, there's more I just can't remember them all right now. Many of them are from special groups so; things might get a little weird." And with that he left, but then turns around and yells: "Looks like the Tiger's here now!" Then he continues on.
"That one was special," Mini says with a large grin after spotting it, Hansel leans around him, "Only two warm bodies." With that Hansel's legs felt shredded and an unbearable pain was felt for the second time. 3-3-1 was painted on the turret storage box. He almost fainted, fell, but not quite fainted. Whacker on the other hand, who noticed Kramia's disappearance and decided to come out of hiding, went wide eyed, dropped his jaw open, and ate shit. Hansel struggles to get up, staggers over to Whacker, fumbles to get a good hold still staring at the red 331 outlined in white, then he proceeds to drag Whacker like a dead body to their life saver from all that time ago. When they get to the huge side of the tank, Whacker looks up and seems to be at the verge of crying, he learned not too long ago that the tank was alive. Hansel is amazed and an unbelieving grin takes the replacement form of the awe-inspired one.
"We know your there," He began, looking like he's insane talking to a tank that appeared as a non-living. "We know what you did for us, it's me, Hansel Walter, and this, this is Adam Kirkman. We're all grown up now, you don't have to hide anymore, we can take it," He began to lose hope, he thought there's been a long time from then to now, and it was pretty beaten, is this, a rebuild? He started to retreat within himself again, when Whacker burst out in a crying manner "SPEAK DAMN IT! WE'RE TRYING TO THANK YOU YOU COLD BASTARD!"
"Hey, better watch what you're yelling to," A female said, the two men perked up, thinking it was the Tiger, but instead it was the driver opening up the hatch, the two retreated back to depression. "Someone of upper stature may think you as crazy." The two men were about to say something, but the woman started commanding them to get away and threatening them, for neither of them were wearing a uniform to show they outranked her, then a deep male voice sounds. "Stop, they're with me, we go back." Whacker starts to cry again, Hansel is awestruck again. The woman seems shocked and asks how, apparently he told them that he never had a crew, they were his first.
"I'm sorry, but I've lied to you about my previous deployment. This is Hansel Walter, my former gunner, and Adam Kirkman, my former hull gunner. I never revealed myself, to them, I was ordered to for you to help inspire confidence get you all battle ready, and to be an effective team as soon as possible, these two here are the only survivors of my previous crew. After I was shot in the mantel on the loader's side, it went off incinerating the loader, ripping off the commander's leg leading him to bleed to death, shrapnel shredded Hansel's legs and Adam's left arm and shoulder, and ripped my driver's neck in half. While these two were unconscious I pulled myself to the nearest outpost and got them medical treatment. I planned to reveal myself to them, to tell them personally what happened, but I never saw them again." Adam was crying, and sitting against one of Tiger's outer road wheels while Hansel stood next to him patting him on the back. "I feel like I'm interrupting now, I apologize most sincerely, I'll let you three have time alone to catch up." With that the driver left, they sat in quiet for about five minutes, then Tiger explained what happened after them, basically his new deployment as part of a full female tank crew. All pretty attractive he boasts. "Lucky bastard…" Whacker finally says, Tiger chuckles, "At least you haven't changed, Adam."
They talk for hours, Hansel talks about his new role, Marion, Tiger brings up that he is also in a human relationship, but doesn't say exactly who. Funny, even when we know his greatest kept secret he keeps us in the dark. Whacker thought, then he brings up his thoughts, the new crew he's with on Marion, then they all talk about past times, the new faces on the base, Hansel explains the T-34-85 that is scaring both Whacker and Tiger to death almost, and eventually calms them down when Kramia and Mini-Rommel engage in a long, long, really long kiss, which makes Hansel think the cause of that kiss may indicate, realizes it and turns bright red in embarrassment, and amusement, while Whacker is still thinking of trusting her or not. Tiger's face is not like Marion's obviously, his eyes are more like Jäger's in that they are mounted forward, not on the angled side like Marion or Fritz, his is on the mantle above the gunner's sight and equally spaced on the other side of his 88 gun, his mouth is also not under the gun, but under the mantle, so it's on the underside of the gun mount's overhang. At about 9:00 P.M., they break away, and go their separate ways; Whacker goes to mess hall then his bunk while Hansel goes to Marion. She asks him about the Tiger I, if he had a nickname, Hansel didn't even ask, too late now he says and they start talking lovingly. Meanwhile, the two sly lovers slip away in the night, all the while French kissing, their seemingly new thing, to fulfill their promises to each other the night before.

Fin Chapter 17

Chapter 18

Kramia and Mini were locked in a long, sensual and sexual kiss; once they pulled away they eyed each other in the eye, silently thinking the same thing. They have developed such strong bonds they think the same, and can have a whole conversation with one another silently by just looking into their eyes' and thinking about the subject, a sort of telepathy. Under the cover of mostly darkness, the two turn in a certain direction, and drive off together quietly, holding and kissing each other fondly. They break through the trees and come across a trail that looked so natural only a surveyor could possibly tell the difference between a natural and this unnatural trail, they get to a small opening, enclosed on all by dense forests, and they finally talk. Dirty.

"Oh I'm going to fuck you so hard tonight!" Mini exclaims in his Russian voice, which he's quite fluent in.

"Is that so? Compared with what I'll do to you I'll have to drag you back!" Kramia says in her excellent German speech. Tempting him with sly movements away from him, they move around the perimeter like they were stalking each other.

"It'll be borderline rape, my dear-"

"Prove it then!" She does an immediate one-eighty spin and thrusts her hind quarters upward, revealing her purged lips from the nether region. Mini is mystified, he never thought it'd look that good, the way the moon hit her seam made the silver-gray metal sheen and sparkle, probably because she was extremely wet, but still, the way it split was magnificent. There was perfect symmetry with the halves; its shape looked like a connected exclamation mark, the profound clit at the bottom forming the dot, the placement was in the center of the rear lower glacis plate, different from German tanks because theirs is under the hull, however the armor plates used to protect it aren't as thick as Kramia's. She turned her turret to look at him out of the corner of her eye.

"What's wrong? Russian got you cat?" She was making fun out of his tank name, Panther, when she did, he snapped out of his trance, and rolled up to her hind where she lowered it, and awaited him to mount. He mounted with ease, simply rolling onto the sloped upper portion using it as a ramp, no jumping was needed. He moved until he was ready, and released his strengthened member from its housing, and pressed it against her lips then proceeding to stroke up and down, feeling her hot lips on his end, all his for the taking, she was moaning, and revving her engine, turning both of them on and horny even more, his cock grew harder and longer than it ever has before, shocking Mini at first, jolting him when it started painfully throbbing and demanding penetration. He smiled as he remembered her sensitive area; he let many of his manipulators, most without hands or 'stubbies' as he calls them, caress, fondle, sooth and stimulate her two exhaust pipes and their armored casings.

"Ahhhh, deeper Mir, go deeper…" Kramia let out in a low sigh, the joy the exhaust outlets were having made her diesel sound off loud and proud, all the while Mini was still stroking her pussy lips with his throbbing cock. He did go deeper, two of his stubbies slithered into her two exhaust pipes, one each, and trekked in a spiral deeper towards her engine block, she was growing hotter and hotter, and her cries were louder and louder. He reached out with one outside and stroked her left cheek, she grabbed his palm with one of hers and gripped it tight, painfully almost, she loved this! Her pipes were stuffed, she felt him pushing against the pipes, expanding them while they were hot and malleable, his dick was at her split, rubbing her lips against her cold plating, pinching them, sending waves of sensations to her, his grip on hers is warm and comforting. It started to drizzle, then he reached her engine, she ceased up immediately and gasped in short quick breaths, he knew she had enough of that and pulled his arms back. He didn't want to turn her off; he hasn't fucked her yet…

Hansel and Marion watched as Kramia and Mini drove off to the woods, Hansel drifted to the sky; cloudy, but still beautiful with a bright moon and stars shining down. Marion asked about his former host, the Tiger, about his story. Hansel told her about his assignment, and he figured is how he, Hansel, was purposely put in command of a living tank for a reason, because he apparently already had experience before with such topics. Marion asked about how he's doing now, and Hansel explains his new station of being a mentor for a tank crew of just female tankers, and how he's in a relationship with one. The thought of how sex would play out for them excited Marion, she ignored most of what Hansel was saying and was eyeing his body, and slowly backing up toward the tree line so Hansel, still gazing at the stars, wouldn't notice. She feels herself hit a tree on her rear, and stops and starts seducing Hansel, her favorite pastime, and is quite effective what with days of practice because there was nothing to do helping. They start stripping Hansel as the clouds roll in the night sky and release their payload down upon them.

Hansel is half naked when Marion curses and beckons him inside her turret to hide from the rain, not [illegible]ing him to get muddy in a real fuck, where he'd be under her in the mud sloshing about, that'd be [illegible]y hard to cover up. He plants himself on his commanding seat and lets Marion's internal manipulators

surround him, Marion is still horny, and is very hard to sway away. She sneaks two handless manipulators into his pants, one from the bottom of his right pant leg, the other from his waistband, they meet at the groin, and stroke Hansel's half-hardened penis to wake it up again while two handed manipulators undo his pants fly. Hansel quickly catches on when the two in his pants pops his stiffened cock out the fly. Marion wraps the two handless ones around his dick, and lets a handless one down at her sensitive region emerge and circle her clit.
"Wait, this isn't fair, I get all the fun!" Hansel states rhetorically.
"No I owe you, remember last night?" Marion reassures him; he looks down and shakes his head.
"No, no, no, you don't owe me for that. I'm sure of it, you don't owe me."
She proceeds anyway, the upper manipulator arm tightens up to get a better grip, and starts running up and down the shaft, slow at first, to test the range she can pull either way, once she has that down, she picks up the pace. Down under, Marion's little friend is lubed up from her own juices and is racing up and down her lips, and circling her clit, and occasionally popping in for a relube and for sheer amusement, on Hansel's end she grips hard and jerks fast, Marion's been holding onto Hansel's hands for a while now, and she can feel his grip tightening, and his back and legs squirming, her own actions are producing similar reactions from her, and she picks up the pace even more until she is doing what Hansel is doing: gripping, shuddering and squirming, and taking short gasps and sighs in quick intervals.
"I can't last much more-" He gasps out, "Where's it going?"
"I don't give a fuck." She blurts out fast, also heightened to the verge of her climax.
Hansel cums right after that, letting out a long sigh and a deep breath, then he leans over to his left against the inside of the turret, Marion starts squeezing his body tighter, Hansel blurts out Marion's constraining him then he realizes she'll be done soon, so he takes in a deep breath while he can and holds it, letting Marion constrict him like a python and continue to beat away at his meat. She doesn't last all that much longer, she suddenly stops shuddering and releases, both pressure in her vagina and in her suspension, hydraulics, and grip on Hansel and his softening member, realizing he finished and was beating a horse's dead meat. As she sinks to the ground, to lie and rest on her hull belly, she brings up:
"So… if I don't owe you… wouldn't you now… owe me?" She says, taking heavy breaths between every phrase. Hansel nods and agrees, both exhausted Hansel clears out what life support gear was left in the back of the turret and curled up in a ball to sleep in the space, Marion's arms as a blanket and a sleeping roll as a pillow.
"I wonder how the other two are doing…" Marion asks in a perky mood, trying to start a late-night conversation.
Mini pulled out the stubbies and had them circle Kramia's exhaust pipe opening, restarting her lustful engine and prompting her back to her previous sexual level. He paused with the stroking, and pulled back, causing Kramia to protest, but her cries turned from pleading no to pleading more, as he thrusts inside her and comes across her plush wall. He probes it waiting for Kramia to move it, he knew that female tanks can move it to prevent pregnancy, or at least German tanks can…
"Kramia, are you going to move it?" He asks as he plucks at it.
"What my cervix? No we can't move that, what made you think we could?" She asks him, he answers that the German tank designer told Jäger this while on the eastern front. "Well I can't! Besides… I've heard great things if you'd just push on…" She says seducing, Mini can't stand being half in and out, so he pushes on through, evoking a pleasured groan from Kramia, and the best sensation Mini's ever felt in his existence. She was soft, but firm, tight, yet loose, she had a sort of softness on the outer layer that moved like a case then a firm and constricting layer underneath, creating a blend of feelings that merged together under the awesome amount of heat and soaking conditions. He felt trickles of her wet liquids run down the exposed areas of his cock, and felt them go into his seam for his member's housing, and it set off an alarm.
"Kramia, there's nothing to stop me from impregnating you is there?" He asked concerned
"No, please don't… I don't want to be put out of service on day one. Please don't let it happen!" She begs, confidently however, knowing she can trust him.
"I won't, precious." He answers as he begins pumping in and out of her, every thrust into the cervix releases a loving moan or groan or yelp from the both of them. He pounds her and pounds her, hard and fast, so good Kramia's eyes rolled back and she started to drool a little. One of Mini's manipulators found her clit amidst the ramming, and proceeded to circle it, compress it, grip it, anything that made Kramia moan more, then he started to feel it coming on, he slowed the pace and power, letting Kramia regain her wits and figure out what she wants next from him.
"Kramia… I-I-I'm closssse… I neeeed to stop!" With that he retracts out, and lets his pressure subside, while
' 'd that, Kramia set him up for her onslaught.
 urn, baby dear." She backs up do a wide and deep ditch, still carrying Mini on her back, and dumps his

ass into the ditch, leaving him stuck, and nose to the sky, while his dick sticks out proudly. Kramia gets a glimpse of it, it looked so mighty and powerful, long and wide, a silver metallic casing covered with little sensors and at the tip, a vertical slit for their future children to claim their spot in the world, she thought. The base merged into something inside the hull, still closed off on the inside, she backed up to his shaft, and pressed the underside against her loosened seam, squeezing it between the hulls where she slid a couple of her manipulators into the base slit.

“Well, well, what are these you’re hiding from me?” She found his testicles, and was pulling and pushing them around inside their hull housing. Mini can’t see anything she’s doing with his body in the way.

“Those are my balls, p-please be gentle…” He shuddered and stammered, protective of his sensitive sack, being pricked and probed around inside him, the feeling was eerie; he gave in to her tugs, and opened enough for his sack to slip out. For now.

“Now I can start.” Up and down she slides, pressing against his hull belly and sandwiching his member in the middle, pulling the seed pipes and tubing up, in turn pulling the attached testicle sack up with her motions, and then dropping the package down back to place. After a few repetitions the manipulators holding his testes released and retracted, and he discretely slipped them back inside, safe and sound. Kramia continued in her grinding, every once and a while the grip would slip, letting his member deeper inside by a centimeter or two, then after an unknown amount of time, it slipped again only the rain water built up with her wet oils sent his whole package inside her and was pressing hard on the roof of her vagina. They were taken by surprised and took in a quick gasp of air, then sat there for a moment until she rolled forward, to set the bent-up member to its more natural shape then rushed back on it, almost tipping Mini onto his turret. Once he was inside her cervix, she gripped tight, and rocked to and fro, pulling him with her; the fine movements between their two sensitive parts sent both of them into another world of stimulation with their engines humming in an idle as this was the only noise uttered by them while they thought to each other.

“Kramia I need to pull out!” Mini suddenly snaps back to reality and feels how close he is.

“Mmmmm, just a little more…-” She says still entranced, Mini flips out at how close he is and uses all his manipulators to throw her off his approaching orgasm. She’s shocked back once he throws her, not far, only a foot from his tip, but is enough to send her to reality, she spins her turret around in haste when he releases a pleasured moan, to see a trickle of seed come out, the moonlight made it appear like platinum, it looked irresistible… As Mini rambles on apologizing for the near impregnation, Kramia turns around licking her ‘lips’ and coldly staring at his gleaming erection. She draws closer to it, and as she does she slowly lowers her suspension until her chest is scraping the ground.

“One way or another, you’re cumming inside me!” She says as she grabs his cock and pulls it inside her mouth, Mini was about to ask what she meant when he felt the sensation of being inside her mouth. She pulled him in deep, bending his dick downward to fit it into her mouth and throat with considerable comfort overriding any pain. He’s breath taken as she begins to suck and swallow her own saliva, her throat pumping and pulling the upper portion of his cock down deeper and creating most emphasis on his head, while Kramia’s tongue wrapped around and tasted his mid-shaft, her lips and some manipulators pulling on his lower shaft, sort-of jerking him off inside her mouth, enjoying the mix of herself and him as a taste, still awaiting his creamy treat to be distributed. He was still pressurized from the last scare, so she didn’t have to wait long for him to announce his near arrival, where she retracted him, leaving only the head inside, and used her manipulators to jerk him off then to milk him. He released with force, pulling back on Kramia, who lurched forward to keep him inside, and let his moan of appreciation sound the woods. Kramia felt his hot molten goodness spread against her mouth, he shot it like a shotgun, and while she milked some out in a steady fashion, her tongue cleaned up her mouth, tasting his cream, letting it tingle her cheeks and tongue. As he pulls out thinking he finished, a sporadic bust surfaced, and shot a stream to her right cheek then a thick bunch drooped down to her glacis chest. She traced it up with a finger, and happily dispensed it to her mouth.

She goes to help him down as he puts away his tired beast, she backs up to his right flank and grabs his hull overhang of the track cover. He notices she’s still open and hasn’t finished, one way or another, YOU’RE going to cum inside me, as she pulls him on his side into a wider portion of the ditch, he rights himself up, grabs her rear drive wheels, and pulls her gorgeous wet pussy to his gun mantle, where he dropped his gun and put it to the right, and positioned her just right for the best contact of lips-to-lips. She instantly realizes what he’s doing and lets him control her, unable to see the best placement. He awkwardly smiles as he lurches his lips onto hers, and sucks away, trying to get as much juice out of her, she tastes normal, almost the same as he tastes his saliva, only her juices are warmer, slicker, and has an enjoyable kick to it. He feels she’s had enough of that, and retracts his lips and sends forth his long pointed tongue, to break her warm

s open and infiltrate her warmth. He gets the same taste but different feel, she’s looser than when they

ed, and this makes exploring easy, he goes right to the rumored G-spot is, and isn’t misinformed of its

whereabouts, her engine sparks up immediately and her suspension goes limp. She slams onto the deck of his hull and lets all control go.
“You like that, don’t you Kramia?”
“Oh yes I do, I do, I do so MUCH!”
“Don’t withhold anything; let your body be free.”
With that he plunges back in, and hatches an idea, he sends one of his stubbies to fondle the shit out of her clit. Her overexcited engine and screams of joy approve this. She was calmed down from her last penetration but the fast toying of her G-spot AND her clit proved too much for her to handle. She came fast and in bursts, letting it out without a warning, not like Mini cared. He let it splash onto his face, into his mouth, and it spread to the top of his mantle to his turret ring. He was warmed, and rejoiced by it; she slowly hauled herself off him, and watched him climb out of the ditch.
“Shall we be off to camp for a good night’s sleep?” He asked her.
“Yes, at least the rain will wash us clean.” She said back.
They drove off, holding each other lovingly. Kramia fell asleep halfway to camp, and left herself in neutral to allow Mini to carry her home. He softly chuckled as he spotted Marion fast asleep in the tree line.
“A good night for everyone.”
Fin Chapter 18

Chapter 19
Hansel was jolted awake the next morning by a loud explosion that made him instinctively spread his arms and legs out and straighten his back but was still wrapped in Marion’s arms and balled up in the back of her turret, where he knocked himself in the head, legs, and wrists real bad. He was inattentive of the pain and slid out of the space and hurries to see outside, he unlocks the commander’s hatch, pushes and throws the swinging saucer out of his way and the first thing he sees are black bomber silhouettes. He stands upright in the cupola, quivering as the full sounds of anti-air Flak guns and the air-raid siren strike him at his heart. Marion tries to get through to him, to calm him down and quell his emotions, she tries to push his head away from the sight of bombs falling on his home city but he keeps snapping back to it, all he hears in his head are Hitler’s cries and promises: “Not one bomb will fall on German cities!”
“He lied. He lied! Marion he lied!” He continues ranting on as Marion finally forces him into her turret. He lied! He lied! He lied Marion you see? He lied! She tries comforting him as she attempts to dress him into a proper outfit but Hansel just sits there unmoving, going on and on and on in complete and total shock, he begins to cry without a care.
After the bombers disappear and Hansel clears his mind to function somewhat properly, Marion rolls back up to camp to regroup with the others. Hansel sits on the periscopes on top of the cupola as she drives to the tank houses, and backs into her open slot, he spots Anton and Faust passing by, and runs out to meet them, Anton too is hit hard by the raid and Faust is trying her dearest to reassure him everything’s going to turn out fine. Hansel hitches a ride with them; Faust fills him in that she’s trying to get clearance to go into the city to help Anton get past it, Hansel agrees and hails Edwards and the Colonel for their attention and to approve of it too.
“Morally I’d send you in right now, but regulation says we have to get an accountability report and inventory check so for right now, permission denied, but I’m hammering asses to get this done in under forty-five minutes, so in fifty your permission will be granted. Only one thing; Faust, is it, will be outfitted with a rubble plow to clear the godforsaken streets. Dismissed.” With that he left and Edwards turned to fill them in on what’s going on and the damage known so far; “Alright, Kramia’s getting fitted with her new skirts right now, Fritz and Rommel are with her helping, two Flak guns and one ammunition shed went to hell, and the old metal house we were going to use for Marion’s skirts as a gift was hit, and there’s no more so you’re out of luck on that, sorry.” Hansel acknowledged, “One more thing, Jäger’s road wheels got fucked up by shrapnel so Irish is out in the field replacing them, could you help me by giving this to him, I’d do it myself but I’ve got shit to do.” With that he hands Faust the electric bolt gun and points into the field where they were.
Faust runs them over to Jäger and Irish and drops off Hansel and the bolt gun, then turns around to get herself fitted with the plow, Anton fell asleep at his post in the loader’s seat. He never could stay awake after his emotional moments, Hansel thought as he walked to Irish’s side, he was working on the center road wheel on Jäger’s port side; it was obvious that a bomb raped the shit out of two outer ones, and some marks were on her armored skin too, it had the anti-magnetic paint like Marion did. He stared at the textured net-like skin, he loved it, it was like a powerful hide where the bold indents, shapes, and angles of [illegible]ull turned him on slightly, but was snapped out of his thoughts by Irish yanking the bolt gun from his [illegible]gs.

“Fine don’t hand me the drill,” Irish said rhetorically, “God, I hate those fucking bombers!”
“Why’s that?” Hansel asked.
“Well, I like them, they’re pretty sexy, but at the same time I HATE THOSE MOTHER FUCKING COCK SUCKERS that I wouldn’t mind if one were to suck mine.” Irish replied cheerfully, then in a dark angered voice, then cheerfully again, this literally sent Hansel reeling back stunned, and looked to Jäger’s face plate, she was looking up and right, unresponding.
“Whoa, first off, you’re attracted to machines too!? Secondly why do you hate them like that? Thirdly why isn’t Jäger inputting on this?” He asked in a concerned tone overall, but hinted amazement at the first question.
“Jäger? Nah she can’t hear us, she’s daydreaming. HEY JÄGER YOU THERE?” No response from Jäger, “See she can’t hear us right now, and yes I’m very attracted to machines too, even more than any human could turn me on. And, at one time I didn’t hate them at all, in fact I was almost a pilot for one, but,” His voice began to fill with emotions of rage, terror, and sadness, “but then they bombed US… My family was killed before my eyes in a… bombing,” the anger left his voice, it was only sadness and terror now, his bottom jaw began shaking and rattling as he spoke, “Those swinehounds dropped one down my house roof, into the kitchen, at supper time too, I was at the front door looking in through the window… one moment they were there… and the next… they were gone… the whole house fell in, they were gone…” He continues quivering, still haunted by the memory. “I never wanted that to happen to anyone and wouldn’t bring myself to commit such atrocious acts on another, so I didn’t go into the Luftwaffe, instead I’ll fight them on their weak field, on the ground, where they stand no chance at fighting back.”
With that he reestablished his wits, and went to work unbolting the road wheels. Hansel put his hand on Irish’s shoulder steadying himself, fearing what happened to his family and frequently checking his watch to check on the remaining time.
“So uh, do you ever… to Jäger?” Hansel asks Irish, gesturing about masturbating in the pause. Irish frowns and tightens his mid-face thinking how to respond, he waves his hand signaling ‘maybe’ and proceeds. Once Irish gets the bolts out he signals to Hansel that the replacements are leaning against Jäger’s rear plate, but before Hansel can retrieve them Irish removes the shredded one and with it fall the two inner road wheels that were behind it.
“God damnit! This is why we can’t have anything nice, because of shit like this.” Hansel proclaims, Irish looks to him sluggishly and replies “No this is why we can’t have anything. Period. We just can’t have anything, nice or shit.”
Irish bolts the inner wheels back into place while Hansel holds them in place, then they replace the first shredded wheel and, without a hitch, the second one. Jäger enters reality and greets Hansel, then notices the wheels were replaced and takes them back to the base, asking Irish to put the armored skirts and plating on her under the case of ‘she feels like a naked whore’ and that she wants a tattoo.
“A tattoo? I don’t think that’s going to work Jäger, the needle is only about a few centimeters long.” Irish replies.
“You know what I mean you dumbass; paint my name right on the side of my ass.”
“Where the fuck did you come up with this?” Irish bursts out, almost laughing.
“You don’t need to know, all I need you to do is paint it on the side of my right ass cheek, but on the armor skirt panel.”
“Whatever you want, I’m not going against you anymore, not after last time.” With that Hansel slides off the side and walks toward Anton and Faust, who was prominently showing off her plow mounted to her front, Hansel waves goodbye to Jäger and Irish as they continue on. He walks to Faust and Anton, and notices that the fifty minutes is up, they can go in.
“Faust are you enjoying that plow?” Hansel yells to her sarcastically.
“Yes I am, very much so!” She yells back, Anton runs to him and grabs his forearm pulling him faster to Faust. Once the two are aboard Faust drives to the checkpoint, checks out, and heads for the bombed city of Munich. She speeds at top gear to the city and gets there in about two minutes, she’s a lot faster than Jäger or Marion, after all she is smaller and lighter. They head into the city; Anton and Hansel are stricken in horror, their home, their childhood, their very hearts, have been hurt, destroyed, crushed, and shattered by this one twenty minute incident. Once they turn the corner their very hopes are all but eradicated. Where their once inviting and homely apartment home once stood; was collapsed into the street and a ghostly cluster of pillars and walls only stand. Anton wept and Hansel sat in silence, gawking at the place he once called home. Faust was hugging Anton much like Marion holds Hansel, Hansel started letting tears out of their wells. Faust wrapped an arm around his body in an anaconda’s hug. She maneuvered around the
ers of people standing in the road and stopped at the base of the rubble from the building left in the
. There were average citizens and home guard soldiers all clearing rubble, searching for bodies, both

dead and alive, Hansel had lost his family, like Irish did before he-
“It’ll take a lot more than a bomb to kill this old hag!” Hansel and Anton spin around at the same time, elated at the sound of Mrs. Walter’s voice. “Yes, yes, we’re alright, come on down here!” They race to her and almost tackle her off her feet in an embrace, then Hansel’s father joins, followed by Gretel and a young home guard soldier. They sit there in the mass huddle, then Faust is beckoned to join by Anton and figures ‘why the hell not’ and encircles the six people with her arms.
“WHAT THE HELL JUST TOUCHED ME!” Gretel screams as Faust’s arm rubs by her.
“FAUST IS TOUCHING YOU! WHY ARE WE YELLING?!” Anton yells a response, Faust retreats her arms as Gretel breaks free and squirms around.
“WHO the HELL is FAUST!?” She yells, as the group calms her down they explain the living machines to her; she composes herself but is still quite uneasy about it. The group somewhat disbands but none stray too far from one another. Gretel was about eight inches shorter than Hansel, but four years his senior; she had gray eyes and dirty blonde hair with full lips and thick cheeks. She was physically stronger than many men of her age would be, she wasn’t afraid to get dirty as her face and hands where darkened by the soot and dirt in the rubble and is definitely a tom-boy. Gretel appears stable and makes a comment and a joke about living machines, trying to enlighten herself; “That must be a hotdog down a hallway, I wonder if he’d put it in the exhaust pipe.” Hansel is somewhat offended by this, as it insulted a relationship with one as ‘one is too big for the other’ and being emotionally compromised he strikes back a little harsh for the situation.
“Hey! I’m dating one and it’s nothing like that at all!” His retaliation horrifies Gretel, she snaps back at him and they begin to quarrel like immature children. Their father over hears them and moves over to intervene.
“He’s not the first, Gretel, shut it.” Gretel stands frozen by this, “Before I met your mother, there was a beast I loved in my service days. She was Germany’s first tank model, her name was Elfriede, and we loved each other dearly. I still hate myself for abandoning her even if she begged me to save myself, but I’d hate myself more if I didn’t meet Sarah and have my two beautiful children named Gretel and Hansel!” He brings them under his arms and kisses both on the forehead affectionately. “Love is powerful, dear, you must accept it wherever it lies to be truly happy.”
Gretel nods and then aspires to her curiosity; she asks a multitude of questions in rapid succession. Hansel and their father try to answer to the best of their knowledge, conflicting in some areas, once her questions are answered to the best possible, she calls Max over, her fiancé, to finally meet Hansel, she then leaves with their father to assist with clean-up duties. The two shake hands and introduce themselves. Max is a tall fellow, taller than Gretel but shorter than Hansel, and slimmer than both as well. His muscles are quite defined and make his dark tanned skin attractive to the opposite sex, his dirty-blonde hair and brown eyes round out the face and chin, making his face an oval shape. His hair is a loose cut that needs trimming to fit the standards but fit him perfectly.
“After all this time you finally get to meet your sister’s fiancé, if I’m correct you’re a captain, correct?”
“Yes you are correct and now I know who to beat if you break my sister’s heart.” The two jest and play, sharing stories of their service careers so far. Hansel brings up how fit he seems, and asks why he’s not in the whermacht.
“Well I was, but because of my asthma I was transferred to ‘home guard’ or the ‘cripple army’ as we call it. Now that I think of it, you also might not recognize me now but years ago I had an instep, and my legs weren’t as defined, but some new surgery pretty much fixed that, does that ring a bell, Hansel?” Hansel pondered and found that he did remember him; he was shorter and lankier than a string bean.
“Yes, I remember you now, wait, how come you kept your composure back there when Gretel did?”
“Ah I did the first time I met one too, he was a kubelwagon on the training base, I eventually got over it and we became really good friends, but my asthma relocated me and not him so I haven’t heard from him in months, I think.” The two then decide to become useful and join in on clearing the rubble, talking and joking the whole time. Sadly, however, they came across five victims, two children, an elderly couple, and a policeman; they said their prayers and laid the bodies under cloths to await identification at a later time. The children hit them the hardest; they must have only been of ten and nine, huddled together like they were sheltering from the American onslaught of hell-rain. Hansel stared at those children, in the back of his mind he knew he’d never pity another American, that he would kill, without mercy, any American soldier wielding a gun, or a bomb, or a tank, he would avenge these poor souls whose lives were taken by them without their ability to defend, without a chance, without fairness. Damn you all, you Americans can send all the fucking Shermans they want at me and Marion! As long as we’ve got shots we’ll kill all of you bastards! How’s that for a fair fight you fucking child murdering little swines! He thought to himself, he’ll tell the others, if he didn’t Anton would. They wrap up a few hours before dark and say farewells then Anton, Faust, and Hansel ' ' for base. They arrive at base and Hansel finds and confronts a commander, the LTC, about their ssion from the front.

“We’re currently awaiting one more tank, some experimental super-heavy tank to show up. Oh that reminds me, the board demands that, uh, what’s his name-Irish, be reassigned to ‘her’ because of the ‘hundred-twenty-eight millimeter long gun on it. Don’t worry; he’s the only crewmember so no one else will be moved.” Hansel follows him over to Jäger and Irish, who was painting Jäger’s name on the side of her right ass cheek portion of her added armor skirts, as she demanded earlier. He was painting in white probably because that’s all they had left.

“First-sergeant you have fifteen minutes to pack your duffel bag with your personal belongings and accessories and have it on the ground. You are being re-assigned to a new super-heavy tank. Oh, and congratulations on your official promotion to tank commander.” Irish and Jäger look heartbroken, standing wide-eyed and jaw-dropped as the LTC turns around and walks away. Jäger pulls him to her side and protests in a cry “No you can’t! He’s my little sniper! You can’t do this to us!” The LTC stops and spins back to snap: “He’s still your first-sergeant! Stop your yapping and do it! You will see him again.” He spins back and continues marching away. Jäger is devastated, never has anyone stood up to her like that, ever, and she doesn’t know how to react but to continue pressing Irish against her body, not letting him go. Hansel wonders if they have a deeper relationship than this. Heh heh, deeper. Irish finishes her ‘tattoo’ and mopes about as Hansel helps him move out of Jäger, Irish pulled out his duffel, and threw much of his clothes in it without caring if they wrinkled, Hansel sat in Jäger’s rear fighting compartment door well, watching Irish collect his things in the spacious cabin, watching it was hurting him too.

Out of nowhere Irish perks up, and pushes one of the shot-charges out of the way and pulls out a baseball cap with a flattened brim and a pair of American Aviator sunglasses. He rejoices and exclaims to Jäger he found it, perking her up a little. He puts his canteen down and throws the cap and glasses into the duffel. Hansel remembers he had a pair of glasses just like them, given to me by family from… America! But I couldn’t be fighting them, the parents would be too old and the children too young, well one may be of age but wasn’t the name… Jennifer? As Hansel ponders Irish grabs the last two items, an empty Russian vodka bottle and a filled Molotov cocktail, the latter intended for use but didn’t shatter, the rag was charred at the end and pristine at the spout of the bottle, it was close to ending Jäger. Irish turns to the corner and reaches for a Mauser Karabiner 98K, but hesitates and decides to leave it.

“Jäger I’m leaving my Karabiner, for a token I guess.” Jäger sniffles and replies okay, Hansel points to the Molotov and Irish begins to explain. “This almost killed me, my crew, and Jäger, it landed right there behind where your sitting. I barely saw it, I threw anyone in my way aside and threw those doors open, I didn’t have anything to snuff it out so I did this.” He unbuttons his jacket and undershirt and reveals burn marks under his right arm and on his visible rib cage. “You ever try to snuff an oil fire before? You don’t put it out instantly, you let it burn all its oxygen, and in my case the fire spread to my jacket, burning and scarring me. This is my prize.” With that he put it in the duffel and stuffed the empty bottle in an exterior pocket.

They exit Jäger and sit in quiet, Jäger hugging Irish, Irish hugging her arms back, until Hansel asks if Fritz would be insulted by it, both of them said he wouldn’t, he knows how attached a crew is. Just then Edwards walks up, he heard the news. He climbs up to the roof with Hansel and Irish and plants himself next to Irish, looking into his bag he notices the empty bottle and pulls it out.

“Didn’t you collect this from a KV-2 you knocked out?” Irish nods, then smiles as he grunts a laugh. “Aren’t the KV-2 turrets hand-cranked?” Irish nods again, and then goes wide-eyed.

“Damn I feel bad for the man in there!” The two begin joking about having a long crankshaft with three-four men on it with vodka bottles on the ceiling as their motivation, the turret is tall enough, they said. While they joke Hansel spots something that looks like a Tiger II heading their way. It must have been the new heavy tank, Hansel was admiring the sloping armor glacis plates, it must have been sloped at 30° above the horizontal, 20° better than the Tiger IIs, and the lower glacis was sloped about 30° below the horizontal, the shape turned him on a bit, it looked sexy. The tank had no hull gunner port, and the forward mud catchers were in line with the glacis, looking like the whole upper glacis had no cuts for the tracks. The turret was an exact look alike of the Tiger II, only it sported two ‘eyes’ or armored rangefinder balls on the side of the turret, above the forward cheek but pretty far up on the slanting roof. The gun and mantle were monstrous, the 128 was HUGE, and the mantle was a symmetrical bell shape with large bolt-like inserts surrounding the gun brace, the muzzle break looked like a cheese grater to Hansel, but figured it worked better than Marion’s or Fritz’s. The beast of a tank turned to pull up next to them, when it did Hansel noticed two drive sprockets for the tracks, one in the front and one in the back. There were also less road wheels, though they were significantly bigger than the Tiger II wheels. The engine exhaust was also different, on the end of the pipes where radiator fans like on Mini’s exhaust pipe, Hansel still wasn’t sure what it did but it’s there for a reason he figured. Irish noticed and grabbed his bag and bottle and jumped down and sluggishly walked to the new tank. The tank unveiled itself, somewhat catching Hansel off-guard, he completely forgot they could do that. The tank spoke and greeted Irish in proper military format, the tank was clearly

feminine.
“I am an experimental super-heavy tank designated E-75-” Irish cut her off, “Drop the regulation shit we really don’t play that game.” He stood upright and presented his hand out for a handshake.
“I’m called Irish, come up for a name for yourself yet?” He asked as she extended a manipulator and met his handshake.
“Just E I guess.”
“Nice to meet you E. So I’ve been told I’m your only crewmember, are you aware of this and approving?”
“Yes to both, go ahead and climb in.” She gestured him up to the commander’s hatch, where he reluctantly mounted, and entered. Edwards peered into Jäger’s hatch and saw Irish’s canteen still in there, he reached in and grabbed it, then slid down and walked to E’s side.
“I don’t think I can remember when Jäger last had a completely white coat in her. I feel like I dropped something,” Irish feels around his belt and finds his canteen is missing, he starts frantically searching for it, at the same time admiring the 128mm gun receiver, breach, and mount system along with all the fancy new equipment he’ll need to learn how to use.
“Ahem,” Edwards says holding the full canteen over the open hatch, Irish sits up and looks up and sees the canteen, he’s about to cry don’t when Edwards releases it. It drops down into Irish’s lap, specifically his sack, knocking him hard; he coils into a loose fetal position and falls over to the floor, groaning. E and Edwards laugh.
So this is the special elite tank unit of talking tanks, fascinating. Ah well, not long now, soon we’ll be killing any foe in our way. Marion’s probably worried sick about me; she’ll have my ass if I don’t get to her soon. E has a really nice ass, damn E’s really giving me a hard-on, maybe I could pay Marion off tonight and get a little ass for myself too. Hansel walks over to Marion’s tank house, where he finds her worried sick, and craving him.
Fin Chapter 19

Chapter 20
E looked over to her left and saw the small group of the male machines stationed there so far; Fritz and Mini-Rommel, along with the usual group of guys that hung out with them; Whacker, Inbred, Banker and one of Fritz’s crewmen. E was interested in them and asked Irish who they were.
“Who are those guys?”
“Oh those guy men are people you don’t want to associate with, but the tanks are Alter Fritz and Mini-Rommel.” Irish told her in his usual cheery mood; Edwards had bolstered him back to his usual self.
“How did their names come up?” She chuckled at the somewhat inappropriate names, Alter meaning old and the Panther named after one of the most feared generals to walk the Earth. Edwards piped in:
“Alter Fritz came up because he reminded me a hell of a lot of my great uncle, he served in The First Great War and would talk softly, smooth, and wisely about things. Much like he does; or did at least. Mini-Rommel came about because of his sly and cunning character. Little shit.” While he explains this, Fritz moves over and kisses Jäger to perk her up while Kramia, sporting her new armored skirt panels, runs over to Mini and lovingly rams his side, pushing him in the soft mud. E sinks her suspension a bit and sighs.
“Ah don’t worry E, I’ll be here for you. I’ll find a nice guy for you sometime.” Edwards looks to Irish and points to him. Irish shakes his head no yet at the same time shrugs in a ‘maybe’ fashion. “Where’s that new Tiger guy? What’s his name?” Irish asks.
“I don’t know either one. He’s got a thing for his radio op I thought… She’s pretty hot I’ll give him that, but I heard the loader boasting about being a stealth unit. Stealth my ass! You operate a damn house for stealth.” Edwards chats.
“Well they’re good at disappearing I’ll give ‘em that.” Irish concludes.
Hansel was taking great strides towards Marion’s tank house. He knew how he was getting laid this night, even after disappearing for the whole day. He knew they’d roll out soon, and wanted her to look spick and span when they did, and knew how she told him before she loved a good cleaning, so that’s what he’ll do. He passed by the tool shed grabbing a bucket, hose, soap, rags, sponge, handled brush, etc. and almost galloped to Marion he was so excited. A little too excited. He thought to himself. He tried to cover it as much as possible, even his boner, as he walks through the man door.
“Oh thank God it’s you, Hansel, you had me worried sick! Where the hell you run off to!?” She exclaimed, raising her forward hull up in excitement. She herself was a little… horny. She noticed the bucket of cleaning supplies and bounced a little more. She adored getting washed, the warm water, the cleansing soap, the massaging brush, rags, sponge, hands, she loved it all. Not to mention she loved the way she looked
wards.
helped Hansel unbolt the armored skirts for the lower hull and place them down for a hosing, then

closing her eyes smiled and swayed side to side giddy with anticipation as Hansel stared at her new figure. He especially liked the shape of the hull more without her skirts, she was most definitely sexier. He finished hosing off the skirts then moved on to her body, he first started by hosing her off top to bottom all the way around, then he grabbed the soap and mixed a chunk of it into the bucket with hot water. As he did this Marion moved up an shut her door outside, then slithered back into her spot, overjoyed that Hansel could finally see what pleasure a bath gives her. He grabbed the sponge, soaked it, removed some mud off the track links to climb up to her turret roof, where he got to his hands and knees and scrubbed all the dirt they track onto her roof away. He noticed since she revealed herself she's been a lot different from her days of hiding; she was generally warmer to the touch, and other than the dirt, smoother and softer seeming to Hansel. Maybe because I actually beat in her softest parts, that may work. He focused mainly on the optics, i.e. the commander's cupola and loader's view periscope, and then he lowered himself to the hull roof and proceeded to rub the dirt out of the niches of her anti-magnetic paint. The paint was in smooth stripes and crosses, like fabric, and enjoyed rubbing his hands all over her turret back, sides, and front, noticing she veiled her eyes for the washing, but left her mouth open and drooling a bit. Displaying her sharp tiger mimic teeth for the first time, making Hansel woozy knowing what appendages he holds dear being shoved in there regularly He noticed she was purring like a cat, and was amused by this.

He ran his hands over her wet turret for the feel, so smooth and softer than expected, and her massaging paint job sparked a little bit more oomph from her deep relaxing moans with purring and low engine rums. Hansel couldn't be harder as he massaged her sides, and put great effort into her ass portion, as this gave the most pleasure noise for him to lust over, especially the exhaust mounts and shafts. As he moved back up to clean her gun, she licked her lips as she eyefucked the large bulge in the crotch of his pants. He simply smirked as he looked away and essentially gave the gun a giant hand-job while cleaning it; then grabbed the bucket and slid down her frontal glacis plate, noticing the shit load of dirt in her cable eye mounts. He grabbed the left side one and jerked on it to shake off as much as he could, or at least in thought he would, in actuality the ring came up, and out hinged the entire mount, revealing a nozzle underneath.

"Uh Marion, what the hell is this?" He asks childishly.

"That's my sensitive fuel transfer nozzle," Sensitive huh? He starts grabbing at it with wet soapy hands, inversely fondling it, "Mmm yes, they're sensitive and that feels so good, but it doesn't make me any more sexually active. It's used for my offspring when they just come out. They're sensitive yet still need fuel, so I would have them suck on this with their mouths to get their fuel instead of possibly harming their small sensitive fuel intake that I would use. Mine is fully developed, theirs isn't. Typically its cover is locked down but I let it go, I was just so mesmerized. Mmm."

"You could have just said it's for breast feeding you didn't need to make it so complicated." He says as he finally pulls it out of the cavity showing a connection hose he's seem before, she has two of them, one on each side I've seen them, always wondered what they were for, they're not in the illustrations.

He gets back to cleaning her front, the last section. He uses the handled brush to reach the top, then presses down to his reach where the sponge takes over again. Marion continues purring and her engine rumbling, Hansel leans on her slope as he scrubs, feeling gentle reverberations around his thighs as that's closest to the transmission housing. He works the newer shot bounces shiny gray and wonders why Marion wants to keep them gunmetal gray. He feels them, rubbing the edges before swiping into the crevice of the projectile's change in course. She's not softer, stupid Hansel, it's comforting-no-welcoming. Her hide is welcoming! Hansel moves onto the lower glacis plate, buffs that out and is about to start drying her off with the rag when she proposes something to Hansel's liking…

"Why don't you grab that flashlight and clean my belly?" She motions this so smoothly and sexually Hansel can't stop himself from doing so, like he was hypnotized. When really he was going to rub the shit out of her clit to make her very horny.

He climbs under head first from her ass end, crawls to the front, switches on the light and realizes he's probably been fucking the dirt and shit instead of her actual pussy it's that dirty. Nonetheless he gets to scrubbing, and in the first time in about two months he sees her factory yellowish-tan paint job, his cock demands some relief, and with the pain building he's forced to unzip and pop his dick out. As he works down he admires how clean he's made her, and thinks how dirty he's about to make her, once he gets down to her special area and starts cleaning the armored cover panels, he spots bright silver-ish liquid, like smelted silver, dripping from the corners of where the panels probably separate… No fondling required! He decides to finish up cleaning and sits still under her, feeling a line of intense heat coming down the center of his face, and once he throws the brush out from underneath, the slab of hull above him drops down startling Hansel, then as they separate he's met with one of the most elegant machine pieces he's seen.

' lways been dark whenever he has the opportunity to observe her elegant genitals, this time he has a
.. The area the plates cover is spotless in dirt but covered in her cum, as Hansel has decided to call it,

and the cum is a lot lighter in color than her actual gorgeous vagina of gunmetal like her shot marks. It drops into his face in hot spools, significantly warmer than before-she's VERY horny-and looks smaller than a human's-she's going tight-and was lowering it onto his face when he stops her.
"What, you want to stare at it a bit longer babe?" She jests to him.
"That too, but I want to pay you back first… the cleaning was only half." Marion was interested; she let him guide her up until she was almost at the end of her suspension lift then sat in wait as he set himself up.
"Alright Marion, come down s-l-o-w" She did as he asked, and felt four thick ridges press against her lips, winding her engine up a gear more. Then as it grew more and more, deepening inside her, she felt a cavity towards the rear and-
"OH MY GOD!" Marion shrieks as Hansel thrusts his arm deeper inside, to the cervix about half his forearm's length deep. Her forward half crashes to the floor, her gun drops like a dead weight, her eyes shoot wide and her 'jaw' is set as open as she can open it while her engine roars louder than ever before. The fact that she's at almost her tightest setting and not expecting a literal limb of her lover to be thrown inside her is definitely a shocker. "HOLY FUCKING SHIT HANSEL!" She grasps for breath, feeling Hansel's every vein and knuckle and joint and muscle better than her manipulators could, while Hansel's arm is vibrated numb by her compression and her engine in overdrive, probably more than overdrive, her moans are more like screams as he pulls it in and out of her like he did loading the 7.5cm guns at boot camp. Her engine sends its vibrations all throughout Hansel's body so ferociously the mud on his boots from cleaning was shook off.
"So do you like this, Marion?" Hansel asks her rhetorically. She replies with a loud moan and slamming her cervix down on him.
"OH-H-H-H-H! YOU'RE OPENING IT NOW!" She awaits no protest from Hansel but pushes the cervix down as hard as she could. With seemingly no stopping it, Hansel decides to give in and lifts his middle and ring fingers pointing then up for a spearhead. It worked. Marion is hit with one of the most intense feelings she's ever had. She felt like she could feel the individual hairs on his arm it was so tight. Hansel felt an immense feeling as well, once it opened the shaft above him seemed to open into a tunnel and the sides squeezed his fist and wrist, he could also feel a gentle vacuum up and deeper inside her. Her entire frame was shivering, Hansel's arm felt like spaghetti, and after a few more agonizing punches in-and-out, Hansel felt like his bones would shatter under the pressure she has on him. She was close.
"FUCK! FINISH ME HANSEL!" She screams to him. Hansel thrusts his arm deep inside her, up to mid-bicep, and this is enough to send Marion's body up in a response of shock then fall back down to the previous height releasing a massive amount of cum on him, drenching his shirt and face. He slowly pulls his arm out while Marion's engine slowly winds down. Once he's free he leans up and licks her slot from bottom to top, collecting a good amount into his mouth. He spins himself around while circling her slot with his finger, then aligns his cock with her oozing hole. She surprises him by dropping down on him to his body, shoving his dick flat against his abdomen.
"Kramia taught me something fun today!" She chats to him. "Have you ever heard of grinding?" She begins rolling back, up on his shaft, pressing hard and slow as she slides on him. He releases a nice, deep pleasure sigh of acceptance, and lets her do whatever she wants with him. "You seem to like it too!" Yes he did. She continued grinding, every now and then she'd venture too far north and his head would insert itself nicking just inside giving Marion a buzz. She smoothly wrapped some manipulators under his ass, and lengthened her pussy for his dick's length then pushed his midsection with his dick against her parting lips letting it rocket skyward into her before tightening up again.
"Now babe, remember not to cum inside, otherwise our service term may be delayed due to a child." She said like a mother. Hansel replied "Yes, sugar." She lifted enough for him to fuck as he wished, and just in preparation locked her suspension, for good reason. She let the feelings bombard her, with the cervix penetrated she was prone to impregnation, but it felt EXTREMELY good, better than anything before. She felt his veins, his entire shape, his slack at the base, his compressed folds as he thrusts inwards, his taught shaft as he pulls outwards, and his massive force he's fucking her with tonight. Her engine was in high gear again in no time, and the enhanced constraint on his package made Hansel feel every piston strike that combined with the slight vacuum pull on him meant he was in fucking heaven. He almost forgot he had to pull out until Marion reminded him do the opposite, to his shock.
"OH I DON'T CARE FUCK ME ALL THE WAY! AH CUM INSIDE ME I DON'T CARE JUST FUCK ME HANSEL! OOO SEED ME!" She too was in heaven, as much as she loved the fisting, it seemed a little too much, but this… this was golden. Hansel panicked, he was on the verge but couldn't get out. He thrust up as hard as he could, pushing Marion up to follow, then pulled down as fast as he could. It wouldn't be enough to get completely out but enough to leave her cervix, when she fell back down on him his bomber slipped into a [illegible]in between the vagina wall and the cervix lip entrance where his bomber couldn't hold out any longer [illegible]ne released his payload. Hansel laid there shaking in terror, as much as he wanted a child he didn't want

to knock Marion out of her only calling, and didn't feel ready to become a father. He took a breath of relief as he felt his seaman slowly sliding down his dick, meaning it hit a roof and didn't enter the cervix… yet. He reached down with his hands, one to pleasure Marion to her climax and the other to scoop out all the cum it can out of Marion, it was awkward but proved successful, almost all the jizz was plucked out while the rest stuck to his stick. He wiped his cock off then pounded Marion into her finale, which drenched his pants and lower portion of his body in a great tidal wave of smelted silver.
He went down on her again, bringing his face up to her quivering lips and embracing the hot plush steel-like lips in a nice French kiss began to pluck and pinch at them, sparking Marion's engine to turn over with every toying at it while her vagina's production of her own jizz skyrocketed to help cool her sensitive area off. All this flooding made Hansel feel he was under an outside water faucet on a hot summer day sucking the hot liquid out and letting it slather on his face, it felt magnificent. Once she came she pulled Hansel out, and as he complained and asked why she let herself drop to the floor, her wheels shaking exhausted from his onslaught. She was breathing very heavy, and Hansel noticed as she exhaled she vented steam, same as what her exhaust pipes and direct engine vents where doing. She was steaming, soaked, sexier without her skirts, and Hansel wanted even more of her glorious ass. And that's what I'll shove it in next! She turned her turret to the left to see Hansel admiring her ass, and eyeing her pipes.
"Go. (She gasps for air) Ahead." Hansel smiles with glee as he walked to her rear, stepped onto the heavy mounted jack, leans to her left exhaust port, using his right arm reaches for the right port, and proceeds to give it a rim-job and finger circles the other. Marion feels exhausted but lets her lover use what he can to please himself; she was not expecting, however, this form of pleasure. She did know she could open it for him. As he circles the two pipe ends with his tongue and fingers for the other, he watches as the vertical metal bar in the pipes, used to prevent a grenade form entering the engine, retract and the pipes beginning to collect more condensation of at first water, then noticeable amounts of her smelted silver.
"Fuck it already." She gets out rushed in a single breath. He stops circling, and climbs onto the left armored cover around the pipe's base, he gets a good foothold with his boots as Marion removes the soaked shirt off his shoulders to see his admirable muscles, she bends it downward to his crotch for his ease and so he could go deep, he bends over, after aligning, to get a good hold for his upper body. What the fuck am I about to do? He thinks, he thrusts in anyway. To awesomely fuck my love that's what! He is met with a hot, wet, vibrating pipe tightening its grip on him as her eyes close to enjoy this and her body jolt upward in pleasure then rest again. Each pounding he exerts on her ass makes her body retaliate by rolling forward slightly then rolling back as he withdraws. Hansel is quickly exhausted from all the day's dealings and when he cums inside Marion's left tail pipe he lets himself slump onto her chassis and continue his orgasm inside her.
"Looks to me you're done, sweetie." She says to him very tiredly.
"Yes, I'm finished, I wanted to fuck the other one though." He says swimmingly to brighten up Marion.
"Hm-hm-hm, you can do that one next time, alright?"
"Yeah. Damn I don't want to move but I need a change of clothes and it's supposed to get really cold tonight!" He wails like a child. He backs off Marion and zips up his pants and puts his wet shirt back on to head to the barracks to get his sleeping gear. As he creeps out into the black night, Irish turns the corner and a face of pure awe overcomes him before he utters his word.
"Damn." Hansel blushes as Irish approaches him. "I mean you made her scream but did she eat you then piss you out or something!? My God!" Hansel murmurs his intentions of going to get his things before Irish responds again. "Jesus Hansel, you've definitely got some package down there and you sure know how to use it! I'll get your shit you'll freeze out here, get back in there!" With that Hansel steps back into the tank house while Irish fetches his kit and returns it to him. Once he's all sorted he resumes the spot he was in before he left, reinserted himself, decided to fuck her pipe one last time before spooning for the night. As the two fall asleep Hansel wonders what the right pipe will feel like.
Note to self: stop writing porn in skinny jeans

Chapter 21

Chuck was strolling through the French hedge grove fields, admiring the beauty of the scenery. It was D-Day+6 and so far the Germans were on the run. His crew was back at camp on R-n-R and he snuck out to explore, and he soon found something interesting. He turns a bend passing through a crushed hedge as tall as his entire chassis is long and spots a crippled JägdPanther with Rosa written on the left side of the hull. [illegible] had a large chunk of the forward drive wheel missing and the track ripped apart, presumably by a shot [illegible]g through it. Chuck saw Rosa had eyes on the tall gun mantle plate above the long 88mm anti-tank gun

and a large sulking frown below the gun mount on the mantle. As he neared closer Rosa noticed him and sighed as she lifted the rear end of her hull, the look in her eyes was miserable, broken, and painful to Chuck. He understood that she had been pridefully broken and accepting that he'd rape her as a war prize like so many other Shermans had before Chuck. Chuck shook his turret no and showed her with his manipulators he would not penetrate her, he didn't know much German, but knew his commander Joshua did. Rosa lowered her hull back down into the mud and went back to staring at the ground in self-pity.

Chuck couldn't stand seeing such a thing be left to live like this, even if it was the enemy it still didn't want this, and definitely didn't enjoy this one bit. Chuck went back for Joshua, and returned an hour later with him, and he too picked up how Chuck felt about her sitting here to be a sperm dumpster for any American tank horny enough. Joshua himself was of German ancestry and had family in France and Germany, and knew his German mother was EXTREMELY prideful and realized this was a huge disgrace to the tank hunter; Chuck had ties already to a Firefly and knew she'd be very tough to crack for sex from a German, and wanted to help this German 'enemy' out of this hell. Joshua started a conversation with an introduction:

"Hello there, my name is Joshua, and this is my Sherman E2 Chuck, what's your name?" She looked to him, and slowly replied in compliance with a voice full of depression.

"I was named Rosa." There was a tension filled silence before she spoke again, "You speak German very well, where did you learn, American?"

"I have a German mother and an English father. They moved to America shortly after mother was pregnant with me. We speak German and English at my house but I also speak French quite fluently because of my great aunt." Rosa nodded once in acknowledgment and asked in bitterness: "So are you here to put me down and scrap me?"

"That's what'll happen when the division moves up to about here," she looks away, sighs out and appears to let water diluted silver tears roll down her armor. "But I don't think we'll let that happen." She darts her eyes back to him, hope and bargaining filling them.

"Please Americans! Don't let them do this, please!" She begs them, Chuck lost and confused to all hell and Joshua turning to tell Chuck the gist so far.

"So, Joshua, what's her story?" He asks Joshua to translate, as another living machine is somewhat rare for the Americans to put in the same divisions, and usually German vehicles are the only ones that are met, to finally be able to know what interaction's like for another tank is a rare treat, especially from the enemy point of view. Joshua turns from Chuck and asks the pleading beast just that after reassuring her.

"Well my beginning is uneventful; I was assigned a crew earlier this year, and we never talked. They knew I was here; they just ignored me or sparked a small conversation. We seemed invulnerable, powerful, silent killers! But then after you Americans came, and we spurred here, we shot at only one tank, and two trucks and a building before my cowering crew began pulling through the hedges over there. I got to about here before a captured German anti-tank gun ripped through my sprocket, crippling me and making my poor excuse of a crew run! They bailed as soon as I stopped and never looked back those bastards!" Joshua saw how angry she was at this, she was thrashing her hull around on her clogged, sloshy suspension; he did understand why they ran. When he was in Italy his infantry support helped fend off a large number of German heavies with two of the German's own '88 Pak guns. "The gun ran off leaving me here… alone. I had great hatred toward my crew, but then three American tanks tried forcing themselves on me! They made me cry and beg for my crew again. The three broke me with much time, ramming me, rolling me, threatening me, and shoving their parts in terrible places until I gave in. They never got but my first passage, not my precious cervix! They raped me the whole night, not once did they experience the pleasure of me cuming on them! Never! There were five more after them within two days of each other. Two were gracious enough to pull out as not to hurt me more and persuaded me to let them me finish how I wanted, they were the ones that respected me more than a cum bucket! The others flat out raped me until they were satisfied, and left with snickering remarks!" Joshua watched as a massive force of pure hatred overtook her and fear engulfing himself and Chuck, who needed no translation to tell how pissed she was.

.n down, Rosa! It'll take time for us to fix you up again with what we have, so anything you have will help

but first you need to relax." She took rapid deep breaths, slowly her respirations become calmer and soon she's back to a steady pace. "The majority of trouble will be that drive wheel. We also need to make a deal between us."

"I was with a Panther crew that was knocked out somewhere in the groves." She gestures off into the brush, Chuck recognized 'Panther' and told Joshua he found one stuck ass-down in a bomb crater with a shot hole in the belly. The three make their deal, soon Chuck and Joshua run over to the burnt out terror and note that the drive wheels are shared between the two models of Panther. After some trial and error in getting the correct bolt measurements the two busts off the identical drive wheel and decide to drag the whole intact track like a sled behind them back to Rosa. Rosa was tossing her '88 ammo outside as part of the deal, along with the hull MG and roof mount. She knew she'd be completely defenseless but understood the worry the Americans had in making her operational again with unsuppressed hatred toward the American tanks, especially the ones who raped her. They arrive back to her at sundown. To avoid attention they plan to meet back in the morning then leave for base.

"She liked you, Josh."

"Shut up, Chuck. It's only because I was the only one to actually talk to her."

"No, no, there was more behind her voice…"

"No Chuck that's just the dialect the language has."

"Believe what you want, but we tanks don't talk like that. Oh could you teach me some more German?"

"Yeah you're a fast learner, probably because you're a machine that seemingly knows everything American within a day. Wait… what made you suddenly want to learn German, Chuck? Got the hots for a German?"

"No! Just… it was-it's… it's complicated… I couldn't really talk to her when she thought I would rape her, and it was just really awkward in the moment. I don't want that problem again. It seems too… I think it feels worse for her and I couldn't even talk to her… to help her mentally." Chuck made a point, Joshua mostly taught the other men in his tank German but Chuck wouldn't usually tune in, but when he did he was fantastic at learning and executing the German he learned.

"You've got a deal." Joshua said as Chuck nodded to him. "Panther lover."

"Shove-it! Before I throw you into the hedges!" The two joked the whole way to base. But Joshua couldn't get Rosa out of the back of his head. Chuck did have a point where in her latter speech she had a tinge in her voice, that wasn't part of the dialect. He could pick up a line anywhere in English but German speech and tone was still somewhat mysterious to him. She didn't look too bad, aside from being covered in mud and grass due to the raping Shermans, and seemed at her heart harmless and troubled. He sat down with his crew at meal time and was oddly quiet, usually rambunctious like the rest of the crew, thinking about her meanings, all the way to bed.

Joshua looked around; he was naked and strapped to a round table on its side. Oh great another one of those moments, he thought. He looks around some more, and is met with Rosa staring at him seductively with a long broad smile bearing her panther mimic teeth.

"I think it's time to get something straight, Joshua…" She was still eyeing him intensely, "I've had pent up lust and no satisfaction by my rapers, now I can finally fuck who I want and how I want it. And I want you." Joshua kept his blank poker face as she slowly rolled towards him eyeing him top-to-bottom and licking her lips with a wet tongue. Once she got to him the restraints were gone and he was rock hard and craving it. A small panel opened at the base of the lower glacis and a silver pair of vertical lips that bend to the belly drooling silver goop caught his eyes. Just like where Chuck said his 'Trojan spear' is. She moves closer and closer, raising her forward torsion bars as high as they reach and sinking her rear bars as low as they can, getting her port as high as can be, about his belly button height, then she reaches toward him and forces ' 'o drop to his knees, then sit down with his legs folded. She pulls even closer and pulls his head back ` . places her slit onto his mouth. This is new, and not my style.

“Lick it; lick it like ice cream, American!” She demands him. He closes his eyes and complies by lapping at the split and entering every so often, causing Rosa to purr and the engine to hum while once in a while her body would shudder then seem to ooze onto his face more, making him want her more and more ferociously.

“Enough of that, Joshua, let’s move on to… the main course.” She pulled him out and stood him up then bent his legs to where his long hard aching spear was at just the right height. She starts compressing her wrapped arms around him to pull him closer and closer until his point was at the gates of her cavern. She reaches down and grabs his shaft to guide it in on the mark.

“Venture deep, American.” The two let out a quite moan as her soft lips gently break and give allowing him to enter her where so many others have forced theirs. “AAAHHH! Now this is sex!” She pushes him deeper, and deeper, and deeper ever so slowly until he can go no further; this is when Joshua lets go of control and melts to her every whim. She pulls him up, then down, and repeats over and over drawing her pleasure toy up and down rubbing around to reach every spot she can make his shaft go. Suddenly she lets her wrap slip loose around him and she makes a moderate demand of her ‘victim’.

“Fuck me.” Joshua tenses up, unsure if she was moaning to herself or ordering him to do this. “You heard me, Joshua? I said fuck me.” He stands grasping this thought, he slowly realizes what’s happening, that he wants to fuck her. “I said FUCK ME!”

Joshua obeyed instantly after her last uttering. He felt a wave of alien feeling hit him; his cock was mingling with hot creamy love juice oils and hot dough-like putty he thinks is her port. Chuck might actually be on to something, he thought, this feels amazing! Her hull he was pressed against became warmer and warmer as her engine whines louder and louder, her purring and moaning growing louder and louder. Slowly her dough pussy began to stiffen like ice hardening; only instead of getting colder she was becoming very hot down under. Her engine started sputtering and her breaths more gritting and forceful. Holy shit she’s cuming! Her walls of hard dough went limp again and her engine cut down to a gentle hum again as she moaned very loudly and squirted streaks of slick hot silver cum in between his legs but not sparing his groin or areas of his abdomen.

“AHH! AGAIN! Stop for NOTHING! More Joshua MORE!” He merrily thrusted and thrusted, growing closer and closer to his own. He was approaching his first finally of the night, plowing through with no intention of ceasing, he had caught on, and was on the brink.

“GRRAAHHHH I’M ABOUT TO-”

Joshua hits the floor a wet sopping mess, his crew mate pushed his cot over.

“WHY THE HELL’D YOU DO THAT YOU ASSHOLE!?” He’d been in another one of those dreams.

“Well, you were thrashin ’round like youwa havin a fucking exorcism, so I panicked and poured sum water ov’r ya but that didn’t do shit… so I flipped ya!”

“Yea, well fuck you. What time is it?”

“Fo thirdy fie.”

“Why the hell are you up at four fucking thirty-five?”

“I was doin stuff.” Joshua just let this go, and knowing he wouldn’t get back to sleep that night decided to wander and contemplate the dream, hopefully wanting to pull the last bit of the dream he was having to enjoy the last bit of it; cuming in that sexy tank destroyer. Until sunrise he beat on himself to bring up that dream’s ending, until Chuck reminded him they promised to meet Rosa shortly after sunrise. Joshua ate, cleaned, dressed, and just for good measure; put a condom in his pocket.

ua was mildly encouraging Chuck to go a tad bit faster, Chuck and the crew go way back, and they y much know each other like counting one to ten, only Chuck could count to fifteen on Joshua.

“You had another dream, didn’t you?”

“I might of.”

“About Rosa.”

“She’s female.”

“It was Rosa.”

“Not telling.” Chuck repeated ‘it was Rosa’ and Joshua continued on with ‘not telling’ until about forty yards from the break in the hedges that Rosa’s on the other side of.

“Okay YES! It was Rosa!”

“Knew it.”

“You will speak NOTHING of it! ESPECIALLY to her! Ka-peish?” Chuck chuckled.

“Ka-peish.” They rounded the bend and met an excited Rosa tossing an ‘88 shell back and forth between her arms. Joshua struggled to contain his own excitement. As the two Americans began beating the literal shit out of the muddy wheel their replacing, Rosa brings up how their nights went.

“Pretty average.” Joshua said in a grunt, one of the bolts seemed to have rusted to the mount.
“I had a great night last night.” Chuck said in German, surprising Rosa a little, for he spoke nothing yesterday.

“What was so great?” She asks him in German, Chuck thought only understanding ‘was so great’ then inferred the ‘what’ part.

“I got a…. a….” He was searching for ‘letter from my girlfriend’ but turned up empty so he asked Joshua to translate.

“Oh who is she?” Rosa asks intrigued by this, her own mind was racing of this subject of being in a relationship.

“I have a picture her…” Chuck said a little slowly, knowing he sounded stupid, and pulled a picture from behind his gun mantle and let’s Rosa see it, the picture is Chuck and Katelyn, a firefly Sherman, sitting next to each other with Katelyn proudly displaying the sideways heart-shaped armor fracture Chuck accidentally did to her, leading them into a long relationship they’re still in.

“That’s adorable, nice couple.” Chuck sat there blank face, he has no idea what she just said.

“She said you’re a jackass, not enough!” Joshua was fucking with Chuck, who looked at him with an expression of ‘fuck you too, dick’ before trying to explain the heart-shaped dent in Katelyn’s mantle. Trying.
“God you know so little! Here I’ll fucking translate.” Joshua was explaining the story to an intrigued ‘enemy’ who was staring intensively at his shirtless body, sparking a small flame in Joshua. Once he finished the story he gestured to Chuck to help him pluck the battered drive wheel off. As the two pulled and wrenched the sprocket off Rosa was screaming her chassis off in pain, and once the wheel did pop off silver fluids followed from various wells and mounts. Joshua stroked her side to help ease her tears and comfort her. She continued sniffling while they ripped off the useless tracks and put the new one on with quite the trouble even with her full ability to ease the burden. “Alright Rosa, all we have to do is get the sprocket on and we’re finished.” She was thanking and thanking them as Joshua went to pick up the wheel, and couldn’t move it. He looked at it with ‘holy fucking shit that’s heavier than it looks’ because they yanked this off and drug it, not at all carrying it, and Rosa’s was only half its original weight. Chuck helped him push it to her side, Rosa offered to help lift and guide it and stretched two of her arms and wrapped his arms and covered Joshua’s
’ 's like a mitt, and this sent waves of feeling throughout both of their bodies, exciting them equally as
. They all three grabbed the sprocket and heaved it up to the clean mount washed clean by Rosa’s

‘bleeding’ and made it very much easier applying the new sprocket as it also acted as a lube.
“How’s it feel, Rosa?” Joshua asked her as she rocked back and forth in the mud.
“I can’t feel it.” She answered plainly then smiled in excitement doing a three-sixty spin in place.
“What’d you ask her?” Chuck asked Joshua.
“How it felt.”
“Well she won’t feel anything; it doesn’t have the life giving alloy in it. It’s basically a fake foot for her.”
Joshua looked mind-blown. They can have fake limbs? What the hell? Rosa was in… the mood.
“So… How could I ever repay you two?” Rosa asked sensually eyeing Joshua and Chuck, but most definitely Joshua was being eyed the most. Chuck had no idea what she completely asked but her tone and gaze made him uncomfortable. While Joshua knew every of what she said and finally picked up on the tone and gaze and he was, well… interested, in her offer and reached in his pocket and found the square wrapping package. “I do have one way. Technically rape doesn’t take virginity… So I’m still virgin.” Chuck began to roll away, aroused by her tone, but knew it wasn’t right for him. “Well, not for long at least.” Her gaze fell on a shirtless smiling human with his left hand buried in his pocket and something large festering in his crotch.
“Hey-um, I’m gunna go, Josh, umm, see ya later.” With that he turned and left the two to their business.
“Aww, looks like I won’t have my three-way.” Rosa said sullenly as she crept towards Joshua where both of them had a large grin on their dirty faces.
“Nope, looks like I’ll be it for tonight, Rosa.” He said slowly creeping towards her.
“That’s all I need.” With that she lashed her arms to him and wisped him to her lips in a flash and the two instantly began in bursts of kisses, bodily fluids mixing and clinging to one another. She was pulling at his green dungaree-like trousers with much effort while he unlatched his belt and let her strip his pants and boots in one motion, the latter kind of burning his skin in rug-burn fashion, before throwing them off to the side.
“You don’t need that damned condom!” She said quite fast, knowing he had a condom in his pocket the whole time. “I don’t fucking care!” She placed him down on his feet and opened her port cover panel at the near tail-end of her belly plate. Joshua heard the panel open, it was more shot open, but staring at the spot that Chuck said that his ‘Trojan spear’ and Katelyn’s vagina would be showed him nothing, he was baffled; where the HELL is it!? Rosa herself was looking at him like asking ‘are you stupid’ but remembered that the Americans place their packages on the very lower portion of the front of the hull, and he was probably aware of theirs and not hers. She plucked him up, and smooched him one more time then hauled him to her awaiting and drooling tender nether lips.
Joshua was thankful she didn’t put his mouth to there, although kissing her was a nice mix of things he wasn’t all that into oral. She grabbed the base of his shaft where he grabbed as well, and together they guided his spear into her depths that made her engine roar like in his dream. She started quivering in her hull and her port was awash with her fluids. She’s wetter than I dreamed, and holy God does she feel even better! Joshua figured all the poundings from her previous assaulters made her very, very tender and plush with the firmness of cotton candy yet her insides where very hot, not unbearable but reminding of his old Floridian home’s summers.
“Are you enjoying this as much as I am, Rosa?” He asked her, she chuckled and answered.
“Not yet, that’s simply the beginning, prepare to go where no cock has gone before!” She pushed something very firm and hot down on his spear point, and that was unable to puncture so it instead bent and pained Joshua until Rosa assisted by inserting her hand originally at the base to hold his length up.
“Venture deep, love.” OH MY GOD! SHE SAID ALMOST THE SAME LINE AS IN –AAAAHHHHH!
Rosa was able to slam her tight cervix down around his cock just the, making their receptors and dopamine to explode in excitement thus leaving the both of them drooling and savoring each other’s sexuality for who knows how long. Then Rosa reeled her tongue in and lifted and dropped herself periodically, giving Joshua a feeling he literally couldn’t even dream in his wild dream. So soft! So hot! So wet! So… SO DAMN GOOD! Joshua was hypnotized into a limp trance. MMMMMMM he’s so thick! OHHH he’s so warm! UUHHH he’s so long! AAHHH he’s so hard! OOOOO he’s, he’s, SO DAMN GOOD! Rosa was bouncing on him so fast she thought she was pounding as fast as her steaming and smoking engine’s pistons were. Joshua snapped out of the trance just as Rosa slowed to a stop to ease her tired suspension’s pain.
“Fuck me.” Joshua tenses up, unsure if she was moaning to herself or asking him to do this. “Did you hear me, Joshua? Please fuck me.” He stands grasping this thought, almost like the dream, he wanted to fuck her. Fuck her all night. “Please baby, pleASE FUCK ME!” Joshua instantly kicked into high gear halfway through her final request, turning the subject of question to a statement. Now it was Rosa’s turn to be succumbed in the trance of pleasure. In less than twenty seconds Rosa, unprepared for his barrage, came all over his body.
‘ HHHWWW YESSSS JOSHUA! fuck me! fuck ME! fUCK ME! AWWW FUCK ME MY MAN! Never heard of
one before. Joshua was being zapped of fluids by the immense amount of heat from her split opening

and her radiating body, and was willingly lapping at the puddles of her ‘ha ice cream’ forming at his peck’s gap for nutrients. Her engine sounded like a roaring racecar’s in idle, but vibrating the shit out of Rosa and Joshua shaking the mud off their muddy bodies and making his endurance plummet, and all of a sudden before he could warn her he came shooting his cream right up her sucking cervix. Rosa felt this, and contrary to what Joshua thought she might do, she moaned in pleasure and thanked him for this sex, her first real sex. Joshua was quite scared for her and was trembling at what he just did.

“Why are you so scared, sugar? You did excellent, really, showed those Shermans how to REALLY fuck a girl.” She was hugging him and holding him close to her body, hoping her engine’s gentle vibrations would lull him to sleep with her.

“I-I-I-I c-c-c-came… Rosa I came inside you! I’m sorry I’m really sorry! It just happened so quic-“

“I know, I know. And I’ll happily raise this child, knowing that someone I’ve come to love has brought it to me. So, daddy, what should we name it? We’ll need a boy and a girl. Do you think they’ll scrap me now? I think not.” Joshua realized what they’d do to her, and he broke to tears uncontrollably.

“They’ll kill you now!” Rosa went wide-eyed, just like the Russians threatened, that’s the whole reason why she chose the western front. Her lips trembled.

“NO! I’M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU JOSHUA! I WON’T DO IT!” She too started to cry.

“Will the German’s let me in? I’ll go for you, but what then? What if they lose? Why? Why? WHY? WHY? WHY!?!” Rosa knew they’d never let him in, they would need to be separated to live on, for this new child to live on.

“No, no, no no no no no no NO! We can’t. We need to go our separate ways.” The two of them sobbed, held each other, and enjoyed their moments with each other as much as painfully possible, Joshua told her everything about the last day or two, and she did the same. Finally they slept the night together, then at dawn, painfully, tediously, and heartbroken, they left each other after agreeing that Chuck will never veil himself that way Rosa can spot him, and to paint a gray heart shaped dent into his rears of the turret and hull.

“Hey Rosa! Wake up we’re getting shipped out and we’re getting a new battalion of just us living machines!” cried an excited female Puma, Rosa woke to a bright morning of September 14th, three months after she had to leave her love. She wiped the tears away and made sure her hatches were locked, she had no crew, then she looked at a note from that time ago; Zachery / Jasmine the names of that child, if she really was pregnant. “Why do you keep that note around? The hell is it?”

“Just a link to my past, that’s all.”

“Ah the infamous past no one knows!” As she blabbers on, Rosa folds the note, tucks it behind her mantle, and wipes away the tears of the past.
Fin Chapter 21

Chapter 22
Hansel woke up early, stood up and remembered where he fell asleep as the blankets fell off and his ass following. The blankets cushioned and muffled his fall, not waking up Marion, sound asleep with her turret still turned and relaxing on her hull belly and her gun completely depressed down. Hansel smiles coldly, thinking of the best miss they had last night then gets on his feet shivering and putting his morning wood away to die down.
“Holy shit its cold! It’s early this year for sure.” He talks to himself as he decides to keep his night clothes on under his uniform getting dressed. As he’s ducking under Marion’s gun mantle she embraces him and holds him to her warm hull.
“I’m sorry I lost it last night,” she began, kissing him on his forehead. “I don’t know what came over me, I’m lost there.”
‘ ‘ine,” he responds kissing her back. “It’s probably just natural when your cervix’s opened. No big deal
. just have to be careful.”

She brings him into another kiss on the lips, a long one before releasing him. “Your hair’s growing longer, I like it longer; wow it’s cold today, even in here. I wonder how cold it is outside. Do you think they heard me out there?” She asks teasingly.
“Oh I know they heard you. I know that for certain. And I know you like my hair.” Hansel said blatantly kissing her again before she stood back up on her suspension’s usual height. “Well we’re moving out finally. I’m going to see what all the others are doing before we leave; I want to talk to my family before we leave, still.”
“Alright but don’t get into trouble and be back before noon. I’ll probably be here getting my shit together.” They gave their farewells and Hansel trekked to mess hall for a bearing on his crew. As he walks through the doors he hears Inbred call to him.
“MY God Hansel! Could you make her scream any LOUDER!?” He yells sarcastically, Hansel smirks and walks over to his crew, where Whacker and Banker weren’t arguing for once, mostly because Whacker was out cold in his mashed potatoes. “Please don’t Hansel, I couldn’t sleep at all, Whacker slept perfectly fine I’m not sure as to why he’s out cold now.” Hansel looks over to Whacker, he was drooling into his mashed potato pillow. Then Inbred makes a shuddering noise, “how-how do you do it? It’s… uhuhuhgg… boiling hot motor oil burning and-and-and hot steel it-it-it’s… aahh howww? Yeah sure Marion’s attractive-but-but, eeugh!” Inbred was showing a little confusion and distaste.
“It’s not hot motor oil or steel.”
“Cold motor oil? Cold steel? I-I-I-?”
“No, Inbred, no, it’s none of that!”
“Then wha-what is it?! Hot steamy exhaust pipe?”
“No it’s no-well… mmehh kinda we can-”
“Doesn’t-does-da-doesn’t that burn? I-I still don’t get it!” Inbred was beginning to stutter that’s how confused he was.
“Alright Inbred shut up! Let me finish!” Hansel snapped, Inbred stopped fidgeting and sat slumped with his hands in his lap. Hansel sighed and rubbed his forehead with his thumb and pointer finger; he couldn’t believe he had to explain Marion’s most sacred parts. “Gah, it’s not motor oil, it’s a coolant mixed with a silver color, like Mercury but it IS WARM… not hot like burning but it gets… hot, when she’s… (oh God damnit) hot… Get it? Good; and it’s not steel it’s…” Hansel fumbled, he’s never had to compare it, he doesn’t know what it is. He could infer on taste but then Inbred would know what else he’s done to the tank he calls home. “Ah shit, it isn’t steel I guarantee that. It’s… soft, but metallic, it tastes metall-fuck!” Inbred went wide eyed, shocked at that point. “Fuck it! She’s all metal, she tasted metal but she’s soft like flesh and she can get pretty hot in there, alright!” Hansel looked at Inbred with his face saying ‘ya happy now Inbred!?’
“You didn’t need to be a bitch about it. If you blew her, you blew her, great; good for you two but Jesus don’t act like it’s a bad thing. Bunch of pussies.” Whacker commented slowly and out of it.
“How could you have heard that and be alright with it!” Inbred asked shocked Whacker was awake.
“Well she knows I’ve jerked inside her so, and she’s obviously got something Hansel can use to make her scream, so, and the only way I’ve made my girl scream like that was going down deep on her. Not that big of a deal. Love’s love, Inbred, get over yourself.” He said opening his eyes and rising, wiping the mashed potato bits from his face and beard.
“You were awake the whole time?” Hansel asked blandly.
“Yes I was awake, mashed potatoes are better used as pillows here. Where’d Banker and Meats go?” Just as he asked Meats walks over with a tray full of assorted meats, greens, and bread.
“Banker went to the shitter when Hansel sat down.”
“Meats why aren’t you cooking?” Hansel joked.
“Ah they’re just jealous of me, that’s why.” He sneered back. Banker walked back over and sat down.
“So now that we’re all here, what are we doing on our last day at Munich?” Banker was optimistic, and was looking around eagerly at his crew mates.
“Let’s go to a pub.” Whacker blurts instinctively. The crew looked like that was a bad idea except Hansel.
“Actually that’s not a bad idea.” They all looked at him in surprise; Hansel never let them into pubs. “I know of one, it’s a good place. I’ll get some chow there and not here, this stuff’s shit.” He got up and told them to meet him at the gate in thirty, they didn’t need to sign out with command, Marion’s crew was all on leave. Hansel goes back to Marion to tell her they’ll be at the bar.
“That’s fine; although I’m curious… could you bring back a keg?” Hansel furrowed his face.
“Why?”
“What do you think I can’t take it? I’ll be fine I just want to try it. Besides… it could make me… “She winked at
’ He just huffed a single ‘hah’ and promised he’d bring her something. Hansel walks outside and spots
. ld Tiger and his crew packing up nearby with Faust and Anton with their crew. He decides to walk over

and invite the crews to the pub.
“Hello Hansel,” The Tiger said, noticing him approach. “I don’t recall telling you my name they gave me.”
“No I don’t think you did.” Hansel responds nodding the group as a greeting.
“I named him Griffin.” His radio operator Emilie Volkstung said proudly and smiled at Griffin, who smiled back.
“I like Griffin,” Anton said as he chucked a rucksack onto Faust’s engine roof before climbing up to tie it to the armored skirt Faust has on her turret. “But like Faust better!” He grinned widely at Faust; she nodded her gun and pats him on the head before trying to tidy up his scruffy look.
“I know you do, Antie, that’s why you picked it.” She smiled at him and looked into his green eyes while he looked into her warm hazel eyes.
“So todays the last day in Munich and we planned on going in to a pub or bar, care to join?”
The women instantly declined for good reason, other drunken soldiers would take advantage of them, then one by one Faust’s crew respectfully declined except for Anton, who asked Faust if he could go. She thought for a moment before something struck her and she agreed to it.
“Hooray! Going to a pub! Finally a pub!” He’s never been inside one before and he’s spurting out all the things he’ll do such as drink, game, pub activities.
“Alright then come on. I’ll make sure he comes back intact and he doesn’t drink too much, Faust.” Hansel called to her, she lifted he metal brow-like eye protectors.
“Oh no let him drink all he wants…” Her tone was suspicious then she smiled wide and said under her breath, “all he wants.”
Hansel walked with Anton back towards some other crews, contemplating her message. He walked around and learned that sadly no others will be joining them, Irish wants to befriend E as much as possible before some combat can prove fatal, Edwards and his crew adopted their old ways of Jäger and Fritz’s crews being one large group, and all the other Tiger crews were busy on their own accords. So when the time came to head in the bunch of six looked at each other awkwardly, expecting more to accompany them, before driving off in a Kubelwagon to the city. Munich had cleaned up fast but the scars still bled, ruble was shoveled into collapsed basements, distraught people wandered the streets, and children sat distressed and too sad to play games, then on other undamaged streets life looked as if there was no war, stores, games, happy faces and playful children tugging at the group for something from the front like a helmet or a canteen. Anton was playing tag with some grade schoolers when Hansel pointed out the bar his father had taken him too. It was rudimentary and plain, but inside were much festivities, games, joking, women and food.
“Hey Antie, we’re here! Come on inside brother.” Whacker yelled to a taunting Anton who climbed up onto a store stand roof to avoid being tagged by a nine year old girl.
“You go inside, I haven’t played tag in a long time!-Ha!-Almost got me!” He continued to taunt her until she played the gender card and got him to climb down. As he continued the five others waltzed on into the bar and without even hesitating Whacker plops down next to a revealing fräulein at the bar; his two favorite things, while the other four mingle and drink. Things are going well, Whacker’s on his sixth beer in under ninety minutes, Inbred and Meats are enjoying the company and stories of some old Great War veterans, while Banker and Hansel are at the bar chilling out and bonding, Hansel couldn’t remember the group this actively engaging and merry, while Banker was talking about finances work and Hansel listening closely so he could work some money magic at the end of the war to free Marion of military control Banker took a swig of the cheapest beer and made it clear why it was the cheapest when he gagged and spit it out instantly.
“Wow that’s shit!” He exclaims after Inbred comes over laughing at him. He takes a sip and looks at him strangely.
“Another problem with you, Banks, this is pretty good.” Hansel motions for the bottle and takes a bit of it and is pleasant of it until the after taste hits and he spits out trying to free the wretched taste from his mouth.
“No no! Banks is right! Shit, that’s this beer, shit!” Hansel figured he’d get this for Marion; he didn’t want her to become an addict like Whacaholic and figured he’d save on money. After ordering the keg a group of rowdy Wehrmacht soldiers paraded in and asserted themselves around Hansel’s crew. Hansel thought nothing of it until he spotted the unit patch on the sergeant’s coat next to him… it brought back memories of that old panzergrenadiers that rode with his panzer unit…
“Greetings, Captain, what brings you here?” He spoke with a more northern dialect and sounded exhausted.
“We’re in from the front and are looking for a good time, which this dumb bastard will miss out on!” He
ɒed one of his squad mates by the shoulders right next to him and shook him.
told you I’m against drinking. I don’t know why you even care bringing me.” He said very self-

consciously, almost setting a disinterested tone.
“Ah well, fuck him! How’ve you been Captain?” The two talked for a good bit, every now and then Hansel caught Inbred looking intensely and suspiciously at the panzergrenadiers. Hansel talked about moving their tank column up northward tomorrow morning, their numbers and speed, all of it to a brother in arms. But the sergeant reeled when Hansel talked about the panzergrenadier unit that saved him and his tank many times in Russia. Hansel thought nothing of the unit in the west; he was in the west now, why not them?
“So hows about some beer?” The sergeant asked then asked his companions for their tastes. “Are you sure you want nothing? Seriously? Alright then, four beers bartender!” Hansel looked at his hand, he held up four fingers with his thumb tucked…
“YOU ENGLISH BASTARDS!” Inbred yelled as he lunged for the nearest intruder, who was pulling a pistol from his belt. Hansel goes wide eyed as a fist from the sergeant flies toward his face. He wipes the strike aside as Whacker reached behind the bar and grabs a bottle before swinging madly at the sergeant. A blow of the heavy bottle sends him sprawling onto the non-drinker behind him. Two others tried to gang up on Meats, Banker had been hit from behind with a club, Meats grabbed them by their throats and lifted them off the ground with his massive strength before body slamming them on the ground. The two forces clash as citizens scream and run out as guns fly out, no bullets hitting their marks. Hansel takes on the sergeant while Whacker takes on his sober friend, Inbred was pig-wrestling his foe and rolling him to hit anything heavy while at the same time being hit himself, Banker went out cold leaving Meats to take the force of two angry men who thought they could deal real damage to him. Anton runs inside and slams against the sergeant, he elbows Anton in the nose, blooding it, before Anton bear hugs him tight and head bangs him hard in the back. Hansel unleashes the fury that someone hurt Anton and punches the sergeant in key areas like the side of the head, gut, neck, and kicking out his knees. The group holds out long enough for officials to arrive and through questioning, discover Hansel’s group as German soldiers and the other as spies, the sober man had recording gear under his tunic, but thankfully, no transmission equipment.
The group recollected themselves and for the most part literally licked their wounds. Hansel had taken some time to take what he rightfully bought; a keg of shit beer, and Anton picked up a full bottle he’d found lying on the floor, he’d have his first back with Faust. The ride was tiresome, and Hansel knew he’d be in no mood if Marion was in heat still from last night, but he tended to Anton’s wounds who tried to fend him off, trying to prove to Hansel he could fend for himself. When they pulled back to the base they were met with hearty appreciations from the others, and while they waddled about trying to regain their footings, Anton stumbled worse than Whacaholic, prompting Irish to ask if he drank more than Whacker.
“No he didn’t drink at all, he’s just… worn down.” Hansel says as he pulls the keg from the back seat. Marion heard about the fight and was trying to get to them as soon as possible, but when she saw them all battered up in a mess she took a sigh of relief and grabbed Hansel and drug him to her lips and kissed him. He was so tired he let himself rag doll over her hull and told her with his enthusiasm in his kiss that he was not in a sexual mood. She pulled him away smiling and looked at him and the others all rag-tag and worn.
“Alright, from now on, no more pubs for any of you.” She lifted her eye shade brows and looked at them all squarely in the eyes until they nodded in agreement. After that she asked if Hansel brought her anything and was presented the keg, she tried some in the corner of her mouth holding the keg to her faceplate and drinking away. While she argued with Inbred’s side against Hansel and Banker on how it’s good Anton slips away still staggering like a drunk, searching for Faust. He was thinking about her as always, he was very much attached to her as a friend and comrade. She’s so pretty, so very pretty, no she’s beautiful. I wish I was as nice looking as her. I wish I could make her feel as good as I do around her, she always makes me feel good, she always makes me smile and picks me up just by being there… I wonder if I do the same for her… I want to make her feel as special like that, but, how? How could I? As he turns into her tank house he spots her angling her hull corner shot like with her looking at him with a very wide smile bearing her amazing razor teeth and looking at him through seductive eyes. Then she speaks to him in a low tone.
“Hello, Anton!”
Fin chapter 22

Chapter 23
Faust watched as Hansel and Anton walked off with a big maniacal grin on her face and a set gaze on Anton.
“All he wants.” Hansel gave her a suspicious look over his shoulder before she rubbed her lips together side to side. She was thinking to herself. It’s time I get this, and this’ll be perfect! He won’t remember anything, hammering himself away at the bar he’ll come back drunk, he’ll come to me and I’ll get him then! He won’t say no, no he won’t resist, looking for tail there but when he gets nothing he won’t think twice about me… ` wake up tomorrow on my engine with last night a blur and lost to him, he won’t know what we did… ill later but not now, he’s… he’s too fragile now. Poor thing, but he’s just, just, just there, always there

and happy, he's just so adorable. If he only knew how handsome he was I wouldn't have a chance, but I'll get him. I've been at him and at him but it seemingly just… goes over him but I feel like he does get it, deep down I think he knows what I mean… Oh he's perfect, always interested in something, always lively, always glad. I hope he loves me deep down, more than a friend. Please oh please let this be true! He's too much for me not to love him! And I'm getting him tonight, it's been too long now and I'll get him tonight or else. But we'll need time… time. She thought for a while how to get time, they're shipping out northward in the morning but it'll be before sunrise for the cover of dark then morning fog to get out and away from the city, night time is a no-go because of militia and night bombers. Faust thought as her crew finished packing, she needed someone to have a engine problem, but the mechanics could whip out anything wrong with their engines in a flash, she needed someone whose engine is unknown…
"Kramia!" She darts off to find her Russian friend right as she was packed up. She looked around for Kramia or Mini, she asked Fritz and Jäger with no help, she found Irish and E playing with the gun breach and when she asked E said she didn't even know anyone here, and Irish had no clue but introduced E and Faust to each other. She meandered around until she found Mini and Kramia cuddling by a tank house.
"Morning Faust. You look busy." Mini said merrily, Kramia smiles. The two are always so happy together. She thought then she asked to talk to Kramia privately.
"Sure, Faust. So what do you need?"
"So, I have a personal request of you…" She asked slowly for a way to word it well, Kramia was still listening, "so would you mind throwing out your engine… possibly?" Kramia looked confused. "Not like replace, I mean to fake a problem. Preferably tomorrow morning." Kramia looked more understanding but she wanted to know why. "Well you're the only tank here none of the monkey wrenches around here know inside and out, and I need time in the morning." She looked around a little paranoid like.
"Why you need time? You look ready now."
"Well… Anton went to the bar, for the first time and, I want him to get… hammered." Kramia smiled, she was catching on now.
"So he might hammer you?"
"No he will hammer me." The two joke around some more, all of feminine humor that went over a confused Mini's head who sat poker face waiting; he tried to interrupt and tell Kramia something but couldn't be heard over their chatter. Eventually Faust left them and raced back to her tank house to prep herself, she had no idea how long they'd be so she was trying some positions to greet Anton in that would hopefully arouse him when Kramia roll to the door looking depressed and scared.
"FFFFaust-" she began trembling.
"Yes Kram?" She asked worried, hoping nobody learned of her plans she told her.
"I don't need to fake it…" She started, Faust moved closer to her deeply worried now, "They're taking away my gun…"
"Why?" Faust was aghast, she had never thought of changing a tank's gun mid-service. Mini rolls to Kramia's side and holds her as best he can leaning in to her and letting her lean and rest against him.
"They don't make her ammunition, and to put a line for one tank is a waste so, so they're replacing her eighty-five with a custom built and fitted eighty-eight." He answered her. Kramia kept sobbing and turned to try burying her face parts into Mini's side. Griffin rolls by with his radio op and gunner and takes a heartily notice to Kramia.
"What's the matter? Homesick? It's alright, all normal." He asks her, Mini answers him the same he did Faust.
"It's not that bad, I'm sure they'll let you hold on to your gun."
"But I love this gun! It's mine and I'm good with it! I-I can hit my mark on the move! I don't want to restart, please!" Kramia wailed.
"Hey come on, it's not that much different, only three more millimeters, that's all!" Griffin's gunner spurted, "you'll love the double-eight. Trust me, it's better."
"Yes, reach out far more with even more accuracy! It hits a lot harder, too, only need one shot to stop what's over here. You'll be glad you got it." Kramia seemed to perk up, Griffin smiled and moved on back to his path. Mini tugged on Kramia, she held onto him as he towed her by his side off to their usual spot leaving Faust at her tank house. She thought about it for a while, Kramia didn't have anything complicated on her mantle like Griffin's eyes, and looked like it could easily be separated so she didn't drag on the subject. Instead she moved over to Anton again, she thought about how he'd look nude, enticing her to drip in her sensitive region and play with it through her covering panel to tempt her but not fill her, Anton would do that. She spent the majority of her time deciding on her welcoming stance, seductive tone, greeting, sex adventures, naughty stuff, then waited and lusted, almost losing it and destroying her clit herself in heat but [illegible] off just long enough.
[illegible]heard some hard placed footsteps approaching and hoped it was a lone Anton. As Anton turns the

corner sluggishly she notices his uniforms jacked up and there's blood on his chest and collar from his bloody nose and cares not then notices his drunken stagger and usual smile with an unopened beer bottle in his hand. "Hello, Anton!" She says seductively as he staggers toward her while she then closes the door. He falls on her jutting hull hood in a wide arm embrace and says hello back in his tone with a hint of exhaustion and excitement. She pulls the bottle out of his hand and places it on the floor next to her, then she starts unbuttoning his shirt except for the few he's pressing against her body before moving onto the belt latch. Anton wanted to hold her for as long as he could, he wasn't sure why she was undoing his belt; he didn't think he got blood on that or his pants but let her take out the belt before taking off his shirt for her to do something with. He noticed she was looking at him weird, but even then she was still beautiful to Anton, her gleaming brown eyes and her shining smile, he felt warm inside, all gooey around her it was astounding. She talked to him, asking questions, he left out not drinking a drop, or only setting foot in the bar for about ten minutes, or the fight as not to worry her, he didn't like making her worry like that. She lulled him very forcefully and precisely, and stripped him in a logical manner as to check for wounds; his undershirt, shoes and socks, and pants which was new to Anton as she always left that to him to deal with. Then when Anton noticed she never went for his rucksack for some spare shorts like she usually would he was curious, and then she started to play with his manhood; Anton knew in the back of his mind what she wanted, and he hoped he could make her feel wonderful; the best she ever has, the way he always feels around her.

He grinned dirty, and Faust went in for the taking. She instantly opened her cover and pulled a tarp under it for him to lay on and quickly led him down under her front and edged him to the spot before tearing off the final piece of clothing on his body sending Anton a message that maybe she does like him back, she likes him a lot. His member instantly sprung erect being suddenly freed and Anton felt very warm streaks of shiny fluid drop in a vertical path up and down his crotch with his cock in the middle. Her engine was whining in anticipation, she wraps two manipulator arms under Anton's arms and up his back on his shoulder blades and two more around his waist ready to pull him in when out of nowhere he jumped up and slid himself inside shocking and pleasing Faust into a happy wail. Anton felt her grasp his cock, snuggle him with her arms there, and nudge downward on his shaft head with a plush roof that raised her pitch in her continuous stream of mmm, so he sat there and lavished in her pleasantry, soft, plush, warm, slick, and reverberating all around his boner. Once he decided to hump her again he used his knees as leverage to push downward on her arm belt holding him to her warm belly, she took notice and let go of him and placed her hands on the ground beside his hips before bracing for another go. Anton slowly pulled out, drawing a long low complaining moan, he couldn't help but moan himself, her slick soft walls trying to hold onto him as he slid out with a pinch on his dick head that rubbed him right. Then he thrusts back producing another wail, and repeats the slow pull and then a quick deep thrust again and again, on and on, each time he thrusts her hands on his back tighten and pinch him a bit, and her hands on the ground tighten as well. Soon he picks up pace until it's quick repetition of in deep out far nonstop.

Faust was whimpering and elevated pitch every thrust in until she let her speech go. "FUCK ME ANTIE! FUCK THIS WHORE!" Anton ceased immediately to a disapproving Faust trying to stick him back in. Then he spoke.

"Don't call yourself that."

"Why!?"

"You're no whore, you're way above that."

"What!?" She asked, he sounded sincere, and bargaining.

"Because when you said that it hurt me, it hurt me to think you feel you're that low…"

"Wh-Wh-Wha-?"

"I think you're amazing, absolutely amazing. You're smart, caring, fun, and beautiful." She started to tear up.

"I'm not drunk, Faust, I really mean that, really I do." She went wide eyed and her lips trembled. What have I done!?! She began shaking and apologizing but was to scared and listing to move him or herself, then she had to ask why.

"If you knew this… wh-wh-why?"

"Because I want you to feel as special and good as I do with you." She smiled, he did love her. "So do you feel good with me like this now?"

"Ooh Antie! Yes I do, too! You just made me feel better than ever!" She hugged and pressed him against her belly, uncaring that he didn't penetrate her vagina that time.

"Soo, Faust… do you want to… keep going?" He asked her feeling her continue to leak into his crotch.

She sniffled somehow from something that's probably in action of a nose and asked him to please do. "Love me like I'm yours, and I'll love you like your mine." He backs down, aligns, and thrusts in back to her

ing walls and welcoming arms holding him to her belly again.

don't have to pretend, we already do." They sat in quiet for a while, enjoying one another's sweat, hug,

heartbeat, vibrations, skin, metal, pre cums, shaft and well. Then she loosens on his midsection and he goes back to his quick pace from before. He scoots up and down caressing her clit against his stomach, searching for her softest spot. When he does find she exclaims “right there sweetie” leaving him at a weird position, he pounds away with her plush ceiling tickling his sensitive head.

He was about to ask what it was when Faust randomly blurts a question: “You want babies, Antie?” She doesn’t have a legitimate reason on her mind other than it felt right to have them. He presses on thinking about it.

“No, Faust, we aren’t ready.” With that the ceiling stops creeping downwards to have him enter, and pulls back. “But it doesn’t mean we can’t explore!” With that she rockets it back on him. It landed right at the peak of his maximum penetration and slid so gently and smoothly around him with no trouble. Faust lets out a long gasp of ‘aaaaahhhhh’ and instantly is taken away by his surprising size, she couldn’t think sight and touch could even come close to the detail her cervix was giving her mind: every vein pumping blood, the shape and texture of the head, the slick cover on his skin, everything. He was deeply emerged in pleasure and pressure; she compressed around him like no hug could do, and her heat was so immense and welcoming, her excited engine pace rattled their genitals together creating such a good sensation they locked each other deep with her cervix from its base point to the vaginal entrance feeling everything. Anton thought about kids again, he didn’t see anything wrong with trying, so he said he didn’t mind kids, and began swiping up and down her slit that released a well deserving sounding moan. She started to get even tighter around him, he was breath taken but on the slide down he slipped and the air pressure slipped out and as she came he was sucked in by her vacuum from opening cervix walls. It was enough to pin him inside her, releasing none of her vast amount of cum trying to exit and it built up, suspending Anton’s member in a pool of her hot liquid goodness. He felt it swish about his cock, sort of massaging and moving it around, he asked her to keep him here, not to move. She sat there and took in the feeling the fluid pressure had on her walls, gently rocking back and forth, her engine still running and shaking the small pool and her lover’s part still inside her. He could feel his climax approaching, first very slow and small as a feeling then rapid and powerful enough where when he came he moaned loud enough for Faust to here over her engine and moans. Their fluids mixed and welcomed each other, combining and melting in one another, Faust’s pool building still from lust and Anton kept pouring out seamen for an impressive time. Then they say in silence again, until they finally pulled apart with the tidal wash that built up forcing him down.

With all the erotic movements his nose opened up again at some point and was bleeding, Anton saw in the reflecting light Faust’s protruding pussy lips were still pursed together tightly and basic ways to stop bleeding start with pressure, so he spun around, crawled down, and firmly planted his oozing nose in her oozing warmth and enjoyed her chassis shudder in delight. She felt what he was doing and the kisses he occasionally put on or next to her opening and reached down with a manipulator and softly stroked his semi-erected penis. She wondered if she could get her smaller arm-like vagina module down there and tried alternative ways while she stiffened him up with her hand. He smiled very large, not only did he make her feel special, he learned he makes her feel great just being around him, and that she loves him, too, and he closed his eyes when he felt her secondary lips break against his dick head and heard her long sigh of appeasement. He turned his nose left and right slowly, while Faust matched his pace in her own thrusts on his cock, until she sort of bled into his nose and past his face and down at his cock. She felt overwhelmed, her primary slot being pushed and pulled and stimulated by his nose and her secondary probed and prodded and rubbed by his dick, she was oozing on him when she felt his cock stiffen some more and throb before cuming into her, she felt his hot stuffing shoot all around her tunnel and it tingled her insides where it touched but it proceeded no further than where it landed. She came to the conclusion that her cum pool inside her caught all his seamen and drained it out with itself.

Anton removed his head from her passage and wiped her fluid from his mouth and realized he was thirsty. “Let’s have some beer, Faust! It’ll be both our firsts!” He announced cheerfully, she giggled thinking what other firsts they had and pulled the bottle around to his hands. He struggled in opening it, and looking at her still tight lips, got an idea. He grasped it firmly, and shoved his hand and bottle head up into her depths, with some shock she naturally tightened up around it and gritted her teeth at the texture of the bottle cap, she knew it wouldn’t damage her one bit with her lining there meant for some way worse punishment but was elated when he twisted and popped the cap off inside her and removed it all from her insides. He could see some of her fluid mixed into the beer but drank anyway: pouring some into his mouth.

“It’s not bad, I like it.” He put the bottle in Faust’s hand before they heard the man-door open. She reacted as fast as she could but forgetting to lock the man-door took its course and Irish walked in looking for Anton right as she slammed and locked the door millimeters from him.

‘ ‘K… What was that abou-” Irish said looking back at the hastily shut door then at Faust and picked up
, . was happening. “Well I found Anton… I’ll go now-”

“No! You can’t leave yet!” Faust roars, he stops instantly having turning around to leave when he winced and asked why. “Because you can’t tell anyone!”
“Especially Hansel!” Anton yelled out still chilling under Faust.
“Deal, fine, but this is awkward so can I leave?”
“No, someone’ll barge in when that door opens, not until we’re done and cleaned. Beer?” Faust ordered him; Irish stood there obediently and raised his hand up for the beer she offered. She took a swig then placed it in his hand before he shuffled to a corner to place him away from their sacred meaningful interaction then gulped some down.
“Ah, not bad, but you got some-uh-stuff in it too.” He was referring to that outstanding taste barely recognizable but remembered well from ‘machine love cream’ that Faust shared with the beer and his initial source of the taste. Faust and Anton grinned; Faust grabbed the bottle and gave it back to Anton to finish it off. Anton finishes it off still stuck with his dick in Faust’s secondary that was holding and massaging it gently then kisses her slit again, and pulls out of her and kisses that one too before climbing out still a little wet and got dressed to Faust’s dismay. Once that’s done they send Irish out, he took a sigh of relief and left, then Anton crawled in between her hull and side skirt to kiss her on the lips for a good time. They tasted just like her other lips, and it was very satisfying, then he locked the doors again, sat in his loader’s seat, and asked to fondle her snake vagina. She happily obliged and was played with until she drifted to sleep; Anton kissed her secondary slit then unlocked the doors, laid on her engine, and joined her in sleep.
Fin Chapter 23

Chapter 24
Anton woke up before Faust for once, he had his stretch fest then stood up on the engine roof and looked down at the top of Faust’s turret listening to her soft breaths. He scooted over to her turret skirt and bent down kissing her commander’s cupola before jumping down with new clothes and rushed through a change out then hugged Faust’s hood again then left for food and toiletry. He ate alone so he could think about his Faust and what they’d do after the war. As he left the mess area he heard Kramia crying nearby and searched around to find her, she was sobbing next to a crate marked with German army markings and the symbol for panzer division and a huge warning label on it.
“What’s wrong, Kramia? Are you ok?”
“Yes, I’m fine.” She sniffled then smiled that upset him a tad bit. “How was last night?” He was startled, how’d she know? Why’d she know? Did she know? He looked at her smile and he figured she knew about it. He sighed and told her he wasn’t drunk at all. She backed off but he reassured her he’s fine, and the Irish incident.
“So what’s in the box?”
“M-mm-my new gun.” She said upset about it.
“Oh, well, what’s the warning say?” He asked her, she was in the way of half of it.
“Warning! Do not touch insulated contents with electric spark until placed in position.” She kept sobbing a bit; Mini came up behind her and brought her close to his side, disregarding their extra skirt armor, to hold her tight against him to protect her from despair.
“It’s alright, baby, it’s alright. I’ll make you feel better once it’s over, ok? Or we could go shooting or race, we haven’t raced in a long time, baby.” He saw that his proposals helped, and felt that her hull became statically charged, like when she was horny, she’d want him sexually and even though they’d fucked but once he wasn’t looking forward to sad sex. Faust came up behind Anton and hugged him at his waist.
“Good morning, precious.” She brought him close to her. He twisted around to embrace her hood again and returned the greeting.
“Good morning Faust. How’d you sleep?”
“I slept well, Antie, how did you?”
“I slept good. What did Irish want with me, though?”
“I’m not sure, there he is, why don’t you ask him?” She let him go to run over to Irish moving towards Mini.
“Hey Anton, do you ever calm down?”
“No. Why?”
“No reason-so what’s up?”
“Why’d you come in last night?”
“Mini-Rommel wanted your help.”
“With what?”
“We’ll show you, come on.” The two made themselves apparent to Mini, he whispered to Kramia he’d be
’ and took them off toward a rotted shack by the woods.
at’s this?” Anton asked.

“A magical hut with a teleporter inside.” Irish said.
“Sssure.” Mini responded. “No it’s just an old shack with a gift for Kramia.”
“What is it? The gift what is it? I wanna see!” Mini drives around to the back and rips off the wall and gently lays it onto the ground off to the side then moves more inside the shack where a long tarp was covering something equally as long. Anton jumps down and approaches the casement cautiously, Irish slides down the glacis and yanks the tarp off revealing a gray-brown metal beam with empty circle mounts attached.
“What is it?”
“It’s a gun rack.”
“For Kramia’s eighty-five. She’ll love it; I need your help painting it that’s why I sent Irish to find you.” As Mini said that Irish discretely shuddered.
“That’s nice, really nice Mini. Is the paint nearby?” Mini gestured to a shelf off to the side. Irish pulled one down and handed it to Anton before grabbing one himself then they started painting the gift. Once that was done they plumped it onto Mini’s engine roof to carry then veiled it under the tarp before heading back to Kramia. By that time the engineers had the metal plate above the gun mantle slide removed and the gun and mantle out on a pallet. Anton looked inside, the light fixture mounted facing in revealed the usual all-white interior but there was brownish color splotches around the seats on the walls and things.
“Kramia, what’s the brown stuff on your walls?” Anton was looking at it intensely.
“That’s the blood of my devil enslavers!” The way she called her crew was ferocious and hated, Anton was going to ask again but she continued. “When I was still in the Russian army I had a crew that cared little I was there, which is how I’d get out to meet and be with Mir. My last day as a Russian weapon was decided by me after a terrible cause. My tank crew took me to a liberated Russian village to woo some girls, when they declined anything sexual my crew took it by force. They raped her, a fellow Russian girl, raped her in front of me! They not only raped her but punished her! They bit her, cut her, pulled her, pushed her… all because she said no. They couldn’t try another girl-oh no-they had to have her. I was horrified, and I hated them. I couldn’t let myself be slaved by them. They raped and pillaged their own women for sex and yet wouldn’t even speak to me! So when they were driving back… I locked them in… then I killed them-but not quickly-no, I first crushed their limbs… then I tore their skin and bled them slowly, one by one I forced my tendrils through their bodies, not deadly at first, then through their hearts and lungs, one by one. I tossed their bodies on the ground and smothered their corpses into the Earth under my treads. I ran away then, I ran and waited for Mir at our little spot. I told him what I did and that I wasn’t going back. Ever.” Anton and Faust looked horrified at this; Mini had already lived down the feeling and Irish… Irish smiled. “May your God have mercy on what they’d do to a German girl.” Marion rolled up to the group interested in how Kramia’s gun was being replaced.
“How’s it going so far?” Hansel came from the direction of the mess tent greeting a good morning before ascending Marion and sitting in her cupola
“Well, it’s going well.” Hansel watched, intrigued as well, as they mechanics opened the box and used a small crane to manually lift, turn, and lower the eighty-eight caliber fifty-six into the level of entry. Irish was staring at Marion’s gun barrel, specifically at her pattern of black and white stripes. His right forearm was bent across his belly and his left elbow rested in his fist, supporting his chin in the joint of his L-shaped hand thumb tucked under and pointer along his nose.
“Hansel those tank kills?”
“Yes, why?”
“Nothing, nothing. Just wait…” He began counting lowering his audibility every count until at seven he was no longer heard. Hansel went back to watching the fitting, they had it just outside the slide depression and everything was slow and steady. The lead mechanic suddenly burst out, shoving the gun in place with a ram of his body while then the two men inside locked the gears together. They all climbed out and stood back from her.
“Alright Kramia, turn your engine.” She whirred up her diesel, loud heavy pistons crunked against their surroundings then as they fired to life she jumped. She watched amazed as the gun began moving up and down with her nervous system’s commands.
“Wow, feels very similar, only a little heavier and longer.” She played a little more, a smile forming underneath it. “I think I’ll like this in time.”
“Oh it gets better, baby.” Mini said as he carried the present above his turret and laid it down ahead if her.
“What’s this?” She said lovingly eyeing its length and thickness under the tarp. “A set of trainer sights?”
“Noooo, why don’t you take a peek?” Mini was smiling in anticipation of her joy, he wanted to throw off the surprise so bad and tell her. She studied a bit longer then snapped the cover away and looked a little
ised.
don’t get it? What is it?”

“It’s a mount for your eighty-five. It goes on your side.” Her face lit up and she rammed Mini lovingly kissing his hull and holding his tracks and suspension to keep him close.
“I LOVE it!” She buried her gun under his and her face against his side as she leaned the two of them together.
“I knew you’d love it. You don’t have to leave your gun you love so much.” She pulled him up to where she was at the side of his turret and whispered to him.
“I’ve got a little thank you present in mind for later.” She said softly and with a dirty smile.
“No, no it’s fine, really nothing.” He said back savoring his time embracing her.
“I need to unwind, Mir, could you do that at least?” Mini sighed and whispered ‘alright’ then held her tight, after checking behind them he gently rubbed the panel covering her port entrance.
“NO THAT’S BULLSHIT!” They all heard Inbred shout from his barrack house as he stormed out red faced with anger. The LTC followed also angered and gave off an aurora of pissed-off feeling that mostly all around felt. “FUCKING HORSE SHIT!”
“He’s cussing in English.” Faust said worried.
“Yep, he only does that when he’s really pissed.” Marion couldn’t see them but could feel the anger and tension behind her.
“Corporal Smith! You come back and cool off!” The LTC stormed after him but couldn’t keep up. In a frustrated and snarling grunt he spun around and headed off towards his office. By that time the Colonel was strolling along toward them smoking his pipe unmoved. He stopped and told the LTC something but the LTC shook him off and marched on in rage. The Colonel shrugged and moved along. He moved up next to Marion and signaled Hansel down. He slid off and moved close next to the Colonel.
“What was that about, sir?”
“I was informed that Corporal R. Smith was too be withdrawn from your crew and moved to a ‘rehabilitation and proving facility’ away from the front.”
“What? Why? He’s not mental, sir, why?”
“It’s basically bullshit cover for he’s going to the experimental testing grounds as an evaluator, I went through the same shit. I told Gunther to tell you to tell him but, I guess he screwed you over and went straight to him.”
“So he’s upset about that.”
“Guess so, Gunther may learn to do as I say after that, anyway talk to him. Smith won’t be leaving until we meet up at the merge point. He’ll be flown out, Irish and the E tank’ll go north by train to something redacted from my note but whatever. Just, just calm him down.”
“Yes sir.” Colonel turned back and moved off towards the barracks while Hansel climbed back onto Marion and told her to help find Inbred with him.
“Okay Hansel. What was that about?” Hansel sighed.
“Inbred’s a ranter, he’ll be complaining about it.” They roamed around until they found him hurriedly pacing around alongside Griffin’s tank house ranting on.
“Inbred, you alright?”
“Bullshit. BullShit! BULLSHIT!”
“He’s fine.”
“Just about to move to the front and they say ‘no you’re going to a testing grounds’ have fun! Fucking assholes!” Marion was confused.
“Why are they taking you?”
“That’s what I’ll ask! I’ll find the fucker who pulled me and ask’em! Better be a god damn great answer if they love their life!” He looked really mad.
“Look, they probably have good reason to do this.” Hansel tried to use some logic, something he’s good at, but it didn’t faze him.
“I think he needs a hug.” Marion said. Hansel slid off and grabbed him in a hug. Inbred struggled against him. Marion rolled up and hugged the two of them.
“It’s not working.” He said sternly.
“Yes it is, you know it.” She said tightening a little bit. It was working, Inbred ended up hugging back and releasing his stress.
“I don’t want to leave, we’re just starting out and I’m leaving before we really fight. You don’t take a fighter away from a fight.” They let go of the hug, he had calmed down enough to be rational.
“Well, I’m sorry Ralph. I am. I know how you feel, too, but who knows? This could turn out good for you, it did for me.” Hansel said reassuringly leaning against Marion’s glacis. He couldn’t help but feel pity for
’ ›d, and something else for him…
.c was rehabilitation and training, I’ve not been shot nor promoted. Not sure how it’ll play out in my

favor." Hansel frowned, Inbred's stubborn and not good at hindsight at times. "Why wasn't anyone else taken? Why me alone?"
"To even the load maybe. Well anyway it's time to pack up and form up. Come on let's go you two." Marion plucked them up and sat them on her roof and went to the barracks to drop them off.
Fin Chapter 24

Chapter 25
The group moved swiftly and fell into a very small battalion formation. The orders went out and soon they were off as the sun broke over the hills. The caravan of tanks, trucks, and cars moved at a slower pace due to Jäger, she hated her poor mobility and wishes she could move swiftly. About an hour in she demanded that Fritz push her along, it helped but not enough for Jäger to not feel like a burden. The tank line up was E, Jäger, Fritz, Marion, Griffen, the dead-metal Tigers, Faust, Mini-Rommel and Kramia side-by-side, with various light-skinned vehicles in the middle of the tanks. Mini was faithfully caressing Kramia's slit the way she seemed to like it most while not sounding suspicious but silently whimpering and sputtering along at the tail end. The crews were at ease, Fritz's and Jäger's crew huddled at the meeting of Jäger and Fritz's hulls like around a bonfire just talking away while Irish sat against E's rear turret escape hatch with a notepad and pen scribbling away as nearly as he could and trying to talk to E in a more friendly manner and not about how horny she'd gotten on the way down. Marion's gang were at their usual spots outside the cabin, Hansel half in his cupola and half on a periscope, Meats sitting in the loader's hatch, Inbred on the sloping forward roof, Whacker leaning against the gun mantle with Banker in his cabin 'driving' like he always did. Griffen's crew was hanging around his turret on the hull while Faust's crew was lounging in the turret skirts with the rucksacks as mattresses.
"How long do you think it'll take before he realizes he's not doing anything?" Marion whispered about Banker.
"You should fuck with him." Inbred mentioned, he leaned back and grabbed ahold of a periscope and a hatch, Whacker braced himself. Marion smiled and veered off to the side then corrected herself.
"Hey watch it, stupid!" Whacker shouted amused. Banker was startled a little. Marion slammed on the brakes then started up again trying not to laugh at Banker flipping shit in the operator's seat.
"What the hell are you doing!?" Inbred cried. Marion wanted to say something but knew she'd be laughing so she kept quiet.
"It's not me I swear!"
"Whatever, Banker." Hansel jeered.
"Marion! What the hell's going on!" Banker sounded legitimately scared, and Marion couldn't help herself anymore. She burst out laughing, Banker wised up then and was quiet unhappy, sinking his face into a deep frown.
"You're all assholes."
The rest laughed away, Banker played with her gearsticks with no effect to her movement. He thought back to his training, it went all against his trai-
"Hey isn't this supposed to be wheel-steering?" He poked at the sticks. "Yeah this is supposed to a steering wheel and a gear shifter, why the hell is this different?" Marion had no idea what he was going on about. Whacker twisted around and peeked into the hatch and saw that.
"He's right, that's supposed to be a steering wheel."
"I wouldn't know." Marion said plainly. "What about the Americans? How do they drive?" Whacker slipped into the radio operator seat below him and switched on the radio and was met by the American radio operator singing Mary had a little lamb.
"No her lamb was raped by Phil." Whacker called. Their driver instantly sounded.
"Eh I'm a farm boy but I ain't no critter fucker!" His voice echoed inside Chuck's hull.
"Whatever, how you drive Chuck?"
"Wit gear sticks, how yall drive?"
"Uhhh, we don't know."
"How in God's name don't yall know!? Jus lean o'er and take yerself a looksee."
"Well that's just it, it's not like any others as we know."
"Well hows Marion's done?"
"Gearsticks."
"There then bimbo! Zat so hard neah?"
"Nein." The two crews talked about what had gone on in the last week, the Americans said they got a new [illegible]tuart gal named Skip and that Chuck saw Katelyn again for a day. Not much else happened for them [illegible] than a skirmish. They found out they need not worry about running into each other, the Germans were

assisting with Northern defense while the Americans were pushing in the Southern part of France. They were cut off by a MG42 raining hell on Chuck's convoy and that's all they cared to talk about on the week long trek north to the crossroads. There they met an interesting bunch they'd call comrades. At around noon the convoy met up with a village guard that conveyed where the rest of the battalion is.
"I won't lie sir," the young man said, "they all give me the creeps." Marion poked him and he jumped back weirded out, Hansel moved them forward.
"Leave the poor guy alone, alright?"
"I just wanted to fuck with him, it's pretty funny to see you all react like that." Once in a expansive lot with no tank houses or any commodities they met the rest of the battalion. There was a JagdPanther, a StuG III G, a Panzer III M, two Hummels, a Grille, a Nashorn, three Panzer IVs, a Panther A, a Puma, an SdkFz. 251, a Hetzer, a Tiger, a Marder II, two JagdPanzer IVs, a Porsche turreted King Tiger, and two more by a street that wasn't seen too clearly. Hansel met with the acting XO when the two unknown tanks moved out of the clearing.
"Holy-Hansel, Hansel! Hey Hansel!" Whacker cried out to him.
"WHA-" Hansel looked over a little mad then saw the tanks. "Ho-ly shit it's a Ferdinand!" Sitting in the opening gap between two tanks talking was a war-weathered Ferdinand tank destroyer with a plethora of kill stripes, beside him was a tank that none of the group knew. It had the same chassis as the Ferdinand but it had a Tiger turret with a Pz III storage bin on the back of it mounted right on top of the driver and radio operator almost, it's rear portion angled in and sloped downward. "The hell's next to him?" They moved in towards him before they noticed that the two Porsche tanks were rubbing up against each other with manipulators locked together.
"Hello there, Captain. You look amazed." The tank destroyer sounded old and wise with a ruffled voice. Hansel did look amazed, and so did Whacker. No one else got the hype.
"You still exist?" Whacker said shocked.
"Yes I do, not very males do after a few months."
"What's so special about him?" Inbred asked.
"Ferdinands couldn't move for shit but, they have a ten-to-one kill ratio, they're fucking awesome as a bunker." Hansel said.
"He's got two hundred millimeters of armor, just like me." The strange tank added. "An eighty-eight, too."
"Yes, yes I do." He said.
"That's a lot of kills." Marion spoke humbled by his forty-one kill count to her eleven.
"Yes all of its true. Sadly so is the fact that so many machine warriors are female."
"Why?"
"Well I've wised up and saw why. In the Eastern front we got shipments of new guys like nothing, but, they're all the same. They go out reckless like they've something to prove, they overestimate themselves and become careless and stupid. They get themselves wasted in usually two months. Few are exceptions like Canine the Panzer III and I, we go way back and he goes further back than I do. He's definitely one of the oldest serving machines here. His wife's Frau, the StuG III, they've been upgraded a bit. This here's Porsha, and I'm Ferdi, we weren't named very creatively."
"What are you? I've never seen your model before." Meats asked Porsha.
"I'm the Porsche Tiger design, I was secretly brought into life along with Ferdi and anyone else Porsche made. Porsche doesn't like us with our lives determined for war only, he calls it breeding, but life is life and I'm enjoying mine." She leaned into her man Ferdi's side. Inbred looked satisfied with that. He was called down by the XO and he left quietly. Marion noticed the Porsche turreted Tiger II and couldn't help but continuously glance back again and again.
"That other King Tiger…"
"What about it?" Hansel asked.
"Something's attracting me to it, like, like… like it's part of me. Like… family." She couldn't help herself; she departed with Hansel towards it. It noticed her and smiled friendly and welcoming.
"I haven't seen you in months!" She rushed to embrace a puzzled Marion.
"I-I don't think we've met…"
"Oh you were so clean and new! Little sis is a warrior now."
"Wait, what? Sisters? Who are you?" Hansel was a little concerned.
"Here I'll explain this, you haven't met the Hummels yet so you have no clue about this. We're considered sisters because we were made from the same mixture and batch and her turret is supposed to be fitted to my hull. But my turret was the last Porsche turret before all Hensel was produced, I watched them
nbling you before I was sent off. They told me we were sisters, and that's why I'm Tiger number five-
y and you're Tiger five-thirty-one. I'm sure you don't remember me, but I remember you."

“Well, alright, well Hansel here named me Marion and that’s what we liked. Do you have a name for yourself yet?”
“They call me Dora. They’re a good bunch, so’s the rest of the tanks, some of us have been together on the Eastern front.”
“Who all’s from the East?”
“The Porsche pair, the Panzer III and StuG, uuuhhh-the Hetzer, Hummels, the Nashorn, the Panzer IVs, that Panther A, Grille, and I. Oh there’s a motorcycle running around somewhere.” The others were all from the West, the JagdPanther, JagdPanzers, Marder, Tiger, SdkFz 251, Puma; they were all from the Western front. Later Inbred came back sulking and miserable, departure. They all gave their good-byes and good-lucks before he left them in a truck to the airbase. E and Irish had already left for the train depot and by then were loaded and the final checks were being run through.
They tried perking up by talking to some new guys. The Hummels were twins with matching serial numbers and one male named Bumble and the other female named Bee, the JagdPanzers were lovers named Rapture and Vinney, the Panzer IVs were all boys and were called the Three Stooges Moe Curley and Joe, the Grille was a shy girl named Clover, the Puma, SdkFz, and JagdPanther were close together named Kitty, Tiffany, and Rosa, the Hetzer named Squirt never left her lover Bruno who called her Armadillo, the Tiger was named Gertrude and the Panther A was named Anna, the Marder was named Susan, the group was predominantly female, supporting the fact that most males are complacent fighters. They were expected a full infantry support force by morning the next day and were to run drills that morning to noon before shipping out to the front. It was fast freezing in temperature, said by most to be the coldest winter in a hundred years, this is the most vulnerable point of a living machine as their bodies and metal is adjusting and coping with the sudden shift. “God help us through the freeze.”
The next two days for Inbred were stressful, leaving and flying really got him thinking about how he was wronged in his view. He landed a three hour train ride from the test base, and on that train ride he came up with the questions he’ll ask the one who pulled him whether it be a grease monkey or the Fuhrur he didn’t care. He marched to his meeting point, heavy rucksack swinging strongly in his hand and an anger not to be confronted in his piercing gaze that’d tear through a bunker. He swung around the corner into a bunker built into a hill and dropped the bag, all anger and hatred fleeing from his mind as he looks on at beauty. He was whisked away by a calming and gentle womanly voice that pulled him into trust.
“Are you Corporal Ralph Smith?”
Fin Chapter 25

Chapter 26
Hansel and Marion rested under the shade of a steep dried riverbank after battle drills finishing eating some luncheon during the down time. The past three days had been filled with introductions, formalities, and drills. Constant. Drills. But the perks to the drilling was the acceptance of an infantry MG team into the group of Hansel, Marion, Whacker, Meats, and a distant Inbred named Eugene and Karl, they liked to lay on Marion’s rear slanting roof with the MG bipod on the loader’s hatch where they’d be mostly covered, mobile, and free to fuck whoever’s day in in their path. But this constant work prompted Hansel and Marion to drop a load off so-to-say.
“Here looks to be a nice place, Hansel. Quiet and distant.” She eyed him sexually.
“Yes it is, it’ll do just fine, Marion.” He ducked under her gun mantle facing her flank to kiss her intensely. Right as they were about to strip Hansel thunder sounded and the two remembered the predicted forecast. He hurriedly rushed into his seat inside Marion to cover from the rain. “Damnit!”
“Uuuhhhhggg! Well, I’ll start heading back to camp.”
“No, Marion.”
“How? How would we fuck?”
“Remember that one I found in the transmission?” He referred to her internal/forward vaginal tendril.
“That’s there but you know I don’t like it bec-”
“No you’re scared, come on Marion, I’ll be gentle with it.” Marion cautiously moved it up to his chest. Just as slow he gently grabbed it and tugged it against his chest and brought the end to his closed lips. He pushed his mouth against the lips and slowly opened and closed his lips caressing her heating port and softly and gently stroking her tendril from top to bottom of his reach, holding it against his chest. He enjoyed her hull quivering around him, massaging and relaxing his tense body, where he almost didn’t want to stop it. He felt her heat on his face, it was pouring over his head and was circling around the fighting cabin in the turret raising the temperature to where he removed his jacket carefully as not to disturb Marion.
[illegible]on felt relaxed and carefree. Hansel’s soothing lips encouraged her to lie on her belly in the soft sand [illegible]close her eyes with her gun lowered all the way so that she was relaxed. She released some of her

manipulators to toy with Hansel's growing cock stuffed in his trousers. Two of them massaged his triangle crotch area on its sides, stroking and caressing its thick full stature inside his pants. After a few minutes of whimpering and dealing with the thought she was being internally fucked she broke and yanked down his pants and removed her tendril from his loving grasp and, to get a good angle, went up and around his neck then down to his waist where she lined his dick up and sat her tendril right down on his dick. The two moaned deep and long, this was new to the both of them and this one was very much tighter on his cock.
"Oh god, Marion! This is awesome!" She began hopping on his dick; something was driving her mad over his sperm. Her internal manipulators strove to feel his body, feel every inch of his beady sweat covered skin just as the rain came to its fullest. Out of nowhere Marion felt her inner cervix and slammed his cock straight through its strangle hold grip against impregnation. It became clear to her what she wanted, ever since that night after the washing she felt this need deep in her.
"Hansel I want children!" His feeling in his cock ceased its stream of feel.
"Wha-what? N-n-no, not as we"re so close to the front. I won't let you do that to your-"
"Hansel I NEED this!" Her manipulators gripped him there, held him down while her tendril rode his cock like there was no tomorrow. She brought him to about his halfway point when he turned from collective strategizing to panic.
"Marion as much as I'd love to pump your pussy full of my cream it CAN'T HAPPEN!"
"IT! WILL! HAPPEN!" She sounded sadistic almost, like she was bent on impregnating herself with her figurative husband but not full husband yet. He panicked, struggling against her immovable grip on him he lost it.
"MARION! STOP IT! STOP IT NOW!" No matter what he screamed she didn't listen. He threatened to leave her, even, but sadly he knew that she knew he'd NEVER do that to her. It came to the point of no return, he was about to spill his sperm into her to fill her womb, and Hansel was terrified. Marion felt his readiness and her jumps up became more sporadic; and careless. He was literally on the brink when she slipped off; he pulled his hips back as fast and strongly as he could just as she launched her pussy down for the final thrust. Hansel knew it wasn't enough; he'd failed his brothers in arms and Marion, no combat for them. Before Hansel could move for another action Marion screamed in pain and her tendril reeled in response; Hansel's dick head was jabbed into her clit bulb with a tremendous force enough to cause Marion a shock of pain. The pain forced her release her grasp on Hansel and he moved with a purpose collecting his clothes and bolting out of the hatch just as Marion started weeping again.
"I'm so so so sorry, Hansel! Please don't go! Please! Please! Please! PLEASE! Please don't go I didn't mean anything please! I couldn't stop at all! No don't leave me! Please! No! Please!" Hansel looked at her eye frightened, she was looking back into his eyes with silver streams of tears and a desperate and apologizing look in her eye. He knelt down and embraced her side still missing pants, but cared little if at all.
"Don't let it happen again." She sniffled.
"Alright, handjobs, blowjobs, and pipe from now on?" She sounded little more cheery.
"Heh heh, yeah, sure baby." He kissed her Sudetenland looked back to her, wiping her tears away with his hands. "You know, I don't think you finished in there." He smiled devilishly. He hopped back in grabbing her pussy in his seat and hoisting it to his mouth where he ate her out good enjoying her tight grasp on his tongue.
He ate her and ate while the rain passed, at least until she passed out in exhaustion. His lips were sore and his cock ached to the point of painfully demanding satisfaction. As she was slipping into her sleep stages his lust built a dirty plan in his mind, he'd wait for her to fall into her deep sleep then he'd fuck the shit out of her tendril unless she starts waking up or locking onto him, then he pull out and scramble back from it. He waited for her suspension to creak softly, signaling her body fully resting in that position she laid in, and once he heard it over her tired breaths, he smiled mischievously. He found it lying on the floor under her gun breech. He crawled under and pinned it down with his body, inching his way up until he felt the pulses of heat from her exit on the tip of his dick. He cautiously pressed his cock against her folds and finally enjoying her tight pussy without fear of her seeding herself with him. He shoved it into her tight, soaked, hot, throbbing pussy moaning all the way, Marion grunted and shifted a bit, startling Hansel who stayed put despite his better judgment, before she sighed and Hansel going back to his sleep sex. He could feel her faint tugging at his dick, cervix was still open so he had to pull out before he finished, but moved on and slowly pushed in, then pulled out, enjoying and savoring her insides, every inch of it, before the fact he was about to cum hit him fast. He pulled out with a rush and clasped on his cock unsure where to cum. He looked around until he used a spent shell casing that made his sperm disappear in the black interior of scorched brass. Then he dressed as the rain ended and Marion woke.
"uhg! Ah, well. Call me a dirty girl all you want but I dreamt you were fucking me all nice and slow, eful almost." Hansel choked partly.

“Oh-um MMHHUURM, well that’s called a wet dream.”
“I enjoyed it thoroughly.” Hansel was glad he dodged the bullet there. Then they decided they were away from camp long enough and trekked back to the town square to a surprise.
When they got there they instantly noticed that Jäger was alone at the gate, she’s always with Fritz so this alarmed the pair.
“Jäger where’s Fritz?”
“He was called to support defend an ammo depot down the road a little ways… it’s been a while.”
“I’m sure he’s fine.” They moved in and got to their little spot just in time for Jäger to storm by with Fritz’s crew clamped against the back wall of her superstructure. “Jäger are you alri-”
“She’s just upset.” Fritz interrupted, he was towing something vaguely familiar behind him but the many additions to the collection of shot marks on his front meant there was heavy combat.
“Fritz… who is that?” Hansel noticed that he was towing a Sherman but something about it was off.
“I don’t know who she is, but I know she’s just a child with no parents around.” He pulled up where they could see her turret face and forward hull, Fritz was towing her backwards.
“Awww, she’s adorable!” Marion smiled friendly towards the orphan. Then she pouted when she saw that the girl was holding what looked to be a small Sherman gun barrel to her curved glacis plate and that a large caliber shot separated it from the rest of the gun ahead of the mantle.
“How do you know that it’s a girl, Fritz?” Hansel asked, the little child didn’t talk, and there weren’t any markings of female on the hull.
“One of the Americans was screaming ‘leave her alone’ before the infantry shot him dead. The Pak crew wanted to kick her in the ass and use her for target practice. We intervened before they could get to her.”
She was little for a Sherman, barely bigger than Canine the Panzer III, she was a M4A1 model with a nice clean look to her overall. Marion found her round hull and turret cute and her bulges for the two hull crewmen like baby fat boobs. She wanted a child so badly and to nurse and care and raise one so desperately that she felt she had a motherly obligation to watch over this child.
“What’s your name sweetie?” She asked in English in a friendly tone. The child glanced into her eyes sporadically, then back down ashamed, then she’d quiver and nudge away from Marion. “You do have a name, right?”
“S-S-S-SSS-Cindy.” She stuttered out terrified. Marion got close to her and used some manipulators to hold her tight in a hug and to pet the top of Cindy’s turret.
“There, there, don’t be afraid. We won’t hurt you here; we’ll take care of you.” Cindy started to calm down and lean into Marion’s comfort. “Do you have parents, Cindy?” She glanced to Fritz coldly as if he might have killed them.
“I did…” She began, she sounded like she was about to cry. “B-bbut one day, (sniffles) thththey went to fight…” She started breaking down, then as she was about to begin again she started wailing and crying and sobbing into Marion’s side. Marion inferred the rest.
“How old are you?” Marion asked to move her away from losing her parents.
“I’m three years old… How old are you?”
“I’m not a year old yet.” It hit Hansel that he was technically a pedophile to the extreme.
“How are you so big?”
“I wasn’t born like you were, I was built in a factory, I’m all grown up. I wasn’t ever a child like you are.”
Hansel sighed reassured. “Did you have a home?” Rosa rolled up seeing a Sherman in distress and pain and wanted to watch.
“That’s where we were going. They were taking me to another army where two other Shermans would take care of me.”
“What army is that? Do you know where it is you were supposed to go?”
“Yes, outside of Metz. We were meeting the third army.” Rosa’s faceplate mantle lit up at the mentioning of the third army.
“We should get you there! I could escort you there!” She blurted out dreaming of Joshua.
“No no, it’s too far we’d need fuel trucks and that’s more of a one way trip. Why are you so eager to go see more Shermans? You hate them more than any of us here.” She was silent afterwards. It involved her past and that was something she told no one.
“Well we’ll take care of you Cindy, until we can take you back to where you belong safely.” Marion told Cindy, she looked around at all the German tanks, she hunkered back into Marion’s hold like Marion was her mother her whole life as Marion told the others that she was going to care for her and not to touch her at all. “Cindy don’t be afraid, if any of them hurt you you come tell me. Okay sweetie?” Cindy nodded her
‘le. The StuG came over and figured what was going on and then noticed Cindy’s gun problem.
ww come here precious! Did the mean guy hurt your gun?” She spoke English surprisingly well. Cindy

looked at her gun in her hands and nodded again. “Well I’ll fix you, darling. Come with me and you’ll be better before you can say butterscotch!” Cindy perked up and giggled.
“Butterscotch!”
“Go on Cindy, that’s Frau. She’s our tank doctor she’ll help you repair.” Marion told her, she gently pushed her towards Frau’s open arms and with some encouragement Cindy went off with Frau that was cheering her up with years of wisdom under her bolts.
“You’re helping, Hansel.” She said.
“Only a little, I’ll help out but you’re raising her for when we have her. I’ve already raised an orphan.”
“Do you think Anton would like her?”
“What like dating? Who knows? I think she’s too young, mentally.”
“Maybe, but as a friend?”
“Oh yes, definitely. He’ll befriend anyone nice like her.” There was a pause while everyone else went about their business then Marion spoke.
“It’s not there anymore. That want, it’s gone.”
Fin Chapter 26

Chapter 27
Irish ducked under the camouflage net draped over E for the train ride to the harbor. He watched the rising moon dawn over the tree line whizzing by at full train speed with a sense of home and comfort awakening deep inside, oh how long he hasn’t felt that. He moved through the net at E’s side silent under the track’s and train car’s rattle and clatter then made himself known to E once he was by her driver compartment’s side.
“Oh, hey Irish. Why are you here?”
“Why not? No one else to talk to around here.” There was a pause. “Relax E, come on lower yourself onto the bed.”
“No, I can’t.”
“Yes you can, you had a long journey and now it’s your time to relax. Now lower,” she lowered herself a tad bit, “lower,” she complied, “all the way down, till your belly’s on the floor.”
“I can’t lower any more than this.”
“I call bullshit.”
“What do you not know how my suspension works?” She remembered he’s used to torsion bar, she’s torsion bar with hydraulic cross bars that limit her depression. She didn’t feel like explaining it, though. “Just look, you’ll see.” He shook his head and glanced at her.
“Better have something otherwise you’re a guy.” Then he ducked down and peered through and saw her hull resting on horizontal bars. “So you’re not a guy. That’s good.”
“Why would you say I’m a guy?”
“Well they don’t like to lay on their bellies because of their thing.”
“Mmm that thing sure sounds good right now.” She closed her eyes and smiled wide. Irish sat down and leaned into the net then rushed forward onto his knees and glanced into his lap.
“Ah that’s great.” She moaned again, Irish figured she might have been fingering herself. “Why do you share this sex shit with me?”
She didn’t answer him.
There was only the noise of the train on its tireless journey to their destination. Irish looked at E’s hull with the glistening moon light, admiring her clean, new look that he admired on Jäger back when she was new. He studied over her edges and angles, the curves and turns, the bends and breaks, the shapes and forms. He admired it all passionately. He scanned her over again and again and again taking mental notes of different key features like her sixty degree sloping bow, then her huge glacis plate at least twenty centimeters thick without the angle boost, then her mantle with its six fume extractors that went around her bell mantle that reminded him of a loaded revolver with the bullet heads sticking out, and her cheese grater gun muzzle break, her rangefinder bulges on her turret sides, her thick faceplate that’s thicker than her glacis, her drive sprockets put at the front and rear of the tracks with no idler wheel, her eight huge road wheels per side, her engine exhaust system peeking over her hull stern. He had a keen eye for detail and loved looking at machines, especially the one in front of him then.
“How do you know so much about guy tanks?” She blurted out after a while of Irish scoping her out.
“Me and Fritz are closer friends than it looks.” She closed her eyes again. Irish sighed and murmured “A lot closer.” She went back to her moans and fantasies. Irish listened and couldn’t stop the grin from forming on ’ ‘nce. His mind was on its strange journey of thought; no one really got his thinking process right or could ‘ .e sense of it unless they thought long and deep, trying to venture into his mind, to understand him

more. He was always quiet and when he is quiet he's thinking, just thinking. "You're pretty bent on a tank. Why?"
"They're big, strong, lasting, tough, and filling. Planes are too frail, trucks are too needy and tiny and frail, ships are too big and cumbersome and can't last like a tank."
"Have you thought about men? They're easier to come by."
"They fail at it all. They're small, weak, needy, flimsy, quick, and couldn't come close to my size."
"You know it changes size, right?"
"Hard or soft it doesn't matter, still not big enough."
"That's not it." He dropped his head into his lap again then rested for a while, listening to the train's noise. He picked his head up and rested it in his usual L hand shape. "Edwards is into trains." She opened her eyes and looked at him.
"He is? That must be kinda boring."
"Yeah he's into American trains more. What's boring?"
"The sex."
"What's with you and sex? It's like every other topic involves sex."
"What's so bad about that? And you said he was into them right after talking about sex partners."
"Can you change subjects easy?"
"Not sex subjects. Now I'm thinking, a night with a train could be filling." He remembered how Marion filled the sky with her pleasured cries the night E came.
"Hansel fills Marion pretty good."
"How do you know that?"
"Remember the night you arrived? All that screaming and moaning?"
"Oh that was a good fingering for me. You get off at all?"
"Hhhhuuuuh why do you ask?"
"Because I put myself in her place! I thought she was being hammered by a tank! Now how did you feel!?"
"God damn it woman! I was turned on, yes, but no I didn't do anything! Are you happy now?"
"No I want some tank dick in my mouth and cunt right now!"
"Ah so you like three ways?" He switched to a taunting mood. She stopped and thought.
"…Maybe… what of it?" She asked a little surprised of herself. He chuckled softly.
"No reason. We've all got our ticks." He looked in her large brown eyes and watched them close shut again. I've got mine. He whispered under his sigh. He looked up over her and saw the bright moon over E's turret so beautiful and brilliant. He finally felt it again, that home feeling, and it was mixed with another; and even though E was boisterous, proud, outspoken, free minded and strong willed, he found love for her and hoped that she could hopefully see this and maybe rethink her desires to be a little more realistic. He sat and watched silently as she fell asleep where he crawled out of the net and went to his bunk for some rest. He slept straight through the morning and woke up for lunch before rejoining E to keep some company between them. Their conversations were predictable and constant; one time however it was on why Irish was selected to guide E and his short naval career on a heavy battlecruiser.
"I know the one awaiting us at port." She said curiously. "Which one did you serve on?"
"Her name was Prinz Eugen." He said confidently.
"Well isn't that good for you!"
"Why's that?"
"She's at port for us."
"Awesome. Why do they tell you everything and not me?"
"They trust me."
"Why not me? I'm ain't told jack diddly shit!"
"You don't need it."
"Ehh I don't. I just do what I'm told."
"Hmmppff." She thought to herself blow me and was curious to his response. "Anything?"
"Probably."
"Blow me." He looked up dazed and confused.
"Why? How? You went from never with a human to asking a blowjob from me, how?" She was laughing. "I will-sure-but…why?" She laughed harder. He wasn't too sure what to do.
"No, never!" She blurted in between laughing spells. "Just a joke!"
"I was thinking you were getting desperate." He smiled and thought how close he came to going down on her. It was the last night on the train, the last of five nights. He'd gotten to know her cues as to when she [illegible]pleasing herself; she narrows her gaze and tenses up around her eyes, raises up her stern a little and [illegible]s forward and back probably on her makeshift cock, and pulls her lips tight and wide, sometimes if she

gets real into it she'll close her eyes that usually leads her into a thin smile and her eyelids to flutter. Irish has seen this a lot on the train ride and knew she'd been doing something when she'd moan and sigh randomly when he'd be talking or eating food with her so after a few times he caught on. At night he saw that her head light would flicker as if it had a faulty wire or the bulb wasn't screwed in all the way. When she was holding it in for a greater feel she coiled her one-twenty-eight back, clenched her teeth and spread her lips menacingly and clenched her eye shaders down in the front, her stern would shake softly then vigorously as her orgasm's climax progressed. Then her stern would jump up and down discretely like she was humping his rod for the final chance at sending him deep into herself. He'd only seen that once shortly after they talked about various sex topics for hours on end. He guessed that she would be even more aggressive with herself if he wasn't there. He watched her start slowly tonight, she must have been in the slow and steady mood tonight, and smiled as he predicted her clues perfectly in countless times to study in only a few weeks of knowing her.

This night was just slow and steady, relaxed, for E, and Irish was going to tell her when she finished all about her signs and routine but when she finished she threw off Irish; she lowered herself as low as she could and went right to sleep. No mumbling or checking what's around her, she just went to sleep in front of Irish. He waited to see if she'd wake up, after about ten minutes he got up. He approached her hull and simply admired her huge body, pulled his right cheek into a grin and rubbed her cheek and whispered to her before he patted her again and went to his bunk.

"Goodnight and sweet dreams, my sweetheart. See you in the morning."

Fin Chapter 27

Chapter 28

Frau had gotten Cindy's gun back into place after a few tries. It still had the huge shot gap, courteous of Alter Fritz, but Frau had taught her how to use her tendrils to form a shell to heal it back together again before mounting it in a cast system for her. Faust was strolling around and flirting with Anton when she saw Frau, Canine, Marion and Hansel with a little Sherman.

"Hello guys, who's this?" She smiled at Cindy friendly and Cindy's face lit up opposed to what the others thought.

"You look like my old friend!" She exclaimed in English. Frau translated for Faust. Frau was interested in this.

"Who's your old friend sugar muffin?"

"He looked a lot like she did! He had that face and body but he had a thicker gun and he didn't have that other stuff on him. Why does she have it?"

"It helps her, she has more armor. Where was your friend last?"

"Africa! We played in the sand all the time! Momma taught him English sometimes. His momma tried to teach me some but it didn't work too well."

"Do you remember their names, sugar muffin?"

"Yea! He was Geoff and his momma was just called Zwie (Zwei). That means two." Frau asked if she knew any more German and she started counting and saying generic phrases.

"Inbred's missing out." Hansel said.

"Yeah he is. You think he's found one yet?" She asked as she wrapped around his waist.

"I think he's having a time."

———

Meanwhile…

"Are you Corporal Ralph Smith?"

He was dumbfounded; this girl tank in front of him was the most beautiful tank he'd ever seen. He wasn't into them like Hansel, but this girl, this girl could be an exception.

"Y-Yes, I'm the guy." He stared over her, she was really wide with a curved bow without a hull gun, her armored skirts were also curved that way too, then her turret, he admired that turret with his heart in his throat. Her hazel eyes looked at him with a turret face that sloped on the sides like the Henschel Tiger II turret but her front looked Krupp designed. She had a rangefinder on her roof integrated halfway into her turret with a battleship box style housing and a periscope for her huge… gaping gun mantle mount hole.

"Good. Terribly sorry I pulled you from the front. I know your name so you might want mine, I'm Eryka. A new StandardPanzerKampfWagon E-100." She smiled bearing her teeth under her turret gun mantle mount.

"Uhh… sorry for asking but-where is your gun?" Her face lit up like she just remembered.

"That's what you're deciding tonight." He was confused. "Here, look," she rolled up to him, he was frozen with butterflies running amuck in his chest. She picked him up and sat him down on her hull hatch to look [illegible]n the eye, "I don't have a gun yet because there are two options for me and I couldn't decide. So [illegible]ght you're going to help me." He nodded and she smiled. "Thanks, it's between a one-twenty-eight and

a fifteen centimeter. They have a seventy-five as a secondary for both but that's final there." He didn't care at that time, he just loved looking at her, her beautiful smile and eyes on a Dunkleglab base coat. Hansel was right, I did find somebody. They elaborated on what would be going on during their cooperation. He eventually climbed in through the gaping hole and saw the thickest slab of metal ever protecting his face from whatever would be shot at it, then he sat in the roomiest tank he could imagine. Eryka had ample space for Inbred to fully live inside her cabin with a twin sized bed, the seats as chairs for reading and the turret overlap next to his seat as a desk or counter, a small stove at the engine firewall, probably a bathroom somewhere, he saw her more as a sexy mobile home than a fierce warrior. He sat inside her gazing around at the range finder view port, the periscope view, a Machine pistol port on the right and left sides of the turret, an escape hatch in the back, and then his erected cock throbbing in his pants. So this is how Hansel feels… lucky bastard. He explored her until a heavy truck backed into the hanger with modified bomb trollies hauling guns fit for destroyers.

"Jesus do they get any bigger!?" Inbred was absolutely startled by their size. The driver snickered something about a rat then mentioned the guns alone weigh more than the truck. Inbred looked at the guns then at Eryka who was sporting a lovely smile. "Is everything around here God sized!?" He thought about the term everything and hoped her pleasure spot wasn't huge.

"No a few things are small." He looked back overwhelmed by the two guns ready to mount and then around at the crew assembled to fit the selected gun to Eryka. The 128 gun was longer than the 15cm but was thinner and less imposing. The 15cm was larger and he felt that the space it'd take up would make her feel more like Marion. He looked at them and pictures them on Eryka and after much time he selected the 15cm with the reason in his mind as it made Eryka look sexier. The crew began working while Eryka picked up the huge gun effortlessly with what looked like flimsy arms, the hanger became hot with the amount of body heat excreted by the men working to the point Inbred removed his jacket.

"Damn! String bean!" She looked at his thin arms dangling from his broad shoulders.

"What about 'em?" He glanced at them and hoped they weren't a turn off for her.

"We need to put some meat on them bones, Ralph!" He prayed she could fall for him still. He mentally prayed the whole time the crew fit the gun to her and as they left, he prayed until she shut the hanger door with a slam. He jumped from his mental state and felt his loins kick on as he focused on her new look.

She noticed him eyeing her and took the first step. After all he was a cute little thing. "Like what you see?" Unconsciously he nodded. She giggled softly as he realized he was nodding.

"So-eh-um-uh, uh now what?" She thought about it, not really much productive things to do that late at night.

"Hmmmm.., get some damn weight on you! How do you do anything with those?" She poked his thin arms.

"You've got real nice broad shoulders, good for building muscles. You won't walk awkward like Heinz does." Inbred went onto the defense of himself.

"Hey I'm stronger than I look," she raised an 'eyebrow' at him, "I've worked all my life like this, I can throw and heave hay bales all day. I can and I will prove it."

"Then it'd be more in your chest muscles, but you still don't look big there, neither." She watched as he lifted up his shirt and it hit her that she got his shirt off like that, she felt a little hot under the armor.

"I swear I am strong. I'm stronger than I look." She looked him over.

"Neh, doesn't look like it, still a string bean." He frowned; he was thinking how to prove it. "How heavy were the bales?"

"Easily a hundred, some, but they vary per time of year. Some are heavier than me." It hit him there; Eryka also came up with a test.

"Do a pull up." She turned her gun over and held it out for him. He studied how he'd hold on to that, unlike hay bales this didn't have binding string to grip. He jumped up and got a good hold, but inched up more to the top, and then he did some pull ups. Eryka initially watched his muscles form and appear out of magic but soon was mesmerized by his appealing body. She caught herself just before she would of started drooling to agree he had muscles. He dropped down and put his shirt back on. Eryka winced as he put the shirt on, almost reaching out to make him stop.

"See? I'm plenty strong." He wiped his reddened face of sweat. Eryka wanted him, she did make the right choice for him as a gunner, and she wasn't letting him go without her. She needed to get him to stay, she used Marion on him.

"What was your tank's name?" He answered. "How'd you feel about Marion? Like impression wise, was it interesting or appalling?" He sat down on a crate and looked up to think. Eryka peeked down his shirt at his flexing body.

' 'hhh.., at first frightening. I mean I'm very quizzical, I noticed some things that just never made sense.
  were talking of a name for her before she came out and she was disgusted by it, showed a crease in the

turret. Then her gun would act up at times, I'll get back to that, and Whacker was running to us from her radio and we got to her already started; Whacker didn't have time nor knowledge how to start her. But the gun, Hansel ordered me to fire upon a Sherman but the gun was kicking when I hit the cable pull. That was her second biggest give away."
"What was the biggest, then?"
"You don't normally hear moaning and loud engine roars from the garage at night." Eryka panicked, she didn't want to blush or give clue she wanted him.
"That ought to do it."
"It did, and I put them all together and was right the next morning; Hansel made her show herself." Eryka inched closer.
"So how did you feel about them two?"
"As friends I would be fine, but they're lovers so that offset me greatly. I mess up at all and Hansel could be mad, trust me he's not at all nice mad and especially not when it comes to protecting her. So I was flustered and cautious, but it was all still weird and conflicting, but..,"
"But what?"
"Some people can make a heart change at a glance." Eryka forced herself not to smile as big as she would have; she knew she did it to him. He was pissed way off as he stormed in but he did a whole one-eighty turn when he saw her. She changed him. He got up off the crate and she probably came out a little too much for her liking.
"No wait don't go!" He turned to her. "Not yet, why not stay a little longer?" He looked into her beautiful eyes and couldn't leave, he didn't want to leave. He wanted to stay next to her as long as possible. He walked over to her side and climbed onto her skirt.
"Let's get used to the feel, then." She nodded and helped him up on the turret, he climbed in and sat at his seat, cramped a lot like Marion but still significantly larger. She fired up her engine so he'd know what it'd feel like and to see how her new gun was responding; the life metal was slowly aligning to her and it felt numb. Not long then, Inbred was asleep, rocked by Eryka's massive engine, and cradled by her warmth. She killed her engine, got low on her suspension and locked up, then fell asleep in the cold bitter air that has ensued them.
Fin Chapter 28

Chapter 29
Marion woke up shivering, she felt weak, brittle, and open. Hansel was sleeping in a heavy sack on her engine roof; she woke him up with fright in her voice. He woke up and instantly tried calming her and finding out what troubled her. Soon Cindy, too, rolled to them shivering.
"M-M-M-M-Mar-r-rr-rion, I'm c-c-c-cold! Could w-w-we hu-hu-hu-hud-d-d-ddle?" She was shivering worse than Marion, because of her smaller size and thinner skin. Marion welcomed her over and pulled her close to share their body heat that they generated. "R-R-Run y-y-y-yer eng-gg-gine."
"Why, dear?" Marion asked as Hansel tried to spread his spare sheets and jackets over them. Cindy was puzzled then understood.
"Oh this your first winter," She was warming up fast and snuggled against her massive overseer, "momma said that when winter comes we get cold and weak. We need time to adjust to it before we're comfortable. Just wait a few days and we'll feel better." Marion stroked the top of her turret.
"You feel better, darling?" Cindy nodded.
"Mommy and daddy would put me between them so I'd feel better." Marion said she felt better as well and turned her engine on very low to save fuel, Hansel laid back down in his spread out sleeping back and enjoyed her engine lulling him to sleep.
———————————

E looked up at the huge battlecruiser Prinz Eugen and felt small for the first time. She had her mouth agape and her lust skyrocketing over the twenty-eight centimeter guns. She got wet as she enviously stared at those eight guns. She couldn't help but cower and lower her hull.
"Feel small?" Irish asked from behind her in a playful smile. E didn't answer right away but with:
"I want those guns..," she drooled over them; Irish looked over her as he strode past her and hoped that Eugen wouldn't turn her sexuality.
"I fired them way back, well aligned them to what I was told."
"What else?"
"Well, I aligned the guns, fired them, used the rangefinders in the turrets, and turned the turret. Well not at ime, I'd switch roles for the duties." He looked at her and noticed she was genuinely interested by him. wanna know how it all works?" She nodded fast without removing her gaze from him. He explained

how it all works as they waited for direction. Then a cocky and stuck up enlisted first class seamen walks up and tries to boss them around. Irish smiled down at the loud speaking overstepping kid.
“I said move, tanker.” He snickered. Irish stopped E before she could do anything.
“Kid let me tell you something, I out rank you and you will address me as such.” The seamen narrowed his eyes at him.
“You sit on my base, under our order, you listen to me.., sarge.” Irish pulled some papers from his ID pouch and slid down off E.
“Look here, I outrank you, seamen first class, and you will respect me as such.” He showed him identification that denoted Irish as Chief Gunnery Officer. The enlisted’s face looked horrified and instantly snapped to attention.
“My apologies, sir.”
“At ease.” He asked again where he was to go and was taking E there. “Oh and next time you confront anybody, you show respect, seamen.”
“Sir yes, sir.” He led E to the direction given.
“How? I don’t get it.”
“I’m a higher rank in the Wehrmacht, but first I was an honor grad at camp and highly liked by the officers, and Eugen, and rose fast into chief gunner officer, it’s about Sergeant First Class.”
“How do you have it still?”
“Well due to some recommendation by officers that went up and up I was found by some tank generals and soon I was volun-told to switch. I was moved over and promoted to First Sergeant as compensation. Actually I left her my uniform; I might get that back while we’re here.” They stuck to the path when Irish veered her off.
“Why?”
“Fuck that they want us next to the shit loaded last, I’m taking us up front.” He took her to the bow where Eugen instantly spotted him. They were ordered on by Eugen instantly, and E was taken to the stern for more operating space. Irish was met by her with intensity.
“My little gunny!” Eugen sounded in his head and E’s. “You came back!” She hugged him discretely as he stood near the rear turret, he stroked her arms.
“You miss me?”
“Hell have I missed you! You aren’t leaving again are you?”
“Sorry but we’ll be leaving in a few days. You’re the boat?”
“Ship.” Irish and Eugen said in unison. “Aww, really?” Eugen asked.
“Yup, sorry. I missed you, and the sea, so much.” E watched and listened, she knew how to mentally think to each other, and thought to herself alone. Are they together or something? How can she even think about him? They’re so small and that’s for me, I’m small to her so how would he even be worth full to her? It’s wrong; she should have a ship, a real man for her to ride. At least she’d feel him. She looked at them somewhat disgusted, yet also somewhat intrigued. What draws them together like that? She wasn’t sure. She shook it off and looked out towards the sea.
Fin Chapter 29

Chapter 30
Marion was holding Hansel up to her side as they were refueling her, a little thing about the size of her turret came up to her side.
“Good morning Hetz.” The Hetzer nodded.
“Have any of you seen Aston? I haven’t seen him since sundown yesterday.” Hansel and Marion thought.
“I think I saw him going down to the town. I’m not too sure; it might have been someone else.” Hansel said.
Marion squeezed him a little.
“Okay, thanks. What street?”
“Can’t remember.”
“Do you know, Marion?”
“No I don’t.” The little Hetzer looked disappointed. Her green eyes were in the vision slots on her hull face. Her mouth sat about the gun’s level when it was parallel to the ground. She turned her little chassis around and went to go ask other people. “Hansel we weren’t supposed to say anything!”
“I tried! It’s instinctive, Marion.”
“We weren’t supposed to know anything, he trusted us with this.”
“I know but how hard is it to find condoms?”
’ ıt if that’s not her gift to him?”
as your gift to me, and you said yourself you didn’t have much to give.”

“I’m not that creative. I could have made something if I had an idea. Maybe she’s creative.” Hansel looked her in the eye.
“He was too excited for it not to be sex.” Marion rolled her eyes. “Cindy’s coming back.” Marion looked where Hansel was, Frau was escorting her to Marion while checking to make sure Cindy’s new barrel splint was holding well.
“Mom look!” Marion froze and thought again. What? Did she.., call me mom? “Marion look! I got a new spint!”
“Splint, Cindy, it’s a splint.” Frau corrected her. Marion looked at it; it was Cindy’s shade of green and looked like a picket fence was wrapped around her little gun. Underneath was the shiny silver metal growing back into place to reattach her gun.
“I can feel my gun again!” She rolled up to Marion’s side.
“You can? So you can feel this?” She used a finger to circle Cindy’s gun muzzle. Cindy giggled then laughed.
“Stop! That tickles!” Hansel smiled at her. Marion found out that her gun muzzle was ticklish when they tried putting bushes all over her as an ambush camouflage. Marion stopped and complimented her new gun splint. Cindy then went over to a pile of snow and toyed with it, she’s been toying with it ever since it started to snow. Hansel and Marion went over to the bunks and fetched Whacker, Banker, and Meats before they went off for training that day. Hetz also went, even without a commander. The Colonel said it’d be good for her to practice being more aware of her surroundings.

Cindy looked at the snow pile; she sculpted the front round and beveled the top of the other sides. She left two rumps on the frond and put a stick below the right rump. She went off towards the hill she would collect her snow from and got a hefty sized ball and placed it in the middle of the set snow pile. She was getting a thick stick from a tree near the road to the city when she spotted a lone figure walking down the road towards her, it was pulling a small sled with things on the back.
“Hey! You!”
“Hey there, Cindy!” The figure jogged over and ducked behind her. “Did they go train?”
“Yes. I kept my promise!”
“You did?”
“Yeah, I did. I didn’t tell anyone!”
“That’s great.”
“What did you get?”
“I got some wrappers, some sweets, a cake, some blankets, beer and a coin.”
“Whadya get for me?” She asked childishly. The man turned to the sled and lifted the cover, rustled through a box and pulled out a chocolate bar.
“I got you this!” He handed it to her. “You’ve never had anything like German chocolate, nothing comes close!”
“Thanks, Aston!”
“You earned it, it cost me six bucks for that.” Aston started to the barracks when Cindy stopped him.
“Were there any big sticks on the road?” Aston turned around and rustled through the stuff again.
“No, but I have these you can use.” He handed her four long poles that went to a winter shelter. “What are they for?”
“You’ll see later.” Aston went back to the barracks and set up for the others to return. When they did they were anxious to see if Aston was back. Hetz was the first back; she was caught off-guard as Aston jumped up onto her stern slope and surprised her. “I’m back.”
“Holy-!” She instinctively threw him off but half-heartedly. She realized who he was and grabbed him before her push could throw him over Faust (who was behind her) and land on Canine. Aston just had a jolt back and was held over the ground. “Aston you scared the shit out of me!”
“I saw.” She pulled him to her roof and hugged him.
“Happy birthday, baby! Did I hurt you?”
“No, my chest hurts like a bitch actually. Otherwise I’m fine.”
“I’m sorry, baby.” She massaged his chest. The hatches opened and the sweaty crew emerged. They looked towards the barracks and beheld the kegs of beer that appeared there. Whacker had Marion’s hatch open and they were downwind.
“Guys.., do you smell it too?” Sniffing noises came from Marion’s mantle.
“Yeah, what is that?”
“That’s German beer, brewed to perfection in a German highland brewery and fermented to perfection!”
’ ion meet Whackaholic, the other form of Whacker.” Meats said as he leaned against the inside of
. .on’s turret. Hansel had a damp rag to his forehead, in one of the maneuvers Marion hit the brakes and

stopped hard while Hansel was in the cupola. Hansel did not stop.
“Yay, Whackaholic.” Was all Hansel said. Soon a small celebration began. They weren’t just celebrating Aston’s birthday, they were also celebrating the Major’s promotion but above all they were celebrating their orders: move to the front and support an offensive. Meats was still in Marion’s turret with his cover low over his eyes.
“Meats, you going to join us?”
“Nah, I’m not a big party guy. Tell the Major he has my congrats. She closed his hatch to muffle the sound and let him sleep. Everyone was distributed one mug of beer, but Whackaholic would smoothly switch mugs with whoever was nearby. Ten minutes in and he had switched four mugs and was looking for a fifth to switch with. Hansel handed his mug to Marion, who gave hers to Whackaholic.
“Give it a try, babe.” She smiled and took a sip.
“Strong, better than the last one.”
“See? I told you that old beer was shit.” He took a gulp from his mug then kissed Marion.
“You’ve got beer breath, already.”
“Yeah, that happens quickly.” Everybody started to gather around Aston and Hetz, Hetz had something to give Aston. “Let’s see what it is, shall we?” He climbed onto her roof and watched. Hetz opened a tool box on the side of her hull and removed an elegantly crafted wooden chest about six inches long by three inches wide by three inches tall.
“Here, Aston. I made this for you.” She handed him the box. It was all wood construction with lubed wood hinges, it was beach wood with dark oil-soaked edges. It had a flower embroiled pattern with elegant vines on the corners and his name embroiled across the front in beautiful German cursive. It looked like something straight out of Elizabethan society. “Sorry it’s all flowers, it’s all I had to go off of for the time.”
“No, no, it’s beautiful. Thank you.” They kissed in front of the others. The others cheered and laughed, making the pair blush. “You made this?”
“I did.”
“It’s amazing, how’d you make it?” She used one of her fingers on her hand, using the inside corner of her finger she blunted the edge of the wood toolbox on her side.
“Like that, only more gentle.”
“I love it, Hetz, this is the best thing I’ve ever had.” Marion looked to Hansel.
“I told you it wasn’t sex.” Hansel chuckled.
“Just wait; we’ll see how he is in the morning.” Later that night, after the celebration ended and the drunk were thrown in bed, Hetz had Aston alone.
“Hey Aston do you really like the box, now that we’re alone?” He studied the exterior.
“Eh, it could use a bit more color but I’m happy with what it is.”
“Great. There is some more to it.”
“Really?”
“Yes, push on the back edge of the bottom panel.” He did as she told him, he heard a pop from inside and he opened it to check, his scared expression turned to that of amusement.
“You put in a false bottom; damn you’re good at this.”
“That’s not all I put in.” She kept glancing into the box until Aston did too, he moved the false bottom and pulled out a single condom package. “That box is only half of your night.” He looked at her amazed. “So, what do you think birthday boy?”
“How in hell did you get a condom?”
“You let me worry about that!” She pulled him into a huge and dark hedge grove and turned on a dim flashlight. They were kissing then; she undid his belt with novice skill and worked the buttons from his shirt. She reached into his underwear and grabbed her dinner and tenderized it until it was nice and strong, he yanked his clothes off and threw the clothes near the covered entrance, and she pulled him up onto her glacis plate and grabbed his rock hard dick. “Give it to me Aston!” He slid into her lips as she licked them; her mouth structure put his cock straight down in a tight mouth. Her teeth retracted so it was just her lips, tongue, and throat. Aston was never in a better place.
Her mouth was a tad bigger than a human mouth simply because of her tiny size and confined interior, so it was as good a blow job as any prostitute could give. Her throat gripped his head and her mouth held his shaft, his base was circled by her lips and his cock belly was locked into submission by her tongue. Aston was limp on her front, she held him there with his burly chest in her face. She had her eyes closed, letting the flavor and feeling engulf her in exotic memory. She was swallowing her saliva to coax Aston’s senses into spewing his seed, and every time she swallowed he moaned loud and true. He pulled out a little bit and [illegible]ted in repeatedly, humping her fast. His cock felt too good, he quickly felt his cum arising. He moaned [illegible] groaned louder and faster, Hetz knew what was coming. He suddenly pulled out and came on her

faceplate. She felt his glops of hot cum fall onto her face just below her viewport and noticed that the drops were drawing closer to her mouth. She smiled as a glop fell upon her extended teeth; her tongue licked his semen off her teeth.
Aston groaned, he was suddenly cold again. He looked into Hetz's eyes as she probed the semen already freezing to her warm body. In her eyes he saw her lust; she wasn't finished with his gift yet. Hetz felt the cold air dry his sperm onto her hull, she remembered that all he had on was his socks; not snow gear. She knew what to do instantly. She wrapped around his waist and moved him to her side; she then pushed against the ground on that side and propelled herself onto her opposing side. That's when she held herself perpendicular to the ground and put Aston's feet on her road wheels, his cock right in front of her heat-bleeding pussy. Without words Aston knew she was ready, he pushed his head against her vulva and broke the seal. A strong feeling of warmth emanated from her and warmed his core fast. He pressed his hips against her belly and let her body heat mingle with his until they were the same, then he braved the journey out of the warm comfort and retreated into the cold before returning to her comfort again and again.
"Harder, Aston, harder!" Suddenly she slammed her cervix against his head and felt all of his skin on the wall of the cervix, too much. "Wait!"
"Why?" She plucked him out and tried to roll the condom onto his wet cock. "Let me help you, baby." He grabbed her hand and guided her through the motions.
"Alright baby," she shoved one of her injector tendrils into her vagina to open the cervix, "prepare for the best gift you've ever had!" He pushed his way in, both were moaning and groaning and grunting as he penetrated deep into her very tight, hot, and wet cervix. Her engine turned over with every hump he did, rocking her chassis with his motions. Eventually he gained pace as her pussy slackened on grip and adjusted to his presence. Aston put great power behind his thrusts to really rock his girl, and she felt it. Every thrust would make her arms bend a little before they righted themselves straight again. The whole feeling they got out of it was immense, both were mind numb, and they could feel everything about the other. Aston wanted this night to never end, so did Hetz, they slipped away from reality and into heaven where they were the only ones there. They lost themselves so much that Aston forgot that that building of the awesome feeling was his orgasm approaching, he came without knowing it. Hetz felt his convulsions but knew he had a condom, she also knew that her orgasm was building and encouraged Aston to keep going. When Aston heard her say that she was close to cumming he jolted out to make sure the condom didn't tear, it didn't but still grossed him out. He pulled off the condom and wiped off his cock before Hetz's pleads got to him. He slid back in and out, taking in all he could before her tightening pussy suddenly gave and she came. He pulled out and was instantly hit by the cold. "Why does it have to end so early, baby?"
"It doesn't have too," he leaned against her and kissed her belly, "I've some more in my back pocket." She snaked into his discarded pants and pulled out three condom packets.
"How in hell did you get these?"
"You let me worry about that!" Before the night was old they had burned through the condoms and Hetz was righting herself. As her treads slammed against the snow again she collected his clothes and helped Aston into her hull. She laid her belly in the snow and used a blanket to tuck in Aston lying on her floor. It was as hot as ever inside her, a tiny and cramped space where four men in heavy clothes worked the day. He loved this tiny space, he loved this 'tiny' woman, and he loved this tiny world- unsure of how much longer he or anyone he knows will inhabit it.
Fin Chapter 30

Chapter 31
Hansel and Marion were sitting together waiting for Whacker to get out of bed, he had a hangover, and they noticed that Hetz was coming by. The whole battalion was mobilizing, moving deeper inward of Germany to meet E, Irish, and Inbred at another town before moving with the assault force. Hetz wasn't with Aston and nobody had seen him all day.
"Good morning Hetz, where's Aston?" Marion asked. She wanted to see the box Hetz had made.
"He's sleeping inside." She rapped on her flank with a hand. "Excuse me; I have to go exchange my ammo for real shots." She continued on her way.
"I still need to do that. These blanks are only half the weight, I feel empty."
"When was the last time I slept inside you?" Marion thought.
"It was raining and we wanted to have fun."
"Why would Aston be sleeping inside her?"
"Because..," she stopped, "dammit."
'd you."
still gave him something that wasn't sex, Hansel."

“Alright, we’ll split it fifty-fifty.”
“Sounds good to me.” They started towards the ammo depot, Whacker would be a while. By the time they got there Hetz was handing over her last blank and receiving her real ammo. Aston was dressed sitting on her roof with his legs straddling her gun mantle. “Good morning, Aston.”
“Good morning.” He twisted around, smiled and waved.
“Do you have the chest Hetz made you?” He nodded and pointed into the open hatch. Hetz retrieved it and handed it to Aston.
“Nice, isn’t it?”
“Very. I’d like to learn how to do that.” Hetz racked her last real shot and turned around.
“It took a lot of practice before I could make anything close to that. I can teach you.” Hetz talked to her about what area of her tendril finger to use for certain jobs and what good wood looked and felt like while Marion was switching out her ammo. This bored Hansel and Aston to death so they went to find Cindy and her snow fort.
“I don’t think it’s a snow fort.” Aston commented.
“Why else would she pile up that much snow?”
“I mean it was too shaped and specific to her for it to be a fort.”
“Nah she’s probably a control freak.”
“We are talking about Cindy, right?”
“Yeah.”
“No she is not a control freak.”
“You never know, maybe she’s just obsessive with details.”
“No, no. If it is a fort, then why did she want my tent sticks?”
“Use them as pikes. Or tank traps. Half of us here are tanks.”
“Maybe, maybe.” They waddled around in the thickening snow until they came across Cindy and her snow collection.
“Aston! Hansel!” She yelled when she saw them.
“I’ll be damned.”
“Told you it wasn’t a fort.”

Once Marion and Hetz were alone they started talking. “So did Aston have a good birthday?”
“The best. His words.”
“Really? Where did you two go after the fun?”
“Oh, places..,” she looked around, nobody was nearby. She inched closer to Marion, “we fucked.”
“Dammit.” Hetz was startled.
“Wha-?”
“Hansel and I bet that wasn’t your gift.”
“Well it wasn’t, more for fun and the hell of it. It just seemed convenient.”
“Where did you go? How far out? Hansel and I had to go all the way down to the stream last time.”
“Oh not far, not far at all. Only into the hedges out past the HQ.” Marion frowned.
“I can’t fit in there.”
“It was perfect for us! At first I was happy to finally use that condom. I’ve had that since May.”
“Wait, you know you don’t need it, right?”
“No we did. We went all the way through.” Marion was surprised.
“When we last did that I lost it. I had to get pregnant.” Hetz nodded.
“I’ve been there; it’ll pass in a month or two.”
“It’s been a month.” She lied, it’s been longer.
“Then you don’t have much longer before you’re fine.”
“Do you think it depends on my size?” Hetz thought.
“That may be in there. Go ask Gretchen how long hers was.” Gretchen was the female Tiger I. She was among the eldest of the bunch.
“Where does she usually stay?”
“Over here by the ditch. I’ll show you.” She led Marion to Gretchen, Hetz asked bluntly how long her ‘heat stage’ was and Gretchen answered four to five months.
“Marion you’ll probably be finished before Christmas.” She started talking about when she was where Marion is at. “Yeah, my best friend was a Panther and she was in it, too. She was in love with my brother, and they, well.., you know the legend about where Tiger twos are from?” Marion nodded. “It’s true. My brother is [illegible]father. When she got pregnant she didn’t tell my brother, not for a little while at least but everyone [illegible]d out at stage two.”

“Stage two?” Marion asked.
“Oh, there are a few stages for pregnancy in us. First is just making more synthmetal, that builds up in the walls of your vagina, then when the actual construction starts your basket closes. Your entire hull essentially closes, the deck hatches lock and don’t open, the basket closes off the turret from the hull, and anything inside the hull that isn’t a part of you is pushed to the side or front. Well the ammo will stay racked, but it’s inaccessible. You know you’re in stage two when your basket closes.”
“Will I feel it?”
“Yes, it’s a gradual close overnight but you will feel it, especially when you try to turn your turret.”
“So I can’t turn my turret?”
“No you can but not as smooth as before.” Just then Hansel and Aston ran up to them.
“”Hey! You two need to come see this!” The four of them went back to where Cindy was playing in the snow. She sat proudly behind her creation.
“On my god this is amazing!”
“Look!” Cindy yelled out. She had made, out of snow, sticks, bark and rocks, four tanks. Three M4 Shermans and a massive Köingtiger all next to each other. “This is dad,” she pointed to the one on her far right, “this is mom,” she pointed to the one left of the dad, “this is Marion,” she pointed to the Köingtiger to her left, “this is Hansel,” she pointed to the pillar of snow all the way on the left, left of Snow Marion, “and this is me!” In the middle of Marion and the mom was a littler Sherman. The Shermans all had excellently shaped hulls and turrets. A stick jut out for the hull MG and below the chassis where it would be open space was stones to blacken it out. The tracks were made of bark and the wheels out of circular rocks. The hatches were bark, too, and the main gun barrels were the tent sticks. Marion was the same as the Shermans in terms of materials used for what but for her exhaust Cindy had found two tobacco pipes to use. On all the turrets were eyes and smiles. Hansel only had sticks for arms and two pebbles for eyes.
“I’m going to go get Derik.” Hetz announced, Derik had the camera for the battalion. She drove off with Aston to help her look. Frau with Canine and Faust with Anton passed her and were directed towards Cindy’s snow family. They, too, were amazed with it. They were all so used to war, hate, training to kill, and an eagerness to fight in battle, while this innocent child was in a carefree world, filled with once scary monsters that have become her family. It made the whole battalion rethink their lives, and what life meant. Once Derik arrived half the battalion had seen what she had made, and after some pleas and convincing, Derik took a picture of her and her snow family. Later they made a sign in English, French, German, and even Russian asking for nobody to tamper with the display. Kramia made the Russian sign and prayed that it never be interpreted.
After that they rallied together, refueled, and left. Making headway deeper into German territory to meet the crossroads and group with the Fifth Panzer Army under the Forty-Seventh Panzer Division.
They started off on their slow journey; Cindy wasn’t used to going this slow. She whined and complained on how slow they were going. Canine took her along with him and ran around the group, wearing himself and his worked engine out. Cindy was still ready to go, she circled Canine chanting “slow poke” in her playful tone.
“Sorry, Cindy, but ol’ me’s too tired. Go get Mini or Erin. They’re young.” Cindy ran around until she found Erin, the Panther A. She pleaded with Erin to play with her, and finally Erin broke and drove around with her. Erin’s crew jumped tank to Gretchen beforehand, they weren’t in the mood to fight inertia. Marion watched Cindy try to catch the faster Erin, Erin’s top speed was fifty-five kilometers per hour. The fastest Sherman the Germans have ever seen was at forty-six to forty-eight kilometers per hour. While Marion could probably get forty kilometers per hour on flat paved ground giving it everything she had in the field she could never reach that, unless she went downhill, of course. The whole column of tanks, because of an angry Jäger, only went twelve kilometers per hour, so the speedy mediums were making rounds around the column like racecars. But one thing that Cindy had over all the other mediums was endurance, after an hour or two Erin was done and it was Mini’s turn to play with Cindy. When he was tired Cindy was tired and she crawled along with Marion, pleading to slow down and stop. Marion set Cindy into neutral and towed her along while she slept after a morning of play. Meats looked at the situation and smiled but looked a little worried.
“Marion,”
“Yeah Meats?”
“Don’t get too attached to the Shermans.”
“Why?”
“They are still our enemy. If you show them mercy, they won’t do the same.”
Fin Chapter 31

ˎ ɹter 32

The convoy finally came across a guard standing night watch on a foggy and cold morning; he checked each ID of the command and sent them along accordingly, sending the convoy's motorbike ahead to message their arrival. This whole planning and coordination was done by German SS messengers by foot, bike, car, and train to ensure complete and total secrecy. The Allies weren't to know what was bound to happen, not until it was too late. Marion was towing Cindy again, and in the murky and dark moonlight she saw the outline of a Panther and something else, something huge, something massive, something bigger than Jäger, even, and maybe Jäger and E combined. The Panther came forward into the headlights, in bright white paint there was the death skull and the dual lightning strikes; the icon of the SS. The commander's hatch opened and the torso of a man that looked to be an old hare came out with major ranks and he, too, had the death skull. Their new major was an SS officer.

"What model are you?" Mini asked, he was glossing over the Panther's road wheels and noticed they were not like any he's seen before; more like E's arrangement.

"Panther II," she snapped. She was aggressive, "thicker armor, better mobility, better suspension, and," she looked at Geoff, "an eighty-eight." She wasn't lying, her gun was thicker than Mini's and it was credible; Panther G models had been equipped with eighty-eights. From the way she looked ascetically and the way she held herself, she was a stuck up and all that SS panzer.

"Fall in!" The first words out of the Major's mouth. Everybody moved into their positions, Meats was muttering 'hide her, hide her' to Marion and she tried. Marion picked up Cindy as she pivoted into position. Even though Marion's size engulfed a full size Sherman, Marion felt that one of them caught a glimpse of Cindy, and for the first time Marion felt daunting fear, more powerful than the P-47 rocket attack and her first day on the battlefield combined into one horrid feeling. What Marion felt then in formation in front of this hate monger. What made matters worse is her Hansel is the company Captain, so his post was at the front of the company; closest to the Major and his death-head Panther. "I am Major Idek, this is Allison, and you will respect her as you would I. I am here to utilize you in the name of the Third Reich and to execute the will of the Führur himself! You fight for the Führur, you conquer for the Führur, you die for the Führur. Our mission for the Führur will be using the division between the British and the Americans against them; we will break through their worthless lines and break out all the way to their fuel depots along the shore! They will lose all of their fuel and we will have it all! From there we will push them off of the continent and we will be victorious!"

He ended his speech with the SS 'heil Hitler' and so no one offended him the others sounded off. The gang of the living machines were quite virgin to the propaganda, only the eldest bunch actually understood the cause of the war, who the leaders were, and why they were fighting. Otherwise the vast majority were clueless and only doing what they were told like loyal drone soldiers. Hansel and most of the others didn't like this and subtly tried to teach their tanks and AFVs the history behind the war and their creation. Marion had mixed views about it, like Hansel and her crew, but if the Major has done the same to his tank, Allison, then there is no doubt she is as hardcore Nazi as he is. This passed through Marion's mind just as she saw Allison glance away from her and whisper something to the Major. Marion felt very hot between the gears and bearings; Hansel felt her severe discomfort but couldn't comfort her for he felt very worried as well. Marion wasn't doing so good, she started shuddering when the Major or Allison glanced at her, soon she felt something along the lines of hot raindrops roll down her body, her breathing became more excited and energetic, her mind raced about what she'd do if they were confronted, her engine started to turn and run without fuel, her hand slid along her ammo rack, picking out shells to use in defense, the corners of her eyes scanned for weak points and where to group shots. She knew they wouldn't take too kindly if at all to Cindy giving that the Major is giving another speech about how the allies are no more than the Russian dog, commemorating Kramia for being the smart Russian and going against her 'subhuman oppressors' and all the sorts. Soon after he ended his speech with his most intense 'heil Hitler' ever, like he's motivated himself to join the SS and kill all the subhuman swine himself. It looked like he brought tears to his own eyes. After this they went through the usual proceedings, report in, and the follow up, change of command from Major to the Colonel, then dismissal. After everyone started moving Marion was trying to sneak away while hiding Cindy, still asleep.

"Captain Hansel!" Allison shouted. Marion froze, if she had a defined heart it would probably have a heart attack. She turned her turret to face her. "Sit at attention! And don't try to hide that Sherman!" Marion went instinctive, she raced for a shell but Meats knew what was better for her in the end and blocked the breach. Marion slowly inched to align her turret with her hull while facing the Major and Allison.

"Y-Yes sir?" He tried hiding his chattering jaw.

"What. Is. That?" The Major pointed to Cindy.

' t, sir." Banker snapped before a thought even graced Hansel's mind.

  et?"

“Yes, sir. We thought that there’d be a need to show how weak and pathetic the American armor was to the children of the Third Reich.” The Major looked to the others, they were nodding in agreement.
“Alright, but don’t let your bitch shit on my soil.” With that he commanded Allison to meet with the tanks with no crews like Mini, Kramia, and Rosa.
Then something massive moved. Marion had completely forgotten about the massive figure she saw earlier trying to cover Cindy. Out of the early mist the massive object moved, the rising sun broke through the trees and shone against the mobile building.
“You mother fucking son of a bitch!” Banker yelled as he threw his gloves down. As he climbed out of the tank the others saw what he did; Inbred standing against a flat and sloped faceplate with two large hazel eyes peering friendly over them. Hansel glanced from Inbred’s smiling face to his hand, the new tank had a tendril coiling up his leg and a hand snugly placed in his.
“Hey guys, um, well.., this is Eryka.”
Fin Chapter 32

Ch 33
“She’s pretty new, uh she’s..,” Inbred hesitated, he wasn’t really sure where to start. There was so much he wanted to brag about regarding her but he couldn’t figure out where.
“Anything you’d like to know?” Eryka spoke confidently, filling in for his speechlessness.
“Yeah!” Banker started. “What the hell did you do to our tiny Inbred!?” Hansel didn’t notice but he was bigger, as Banker stood next to him Hansel saw that Inbred was taller by a few inches, not much, but was thicker in his arms and probably the rest of his body. From Banker’s perspective he clearly saw Inbred has swollen up, he had larger muscles everywhere. Not only that but his once light blue veins were now a gray color, there was some gray at the start of his fingernails and at the base of his hair, along the corners of his eyes the veins were metallic and as he smiled there was metallic tinge to his teeth, like he has some cavities filled with silver.
“Well..,” she started.
“We kinda..,” Banker wasn’t amused. He wanted to know what she did to his friend. “You’ll understand in time.” Marion asked a not so touching question, and from there they learned she was bigger than E, not bigger than E and Jäger combined, she had similar suspension to E, a fifteen centimeter gun, and thicker armor than E all-round, she had a much stronger engine but was still pretty slow because of the weight needed to be moved. That’s when the serious question came up again. Eryka kinda held it within herself but then blurted out.
“I don’t want him to get hurt.” Marion looked intrigued. “I love him! I do! I don’t want him to leave me; if I’m breached I don’t want him to be shot.” It was an awkward silence before Inbred broke the silent snap.
“Really she wasn’t too happy how thin I was.”
“That’s not true.”
“Then why’d you overfill me?”
“To be sure no gun would hurt you! You were too thin!”
“You said it! I was too small!” They continued this jesting bickering playfully. While this happened Cindy woke up, she rubbed her eyes and looked around. Everybody was in their usual groups and nobody was moving, they were there. She happily threw off the tow cables and went to make laps around Marion when she came around her side and saw Eryka. She instantly stopped in fear and pushed herself back and behind Marion, shuddering against her.
“What’s wrong, Cindy?” She went and held Cindy, trying to comfort her. “The big tank scare you?” Cindy nodded. “Don’t be afraid, I won’t let her hurt you. Go ahead, say hi.” She moved Cindy to her side and inched her forward. Cindy caught Eryka’s eye, she had never seen a Sherman in person before.
“H-H-H-Hi” she stammered.” Marion turner her turret and whispered to her. “M-M-My name is C-C-Cindy.” Eryka smiled to her.
“Hello Cindy, my name is Eryka.” While Cindy warmed up to Eryka Whacker went inside Marion and plucked Hansel and Meats inside and rapped on Marion’s wall to get her attention.
“We need to tell Cindy about Allison and the Major.”
“What do we tell her?” Meats went on. “Tell her that she’s a prisoner and a pet?” Hansel shook his head no.
“Well then how are we going to keep this all under wraps?” Marion piped up.
“I’ll tell her everything, don’t worry about it.” She suppressed anything else. Once Eryka had befriended Cindy Marion pulled her in front of her and told her. “Cindy there’s another new person here as well, he’s the new Major and his tank, Allison, and they are bad people.”
[illegible]?”
[illegible]y would want to kill you, to hurt you; they want nothing but bad things to happen to you.”

“D-D-Do they know I’m here?!” She visibly trembled, Eryka closed in to help comfort her.
“Yes, but wait! We made a story for you.”
“Why?”
“So they won’t hurt you. We said you’re a pet-like Franz the cat, you like him-and that we’re keeping you. But you are not a pet, you are a beautiful little girl, but whenever they are around you need to do exactly as we say and not talk back, okay?” Cindy was still shivering with fear; her eyes darted around looking for people she didn’t recognize.
“Where are they now?” Marion, Eryka, Inbred, Meats, Whacker, Banker, and Hansel all looked for the two.
“They’re over there.” Eryka pointed to them, Cindy memorized what they looked like for her own safety.
“How’d you come up with that lie?” She asked very interested. Marion was mind blank.
“Banker came up with it.” Cindy turned around her turret.
“That’s cool! Could you show me how to lie?!”
“It’s an art that’s hard to teach.”

Irish walked the decks of his old friend, Prinz Eugen. They were on their way home after bombarding the Russians in support of Germans pulling out of the area, E and him used that time to practice long range fire, after a few misses, butting heads, and E finally letting Irish work his magic, they were nailing Russians like nothing before. While Eugen wasn’t too thrilled about getting that close to the shore she did enjoy pummeling infantry with AA guns and bombarding probable artillery positions, which were being used by Russians as it turned out to be. Irish had feelings for E, and he felt like she might of had some for him but she was, different, day to day. One day she’s nice, sweet, motivated and talkative, others she’s silent, hard, downright evil and caring only about her needs, like her doses of Russian tears and blood. She was still on the stern section where they put her, and as Irish walked aft he felt his heart beating in his throat, seemingly choking him, and he had to get some air in so he stopped by the most rear turret to catch his breath. He had told Eugen his intentions to her depression, but she still supported him anyway. Unknown to him Eugen was trying to be his wingman, and was trying to warm E up to the idea of loving a human. It wasn’t working. Irish was against the turret out of E’s sight and could hear the two talking. He listened with dread, remorse, and anguish as E declined anything, she said it was disgusting, unnatural to love another species, it was degrading that such people would do such a thing, how vile, wretched, dishonorable, and overall something that she nor any other machine and person shouldn’t stoop so down too. It completely crushed Irish, even after Eugen tried saying he had feelings for E, E simply brushed it off as ‘his fault’ and that was enough to completely crush Irish. He broke down, storming to his quarters where he slept it away. He wasn’t heard from until a few hours from docking. He didn’t appear different to E, but he was somewhat more reserved to himself. E wasn’t anything different.
“You’ve changed.”
“Sure.”
They said on the train ride to the rally point. They had specific instructions to remain elusive to the Allies, not to be found but rather to hunt from afar. That upset E a lot, and it soothed Irish’s worries of brawling. Irish received word that the Major was a SS officer; he and Edwards had worked with the SS before, usually saving their asses, but wasn’t thrilled about it. E was excited.
“Finally someone who will demand something!” They weren’t expecting what they’d find waiting for them, however.
Fin Ch 33

Ch 34
Inbred walked into Eryka’s bunker. Her new coat of paint looked very nice on her and today they were going to add some more colors like Marion had on when he left them. So far the areas that are going to be brown were finished and now they were going to do a green. While they have learned that they will take part in the winter offensive they won’t be able to paint Eryka fully white, there isn’t enough white dye, so they are blending them together. That and the paint is quite chalky and will wash out as the snow melts in the spring so they figured that they’ll save time. Once the green is finished they’ll add dark yellow speckles all over her and dark green speckles on the dark yellow areas, Inbred and her have really come close, so close they almost had sex. The sheer thought of making love to her warms Inbred against the cold, leftover feelings from her warm and tight caresses keeps him company and their loving kisses spark a fire deep inside him. They don’t do much as far as going out and about, and they rarely get alone time so most of this love is inside her hull, and they only snip kisses whenever no one watches. Being on a maximum security base
nt to look like a farm processing station from everywhere has many drawbacks. Every morning the base
spected for wires, spying equipment, and misplaced radios. This sort of mentality has made Inbred very

very cautious when Eryka is being handled by others. Every day after the inspection detail leaves he goes around and checks her and her garage. Twice he's found sketchy equipment and wires, he fears somebody knows of her. He's never apprehended the suspected spy but has reported suspicious activity. The only times Eryka is allowed outside of her recess is during overcast, nighttime, and rarely broad daylight. This makes the garage feel like their home, the house that they reside in most, their one chance at privacy.
"This day," Eryka says, "is going to be great."
"Why's that?" Inbred asked as he checks under a table.
"Reasons you'll learn of." After that Inbred moved to the piping, he found a transponder, and a cable, the cable traced back to the radio on the bench but it wasn't set to the right channel. He freaked out, his heart raced and his mind scared him with bombs falling on Eryka.
"So far it's not!" Eryka didn't seem to care; she grabbed him and held him against her, caressing his shoulder.
"Don't worry about it, nothing'll hurt me." They sneaked a kiss in for the morning, she held him longer than normal. Even though Eryka said it was nothing, Inbred still took the radio instance to heart and saw it as a threat to his interest. "Nobody comes in here, I'm telling you, nothing is wrong."
"Why is the radio like that!?"
"You know what, ask the officer if you can set up your own monitor, just to make sure." Inbred smiled.
"Babe you're the best."
"I know Ralph." He did exactly that. He went to the officer of security and presented his case. The officer said that using that radio is dangerous, it could be hard-wired. He had no extra recording devices so he told Inbred that he could stand watch in the garage until someone was caught. Knowing that he'll get pretty sleepless nights, the officer didn't see any incentive for Inbred to do it other than protecting the fatherland.
That day Inbred and Eryka met another new tank to the base, she was a Panther II. She looked a lot like Mini, but she had a bigger gun and her wheel arrangement was different, a little weird, from what the previous German designs had was very even layout of the suspension, on the Panther II she had a little tighter grouping on one end than the other end. She didn't have a name yet, Eryka thought of a good name and they found Allison to be fitting. Inbred thought that it kind of was a good day, met someone nice and sweet, and was, at the moment of the thought, staring at his girlfriend's ass and rubbing it down with paint. He somewhat envied the brush in his hand, wanting to replace it with something else used to spread select fluids. He leaned against Eryka's massive exhaust pipe and thought of the things Hansel and Marion had done together, specifically the tailpipe talk. He remembers how sensitive Marion said it was why she squirmed whenever she backed into bushes, and he slid his hand up and down the pipe massaging it.
"What are you doing back there?"
"Do you like it?"
"Well, yes, it's nice. But why?"
"Repaying you for last time, your massages." The 'last time' Inbred and she were kissing late in the day with no one around and she cupped his sack and massaged it. That was the most sexual thing they've done.
"Really? Well could you grope this, too, while you're at it?" She snaked out her 'nipple' tendril; he held it in his hand and rubbed it while he stroked her ass with a paint brush. "Mmm, that's great. I got an ass and tit massage." Inbred smirked. He finished painting after sundown and prepared to stay the night with Eryka. It was soon midnight when the clean-up crew left. "Now it's just you.., and me, babe."
"Really..," Inbred smiled and looked around. "Well I've a job to do so..," he shrugged, "we could make out."
Eryka smiled in a naughty fashion.
"We could do more than that, baby."
"But the spy?" Eryka only stared at him.
"Babe, I'm the 'spy' if you haven't noticed." Inbred was confused.
"Wh-What?!" He pointed to her.
"I planted the wires, I messed with the radio, and I'm the one doing the suspicious things in here."
"Why?" Inbred feared for himself now, he wasn't sure how but she was the spy.
"So I could get you and I alone in here all night." He backed away scared. Eryka rolled her eyes. "No I'm not a real spy. I want to be alone with you and fuck you! I thought you were smart."
"Hey I'm smart!" She smirked at him. "I was acting on instinct." He was approached slowly, and his shirt was unbuttoned. "So what about the guards at the door?"
"I've tested them, I've screamed as loud as I can. They won't hear anything." She brought a bare-chested lover to her lips and kissed him, letting him open his pants. Her tone changed, she sounded desperate in between their smooches. "Oh Ralph! I want you to split me! Split me in half!"
' ma'am!" Finally they were doing it; so much sexual tension had built up it was driving them mad. Now ' at lust, that tension, that desire was released. Inbred had his clothes off quick, he knew where the spot

was all because of his questions and he was there faster than Eryka could think was possible. She didn't look wet enough, dripping wet wasn't good enough, and so he decided to tease her a little. He felt a taste test of the dish was in order, to salivate the glands and prepare for the main course. Eryka was definitely enjoying this feast already. Her face twisted into the best smile she's ever had, she felt her turret drift to her left side but she didn't care. Her eyes darted towards the left like she was trying to see Inbred work her lips so heavenly but obviously couldn't because of her body. Instead she felt his presence, she saw him in her mind, and she knew exactly how he was posed, exactly everything with what he was doing. It swamped her hormones and before he knew it Inbred was lapping up a sweet and rewarding waterfall. That's when he quit his teasing; he moved his body and rubbed her lips with his stiff as stone cock.
"Split me Ralph, split me!" Her demands motivated Inbred to the extreme, he broke his way into her, loud moans echoed throughout the garage. An intense feeling overcame them; ecstasy and a feeling of something right flooded their bodies and shook their foundation. Inbred, his cock stuffed inside his lover's tight and plush pussy, could feel her power, her durability, he felt what she was made of. Is this, too, what Hansel feels? He wondered, but then he remembered his lover wanting some good hard sex and pulled out to his head before rocketing back into her. He furiously plowed her virgin soil, moving her hot, wet, plush and loving vagina around him and needlessly obeying Eryka's pleas for more. She got into his motions and inversely reacted to his motions; he'd get out while she got off, he drove in while she fell on, and so on. He felt her fluids flow all around his hips, her body heat and fluids mixed to keep him nice and warm against the dropping temperatures. Her pussy bled heat like a furnace, but was very comfortable inside. As he drove for the final time before resting he felt her grip him, it almost hurt how much she gripped him. He had to prop himself up to ease the pain, Eryka felt it but couldn't seem to stop, not that she really wanted to stop but for her lover's sake she fought her natural feelings and freed him. She felt him lie on the floor tired from the day and the sex. She lowered down and ground half of his cock, half in and half out, feeling his hard meat stick ooze precum and throb against her Gspot, he felt so wonderful. She felt his cock seemingly change, it convulsed and shivered as she ground, suddenly he rocketed deep inside her as an instinct while he came. His hot and thick cum shot inside her and some tingled her cervix while the rest mixed with her fluids along the sides of her uterus. Her whole vagina felt amazing, regardless she kept going; she wasn't done. She continued to ride him for a good while, until her pussy had enough and she came. She slowly got off of Inbred so that he could get out. He came out covered in her love; he wondered how Hansel handles this. Eryka helped clean him off with a rag and stowed it, the floor would dry away. He dressed himself as Eryka wound down for the night; she still had her massive gun depressed fully. He climbed into a sleeping bag provided to him and he couldn't help but look at Eryka's huge size and feel like she faked it.
"Eryka, did you feel it?"
"Feel what?"
"Me, did you fake it?" She half-heartedly looked at him, she wanted to go to sleep badly.
"No, no babe I didn't fake a thing."
"But I'm like a mouse to you, the size difference is like, it's like," he searched through his mind for a comparison, "like a sausage and a hallway." Eryka sheepishly chuckled.
"Baby, you are more than big enough to fill my needs." She drug him over and kissed him lovingly. They kissed for a while before he retreated back to his cot and slept. Eryka woke up before the wake up alarm and woke Inbred. "I'll show you why."
"Why what?"
"You fill my needs." She pulled him under and let him watch her expand and contract her vagina, he watched with interest, mystified on how such things happened. He had a morning wood and she decided to show him. She put his cock in while fully opened. "Here I barely feel you; you're like a little tingle against me." She started closing on him, until she was fully moaning and aroused; Inbred was simply in heaven. That morning, after they pulled a quickie, they met with Allison again. She was very inquisitive, concerned about why she was here. Inbred did his best to give account on the war, how it's going, and who's in charge but being very young during Hitler's rise to power left many blanks in his history report. They exchanged a lot about each other, the three, and they shared their weaknesses. Eryka was prone to being overwhelmed by faster attackers and couldn't stand cowards. Inbred was physically 'weak' and could not cope with laziness. Allison wasn't too armored, a well-placed shot could render her immobile and start a fire, she also couldn't hurt children, and she loved children too much. Whether friend or foe she couldn't think of hurting any. She seemed to have a sixth sense about children, she was passing by a school on the way to the base and never knew it was a school but felt like there were children inside. She was right but it was an unmarked building, an average building actually, the original school was bombed by the allies. Later she was moved to the

'ing store and painted, she came out excited and happy, so was Eryka, but Inbred beheld a death-head

.e making.

“How do I look?”
“Like you’d kill a Tommy just by glancing at him.”
“How about you Ralph? How do I look?” He wanted to warn her, tell her about what is on the way, but he couldn’t for it was too late. An SS car in the background halted and out stepped the SS officer.
“Just like Eryka said.” He looked her in the eyes and it scared her. I’m sorry, you have no idea. Inbred’s school was overrun by SS Brown shirts who stormed the building looking for Jews. They screamed at the children, threatened the teacher, beat down another teacher and nearly shot up a class of kids. All of this terror, danger, all of this hate for one nine year old boy. Inbred snapped to attention and so did the tanks, Allison and the Major were introduced, and after that she was taken by the Major, taken, brainwashed, and turned into a death-head. Eryka and Inbred didn’t agree with the transformation, but every now and then when they talked she acted like her old self. It resurrected their confidence in her humility. Time passed, training passed, and some love-making filled nights passed to quickly, and before they realized it they were a week away from being deployed to the front. This scared Eryka.
“Ralph, sugar.”
“Yes, sweetie?”
“I’m sorry.” She grabbed him and enacted the change; she filled him up but felt he could bulk up some so she put more into his muscles. When she was done she caressed his body to help the muscles grow and cradled him close to her face, she used a nipple to feed him the nutrients he needed and to solidify that he grows. He instantly hated her for it, but later on he forgave her wholesomely. Allison liked the change; she said he looked a lot more intimidating.
“Eryka, baby, I love you so much.” He finally understood why Hansel did it, why he loved Marion. Love is love.
Fin Ch 34

Ch 35
“So how were your travels down?”
“It was fairly hard and long. We tried to spark up conversations with Allison and Major Idek but he limited the conversations topics to only tactics, asking where your training was when I left and what the schedule was. He also asked how many tanks had minimal crews; he was generally focused around military propaganda and how we’re going to win. I’ll admit, he is pretty good at motivating you. That being said he’s a perfectionist.”
“We noticed.”
“He’s instilling it into Allison; I really don’t want a death-head tank. He straightened her so much I think there’s a legitimate iron rod in her engine he uses to right her if she is wrong.” That made Marion’s engine ache with sympathy pain. “So much is he instilling it he rerouted the train to where the Jews are. He stopped the train outside of one and told us to admire in Aryan strength. He made me take pictures to use to remember not who we’re fighting, he doesn’t view them as whos, and he told me to use them to remember what we’re fighting. I can’t describe them.” Eryka handed him the pictures, he thanked her and held up the pictures. They were of the concentration camp fences, the workers literally worked to the bone, the dead simply piled up, the massive ditches that Eryka could sit in that were filled with bodies, and he said that it smelled like burning meat and flesh for miles. Banker, who was the closest to the pictures, flew over them with his eyes, he turned pale, and he gagged and wobbled. His skin turned white and cold to the touch, an icy chill shot through his body. “The worst part is he convinced Allison this was right, she awed at the camp, she was moved by it, not like we are, no, moved more like Major Nazi is. That was when we thought for sure she was too far gone.” Banker pointed at one picture.
“Those are children!”
“Yes, there are women here,” Eryka showed on a picture, “these elderly people went into that building. The Major said it’s the best way to kill them-gas chamber.”
As the group looked through the pictures that were kept well out of Cindy’s innocence, Cindy called out “Mary, Mary, look! Is that your sister?” She was pointing at E; they had gotten back from their voyage.
“No, sweetie, that’s my replacement.”
“Actually,” Eryka started, “plans are I replace you and the E-75 replaces the Tigers.”
“So does that mean you’re being kick out of the army?” Cindy asked, though she was mentally about eight she knew that she needed Marion to get her home.
“No dear, they’ll use me until I die.” Hansel again realized what she was, a weapon of war owned by the government. He thought long and hard about it, about how he could keep her as his own. He figured he [illegible]l use his pay in his favor, buy her freedom as soon as he can afford it by staying in the army. That’s the [illegible] he came up with, that’s the plan he’ll follow. E and Irish came over, talked to them for a while, and

looked at the pictures and learned more details about the SS Major. After that Irish and E went to the other and met with them and then the Major and Allison then they hung out with their friends. After a few days they began the assault.

They got their orders almost at last minute and moved to assault the thinly protected Allied line. News from forward assaulting forces was inspiring, the American line was crushed and they were plowing through the defenses. Because resources were few everything was allotted, not everybody had their maximum capacity for ammunition. The mediums especially suffered. The force was moving through the remains of the battles, nothing but some obliterated fox holes, body bags, destruction, trees splintered about ten feet above the ground, blood stains in the snow, and a few light skinned vehicles that were left to burn. Marion tried to keep Cindy away from the bodies but a child's curiosity is a hard thing to control. Cindy got close to one body and only one body; she never left Marion's side after that sight. Every day the sound of battle grew closer as they moved up to relieve units, every day Marion feared for Cindy's wellbeing, every day she thought about the things that could happen to her human crew. Every day her nightmares grew worse. She felt an eagerness to fight, they all did, but the fear of death lingered in everyone's minds.

They started to notice that the units ahead moved so fast they left pockets of U.S. infantry behind, four times they were shot at by small arms, Cindy herself was shot at, the soldiers thinking that she was a captured Sherman being used by a German crew in need. The soldiers were dealt with swiftly but they went down like mad dogs, every one of them gave it their all. Hansel's group had never encountered resistance so close before, he and his team marveled at their supreme bravery. While a mass of prisoners were taken, most of them were still bitter like they were ordered to surrender rather than willingly die for their cause, at least it seemed that way. All of their training proved itself, Eugene and Karl would suppress the sharp shooters while Marion or another tank dealt with hard resistance, and burst made at Eugene and Karl either missed or bounced off Marion's armor. While that happened the infantry would enter the area and eliminate any threats. Because of her classification, Marion was put with heavies and Hansel was posted in direct command of three Tiger Is. They were three of four dead-metal Tiger Is; the other two were with Griffin and Gretchen under command of Fritz and Edwards. The tank destroyers were under the command of Jäger and they consisted of Rosa, Hetz, the Marders, and Frau, Frau was more of an assault gun so she more so went with the mediums. The mediums were formed into two teams; the first was Mini-Rommel, Kramia, Erin, and Faust, their commander wasn't really met by them. The second group of mediums was led by Canine and that was the rest of the mediums, Frau, and the reconnaissance vehicles like Kitty the Puma and Selig the SdKfz 251, she had a Pak 40 mounted on her. The experimental vehicles were under command of the Major and consisted of Allison, Eryka and E.

Early one morning they encountered a village not on the map but it was on the route. The Colonel gave the go ahead and the first medium group and Marion's heavy group entered with support of Kitty. The multistory houses formed to ninety degree turns before it opened up and crossed a bridge over the river. The experimentals sat on the hill that overlooked the bridge and had a small line of sight between two buildings that was in view of the road to the bridge. Faust was sent in first, then Marion followed, Cindy sat back with Frau and Canine. Then there was Kitty behind Marion in place to swoop around any dug in gun positions. From a building a rocket flared into the street at Faust. They instantly tried to turn towards them but the rocket missed and hit a church steeple, falling debris fell on Faust's turret skirt and fell in on her right side.

"You okay, Faust?" Anton asked worried.

"I'm fine, baby." She responded as she gave a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

"Load high explosive!" The commander yelled. Anton caught the AP shell spat out by Faust's gun and replaced it with HE. With a 'gun ready' the gunner shot into the second floor. The wall exploded into pieces of bricks, wood, and furniture. They slowly advanced forwards, they came up to the second bent left and this is when Marion would take point. Faust moved along to the sidewalk of the road and had her gun down the road to cover Marion. As the length of the road came into view there sat an American Hellcat tank. "Fuck! Fire!"

Immediately they fired at the tank hunter, it harmlessly drove into the ground and the Hellcat returned the favor. Instantly Faust felt a stinging pain towards her rear, and felt hot liquids spew in her engine and crew compartment. Instantly a fire started. The crew raced to bail but Anton's hatch was stuck, debris had locked it shut. As the fire heated her few shots left she wrapped all her arms around him and held him. The shots exploded and all anyone saw was fire, smoke, liquid metal and shrapnel tear through her sides and shoot out the hatches. The Hellcat had retreated behind a lone building.

Hansel watched in horror. His heart raced when he saw the fire spike up on Faust's engine deck then he had
· ·cribable fear as it exploded. Faust still sat there mostly intact, crying. Hansel screamed no repeatedly,
· ·ad nothing but instinct to guide him. He tore open Marion's hatch and vaulted himself out, Marion tried

to catch him but missed. Hansel fell into the snow and madly raced to Faust. Marion moved forward but looked for that Hellcat, she saw it looking at her frontal from behind the building when all of a sudden the wall exploded and a shot ripped its way through the Hellcat. Instantly smoke bled into the sky and the crew abandoned, Marion turned all attention to Hansel and plucked him off of Faust, who was crying and convulsing. Hansel resisted all restraints Marion made, he was dropped and he turned into a raging beast, he watched as the Hellcat crew survivors ran into a bar. Hansel ran blindly into the building, Meats ripped the MG-42 off the interior wall and stood in the commander's hatch. Infantry raced to the bar to deal with the personnel while Marion moved in front. Hansel ran into the bar and knocked the pistol out of the American's hand, decked him in the jaw, kneed him in the gut then tackled him. They struggled and ended up with Hansel straddling the American and choking him out. He only stared at his hands in blood boiling rage, not flinching to the American's attempts to save his life. The other survivors stood up from behind the counter with grease guns. Before they did anything else they were cut down by Meats and the MP-40 soldiers. Hansel choked his enemy out until his face was purple. He stood up over him and admired at what he did. He wiped blood from his ear and walked back to Marion. She picked him up and put him inside. He started to cry. The town had no other incidents and was moved through with only Faust as the tank casualty, the whole time she and Hansel cried.

They pressed on, the next day they were on the edge of Bastogne, the city rooftops were in view. Hansel had somewhat recovered and was commanding his Tigers in a arrowhead formation. They advanced in a field when all of a sudden American AT guns opened fire from a forest position. The guns bounced off the heavy armor and after a few tries were zeroed in on and dealt with ease. Hansel commanded forward when one last shot tore through the trees and destroyed a Tiger to Marion's right.

"WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED!?" The Tiger exploded, no American tank has ever done that, no American gun can do that, not from the front nor this far. The Tiger to the right was hit in the lower glacis plate and disabled the transmission. "What the FUCK!?" From the trees a Tiger tank came out, covered with big white stars.

"A fucking tiger?! Why-" the commander asked terrified as a shell from the American Tiger shot off the antenna.

"ALL GUNS FREE!" Hansel yelled, almost in unison the German force fired but the one without the antenna fired in response, one grazing off the turret, Marion's flying under the belly, another bouncing off because of his angle, and the last one glanced off the roof. "FIRE AT WILL! FIRE AT WILL!" The Tigers' and Panthers' suspension was designed to keep the tank as steady as possible so that firing on the move would be more accurate, even with this improvement it was still tricky business and undisciplined to fire on the move. Given the opposition, moving targets are also harder to hit. Shot after shot flew at the Tiger, most missing or glancing off hardened points. The American Tiger was well disciplined, after a German volley he stopped and fired off a shot before moving again, this hurt Hansel's task force. Hansel dispersed the formation sending them to angle themselves; soon the only one who could pen the other was Marion. She was loading AP and punched him right in the center of the flat hull plate. She expected the crew to bail but Hansel and Whacker knew better, German hulls were very sound integrity wise. It instantly fired upon her, trying to hit her lower but hit high. That was the worst hit she's ever felt and jerked her response of another shot, it passed right by the Tiger.

"Marion you need to his the corners!" Whacker yelled, Hansel repeated it and then another shot hit them, bouncing off her mantle.

"They're going for the boar sight! Hit the corner now!"

"Goddammit! NOW!" She panicked and fired at the Tiger, she hit its gun as it fired at her again, it hit her along her side, scraping down her body leaving a long gash on her hull, she couldn't keep her cool and screamed in pain. Hansel had enough, he climbed into the gunner's seat and aimed and fired. The shot pierced through the corner of the Tiger I and struck the ammunition, the tank exploded and kicked the turret off the hull in the largest fireball they've seen. Hansel shakily got back into his commander's seat and leaned against the wall. He got on the comms and reported in to command with heavy breaths.

"Heavy group one (hard breath) reporting in, (hard breath) confrontation with (hard breath) confiscated Tiger model leaves (hard breath) one destroyed and three (hard breath) heavily damaged Tiger ones. (Hard breath) Requesting assistance at (hard breath) our location. (hard breath) Coordinates follows as-" he got off and called to Whacker. "Whacker, (hard breath) where the fuck are we?"

"The doorstep to hell."

Fin Ch 35

Prinz Eugen watched a sea turtle swim by her bridge. She watched it swim around her fore structure gracefully. A large tiger shark drew near, stalking the sea turtle around her. She seated at the shark with one of her manipulators. Shoo! Shoo! Leave the turtle alone! She had to strike the shark to deter it, the shark snapped at her hand but got a punch to the gills for it. It swam off as fast as it came. She listened in to the radio, it was early March, in the year twenty-twelve, the man on the radio was going ballistic about how the world is ending and yada, yada, Eugen turned the channel. This one was playing some smooth jazz, the music she was familiar with, it brought back memories. Good and bad. She thought about Bismarck and Rudolph, and Irish, and E, and losing the war, being turned over to the Americans, sexually confronted by some American ships that really liked her look, their sad faces when they eventually learned she wasn't into them, promises of retirement, the bombings, rolling over and the pain that ensued, and then she opened her eyes again. This is retirement, blissful retirement. She groomed the reefs that had grown on her hull, she always thought of it as gardening. Her retirement was being laid down along an atoll and turning into an oasis for the ocean life, she gladly accepted it; she loved the ocean and would love to be more a part of it, but they took one of her propellers in honor and remembrance of her and her fellow ships and sailors. Later in the day a dive team came down, she felt people walking on her belly above the ocean waves. They were strange, however, they felt very heavy until they placed a box down on her belly, and the divers she saw made their way to her bridge before one of them swam up to the surface. She felt like she was being pecked at with needles and felt a surge zap through her body, the diver that went up returned and nodded at the other diver. They affixed their lights to her faceplate and shone the lights at themselves. One affixed a clasp to her body and turned a switch on his belt on, a green light flashes for a few seconds before it held still.
"Hallo? Guten Nachmittag." Prinz Eugen was amazed, shocked, she hasn't had anyone talk to her in decades. She scrambled her mind, this was very unexpected. She answered the man.
"Hello! Hello! Oh it has been decades since someone's talked to me."
"Hello, I am Tobias Hagan, grandson of Rupert Hagan-"
"I remember that name."
"Yes, he served on the Bismarck, he knew Rudolph. Anyway we are here to ask you a question."
"Go on." Tobias looked to the other diver and they talked, he nodded and the other diver went away.
"We are offering to raise you from the seabed and restore you to your maritime standards." She came out of hiding, her eyes were wide and her mouth agape, she never thought anyone would do this. "If you want, it is all up to you." She thought. "Please.., all the others said no. You're the last resort." She looked him in the eyes; his brown eyes agreed that what he said was truth.
"I'll think on it. How long will you be here?"
"We're setting up a camp on the atoll." She never broke eye contact with him; she saw something that flooded her with memories. Memories filled with Irish and her. She saw that twinkle in his eyes, his want for her to sail again, the openness of his heart. She saw his desire for her, not anything near sexual but that he wanted to see her sail again, see her take to the seas like his grandfather did. That night after they headed ashore she thought about it long and hard. She had asked questions like what would happen to the reefs on her, they would be destroyed, the safety she gave the fish, it would disappear, and she didn't like the answers but he did promise that they could sink a ship in her place. "That," she decided to tell Tobias the next morning, "is the only way I'll agree." After some phone calls the deal was made.
Because he was the only one who knew how to use the equipment, Tobias was the only one to talk to Prinz Eugen. He kept her occupied by talking about his family history, starting with how his grandfather escaped Bismarck's sinking, his grandfather moving to America, his family being raised and learning German through his grandfather, his own four years in the U.S. Navy, how he came across this project and how the other four ships turned down the offer. Eugen wasn't sure if it was the lack of interaction that made her attracted to Tobias or if she genuinely felt attracted to him but either way she didn't want him to leave and it pained her when he did. A few days later she saw the hulls of at least three ships. Those three ships were a dredge, a specialized salvage ship that was towing a huge barge, and a boat bus to haul her to port. They began by excavating various parts of her and collecting loose debris and putting them on the barge. Next they reinforced her hull with specialized metal before the final step of excavating the water took place. Because she rolled over and per-say snapped her neck her bridge was on the barge watching them pick up her hull and roll it upright before it was towed to deeper water and placed on the boat bus. With everything set she demanded to watch her replacement be sunk, it was an old Russian oil tanker from her own era. She watched as eight charges blew out the sides and the ship dropped about eight meters into the water along the atoll. Satisfied, Eugen was taken across the land to the Atlantic Ocean. She talked to Tobias, who she begged to keep her company on the voyage. He talked to her about some stuff on television that's not on
adios and when that was exhausted he thought he'd bring up some future plans.
re not really a global interest yet, but we'll be one soon."

“Why? Raising ships is a pretty phenomenal feat isn’t it? And what soon will make you one?”
“Well Eugen you are a pilot, if you can’t be raised and rebuilt-mind you that you’re already raised and there’s nothing new about rebuilding ships-then the countries that are interested will pull out funding. Since word that the pilot has been raised got out, the countries like Britain, France, Belgium, Norway, Japan, America, Germany, Spain, Russia, and a few other satellite countries have shown greater interest and have asked for a few ships to be tested for the grounds to be raised. The next ship that we’re looking at that was proposed is German.”
“What ship?” Not too many ships came to mind that Germany would have rightful interest in.
“A close friend to you and someone close to my grandfather.” Eugen couldn’t believe who came to mind.
“Bismarck!?” He nodded. “Why? Germany tried to bury the Nazis and all of their doings long ago! Why raise one of the symbols of their power?!” She combed the deepest parts of her mind for that reason, she saw a kind friend and a lovely woman, but she knew the world would see hate, tyranny, violence and oppression. Bismarck would be considered Auschwitz II, Eugen favored Bismarck too much to let that happen to her. She wasn’t going to let them make her friend feel like a death camp affiliated with hate and tyranny. She would try her damn hardest not to let them do that. “No! It would ruin her!”
“Hold on-”
“No! Don’t raise her to be another reason why we shouldn’t let tyranny rule! Don’t use her as an example of hate and oppression! She’s not like that at all!”
“Eugen! Stop!” She shut up; he was looking at her in the eyes. “They already know she’s alive, or at least that she once was, they don’t want to make her another Auschwitz.”
“Then what are they using her for?!” Eugen demanded. Tobias was silent, he slowly spoke again.
“They want to either make her a German maritime museum or somehow incorporate her into the navy again.”
“Why the navy again? We’ve had our time in the sun and now it’s the carrier and missile systems. And what will happen to me?”
“You’re an easy one to answer; you’ll be a nuclear museum, because of your dealings with the bombs in the pacific you’ll be affiliated with them. German and American companies are co-owners of you when we’re done.” When he said co-owners Eugen shivered, she didn’t like that term.
“Could we not refer to them as that?”
“What would you call them?”
“General Managers, X-Os, I’d like to think I still have freedom to do what I will and decide not to do anything.”
“That’s alright. But Bismarck.., I guess they’d fix her like the Americans did the Iowas. Improve her fire control-”
“Impossible.”
“-and upgrade her A-A battery, put on some missiles and missile defenses, maybe put some torpedoes on like they did to Tirpitz-hey, did you know.., Tirpitz?” He asked awkwardly, as so he doesn’t stir any emotions within her more; Tirpitz was afloat for years before she rolled over, and even after that she was intact until she was scrapped.
“No, Tobias, she wasn’t alive. Bismarck was supposed to be the flagship and thus have the best capability. How sad.”
“Yeah-how sad.” Eugen was quiet before she spoke again.
“I actually don’t know if she was alive. I never really saw her nor talked to her. Meeting Bismarck and figuring she was alive was an accident.” Tobias stirred and grabbed his gut.
“I really hope she was dead-metal.” Eugen knew why, being slowly ripped apart after drowning your only friends wouldn’t be a good way to go out. They were quiet for the rest of the day. Eugen prayed for Tirpitz, if she was once alive she prayed that she was in good company now and feeling good and resting peacefully. Eugen nearly cried thinking about it all. She was in awe of the canals, how so much had changed yet so little was really different. They rounded the Florida coast and sailed north to the Pennsylvania docks. There was already a slot ready for her and right next to it was a massive slot for Bismarck.
“Why is Bismarck going to be taken all the way over here to be restored?”
“Well, this is our place. So that’s why.” He leaned close to her and whispered something. “And besides, don’t you wanna see your friend soon?” He smirked and patted her armor.
“Why so close? Tobias?” He was caught off guard.
“What do you mean?”
“You got real close to me. Why did you touch me like that? Something deeper than most think? Huh?” He [illegible]ered about it and left. Ha! I think he likes me. She couldn’t help but smile.
[illegible]as going out to help retrieve Bismarck and he was talking to Eugen, she either wanted to go with him

and nerve keep Bismarck happy or he wasn't going, she really didn't want to leave her only friend. Other people would talk to her in bad German or English, asking the lucky ship about her stories and she was happy to tell. Some of the vets and sea salts told their own stories and while she had friends Tobias was the only real friend that she liked. She was forced into a compromise, she would talk to him with her radio and when Bismarck came up she would join in.
"Maybe I'll meet Rudolph."
"You haven't met him? I thought you would have at least talked once."
"Oh no I talk to him, too. I meant I would see him and shake his hand so to say. He's a nice guy. I hope he's still alright."
"My grandfather feels responsible to this day about it, he says it's like the scar that is always there, tormenting your conscious and making you believe that you'll burn in hell and that you rightfully earned it. I think he just needs closure, he never really knew what happened to him."
"Is your grandfather still alive?"
"Yes he was walking without a cane last week but, his health turned for the worst recently, I don't want him to die yet. I want to find him some closure first." He leaned against her freshly cleaned wall and sighed. Some tears formed in his eyes. "I really don't want him to die." Eugen knew he was starting to sob, her external arms were pinned under her bridge but her internal arms could comfort him. She opened the door to the bridge and led him inside.
"Tobey, what if I told you that Rudolph and Bismarck are still alive?" He stopped sobbing and listened, one of her cleaner and more functioning arms picked up his chin. "Ever since she sank all those decades ago we have been talking, talking with our radios. I haven't heard from them in a month but they're still there. If he can hold out for maybe a few days I could help him talk to Rudolph." Tobias perked up; he rubbed his eyes and got up.
"He'll pull through, he's gotten through worse. I'll tell him we should have Bismarck here by the end of next month."
"There you go!" He started to walk out of the bridge, he paused at the door.
"Did you call me Tobey?" Eugen thought.
"Did I?"
"You did." She apologized. "No, no, it's fine." He left for the day, the next day his little fleet of ships sailed off to get Bismarck. Eugen watched in distress as they left. Later her radio sparked to life.
"Hello? Eugen you still there!?" It was Bismarck. Eugen rejuvenated at the sound of her friend.
"Bismarck! You'll never guess what's going to happen to you!"
"What? I'm going to guess another movie is being made. Rudolph what do you think is going to happen to us?" – "Uhhhh.., a memorial or something like they did to the Titanic? I don't know, honey."
"You are being raised from the bottom!" There was a long pause on their end.
"Eugen, are.., are you alright?" Bismarck thought that Eugen had gone mad. After Eugen had assured Bismarck and Rudolph that she had not gone mad they talked in denial again. "Yeah, they also said that they'd raise the Titanic with ping-pong balls but that hasn't happened."
"No-no-no-no-no! Trust me; I'm sitting in a dock in Pennsylvania because they raised me! They have a plan to get you guys, too!" Eugen paused. "Well, my hull is. My bridge is sitting along the slipway." Bismarck laughed a little bit.
"Well if you really are sitting there, why are they doing that and what did they do?" Eugen told them everything she knew they did. By the time she finished her explanation Bismarck and Rudolph were excited so much.
"We'll finally sail again!"
"We could actually hold each other!"
"I've longed so much to see the sun again!"
"Oh it's been so long I almost forgot what it looked like!"
"We could finally have kids!"
"We could see our friends again!" Rudolph stopped, he only had a few people he considered friends. They were Bismarck, Prinz Eugen, and Hansel Walter. He thought about how long it's been, how the war still ravaged for so long, the dangers Germany went through after the war, he sat down on Bismarck's bridge deck and leaned against her. He spoke solemnly. "We could see Eugen again, that is."
"Don't feel down, my little reindeer, I'm sure he's still out there." She massaged his shoulders-they both knew deep down that she was wrong.

mber, 1944
el jumped awake. He was breathing heavily and looking around, he was confused. Marion felt him stir

and wrapped arms around him. She picked up his blanket and tucked him in his sleeping mat again. He was lying on her engine deck for the night, right above her warm engine vents. She laid her arms on his body and asked what he dreamt about.
“I-I don’t know. I saw a sunken ship that was raised up, and there was the ocean, and then that ship talked to another one, also sunk. Then I saw a bigger ship, a German one, and the sky was white and bright and the ocean was flat and blue, and I saw an old friend. They thought I was dead.” Marion lulled him back to sleep; they had much to do the next day. While Hansel drifted to sleep he thought, whenever dreams were that real to him they always came true, always. From his car to the war to being a tanker, even meeting Marion, they all came true. He didn’t want this one to happen, he wanted to prove this one wrong, he wanted to prove Rudolph and.., Bismarck, prove them wrong and be there. Through and through he was going to get through it all, he’ll get through it with Marion. That was his promise to his friend.
Fin Ch 36

2, complication, Gingyflame, HaM, II, porn, tank, two, World War, WW
Leave a comment

Undertale Mechanophilia

February 21, 2016 by Gingyflame

This is some Undertale fandom. Since Ratbat posted that picture of Tsunderplane I couldn’t get that game out of my head. Now I know that there’s already a butt-load of fandom around Undertale already but I thought I’d put my own twist on it. This isn’t about Tsunderplane, sorry, no this is about her and (Bakka) Frisk’s daughter and her boyfriend. BTW, Frisk is named Bakka Frisk because all the pictures I see of Tsunderplane refer to frisk as “B-Bakka”. IDK what Bakka means so if anyone could enlighten me that would be helpful. Also, Tsunderplane adopted the name Enda, meaning Eagle or free spirit in Ireland and there is a big emphasis on Ireland because that is where theories say Undertale takes place.

Enjoy!

Barry entered the empty flight terminal at Norfolk International Airport and sat down in one of the chairs. He took a big sigh and looked at his wrist watch; his flight was delayed by three hours. Three hours. He looked at his carry-on bag and reviewed all the stamps he had on it, he was admiring a very reflective one from Baghdad Iran when the distorted reflection of a person sat down next to him. It looked very distorted and it made Barry question what was next to him. He looked to his right and saw it wasn’t much distorted at all. The person next to him was a chair away and had a long and aerodynamic nose that was paper white in skin and had a black nose cone and a tinted glass visor around their green eyes. Their whole skin was reflective and shiny. They had black spots running down their neck and wore an awkward back pack on them; Barry knew they were a runway hand because of the thick leather uniform and reflective yellow jacket. They pulled out a sandwich and started eating from a mouth under the eyes.

“I’m sorry, but are you a humorph?” He’d heard of them but never met one. The person looked to him and nodded.

“I am, why?” The person was female and had quite a soothing voice. She took a bite of her sandwich.

“Your nose, and skin, and eyes. Are you a plane?”

“I guess.” She shrugged. She swallowed her bite and continued. “I obviously can’t really carry things, much less a person.”

“Have you ever tried?”

“Once. I tried to carry my dad.”

our mom is the plane?” She was about to say something then changed her mind.

“I’m sorry but who are you?” She asked.

“Sorry, my name is Barry, Barry McLock.”

“Mine’s Cliona. Cliona Frisk.”

“You’re Irish too?”

“Both sides.” Barry tried to think of what planes the Irish made.

“So what are you a mix of? Human and what?”

“My mom is a plane; she’s an Airbus A three-eighty.”

“Well my dad’s dead and my mom’s a drunk.” Cliona chuckled.

“So is your mom the Irish side?”

“No, my father. My mother’s Hispanic.”

“That explains why you’re so tan.” She checked him out; he was pretty handsome and had nice black curly hair and deep brown eyes. He saw this and thought she was a nice gal, so he decided to try dating her for a while.

“Why do you eat here?” She looked at her sandwich.

“It’s nicer here than in the break room, the break room is dark and smells bad.” Barry nodded. “It’s obvious what I do, what do you do?”

“I’m a health inspector for pet food companies. I travel a lot to lots of places-”

“I see.” She nodded towards his bag.

“Yeah that’s kind of obvious. Hey it’s also obvious that you live in the area, I do, too, and I’d like to ask if you’d like to get a cup of coffee sometime next week?” Cliona thought about his offer.

“Like a date?” Barry shook his head no. “Well meet me at the Wawa by Merry Grounds apartments at seven on Saturday and you’ve got yourself a date.” She got up and finished her sandwich as she walked away.

“Wait! Where are your wings?” She opened a latch on that back pack and unfolded her wings to their impressive wingspan before she folded them up again and redid the back pack.

The next Saturday Barry waited at the Wawa by the Merry Grounds Apartments at six-forty-five in the morning until Cliona arrived at seven exactly. She looked beautiful, she wore a Pink bonnet-style hat on her head with the chin straps tied into a big bow on the top and a yellow tank shirt with mid-calf blue jeans and ankle cut white sneakers. Barry saw that she had her wings outstretched and had little ailerons on her forearms and calves. He also saw that she had breasts and quite a nice and curvy body. She spotted him and walked over with a smile.

“Hey you’re actually here!”

“I am, why wouldn’t I be?”

“Well most guys that try to date me wouldn’t even show up to the first date.”

“Oh. That sucks.”

depressing. So are you going to get anything?” Barry thought, usually he made his own coffee and

never got his coffee anywhere else.

“Yeah, I’ll think of something, maybe.”

“I’m going to go get my coffee.” She got up and went to the counter, waved hello and nodded when the clerk said something. While she did that Barry saw that the shirt went down her back, he was confused how this worked. She came back with an iced cup of black coffee and was mixing in the creamer.

“How do you get your shirt on?” She giggled as she sipped her coffee.

“I know, my wings. I don’t wear normal shirts, I mean they once were normal shirts but then I cut the sides and I sew in buttons to close the shirt. Now I have these holes in my shirt for the wings.” She showed him the seam, it was stitched over so it wouldn’t run or snag and tear. They then talked about their work, Cliona worked from eight to five and Barry worked at the office about the same time but because of his work he could be away from home for days or on the computer at home all night. Once the work talk was done they talked about sports, they both had a love for football and a hatred of tennis. They didn’t know why but tennis was the worst sport in existence. “Well I gotta go to work now, Barry. It was nice seeing meeting you here. I had a good time.” She stood up as he did and they hugged goodbye.

“I had a good time, too.” She backed off and kissed him on his nose. She was a few inches shorter than Barry, only coming up to his nose. “What was that?”

“A kiss, we’re dating.” She walked away and few off when she was outside. Barry watched in awe as she flew away, she looked so beautiful flying away like she was. He gathered his things and her phone number, she instructed him to call her at about eight that night to make another date. So he went home to his house isolated deeper inland and cleaned house after five days away. He used to have a roommate but he found a job in Maryland and moved out, now it was just Barry to his two-room nineteen-eighty house. He thought about what they should do for their next date and came up with having dinner at his house, with him cooking her some good old home cooked food.

After her shift ended Cliona stripped off her work uniform and showered then dressed back into her casual clothes, gathered her work uniform in a backpack, and walked outside. As she walked outside she thought about Barry, he was already better than every other guy who saw how exotic she was and tried her. He was interesting and interested in her, she really hoped he was a keeper; she had grown quite tired of dates not showing up. She got into the employee parking and warmed up her engines, checked her things, jumped up and boosted her engines to fly herself home. She never needed a car or bike or even a longboard, she flies everywhere.

She got home about ten minutes later. She lived in the Merry Grounds Apartments so the only place to land herself would be the parking lot. She landed herself and cooled her engines off before she walked up the flight of stairs to her third floor apartment. She sat on the couch for a while before she got up and made herself microwave dinner. She got everything ready when Barry called exactly at eight. She greeted him happily and they talked like they did at the coffee shop, openly. Barry invited her to dinner the following night, Cliona wasn’t sure but looked at what she was eating then and decided that real food would be great. They agreed that she would meet him at his house tomorrow night at seven, he gave her his address and when they got off the phone she google mapped it. She got a good look at what the roof looked like, shape of the house and where the roads were and what direction it was in.

The next morning Barry thought of what to make her for dinner. He first thought of things that everyone would like, like tacos and quesadillas but he wanted to really impress her while introducing her to his culture. His culture was mostly Mexican-Hispanic with Americanized Irish in the mix. He wanted to present this to her but wasn’t sure how. He knew how he would present the Americanized Irishman with Mexican influence; steamed potato seasoned with pepper, but not his overriding Mexican culture. He decided on chicken enchiladas with a side of quesadillas. He started cooking the meal and made everything look nice and while the meal was cooking he set the table, tidied up a little bit, and finished the meal. After everything was cooked he put it in the oven to keep warm while he showered and dressed nicely. He took everything [illegible]nd put it on the table just as there was a knock at his door. He went to the door and greeted Cliona at [illegible]door.

“Would you like a tour before or after dinner?”

“Let’s do it now, I still have to cool off.” He gave her a look around of his house, the bedrooms were on opposite sides of the house with the second bedroom sharing its bathroom with the hallway and the hallway connected the bedroom, bathroom, closet and garage. The master bedroom opened up to the living room which was situated in the middle of the house with the kitchen and dining room next to the master bedroom. The master bedroom had a bathroom connected to it. He had a back patio deck that opened up to a spacious backyard that formed into a tree line. “I like it. Here’s a description of my place: you walk in to the living room, on the right is the bathroom and balcony, front-left is the kitchen, left is the dining corner, and front is the bedroom where if you turn left in there you see the master bathroom. Other than the walk-in closet that’s it.” With their home layouts squared out they sat down for dinner, Barry sat Cliona before he sat himself, that impressed Cliona a lot. They started eating, beginning with the quesadillas before they had some of the potatoes and enchiladas. Cliona enjoyed the food greatly and they came closer together. They would do these dine-ins almost every night, and when the weather was bad Barry would let Cliona stay in the second bedroom until morning if she had to. That was few and far between, however, and because she had no car and didn’t need to open any gates she gave Barry the ID card to get into the complex. They saw movies together, too, when they started she would fold her wings around herself like Dracula did his cape, but eventually they would hold each other and she’d wrap her wing around him. The engine nauticals were uncomfortable at first but he soon fell into the groove. They grew more and more upon each other and everything just seemed to click, that was all fine and dandy and the scheduled had formed when hurricane season hit. Hurricane Tilda formed late in the season and was on course to Virginia, their state, and living relatively close to the coast proved to be dangerous. Cliona was working overtime to help move the surge in flights out while Barry worked to set himself up to not be present at work during the hurricane. Soon the airport closed and Barry had clocked out after the preparations were finished and Barry and Cliona were on the phone talking about what to do.

“I don’t feel safe, here Barry, I can hear my neighbors twenty-four seven. I don’t know what to do, Barry!” Barry thought.

“My house is sound; it’s already been through a few hurricanes. You could come here and stay with me; I’d feel better if you were here.” Cliona thought, it was better than where she was and she didn’t really have anywhere else to go.

“I’ll stay with you, Barry. Thank you so much!”

“You’re very welcome, now get your possessions and fly over here as soon as possible.” She did exactly that, folded her clothes, gather a few prized possessions like her mob cap bonnet she always wore, and flew to Barry’s house. She let herself in with her key and organized her things in the spare room, she had just finished when Barry got home from more grocery shopping. He had gotten more canned goods and some gas for his little single-spot gas cooker. They set up the home for the hurricane and they were ready when it hit. The power lines were hit and they used candles to light up select rooms like the kitchen and hallway and a bedroom, they tried to stay out of the living room because of glass door. The night the hurricane was strongest they were lying in Cliona’s bed watching a horror movie on a battery powered T.V. set.

“Hey Barry do we have any more chicken noodle soup?”

“Yeah I think so. I’ll go warm some up.”

“Thanks babe.” She let him go make the soup. She thought about them together; they have been together for about three months and they’ve never done it. She looked around the room, there were candles strewn about. It was somewhat romantic, but there was a mix of smells such as roses, the beach, wax, smoke and febreze all into one because of the candles. She thought it was time that they move on to the next base. She unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it off, undid her hammock bra and took off her running shorts and put them away, no body but Barry was around, and she sat on the edge of the bed naked and waited.

Barry dug through the shelf of soups and found a can of chicken noodle; he thought how bland and staple [illegible]ken noodle soup was as he ignited the single stove-top burner. He put the can right on the burner and [illegible]ed for it to boil, and then he started the timer for a few minutes. As he waited he looked outside,

nothing but gray and dark shapes being flung around, the oak tree in his front yard looked as if a giant were stepping on it that's how badly it was bent. "Damn Tilda, don't break my trees." He went to the garage to check it and as he passed by the bedroom door he heard Cliona opening and closing drawers but thought little of it. He checked the garage; everything was fine except for a long puddle of water seeping under the old rolling garage door. He heard the timer ding and he rushed back to check the soup, he took it off and poured it into a china bowl; the bowl soon grew too hot to hold so he put it on a tray and carried it to the bedroom. He nudged the door handle with his forearm and slowly opened the door with his elbow. He was watching the soup as so not to spill it and when he looked up Cliona was sitting on the edge of the bed naked and blushing under her eyes. "Oh! I'm sorry! I'll-"

"No, no! Stop," she called as he turned around, "I think we should do this." He looked at her again, she was even shapelier than before and the candle light flickered over her beautiful body illuminating every aspect in orange light. She indeed had breasts but no prominent nipples, she had thicker body parts where there was no movement like the thighs and calves but she had a thinner profile at the joints like she was wearing a suit of armor but her abdomen wasn't covered in any plating. She was white from head to toe spare her eyes and windows and nose. She had her legs crossed at the calves and her hands in between her legs.

"You mean, having sex?" She nodded and blushed even more. Barry put the tray down on the dresser and closed the door. He started taking off his clothes for Cliona to watch with admiring eyes. When she blushes her visor window darkens and hides her eyes, while she watched him strip naked it darkened to pure black; even still she could see every detail. He was much more muscular than the clothes he wore said and much hairier than she gave him credit; he must have kept his face well shaven. She saw a large bulge in his underwear as his pants came off and this made her heart race. Her mind raced as well, *how big is he? Will it hurt? How hard is it? Is he circumcised? Will it fit?* Her heart and body said they weren't ready but Cliona wanted it, she knew the time was right, but she only hoped that Barry was ready. He dropped his underwear to his ankles and took off his socks with the boxers. His cock sprung up into position like a diving board, Cliona wanted it, she wanted it deep, she wanted it hard, and she wanted him. He walked to her and sat next to her, they leaned in and kissed. They were kissing while his left hand slowly glided down to her crotch then onto her vagina. He rubbed her clit, circling her bulb and stroking around her soft warm lips. She moved her right hand to his cock, she wrapped her fingers around his shaft and felt how hard and warm it was. She moved her hand up and down the shaft, going over his head and down to his base. He was so hard; she rubbed her thumb over the malleable head and gripped his shaft. Once she was nice and wet and hot Barry removed his hand, she did the same, and Barry put his left arm under her legs and his right arm around her wing and on her back. He used all of his strength to pick her up and lay her on the bed, being that she's a dense collection of mostly metal. He laid on top of her, letting her spread her wings on the bed. She grabbed his wrists and moved his hands to her wing mount where it meets her back.

"It's okay, it won't hurt." She brought his body close to hers. "Please be gentle." They kissed again.

"I won't hurt you." He leaned back and held his cock, he placed his head against her lips and moved it up and down, she moaned during this, until he found her virgin hole. It was so small compared to his cock, he pushed against it until it had wrapped around the head. Cliona was panting and moaning already, he slowly went deeper, lying on her body as he did so, until they were chest to chest and the majority of him was inside her. She muttered to him *'so big, so big'* until he kissed her again. She was very tight, sliding in was a struggle well worth the effort; her walls clasped his cock and held him tight while her hot fluids warmed him and gave him an unbelievable feeling that flowed through his body. Her arms wrapped around him, not letting him leave her now. She was feeling just how big he really was, his massive size pushed his way inside, making itself known to her in all the right ways. His rock hard cock plugged her good and the added pressure gave her indescribable ecstasy and overcame her, she wasn't sure what an orgasm felt like, but so far she wanted more. She made out with him while she slowly adjusted to his impressive size, at first his penetration hurt her but she liked it, and the pain that his hands put on her wing mounts stimulated her hormones. She knocked him down where his elbows were on her wings and his forearms traveled up her wings, they made out more intensely until she pulled back and whispered.

"[illegible]ld we go nice and slow?" Barry nodded and kissed her again. He pulled out of the kiss then slowly out [illegible]er, drawing moans and groans as he left. He paused at his head and pushed in again, moving her

heavenly pillowy insides around his cock until he could push in no more, where he paused and eased out again. It took him three seconds to go in, and three seconds to exit, pausing for a second on each end for seven or eight seconds per hump. The couple was mesmerized into bliss; their bodies continually relayed their brains with stimulus of dopamine and ecstasy. Their skins ground against the other, giving the other a feeling of comfort and companionship while exciting their minds and genitals. Barry felt Cliona's breasts against his chest and how tender they really were yet how much they wanted to retain their protruding shape, it was a very interesting feeling. The feeling that Cliona felt as Barry ground her body was amazing; he excited her whole body with his touch and tingled her breasts as they moved around his movements, enhancing her sexual pleasure. This continued for the entire duration of sex they had, ten minutes, before the rising feeling inside Barry almost climaxed and he rushed out and came on her crotch. She felt his hot flops shoot onto her body, the highest point falling just below her belly button indent. She was panting and regaining her senses when she wondered if she finished or not; Barry knew she had not. He laid down next to her and used his left hand to fondle her clit again while his right moved her left hand to her left breast before he moved his right hand to her right breast. He fondled and groped her genitals, escalating Cliona's orgasm until it had been fulfilled. Her head had started rocking up and down until her abdomen arched up and she came, moaning and panting and breathing rapidly. She turned her head over and they kissed as she calmed down. Once that was done they rolled over, Cliona wrapped her wings around her body and Barry wrapped his arms around her and they turned the movie back on. After a few minutes they spoke again.

"Babe your soup is cold."

"I know. I don't care." He kissed her hat then got up and gave it to her; she put it below one of her engines and heated it up with her engine before she shared it with him. They finished the movie and stayed locked together; listening to the storm vent it's fury upon the world. "You know this means we have to meet the parents, right?"

"Yup, where's yours?"

"Ireland."

"Damn." After the hurricane two days later they got dressed (they never bothered to put clothes on otherwise) and ventured outside. The tree in the front yard didn't completely fall but many of its limbs had been ripped off. They went to Cliona's apartments and learned that the whole complex had water damage, Cliona's specific apartment had wet carpets but that was the worst. After that incident they were compelled to move in to Barry's house, Cliona didn't mind the extra flight time to work, it was close to the town, and the neighborhood was nice. "Are you sure we should move into sleeping in the same room so fast?"

"We walked around the house naked and had sex for three nights straight, we were fine then and we'll be fine now." She helped him move her queen bed across the house and into his room and put the beds together for a massive bed. They moved most of her furniture over, four wooden chairs, a computer chair, a table, the T.V. and DVD player and her computer. The rest was donated to Goodwill. They resumed their jobs that Monday and soon things were back to normal, except for the occasional sex, and things were running smoothly. One day after work Barry got home late Cliona was on the phone talking to someone, she wouldn't tell Barry, and instead she said it was a surprise. "Yes I'm still there. … Yes! … Oh, that would be perfect! … I will-I will! … If you can even get in by then-I mean you know how the process is. … I swear, I swear. Yes I told you! … Oh, no, I promise. I promise. I'll shape 'em up. … Bye!"

They agreed to go to Ireland the next week for the majority of the week and they started packing three days before and finished the night before. They slept uneasy, dreaming of Ireland and meeting the parents while their restlessness woke them randomly in the night. When morning came Barry did his usual flight routine; make an extra-large coffee, grab his two bags of a carry on and a baggage suit case, lock up the house and turn on a few lights. Cliona didn't do her usual routine for going to the airport; she usually works there and rather dressed appropriate, bags her work clothes if she brought them home to wash, makes a lunch, and would stop for a cup of coffee before getting to work. This wasn't normal for her and she was in chaos. She was scrambling around making sure she had everything, she went through her bags looking for the shoes already on her feet and she kept fidgeting with her hammock bra. Her bra is exactly as it sounds: a hammock that cups her breasts and the majority of the support straps goes around her neck and is kept by straps around her shoulders and under her arm pits. Barry watched her do all this and chuckled at

it. As she toyed with her bra under her shirt she must have peaked in anxiety because she threw off her shirt and tried to visually set her bra. Barry walked over and took it off then put it back on her the way she puts it on, carefully fixing her problem.

“Calm down, honey. It’ll all be fine; I’ll make sure we don’t leave anything behind. Where do you want to stop for coffee?” She hugged him for comfort; he held her shoulders and rocked her side to side, calming her down.

“Can we stop at the Wawa?”

“Yes, now get your shirt back on and grab your bags. I’ll finish the rest.” She kissed him and put her shirt on, grabbed her three little bags (she can’t fly with big baggage and had no use for it) and put them in the trunk of the car. Barry fulfilled his promise and they got everything together and got her coffee. They then moved on to the airport and waited, Cliona grew more excited every minute, and she kept looking out the window and back at Barry with a smile. About an hour before boarding an Airbus 380 taxied into the terminal and docked, Cliona looked back at Barry with the biggest smile yet. “Is that what your mom looks like?” She nodded. “Why are you so excited? We have an hour before we board and another eight and a half hours before we even land in Ireland.”

“You’ll see, baby. Just you wait.” She grabbed his arm and held it tight in her grip. She uncrossed her legs and scooted into his side, her excitement excited him, and soon he couldn’t wait to board, either. They boarded and Cliona took him to the front of the plane, first class, and right behind the cockpit. She sat in the window and Barry in the aisle seat; she crossed her legs but still bounced in excitement. That wicked smile of hers appeared again, she rubbed his arm passionately. The pilot walked by and into the cockpit while Cliona watched him vigorously; soon he appeared again with a headset and stopped by them.

“Welcome aboard. Hi Cliona dear, is this him?” She nodded; Barry looked at him in surprise.

“Surprise, babe.”

“I’m Bakka, Cliona’s father.” He shook Barry’s hand with a firm grip and smiled at him. He turned the earpieces towards Barry.

“And I’m her mother.” A voice came through the headset. They talked until it was time for takeoff and after takeoff and the flight trajectory set Barry came out with his headset and a smaller one. Cliona gasped when she saw it.

“You still have it!?” Bakka chuckled and put the headset between them. “Hi mom!”

“Hey there sweetie!” The plane’s arms hugged Cliona.

“We’re sitting in my wife and Cliona’s mom, she’s Enda, but her old but fitting name is Tsunderplane.” They talked for a time before Bakka went back into the cockpit but he’d pop out again to talk to them. Enda talked to them mostly, and she was a little resistant to Barry. Little really was an understatement. Bakka would tell Barry not to worry about it, how she always does this to anyone but himself and Cliona but Barry still couldn’t help but take it to heart. They talked about their pasts, how Cliona grew up flying but flying in Enda so she really didn’t have a stable home, except for the hanger they had in Ireland they would use when Enda was off work or getting repairs.

They touched down in the afternoon and they hung out on Enda until she was relieved into her hanger. They spent the majority of the remaining sunlight talking more. Enda begged Cliona to work in Ireland but Cliona declined, she wanted to work in America where there was more to offer her. “Besides, I wouldn’t have met Barry,” She said, “and you guys like him.”

“Not really.” Enda said, she was putting on her pink mob cap bonnet that looked just like Cliona’s. Barry guessed that’s who gave the bonnet to Cliona. Barry and Cliona went to their hotel at dusk, after Bakka and [illegible] begged them to stay at their place. They arrived at their room after they ate dinner and they instantly [illegible]down on the bed and turned on the television. Cliona got up after a rerun episode of Sherlock ended

and went to the bathroom. She instantly came back out with a wide smile.

“Hey baby, come take a bath with me.” She said seductively, beckoning him with her index finger and a seductive look. Barry wanted it, but was comfy where he was. He groaned in displeasure as he rolled out of the bed. He was halfway to the bathroom with a stiffy in his pants when something dawned on him.

“Wait, babe, can you take a bath?”

“Yes! What kind of question is that?”

“Well your engines.., and being metal.”

“No, babe, I used to swim in the ocean with my dad. I’ll be fine. If I were you I’d be more worried about the rough seas.” He continued on, undressing and putting on the condom he keeps around. He entered the bathroom as she was slipping into a large bathtub lined with working bubblers; she glared at him with a begging face. “Come on in, the water’s nice..,” her wings were pressed against the tub walls and her back was against the wall while she was on her knees in the water, making room for Barry. He stepped in and sat down in the warm bubbly water. She moved towards him, grabbing his cock as she saddled him. She rubbed his head against her lips until it caught her hole, she moved down on it as they moaned. They had nice and easy sex in the tub until their ejaculation had seeped into the water. It was then that they got out, dried each other off, groomed themselves and went to bed cuddling. They spent the remainder of their time with Cliona’s family; they tried convincing her day after day to move back to Ireland, and tried to get Barry to move over as well. He respectively declined because his company had no representation in Ireland, and he knew he would eventually need to care for his recovering mother. Enda still rubbed Barry around but Cliona kept telling him she liked him and how she wasn’t like that with her last boyfriend, whom neither of Cliona’s parents liked. Even Bakka said it meant Enda liked him but Barry still felt excommunicated by her, which is until the last day when she openly admitted she would love to have him as her son-in-law. Enda and Barry packed them on board and flew them to America with a load of passengers and they went back to their usual schedule. Two months went by and Barry still couldn’t get Enda’s words out of his head. “I’ll admit it, I would love to have you as my son-in-law.”

“When am I going to meet your mom?” Cliona asked every Thursday, almost as if she imbedded it into her routine for the day.

“When she’s fully recovered. Until then I’m not letting you near my drunk mother.” And he’d tell his mom that, “mom you won’t meet her until you drop booze.” She’d respond with some drunken slur but would promise to stop drinking. It wasn’t until her liver failed, like Barry’s father’s, did she push herself to stop. When she had been nearly four months sober Barry took Cliona to meet his mom.

“Why didn’t you let me see her when she was drinking? My parents drank regularly, I mean, we’re Irish! It’s our culture!”

“Oh I know that, but she’s an abusive drunk. I don’t want her to hit you.” Cliona shrugged. When they got to Mrs. McLock’s house she was pleasantly surprised.

“Bear you never told me she was a machine.”

“I never told you anything.”

“Nice to finally meet you miss McLock.” Mrs. McLock was a short and heavy woman; she had excellently maintained black hair and black rimmed glasses that enlarged her brown eyes. Her face had started to wrinkle and it made her look like a stereotypical Hispanic grandma. Right down to the colorful green and red beads that clipped to her glasses and looped behind her neck. She had a purple sundress on with red and yellow flowers on it. She hobbled up to Cliona with open arms.

“Good to meet you, too, dear.” She leaned in to Cliona, she leaned in too and awkwardly hugged her. “One [illegible] we always do is hug, dear.” They talked on and on, when the ‘booze’ came around Mrs. McLock told [illegible]y to dig up her stash from the backyard and take it away. As Barry went to do that Mrs. McLock talked to

Cliona. “So how old are you, dear?”

“I’m twenty-five.”

“Oooo!” She started muttering to herself. “Forty-eight minus twenty-five, yup, that’s twenty-three.” She engaged Cliona again in conversation. “So were you born during or after The Event?” Cliona was puzzled.

“De-cemb-er? Why?”

“Yup, you were born after The Event. Your parents come together after it?”

“Excuse me, but- what is The Event?” A look of shock overcame Mrs. McLock.

“Oh, you don’t know?” Cliona shook her head. “Barry knows, he learned in school, wh-why don’t you know? It’s the whole reason why you can do what you do. You see, thirty years ago you wouldn’t be working, maybe not even exist the way you are. Machine people were once nowhere to be found, they hid amongst us. It was The Event that showed you all to the world; it was because of the machine people that Earth stood a chance against extinction. While there are groups of radicals that hate machine people, the general populous pays no mind to your kind. But be careful, the world is filled with terrible people, they want to do others harm, dear.” Cliona nodded and she was amazed, her parents never mentioned it to her once. They only talked about how her father let open the underworld and how the monsters were brought to the surface again. From there they said that the humans got accustomed to the monsters.

Barry came back inside with a bottle of tequila and a bottle of whiskey. They wrapped up the visit and left for home, on their way they stopped for coffee. While they were there Cliona asked about what Barry learned about The Event. He told her everything he knew. Afterwords they went home, Cliona felt left out on the way because she never learned of The Event. Barry eventually cheered her up. A week later Barry proposed to Cliona, she was overwhelmed at the time and couldn’t pronounce yes but could most certainly leap into Barry’s arms crying in joy. They were married in Ireland, Bakka and Enda were there and so was Mrs. McLock and a picture of Mr. McLock. Because it was in Ireland none of their friends were able to attend but they were there online.

Their honeymoon was in Northern Ireland overlooking the cliffs to the Arctic Ocean. On their first night they made love in the moonlight, on their second night the winds kept them inside so to set the scene they lit candles, the same candles from way back when they first made love. Instead of starting out with some fondling by their hands Cliona started with a blow job on Barry. She sat him on the bed and dove to his lap, licking his shaft to the base of the head then the base of the shaft; she circled around his head with her tongue before deep throating his cock. Her soft pallet in the roof of her mouth tenderly rubbed on Barry’s head, soothingly stimulating him while her tongue flicked at his Gspot at the bottom point of the helmet. She sucked and bobbed her head until he busted in her mouth, she gladly swallowed his load after tasting all she could of him. After that she crawled onto the bed and laid down seductively, Barry remembered his manners and crawled to her legs and split them open. He outstretched his tongue and pressed it against her lips, bringing it up and down her crevice. He played with her lips and hole a little bit, scooping around the lips and treading into the hole. The lips tasted like her mouth, mostly fleshy with a tinge of metallic zest, but the hole felt fleshy with a taste of almost all aluminum like an aircraft frame. Once she was excited to the point she bent her back and moaned as she came he determined that she was ready. It elapsed much more like their first time as well, only twice the tempo for some good and long sex. Instead of muttering *so big* Cliona was begging him *don’t pull out, Barry!* They had already decided on a child, only now was Cliona mentally ready for it. He slowly arose to his climax, he held it as long as he could and this effort accelerated his thrusts and just before he let go he was pounding her tight pussy. As he released he went back to the usual tempo. Her tight and plush walls pulsed around his massive displacement, encouraging his cock to be generous and generous it was as it dumped a massive load inside her. She felt it ooze out and roll deeper inside her regions, it was surprisingly hot and heartwarming as she dreamt about a child. They locked in a long kiss as Barry brought her closer and closer to her climax. They fucked the whole night trying different positions through it all and never did Barry pull out. They finished their runs just a few minutes before the sun would rise, they laid in bed together spooning and sleeping with Cliona wrapped in her wings and [illegible]’s arms. They woke to a beautiful mid-afternoon gale. After the honeymoon Cliona and Barry decided [illegible]ansform Barry, but the only one who could do that to him is Enda. They visited the parents shortly after

they got back from their honeymoon; Enda was glad to help and transformed Barry quicker than they originally thought but the pain K.O.-ed Barry for a good hour. Afterwards in the privacy of a side room in the hanger Cliona practiced ‘breast feeding’ on Barry.

“That is not your breast. That is a hose.”

“Well do you see nipples, Barry?” She lifted her shirt and bra; there weren’t any nipples on her body. She put her shirt and bra back and extended the feeding tendril from under her arm. “My mom doesn’t have nipples, either, much less breasts. She has these feeding tendrils, so do I. I only have one under each arm; I think she has four or six. Maybe it’s five.” She stuffed her nozzle into his mouth, shocking him wide-eyed. He said with a full mouth ‘it’s cold’ and tried to spit it out. “No! You’re not spitting it out! You need this; look mom said she did this with dad so I’m doing it with you! Stop struggling, Barry!” He twisted his head left and right like an insubordinate child. She grabbed his chin tight and forced her nozzle into his mouth and he gave in. He sucked on her nipple nozzle and it gave him warm.., milk.., of a sorts. As he drank her milk that actually tasted good Cliona explained why she had to breast feed him. “I know it’s weird but you need this. You need all new stomach juice and this is how you’ll start making it. I know you wanted to change but I didn’t tell you this because I knew you’d be against it. Can you move your legs yet?” Barry shook his head no. He had been put on a table with Cliona leaning over him. Shortly after she fed him, Barry felt his body again, he felt his arms return and then his legs before further extremities like the hands, feet, toes, fingers and genitals.

“Another thing I didn’t tell you is we’ll be able to go a lot longer in bed, and a lot harder.” She was lying on top of him by then, once he had full range of motion again he tried out his new body and they continued on their way home to Virginia. They flew on a regular plane, not Enda like they wanted too, but this wasn’t too much of a letdown anyhow. They loved on the nights she wanted it for the whole nine months. She had told her boss about her pregnancy and after she congratulated Cliona she moved Cliona to training some others before she was sent home on maternity leave.

She gave birth to a baby boy that was a lot like his mother. Barry and Cliona had never thought of names until then, they decided on Sebastian. He was a little grayish-tan bundle of a mess. He had his mother’s wings and his father’s face with a mix of his mother’s; he didn’t have a visor but he had a pointed nose but a more defined human-esk face. He was a rascal that loved to play, he loved to play with grandpa (shortly after Sebastian’s birth Enda’s Airbus 380 series was retired for the newer and more efficient models) and fly with grandma. He would also love to cook with abuela and they’d cook many Mexican foods together.

One night after they put Sebastian to bed, Cliona and Barry sat outside on the back patio and held each other. “Do you remember the first time we met?”

“Of course I do, it was in the terminal.”

“Did you think we’d ever get this far?”

“To be honest.., I’ve never been so happy to be so wrong.” They say in quiet again, staring at the night sky so vast and filled with stars so bright. “Sebastian really likes those old folk songs. It lulled him right to sleep.”

“That’s good, I like ’em too. Tomorrow is our anniversary.”

“I know, it’s been a long time, but it’s been so rememberable.” They held each other’s hand and wrapped up in a blanket, listening to the crickets chirp and the distant sounds of the town.

The end.

Oh and yes, this takes place in the same timeline as HaM. 😉

Some awesome fan art! Yeah this is Cliona at the Wawa and it nailed what I had in my mind. Oh and the same person told me Bakka means idiot in Japanese so, yeah. I'll keep it in simply because it might have grown on Frisk and he didn't care what it meant.

baby, child, fandom, frisk, Gingyflame, porn, tsunderplane, Undertale
6 Comments

HaM Ch 35

February 5, 2016 by Gingyflame

Heads up: this is a long one and has fight scenes. Honestly I've had this ready since Wednesday but I never got around to posting it, sorry.

Ch 35

"So how were your travels down?"

"It was fairly hard and long. We tried to spark up conversations with Allison and Major Idek but he limited the conversations topics to only tactics, asking where your training was when I left and what the schedule was. He also asked how many tanks had minimal crews; he was generally focused around military propaganda and how we're going to win. I'll admit, he is pretty good at motivating you. That being said he's a perfectionist."

"We noticed."

"He's instilling it into Allison; I really don't want a death-head tank. He straightened her so much I think there's a legitimate iron rod in her engine he uses to right her if she is wrong." That made Marion's engine ache with sympathy pain. "So much is he instilling it he rerouted the train to where the Jews are. He stopped the train outside of one and told us to admire in Aryan strength. He made me take pictures to use to remember not *who* we're fighting, he doesn't view them as whos, and he told me to use them to remember *what* we're fighting. I can't describe them." Eryka handed him the pictures, he thanked her and held up the pictures. They were of the concentration camp fences, the workers literally worked to the bone, the dead simply piled up, the massive ditches that Eryka could sit in that were filled with bodies, and he said that it smelled like burning meat and flesh for miles. Banker, who was the closest to the pictures, flew over them with his eyes, he turned pale, and he gagged and wobbled. His skin turned white and cold to the touch, an icy chill shot through his body. "The worst part is he convinced Allison this was right, she awed at the camp, she was moved by it, not like we are, no, moved more like Major Nazi is. That was when we thought for sure she was too far gone." Banker pointed at one picture.

"Those are children!"

"Yes, there are women here," Eryka showed on a picture, "these elderly people went into that building. The
r said it's the best way to kill them-gas chamber."

As the group looked through the pictures that were kept well out of Cindy's innocence, Cindy called out "Mary, Mary, look! Is that your sister?" She was pointing at E; they had gotten back from their voyage.

"No, sweetie, that's my replacement."

"Actually," Eryka started, "plans are I replace you and the E-75 replaces the Tigers."

"So does that mean you're being kick out of the army?" Cindy asked, though she was mentally about eight she knew that she needed Marion to get her home.

"No dear, they'll use me until I die." Hansel again realized what she was, a weapon of war owned by the government. He thought long and hard about it, about how he could keep her as his own. He figured he could use his pay in his favor, buy her freedom as soon as he can afford it by staying in the army. That's the plan he came up with, that's the plan he'll follow. E and Irish came over, talked to them for a while, and looked at the pictures and learned more details about the SS Major. After that Irish and E went to the other and met with them and then the Major and Allison then they hung out with their friends. After a few days they began the assault.

They got their orders almost at last minute and moved to assault the thinly protected Allied line. News from forward assaulting forces was inspiring, the American line was crushed and they were plowing through the defenses. Because resources were few everything was allotted, not everybody had their maximum capacity for ammunition. The mediums especially suffered. The force was moving through the remains of the battles, nothing but some obliterated fox holes, body bags, destruction, trees splintered about ten feet above the ground, blood stains in the snow, and a few light skinned vehicles that were left to burn. Marion tried to keep Cindy away from the bodies but a child's curiosity is a hard thing to control. Cindy got close to one body and only one body; she never left Marion's side after that sight. Every day the sound of battle grew closer as they moved up to relieve units, every day Marion feared for Cindy's wellbeing, every day she thought about the things that could happen to her human crew. Every day her nightmares grew worse. She felt an eagerness to fight, they all did, but the fear of death lingered in everyone's minds.

They started to notice that the units ahead moved so fast they left pockets of U.S. infantry behind, four times they were shot at by small arms, Cindy herself was shot at, the soldiers thinking that she was a captured Sherman being used by a German crew in need. The soldiers were dealt with swiftly but they went down like mad dogs, every one of them gave it their all. Hansel's group had never encountered resistance so close before, he and his team marveled at their supreme bravery. While a mass of prisoners were taken, most of them were still bitter like they were ordered to surrender rather than willingly die for their cause, at least it seemed that way. All of their training proved itself, Eugene and Karl would suppress the sharp shooters while Marion or another tank dealt with hard resistance, and burst made at Eugene and Karl either missed or bounced off Marion's armor. While that happened the infantry would enter the area and eliminate any threats. Because of her classification, Marion was put with heavies and Hansel was posted in direct command of three Tiger Is. They were three of four dead-metal Tiger Is; the other two were with Griffin and Gretchen under command of Fritz and Edwards. The tank destroyers were under the command of Jäger and they consisted of Rosa, Hetz, the Marders, and Frau, Frau was more of an assault gun so she more so went with the mediums. The mediums were formed into two teams; the first was Mini-Rommel, Kramia, Erin, and Faust, their commander wasn't really met by them. The second group of mediums was led by Canine and that was the rest of the mediums, Frau, and the reconnaissance vehicles like Kitty the Puma and Selig the SdKfz 251, she had a Pak 40 mounted on her. The experimental vehicles were under command of the Major and consisted of Allison, Eryka and E.

Early one morning they encountered a village not on the map but it was on the route. The Colonel gave the go ahead and the first medium group and Marion's heavy group entered with support of Kitty. The multistory houses formed to ninety degree turns before it opened up and crossed a bridge over the river. The experimentals sat on the hill that overlooked the bridge and had a small line of sight between two buildings that was in view of the road to the bridge. Faust was sent in first, then Marion followed, Cindy sat back with Frau and Canine. Then there was Kitty behind Marion in place to swoop around any dug in gun positions. From a building a rocket flared into the street at Faust. They instantly tried to turn towards them [illegible]he rocket missed and hit a church steeple, falling debris fell on Faust's turret skirt and fell in on her right

“You okay, Faust?” Anton asked worried.

“I’m fine, baby.” She responded as she gave a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

“Load high explosive!” The commander yelled. Anton caught the AP shell spat out by Faust’s gun and replaced it with HE. With a ‘gun ready’ the gunner shot into the second floor. The wall exploded into pieces of bricks, wood, and furniture. They slowly advanced forwards, they came up to the second bent left and this is when Marion would take point. Faust moved along to the sidewalk of the road and had her gun down the road to cover Marion. As the length of the road came into view there sat an American Hellcat tank. “Fuck! Fire!”

Immediately they fired at the tank hunter, it harmlessly drove into the ground and the Hellcat returned the favor. Instantly Faust felt a stinging pain towards her rear, and felt hot liquids spew in her engine and crew compartment. Instantly a fire started. The crew raced to bail but Anton’s hatch was stuck, debris had locked it shut. As the fire heated her few shots left she wrapped all her arms around him and held him. The shots exploded and all anyone saw was fire, smoke, liquid metal and shrapnel tear through her sides and shoot out the hatches. The Hellcat had retreated behind a lone building.

Hansel watched in horror. His heart raced when he saw the fire spike up on Faust’s engine deck then he had indescribable fear as it exploded. Faust still sat there mostly intact, crying. Hansel screamed no repeatedly, he had nothing but instinct to guide him. He tore open Marion’s hatch and vaulted himself out, Marion tried to catch him but missed. Hansel fell into the snow and madly raced to Faust. Marion moved forward but looked for that Hellcat, she saw it looking at her frontal from behind the building when all of a sudden the wall exploded and a shot ripped its way through the Hellcat. Instantly smoke bled into the sky and the crew abandoned, Marion turned all attention to Hansel and plucked him off of Faust, who was crying and convulsing. Hansel resisted all restraints Marion made, he was dropped and he turned into a raging beast, he watched as the Hellcat crew survivors ran into a bar. Hansel ran blindly into the building, Meats ripped the MG-42 off the interior wall and stood in the commander’s hatch. Infantry raced to the bar to deal with the personnel while Marion moved in front. Hansel ran into the bar and knocked the pistol out of the American’s hand, decked him in the jaw, kneed him in the gut then tackled him. They struggled and ended up with Hansel straddling the American and choking him out. He only stared at his hands in blood boiling rage, not flinching to the American’s attempts to save his life. The other survivors stood up from behind the counter with grease guns. Before they did anything else they were cut down by Meats and the MP-40 soldiers. Hansel choked his enemy out until his face was purple. He stood up over him and admired at what he did. He wiped blood from his ear and walked back to Marion. She picked him up and put him inside. He started to cry. The town had no other incidents and was moved through with only Faust as the tank casualty, the whole time she and Hansel cried.

They pressed on, the next day they were on the edge of Bastogne, the city rooftops were in view. Hansel had somewhat recovered and was commanding his Tigers in a arrowhead formation. They advanced in a field when all of a sudden American AT guns opened fire from a forest position. The guns bounced off the heavy armor and after a few tries were zeroed in on and dealt with ease. Hansel commanded forward when one last shot tore through the trees and destroyed a Tiger to Marion’s right.

“WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED!?” The Tiger exploded, no American tank has ever done that, no American gun can do that, not from the front nor this far. The Tiger to the right was hit in the lower glacis plate and disabled the transmission. “What the FUCK!?” From the trees a Tiger tank came out, covered with big white stars.

“A fucking tiger?! Why-” the commander asked terrified as a shell from the American Tiger shot off the antenna.

“ALL GUNS FREE!” Hansel yelled, almost in unison the German force fired but the one without the antenna fired in response, one grazing off the turret, Marion’s flying under the belly, another bouncing off because of his angle, and the last one glanced off the roof. “FIRE AT WILL! FIRE AT WILL!” The Tigers’ and Panthers’ suspension was designed to keep the tank as steady as possible so that firing on the move would be more
rate, even with this improvement it was still tricky business and undisciplined to fire on the move. Given
pposition, moving targets are also harder to hit. Shot after shot flew at the Tiger, most missing or

glancing off hardened points. The American Tiger was well disciplined, after a German volley he stopped and fired off a shot before moving again, this hurt Hansel's task force. Hansel dispersed the formation sending them to angle themselves; soon the only one who could pen the other was Marion. She was loading AP and punched him right in the center of the flat hull plate. She expected the crew to bail but Hansel and Whacker knew better, German hulls were very sound integrity wise. It instantly fired upon her, trying to hit her lower but hit high. That was the worst hit she's ever felt and jerked her response of another shot, it passed right by the Tiger.

"Marion you need to his the corners!" Whacker yelled, Hansel repeated it and then another shot hit them, bouncing off her mantle.

"They're going for the boar sight! Hit the corner now!"

"Goddammit! NOW!" She panicked and fired at the Tiger, she hit its gun as it fired at her again, it hit her along her side, scraping down her body leaving a long gash on her hull, she couldn't keep her cool and screamed in pain. Hansel had enough, he climbed into the gunner's seat and aimed and fired. The shot pierced through the corner of the Tiger I and struck the ammunition, the tank exploded and kicked the turret off the hull in the largest fireball they've seen. Hansel shakily got back into his commander's seat and leaned against the wall. He got on the comms and reported in to command with heavy breaths.

"Heavy group one (hard breath) reporting in, (hard breath) confrontation with (hard breath) confiscated Tiger model leaves (hard breath) one destroyed and three (hard breath) heavily damaged Tiger ones. (Hard breath) Requesting assistance at (hard breath) our location. (hard breath) Coordinates follows as-" he got off and called to Whacker. "Whacker, (hard breath) where the fuck are we?"

"The doorstep to hell."

Fin Ch 35

2, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, II, tank, two, World War
3 Comments

HaM Ch (Rule) 34

January 27, 2016 by Gingyflame

Yup! A porn scene! I wrote this long chapter with porn in the middle and hinted at the beginning, it's a mix of plot line and just fun sex. This is between Inbred and Eryka. Remember, Inbred is Ralph. Oh and in case you're wondering Marion looks like the image that follows: the Normandy camouflage pattern mixed in with a little white paint. White dye was very scarce so most winter camouflage at the time was light colors and rarely white itself, and what white paint there was tended to be chalky and wash off easy. The only thing the picture is missing is the anti-magnetic paint that looks like a thick fishing net around the tank. The paint was put over the anti-magnetic paint.

Enjoy!

Ch 34

Inbred walked into Eryka's bunker. Her new coat of paint looked very nice on her and today they were going to add some more colors like Marion had on when he left them. So far the areas that are going to be brown finished and now they were going to do a green. While they have learned that they will take part in the …er offensive they won't be able to paint Eryka fully white, there isn't enough white dye, so they are

blending them together. That and the paint is quite chalky and will wash out as the snow melts in the spring so they figured that they'll save time. Once the green is finished they'll add dark yellow speckles all over her and dark green speckles on the dark yellow areas, Inbred and her have really come close, so close they almost had sex. The sheer thought of making love to her warms Inbred against the cold, leftover feelings from her warm and tight caresses keeps him company and their loving kisses spark a fire deep inside him. They don't do much as far as going out and about, and they rarely get alone time so most of this love is inside her hull, and they only snip kisses whenever no one watches. Being on a maximum security base meant to look like a farm processing station from everywhere has many drawbacks. Every morning the base is inspected for wires, spying equipment, and misplaced radios. This sort of mentality has made Inbred very very cautious when Eryka is being handled by others. Every day after the inspection detail leaves he goes around and checks her and her garage. Twice he's found sketchy equipment and wires, he fears somebody knows of her. He's never apprehended the suspected spy but has reported suspicious activity. The only times Eryka is allowed outside of her recess is during overcast, nighttime, and rarely broad daylight. This makes the garage feel like their home, the house that they reside in most, their one chance at privacy.

"This day," Eryka says, "is going to be great."

"Why's that?" Inbred asked as he checks under a table.

"Reasons you'll learn of." After that Inbred moved to the piping, he found a transponder, and a cable, the cable traced back to the radio on the bench but it wasn't set to the right channel. He freaked out, his heart raced and his mind scared him with bombs falling on Eryka.

"So far it's not!" Eryka didn't seem to care; she grabbed him and held him against her, caressing his shoulder.

"Don't worry about it, nothing'll hurt me." They sneaked a kiss in for the morning, she held him longer than normal. Even though Eryka said it was nothing, Inbred still took the radio instance to heart and saw it as a threat to his interest. "Nobody comes in here, I'm telling you, nothing is wrong."

"Why is the radio like that!?"

"You know what, ask the officer if you can set up your own monitor, just to make sure." Inbred smiled.

"Babe you're the best."

"I know Ralph." He did exactly that. He went to the officer of security and presented his case. The officer said that using that radio is dangerous, it could be hard-wired. He had no extra recording devices so he told Inbred that he could stand watch in the garage until someone was caught. Knowing that he'll get pretty sleepless nights, the officer didn't see any incentive for Inbred to do it other than protecting the fatherland.

That day Inbred and Eryka met another new tank to the base, she was a Panther II. She looked a lot like Mini, but she had a bigger gun and her wheel arrangement was different, a little weird, from what the previous German designs had was very even layout of the suspension, on the Panther II she had a little tighter grouping on one end than the other end. She didn't have a name yet, Eryka thought of a good name and they found Allison to be fitting. Inbred thought that it kind of was a good day, met someone nice and sweet, and was, at the moment of the thought, staring at his girlfriend's ass and rubbing it down with paint. He somewhat envied the brush in his hand, wanting to replace it with something else used to spread select fluids. He leaned against Eryka's massive exhaust pipe and thought of the things Hansel and Marion had done together, specifically the tailpipe talk. He remembers how sensitive Marion said it was why she squirmed whenever she backed into bushes, and he slid his hand up and down the pipe massaging it.

"What are you doing back there?"

"Do you like it?"

' 'I, yes, it's nice. But why?"

“Repaying you for last time, your massages.” The ‘last time’ Inbred and she were kissing late in the day with no one around and she cupped his sack and massaged it. That was the most sexual thing they’ve done.

“Really? Well could you grope this, too, while you’re at it?” She snaked out her ‘nipple’ tendril; he held it in his hand and rubbed it while he stroked her ass with a paint brush. “Mmm, that’s great. I got an ass and tit massage.” Inbred smirked. He finished painting after sundown and prepared to stay the night with Eryka. It was soon midnight when the clean-up crew left. “Now it’s just you.., and me, babe.”

“Really..,” Inbred smiled and looked around. “Well I’ve a job to do so..,” he shrugged, “we could make out.” Eryka smiled in a naughty fashion.

“We could do more than that, baby.”

“But the spy?” Eryka only stared at him.

“Babe, I’m the ‘spy’ if you haven’t noticed.” Inbred was confused.

“Wh-What?!” He pointed to her.

“I planted the wires, I messed with the radio, and I’m the one doing the suspicious things in here.”

“Why?” Inbred feared for himself now, he wasn’t sure how but she was the spy.

“So I could get you and I alone in here all night.” He backed away scared. Eryka rolled her eyes. “No I’m not a real spy. I want to be alone with you and fuck you! I thought you were smart.”

“Hey I’m smart!” She smirked at him. “I was acting on instinct.” He was approached slowly, and his shirt was unbuttoned. “So what about the guards at the door?”

“I’ve tested them, I’ve screamed as loud as I can. They won’t hear anything.” She brought a bare-chested lover to her lips and kissed him, letting him open his pants. Her tone changed, she sounded desperate in between their smooches. “Oh Ralph! I want you to split me! Split me in half!”

“Yes, ma’am!” Finally they were doing it; so much sexual tension had built up it was driving them mad. Now all that lust, that tension, that desire was released. Inbred had his clothes off quick, he knew where the spot was all because of his questions and he was there faster than Eryka could think was possible. She didn’t look wet enough, dripping wet wasn’t good enough, and so he decided to tease her a little. He felt a taste test of the dish was in order, to salivate the glands and prepare for the main course. Eryka was definitely enjoying this feast already. Her face twisted into the best smile she’s ever had, she felt her turret drift to her left side but she didn’t care. Her eyes darted towards the left like she was trying to see Inbred work her lips so heavenly but obviously couldn’t because of her body. Instead she felt his presence, she saw him in her mind, and she knew exactly how he was posed, exactly everything with what he was doing. It swamped her hormones and before he knew it Inbred was lapping up a sweet and rewarding waterfall. That’s when he quit his teasing; he moved his body and rubbed her lips with his stiff as stone cock.

“Split me Ralph, split me!” Her demands motivated Inbred to the extreme, he broke his way into her, loud moans echoed throughout the garage. An intense feeling overcame them; ecstasy and a feeling of something right flooded their bodies and shook their foundation. Inbred, his cock stuffed inside his lover’s tight and plush pussy, could feel her power, her durability, he felt what she was made of. *Is this, too, what Hansel feels?* He wondered, but then he remembered his lover wanting some good hard sex and pulled out to his head before rocketing back into her. He furiously plowed her virgin soil, moving her hot, wet, plush and loving vagina around him and needlessly obeying Eryka’s pleas for more. She got into his motions and inversely reacted to his motions; he’d get out while she got off, he drove in while she fell on, and so on. He felt her fluids flow all around his hips, her body heat and fluids mixed to keep him nice and warm against the dropping temperatures. Her pussy bled heat like a furnace, but was very comfortable inside. As he drove for the final time before resting he felt her grip him, it almost hurt how much she gripped him. He had to himself up to ease the pain, Eryka felt it but couldn’t seem to stop, not that she really wanted to stop ,or her lover’s sake she fought her natural feelings and freed him. She felt him lie on the floor tired from

the day and the sex. She lowered down and ground half of his cock, half in and half out, feeling his hard meat stick ooze precum and throb against her Gspot, he felt so wonderful. She felt his cock seemingly change, it convulsed and shivered as she ground, suddenly he rocketed deep inside her as an instinct while he came. His hot and thick cum shot inside her and some tingled her cervix while the rest mixed with her fluids along the sides of her uterus. Her whole vagina felt amazing, regardless she kept going; she wasn't done. She continued to ride him for a good while, until her pussy had enough and she came. She slowly got off of Inbred so that he could get out. He came out covered in her love; he wondered how Hansel handles this. Eryka helped clean him off with a rag and stowed it, the floor would dry away. He dressed himself as Eryka wound down for the night; she still had her massive gun depressed fully. He climbed into a sleeping bag provided to him and he couldn't help but look at Eryka's huge size and feel like she faked it.

"Eryka, did you feel it?"

"Feel what?"

"Me, did you fake it?" She half-heartedly looked at him, she wanted to go to sleep badly.

"No, no babe I didn't fake a thing."

"But I'm like a mouse to you, the size difference is like, it's like," he searched through his mind for a comparison, "like a sausage and a hallway." Eryka sheepishly chuckled.

"Baby, you are more than big enough to fill my needs." She drug him over and kissed him lovingly. They kissed for a while before he retreated back to his cot and slept. Eryka woke up before the wake up alarm and woke Inbred. "I'll show you why."

"Why what?"

"You fill my needs." She pulled him under and let him watch her expand and contract her vagina, he watched with interest, mystified on how such things happened. He had a morning wood and she decided to show him. She put his cock in while fully opened. "Here I barely feel you; you're like a little tingle against me." She started closing on him, until she was fully moaning and aroused; Inbred was simply in heaven. That morning, after they pulled a quickie, they met with Allison again. She was very inquisitive, concerned about why she was here. Inbred did his best to give account on the war, how it's going, and who's in charge but being very young during Hitler's rise to power left many blanks in his history report. They exchanged a lot about each other, the three, and they shared their weaknesses. Eryka was prone to being overwhelmed by faster attackers and couldn't stand cowards. Inbred was physically 'weak' and could not cope with laziness. Allison wasn't too armored, a well-placed shot could render her immobile and start a fire, she also couldn't hurt children, and she loved children too much. Whether friend or foe she couldn't think of hurting any. She seemed to have a sixth sense about children, she was passing by a school on the way to the base and never knew it was a school but felt like there were children inside. She was right but it was an unmarked building, an average building actually, the original school was bombed by the allies. Later she was moved to the painting store and painted, she came out excited and happy, so was Eryka, but Inbred beheld a death-head in the making.

"How do I look?"

"Like you'd kill a Tommy just by glancing at him."

"How about you Ralph? How do I look?" He wanted to warn her, tell her about what is on the way, but he couldn't for it was too late. An SS car in the background halted and out stepped the SS officer.

"Just like Eryka said." He looked her in the eyes and it scared her. *I'm sorry, you have no idea.* Inbred's school was overrun by SS Brown shirts who stormed the building looking for Jews. They screamed at the children, threatened the teacher, beat down another teacher and nearly shot up a class of kids. All of this terror, danger, all of this hate for one nine year old boy. Inbred snapped to attention and so did the tanks, Allison

'he Major were introduced, and after that she was taken by the Major, taken, brainwashed, and turned

a death-head. Eryka and Inbred didn't agree with the transformation, but every now and then when

they talked she acted like her old self. It resurrected their confidence in her humility. Time passed, training passed, and some love-making filled nights passed to quickly, and before they realized it they were a week away from being deployed to the front. This scared Eryka.

“Ralph, sugar.”

“Yes, sweetie?”

“I’m sorry.” She grabbed him and enacted the change; she filled him up but felt he could bulk up some so she put more into his muscles. When she was done she caressed his body to help the muscles grow and cradled him close to her face, she used a nipple to feed him the nutrients he needed and to solidify that he grows. He instantly hated her for it, but later on he forgave her wholesomely. Allison liked the change; she said he looked a lot more intimidating.

“Eryka, baby, I love you so much.” He finally understood why Hansel did it, why he loved Marion. Love is love.

Fin Ch 34

I have a question: Do you all prefer me to post weekly in short chapters or spaced out posts with lots of info and consisting of a long read?

2, Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, II, porn, tank, two, World War
1 Comment

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An End HaM Ch 45

June 3, 2016 by Gingyflame

Ch 45

Time passed on and Hansel and Marion were appointed to frontline service, their final test had begun. It was late February and by now the allied advance was moving as fast as the Sherman tank could advance, the opposition floundered. Hansel and Marion pitied the German defenders and were horrified by how much younger they started looking the further in they traveled. They began hearing terrifying reports from other areas about the desperation Germany was in and the two prayed that it was just miscommunication and not at all true. They refused to believe the reports; Hansel swore that they had too much honor and dignity to do such things. Every town and city they conquered began looking darker and darker and darker, the population was in ruin and the homes were unrecognizable. They saw German women whoring themselves out for food and water, that's all they asked for was food and water. It mentally fucked with Hansel, Meats, Whacker and Banker, Marion understood that it was all they could do but still felt it wrong. Constantly Meats, Whacker, Banker and Hansel would split one of their rations between them and give the three others to the women and children.

The combat was hard on the Germans, both sides, but for Hansel and his German allies it hurt to pull the trigger, to give the command, to extinguish the life of their home nation. Nonetheless they knew what atrocities that the Wehrmacht were unknowingly fighting for and knew that those atrocities must be ended no matter the cost. Marion never had to worry about her front being penetrated, not even by her own kind, but the one thing she feared were the PanzerFausts, the 'Tank Fist' will rip through her side and melt Meats, Hansel, and Whacker alive until they die. She made it her best interest to befriend the infantry so that they'd look out for her and after a few Panthers were put down under Marion's gun they did indeed watch her back. The infantry definitely looked out for her because she's the one that they'd use to remove any hardened positions and the one not afraid to stick out and take a hit. The infantry eventually nicknamed her 'Heavy Angel' for saving their asses many times.

In early March Hansel, Marion, and their little crew were driving with Cindy moving up, they were more towards the back and there on they could play with Cindy again. They liked playing with her; she always comforted them and got their minds off the war. Something caught Marion's eye and she glanced up but had to double take. The reports were true. It was outside a village, a village of maybe four houses and a barn and this was happening. Marion furiously shook Hansel and got his attention towards what she was looking at. Cindy was going to turn as well but Marion covered her eyes and held Cindy's turret toward herself. By now the whole German crew was looking on at it. Not one dared to admit its truth.

"Oh my God!" Those were the words spoken by Marion in horror. There just outside of a village of four houses, dangling from tree limbs, were six people. Four were in badly fitted Wehrmacht uniforms and two were unmistakably women in dresses, they all had wooden boards hung around their necks. The boards said they didn't want to fight for Hitler, for the Fatherland, that they were cowards and pigs and Jew sympathizers. There was a team of Americans cutting them down from the trees, as Marion drew closer they saw three ropes behind the American team. As Marion got even closer they saw that the Wehrmacht soldier they were cutting down couldn't have been older than thirteen. The uniform next to him had long girlish hair and a petite face. The two women were maybe in their sixties. One of the Americans picked up a sign and hurriedly ran over to Marion and handed Whacker the board.

"Kill these bastards!" And with that he ran off. Whacker read the board and all the reports he denied could be true suddenly were true.

"I don't want to live in this world anymore!" He solemnly spoke through quivering lips as tears ran down his face; he retreated to his little cubbie and drank from his flask crying. Marion looked at the board and realized just how much she couldn't read. She passed it to Hansel who read it aloud in German so Cindy wouldn't understand half of it.

SS WILL HANG ALL TRAITORS OF THE FATHERLAND JUST AS WE HAVE DONE WITH THESE PIG-DOGS!'

“What has this world come to?” Hansel tossed down the board; Marion seized it and chucked it as hard as she could into the woods. It hit a tree and broke to pieces. Marion radioed to Zwei to cover Geoff’s eyes for at least a mile. She did so to Marion’s tone of voice. That was their first taste of the horror. More followed the deeper they went into Germany, soon their reactions went from terror and horror and disgust to anger and rage and hatred. They absolutely hated the SS, their anger and rage would build and fester until they at last had a vent; an SS division was holding on to a town with fanatical spirit. They liked it when they were fanatical, there would be no retreat. Marion and her crew insisted that they spearhead into the town and their angry tones easily persuaded the American major to allow this. They sat back and turned on their megaphone they’d use to dissuade any conflict only this time they spoke freely.

“DEAR S S, WE HAVE SEEN YOUR WORK WITH ‘TRAITORS’ AND WE ARE NOT HAPPY. YOU HIDE BEHIND CHILDREN, YOU HIDE BEHIND WOMEN, AND YOU ARE ALL WORTHLESS WASTES OF GERMAN FLESH! MY GERMAN TANK AND MY GERMAN CREW WILL LOVE TEARING YOU TO BITS. WE WILL FLATTEN ALL RESISTANCE! WE WILL RUIN YOUR PRECIOUS REICH MADE OF MAD DOGS AND SEE TO THE EXTINCTION OF ALL YOU STAND FOR! WE WILL KILL YOU IN THE NAME OF THE FATHERLAND, NOT FOR HITLER, WE KILL YOU FOR GERMANY! NOW PREPARE TO DIE!”

With that Hansel ordered Marion to push on and instantly she was away. In her path was a line of sandbags and dug in MGs and a Pak 38 that stretched across the main road. Her gaze was in a fierce stance that was affixed on that Pak gun, the gun crew hastily loaded and aimed but she knew they couldn’t do anything. They were only wasting precious time to run. The Pak fired into her upper and glanced off; Marion didn’t feel a thing and smiled as she slammed into the barricades. She heard the men screaming as her treads pushed them into the road and she and Whacker ripped any SS infantry they saw to pieces with their 42’s. They pushed through the town streets gunning down every SS soldier they saw. They HE bombed out any nests and sniper towers and trampled over any SS that stood in their way. Their blind push forward at first let the infantry swarm and absolutely overrun the SS soldiers but then it led Marion too far away from the infantry and, as she went through a narrow street, head long into another Tiger II. At first the Tiger II was hesitant to shoot because Hansel and them had rolled up the US star banners and Marion was portraying her German Iron Crosses, but Marion and Whacker spraying down infantry soon gave the Tiger II a rude awakening and a fight for its life. Hansel was the first to come to grips that they had no infantry support and he unbuttoned his hatch and grabbed his 42 so he could help watch her sides. As he was standing up out of the hatch he heard a blood curdling scream.

“TRAITOR PIG!” Hansel snapped his head to the right as a SS camouflaged soldier leapt from a window onto Marion’s roof. He slid into Hansel’s cupola swinging into him with his fists, Hansel narrowly dodged a few but one caught him in the head, knocking his headset off. Hansel punched the soldier in the nose blooding it. “YOU PIG! I’LL KILL YA!” He stood up and drew his P38 handgun and chambered a round, “AND THEN I’M GONNA HANG YA!” He pointed the gun at Hansel, Hansel dropped the 42 inside and lunged at the gun and grabbed it with his left.

“Get off my TANK!” He pulled as hard as he could and punched a right hook into the soldier’s jaw. The soldier lunged himself into Hansel and grabbed him, taking Hansel down with him. Hansel’s back bent and ground against the MG rail as he fell out of Marion and slid to the ground. Hansel felt immense pain as he most likely cut his back severely and possibly broke a rib landing. He and the SS soldier stumbled to their feet and the soldier, unable to have held onto his pistol, draws his bayonet and stands in a wide stance. Once Hansel regains his balance he strains to dodge and parry his attacker’s mad swings. Marion’s side and a brick wall constrain Hansel to fight head on and while Hansel was much taller with a longer reach than his attacker he also needed a bigger space to evade. He was running out of stamina, his adrenaline was pumping as much as possible but he was malnourished and tired. He looked to Marion for help but she was super focused on fighting the other tank. He screamed for her and smacked her side when he could but she didn’t seem to notice. He saw an opening and lunged at his attacker. He in turn took the knife and swiped from left to right at Hansel, missing and getting the long blade wedged deep in between the brick and mortar. At this time one of Marion’s arms shot out towards the soldier, who evaded, and struck the knife hilt and thus breaking the blade. The soldier recovered and spat out a wad of blood before lunging at Hansel again. Hansel had no balance and only had time to grab the arm.

’ s too late.

The broken knife blade pierced through Hansel in his gut. Hansel's grip prevented the soldier from moving the knife any more than it was but damage had been done. The soldier smiled and looked into Hansel's scared eyes with a wicked grin; his teeth were covered in blood and his nose was broken. Hansel's right arm and hand were free and with one swift movement he drew his father's knife from its hip sheathe and jammed the blade into the soldier's temple. The blade easily broke the temple, just under the stalnhelm and hit the brain, the blow broke the soldier's bearing and his dying body released and crumpled to the floor. Hansel, too, collapsed forward but caught himself before he fell to his left side, the side the knife was on. Marion screamed out and grabbed Hansel, her eye searched over him a thousand times a second, her mind was going a million miles an hour but she had no idea what to do. She kept calling him again and again but he would only moan. She panicked and shook him crying out medic, medic, medic, her other eye caught the white circle with a superimposed red cross and her arms lashed at it. She slapped the rifle from his hands and pulled the medic over to Hansel's body and with a sobbing voice she pleaded him to do something, to save him. The medic was very fresh and had only been 'bloodied' the day before; he laid Hansel flat on his back and undid his Panzer black tunic. He had no idea that he was working on an American conscripted tanker, all he knew was that the tank was crying and this German tanker needed help. Being a little bit thrown off by a living tank he carefully removed the knife and ignored Marion's wails while he opened up the tunic. He stuffed his hand into the gash to apply pressure as his other hand gathered clean rags and bandages. He then replaced his hand with the rags and put on as much pressure as he could.

Hansel couldn't move, his whole body was hurting. He felt blood oozing from gashes on his back, he felt all numb and hurt in his lower left gut where he'd been stabbed, and he felt Marion's hands grabbing at him. He felt that one warm hand on his cheek, that one hand on his right cheek, the creases and folds where it bends, the textured grips, the blunt corners of each finger, all three fingers and the thumb, the palm, and the wrist. He felt their warm, passionate kiss, her lips enveloping his lips and the metallic and fleshy taste of her mouth on his tongue and the warmth that those kisses brought to him. He felt their embraces when it was cold, her tight and rimmed arms surrounding his torso keeping him warm on a cold night. He felt her relaxing hull, her platform that he'd sleep on like a mattress that was always warm when it's cold and cool when it's hot. He felt all of it, and he loved it. Her hand, it calmed him, his memories, it made him feel giddy, their love, it made him feel like everything was alright. Like nothing would separate them. He knew he was dying, and images of his friends flashed by him but he never took his gaze off of Marion. He thought to himself about death, he knew that their love was dangerous, that their lives were filled with death, and he constantly thought about this. He was once again thinking of death, about when he's gone, he thought that when he dies today that he'll be with her forever. He didn't worry about not being with her, he would be her guardian angel, her consoling spirit, nor if there was no god and no spirits than she's have his memories, memories of him and their love. He was alright if she moved on and loved another, he didn't fear or dislike that. After all, he is dead, and he knows that she wouldn't ever forget him. And he would never forget her. That brought a smile to his face. He wished he could get up and walk to her but he hurt too much, he wished he could tell her it was okay but his voice was weak. So instead he continued to smile and look at her.

The medic had been toiling away at his task with Marion carefully watching while the infantry caught up, fighting their way through the fanatical resistance. They saw that their beloved friends were still and they rushed up to help. They swarmed around and secured the area, holding the medic at gunpoint. Marion vouched for him, pleaded them to leave him. They brought up an American medic to take over and escorted the disgruntled SS medic to the other captured SS soldiers. Marion grabbed the dead SS soldier that assaulted her lover and threw him across the street into the burning Tiger II hulk. His body smacked against the metal making a loud cracking noise as many bones inside his corpse shattered. His rag body slumps to the ground leaving a large blood splat on the Tiger II's armor. Marion had noticed their commotion on her roof but all her focus was making sure that the Tiger II was dead. She first put a shot right into the hull machine gun and second the coaxial, after countless shots wasted on the armor she noticed that the SS would back in and out of an intersection and shoot into her armor, she grew tired of it and so she pulled up just enough to HE rip their right track off. She backed up and just in time because they pulled out-or at least tried to. The left track drug their left flank into view and Marion put one into the driver's seat killing him. The tank could only sit there and take her punishment and punishment is what she gave. Round after round she pumped into the side until a fire was set and the survivors tried to bail. Whacker and Marion gunned them down before they could get anywhere. Now that it was all done and over Marion noticed that the SS crew

'ed a pair of eyes on the turret, one on each side just as she had it only their eyes had a yellow eyeball

'ed irises. She didn't care if it was alive or not, if it was she'd still kill it. She knows that her people are

few in numbers but she knows that if it was in the gene pool, the same gene pool she was in, she would forcibly remove it for machine kind. Marion and her crew were relieved after that, they had shown that they were strong, showed that they were dutiful and trustworthy. General Patton received word of their results and arranged plans for them based on their performance. They didn't know it then but that battle would be their last for the Second Great War. The U.S. forces took eighty-six prisoners of war from that town and the efforts of Marion saved many children and women forced to serve Hitler by the SS. Whenever they met a group of forced warriors she disarmed them and ordered to stand down. That helped Marion sleep at night, helped ease her burdens. She kept Hansel by her side while he recovered from his ailments, the stab wound severed his appendix from his intestines, at least now he didn't need to worry about it exploding-something frequent in his bloodline.

Fin Ch 45

Well this is not the ending to their story but this pretty much ends their military combat for the U.S. Hansel's injury puts him in a sickbed for the rest of the war, which ends for Europe on May 8th. I'm sorry that this was posted later than normal, it was a mix of missing the usual date and making this extra dramatic. I know, I'm a bastard.

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, tank, WWII
Leave a comment

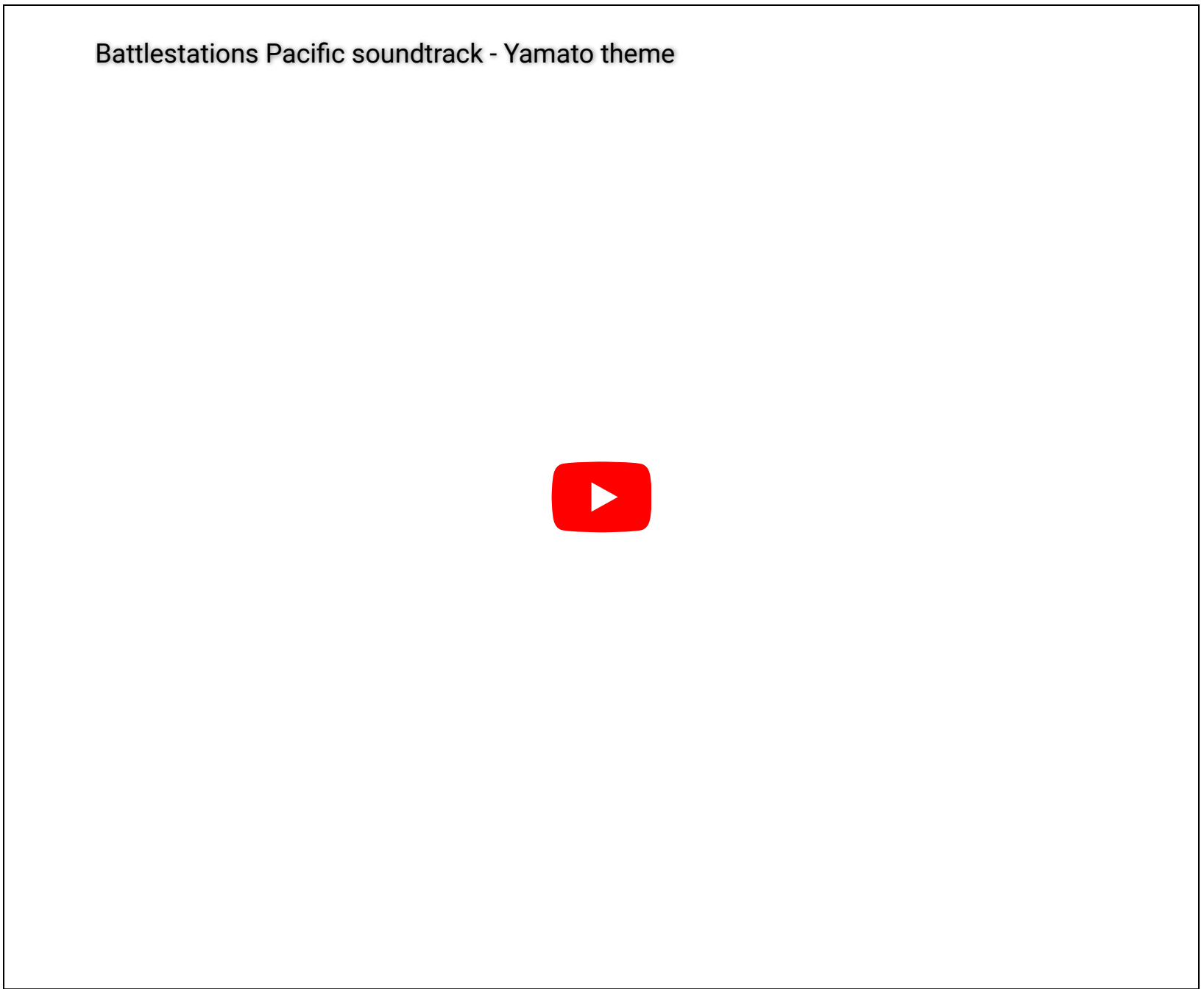
Yamato II

May 18, 2016 by Gingyflame

Here's Yamato II, the second insert for Yamato. I just couldn't resist putting her into another story, WOWS is too tempting. Oh and yes there's a shoutout to WOWS, but that's besides the point.

OH! and here's the Yamato theme song for my favorite RTS game Battlestations Pacific with super sexy and impressive pictures and paintings:

Battlestations Pacific soundtrack - Yamato theme



The video’s good for the battle scene 😉 Enjoy!

Yamato II

Yamato handed Daichi to Hisashi, he was their bright little baby boy. Yamato had given birth not forty-eight hours ago and Daichi was already proving to be a trouble maker. When Yamato tried to ‘breast’ feed him he grabbed her nipple and did drink a little from it but took it and smacked it against her arm like it was a stick. Another instance is when they tried to put him to sleep he would rattle his crib open and get out, all throughout the night he’d wake up and bust out of his crib. They expected him to cry throughout the night but no, he silently would break out and would be caught when he fell from the crib to the floor and climb onto Hisashi. Yamato said he just loves his dad a lot but she knew he did it to be an annoyance. With all the crap he’s put them through they still couldn’t be happier. He’s a little tan bundle and when Hisashi took him he smiled upon his little boy. Daichi’s little brown eyes squinted in the sunlight and his little arms reached out to the sun to block out the light. Hisashi rubbed Daichi’s head, feeling the soft little black hairs already growing out. Hisashi sat down against Yamato’s superstructure and rocked his son in his arms.

“You’re going to grow up and make us proud, Daichi.”

“You tell him that every time you see him.”

“I don’t want him to have any doubts.” At that moment an Admiral stepped onto Yamato and asked for Hisashi. An attendant led him to the Admiral’s bridge and asked him to wait while the attendant fetched Hisashi. He climbed up a level and opened the blast door and called for Hisashi. Hisashi muttered ‘I thought I was retired’ and climbed up the ladder. Yamato held her son while daddy climbed up. He followed the attendant and just before the door to the bridge was opened the admiral commanded ‘at ease’ and surprised Hisashi. Hisashi still snapped to attention before the admiral. “Sir, what fortune have we found to have your presence?”

“Hisashi Isobe I understand it is still drilled into you to treat me with high respects but if you could try to
n from it that would be greatly appreciated.”

“As you wish, sir.”

“I am greatly humbled to be here, Yamato here in a Japanese slipway was far beyond my childhood dreams when I was inspired to join by her, but much like in her time of glory Japan’s Navy is small; and just like in her time of glory Japan is at war.” Hisashi blinked.

“What, sir? Japan is at war?” The admiral nodded. “With who? China?”

“No, Isobe, Japan is at war with the United African Federation.” Yamato blinked this time.

“Excuse me, but the United African Federation? Who are they?”

“The UAF are similar to United States but instead of democracy as their governing tool the UAF use a dictator-socialist method. Close to fascism but not as extreme. Their dictator Jamul Irogod rose to power by gaining the allegiance of other African countries through promise of prosperity, by economic overtaking, or by forcefully erecting himself, much like Hitler did. At first he promised peace, like Hitler, then he did something else, he used Africa’s vast resources to become a superpower. They hurriedly advanced many sciences, such as finding the antivirus serum for AIDS and HIV, developing a combatant for early stage cancers, and finding new building techniques for more stable buildings during earthquakes-something Japan has benefited from greatly-and they have some of the greatest a scientists from around the world there researching their fields. Their domestic production is immense and is one of the highest in the world. Jamul wanted more, just like Hitler. He started expanding into the Middle East to ‘stabilize’ the turmoil but it was an invasion. I’ve said enough and you get the picture so I’m going to cut to the chase, the UAF has declared war on the ‘corrupt’ UN nations. We are part of the UN.” There was a short silence before Yamato put things together.

“So you want me back in service.” The admiral was hesitant to reply.

“Yes. Now we know you have done so much for Japan already, even giving your life for Japan, but we’re asking again. Will you help us?” Yamato cradled her son in her arms and pressed him against her body, ignoring his death grip on her tendril. She still retained the mentality of fulfilling duty no matter what, and her duty was to serve the Emperor and Japan, but at the same time she has a child to feed and nurture, a child to protect. Hisashi was going to take up the call to arms and Yamato knew and accepted that, but what about her son? She could not form an answer, she panicked a little bit. She brought Hisashi to a private corner and asked him. Hisashi had no immediate family alive but he did have a cousin that he regularly talked to while waiting for Yamato. Hisashi knew he had a wife and a daughter, his cousin-in-law was a nice woman, he trusted them with Daichi. He proposed the thought to Yamato, the admiral caught wind of their situation. “My wife said it’d be an honor to watch your child in the time being, if that helps with anything.” Yamato was still afraid to let go of her only son but she knew that if something did happen Daichi would be in great care with Hisashi’s cousin. She hesitantly accepted the call to arms. “Don’t fear, Yamato. Your line of duty won’t put you on the front often; there will be ample time for you to spend with your son. Besides, we still have to outfit you.”

Yamato relieved herself of worry, she and Hisashi continued to care for Daichi while Hisashi’s cousin and his family came down to spend time with Yamato, Hisashi, and Daichi. The day after they reentered the Japanese Navy Yamato was moved into the slip where she was outfitted with her turrets after being raised and her turrets were removed and the museum pieces exhumed from her. Four triple AA turrets from each side were removed and her smokestack cover was taken out. In place of the eight missing triple AA turrets were eight American ‘Sea Whiz’ guns, radar was easily positioned on her and hooked up to a computer and her main gun batteries, in her smokestack were two ballistic missile systems and the smokestack cover was changed to one that opened up. She was obviously filled with ammunition and powder.

“Where did you find all of these extra rounds?” She asked the admiral in astonishment as truck upon truck stopped and unloaded rounds.

“Since you were resurfaced we have been building up arms for your weaponry. Since you sank, actually, [illegible]le have been keeping you, say, up to date. There have been numerous conception arts put online of [illegible]modernized, as a space ship, and even as an aircraft carrier. You’ve been put into various medias, video

games, comics, animations. You're almost considered a pop culture icon. Now the actual modernization may not be what the media is expecting, no rail guns or laser beams, but you will be once again a deadly and fierce adversary." Yamato did indeed feel like a deadly foe again. Her gun systems were given computer assistance and her new radar array swept far past the horizon, further than her guns could even reach, and her new missiles were a very potent weapon to unleash upon a worthy enemy. Her defenses? Her AA battery was also given an enhanced fire control system and her Sea Whiz guns that were radar guided made a near impenetrable bubble around her. Hisashi's family arrived the weekend the modifications were completed. They were tired after the long travel and while they were all very much impressed by Yamato but they really just wanted some sleep. Hisashi very excitedly introduced them to Yamato, Mr. and Mrs. Isobe and their daughter Emiko. Emiko was an energetic preteen and after following Hisashi to her bedroom, right next to her parents' room all officers' quarters, she followed Hisashi around and talked to Yamato more.

"You look different from the game." Emiko said looking up at Yamato's impressive radar array.

"I did have a lot of modern changes." Yamato was curious about how she looked in the game. "What do I look like in the game?"

"I'll show you," she pulled a small laptop and opened it up. She started it up and used a wireless mouse to open up a game. She logged on and a Japanese cruiser came up on the ocean, she clicked around and a grayscale Yamato appeared. Emiko handed the laptop to Yamato and told her how to orbit the digital version of herself. It was the 1945 variant of her, exactly how she looked when she sank. Yamato held the laptop in front of her face with two hands and moved the mouse with a third "looks like you, but without all the new stuff."

"Yeah," Yamato was amazed at how nice it looked, even though it lacked color it looked amazing, "it looks exactly like me."

"I don't play battleships. I play cruisers." Yamato was still entranced by her digital self, a mix of both flattering and astonishment filled her. "Click 'PORT' and you can see what ships I have." Yamato did so and color came back as her digital self disappeared. Up came a Mogami cruiser in full colors with the green stripe camouflage. "My best ship is the Mogami, but I think I also have the American Bogue carrier. Those are my top ships. My other countries are still at tier two." Yamato was this time affixed on looking all around the Mogami, she was astonished at how real it looked.

"Why don't you have a battleship?" She asked not at all offended, she realized long long ago she was outdated.

"They're too slow, I like going fast and running around."

"You know our Kongo battleships were fast. I think they could do thirty knots."

"That's fast," she thought, "yeah they are fast. Not as fast as my Furutaka but fast."

"You don't have any destroyers?"

"Not yet, I want to get the Senjo first, and then I'll get some destroyers." There was a silence as Yamato switched to the Bogue carrier. Chills shook through her hull. "Do you want to play?" Yamato had absolutely no computer capability. She had been on a tablet before but a computer? Hell no. But she wanted to so bad.

"Yes! How do I play?"

"Well," Emiko thought, she didn't want her laptop to be broken out here. She wanted to move it inside, "can you see inside?"

"I can see on the bridge and I can see in Hisashi's room." She found Hisashi in his room. "Hisashi!" She exclaimed, "Make yourself appropriate!" Hisashi was already appropriate and the only time she really manded him like that was when she wanted some naughty fun, usually she commanded 'Hisashi! Clean ed off!' but nope, not this time. He was confused. He instead made Daichi appropriate and soon

enough Yamato opened the door and let Emiko in. “Emiko is showing me how to play a game.”

“Well keep it down, Daichi is asleep.” Emiko sat down at the desk and opened the laptop; she rebooted everything and up came the game. The title screen of a movie clip of a dramatic fight between ships caught his eye. “What game is that?”

“World of Warships. It’s a game about warships from the Second World War.”

“Is Yamato in it?”

“I am! Isn’t it exciting? It’s so amazing how realistic it looks!” She exclaimed sharing her feelings about being in a video game. Hisashi softly chuckled, he knew how much media surrounded Yamato, and still he was curious as to the detail they gave her in this game. Emiko signed in and pulled up Yamato again, she turned and saw Daichi.

“Oh he’s so cute! Can I hold him? Please?”

“Sit on the bed so if you get tired you can put him down.” She hopped off the chair and onto the bed and her face gave away that she was not strong enough to hold Daichi for long. Hisashi meanwhile orbited the digital Yamato and was impressed at its detail and beauty. It did look exactly like when they left for Okinawa all those years ago. He got up and picked Daichi off of Emiko’s numb legs. “Heavy, isn’t he?”

“Very heavy.” She popped back into the chair and clicked around. “Yamato what nation do you want to start with?”

“Japan.” Emiko switched to Co-op mode and selected the Japanese tier I she kept for the destroyer line.

“Okay now give me your hands,” Yamato did so, she was taught the basics and then sent into a Co-op game. Yamato could see through the camera she had in the room the screen and everybody watching her, she felt excited and pressured even though it was a game. As she played Daichi woke up but nobody noticed, it wasn’t because the game drowned out his cry but the game captivated him and so he didn’t cry. The flashes of fire and smoke with the splashes and explosions of shots kept him quiet. Hisashi noticed he was staring at the screen with a wide smile on his face; he’d grin and softly giggle when a ship exploded. Once the game ended, Yamato sank a ship and hit four others; Yamato retracted her arms and exclaimed how much fun she had. “Those enemies were just computer programs, the only real people were your allies. If you play in random battles instead of co-op battles then everyone there is a real person. Random battles are much harder.”

“That was pretty loud, is Daichi still asleep?”

“No,” Yamato was about to go comfort Daichi back to sleep, “he loved the show.” Daichi was pointing at the laptop screen and grunting and whining. “I think he wants another.”

“Oh I could play that game all day.”

“We can make you your own profile, that way you can play yours and I can play mine and we can play together.”

“I’ll still be able to play, right?”

“Yes.”

“As long as I can play it!” She picked up Daichi and talked to him. “Don’t worry my little Daichi, you’ll see it soon enough.” Emiko made Yamato her own email account and from there her own profile. Yamato played for a little longer on her own profile and meanwhile thought how she might take Daichi out and show him the power of real life guns she has. “Hisashi, when do we go out for sea trials?”

.sday. Why do you ask?”

“I think Daichi would love to see my guns fire.” Emiko got excited.

“Can I come!?” She begged but Hisashi declared it was up to her parents.

The days passed and Emiko’s parents didn’t mind Emiko staying while Yamato conducted sea trials, Hisashi’s cousin also stayed but his wife did not stay with Yamato, she stayed with the Admiral’s wife not too far from the base. Yamato sailed out off the coast of Okinawa and ended her trip off the coast of Iwo Jima where she woke her guns from their slumber. Emiko and Daichi were in their fathers’ arms and were watching, watching with excited anticipation as the two forward barbettes clunked to life. They all heard the gears grind, the *clank-clank-clank* of the turrets move, the hum of the six massive guns elevate to the predetermined position. Hisashi leaned over the rail to check on the stern turret, it was in the same position as the other two. Over the loudspeaker they heard the countdown. Yamato could hardly stand it. As soon as the order was given her first turret let its awesome power go. No matter where you were on that ship you felt those guns, the discharge put a heavy thump in your chest, it knocks the wind from your lungs and makes your ribs question their strength. The gun crews for the AA erupted in cheer as the smoke billowed from the three barrels, everyone watches as the three glowing shots hurtled out maybe ten miles, well within her capability, and suddenly drop to the ocean making huge splashes seen easily with the naked eye. As the columns came crashing back down the second battery was discharged. Again it felt like someone punched you square in the chest and knocked the wind from you. Daichi by now was going crazy, he had the biggest smile on his chubby face and was flailing his arms around, bouncing up and down, and laughing up a storm. This set of salvos traveled out to about the edge of the horizon before they dropped from the sky. Again there was cheer, and soon after the third battery fired. Emiko felt sick to her stomach with the concussive wave and sat down. The third battery fired their shots to the maximum range; it disappeared over the horizon and as it did there was a multitude of cheers from the gun crews. Hisashi convinced Emiko to stand back up and watch the smaller batteries fire. They went through their phases, not nearly as impressive as the main batteries, but they proved effective. Yamato had passed her gun qualification. Her ballistic missile launches weren’t as cool, rather uninteresting, but it was the maneuvers they performed in the sky that dazzled Yamato, Hisashi, Emiko, Daichi, and Tadashi (Emiko’s father). They turned for home and merrily chugged home.

Once they arrived home Mrs. Isobe came back aboard and heard, nonstop, all about the voyage. Emiko didn’t leave any details out, she explained the storm, the fisherman paying their respects as Yamato passed, the whales they saw, the gun qualification, the emergency stop and the hard turn around Yamato did, the shipping freighter that contested its lane (it eventually veered off before Yamato and it hit each other) and tug that almost got sucked under Yamato’s stern trying to push her into the slip. Once that was all settled out it was rather uneventful, they heard plenty from combat in the Atlantic and how the U.S. declared itself in a struggle with the UAF, it wasn’t officially war but it technically was. The majority of combat was in the Middle East and the Mediterranean, occasionally the southern cape, but almost none in the Pacific. Yamato hoped that she wouldn’t be needed but at the same time she didn’t want to be for nothing again. Since she had been recommissioned her museum doors had been closed to the public and they sat around, again. But she wasn’t alone; most of Japan’s Navy was the same way. Japan’s carriers were sent to the Atlantic for some reason, it didn’t make sense to anyone, not Yamato, not Hisashi, not even the Admiral. That was until the UAF sent a task force towards Panama. One cold morning Yamato and an escort of four destroyers were called upon. The admiral smiled once he finished reading the orders. He walked onto the bridge with a huge smirk on his face.

“What’s our mission, sir?” She asked she had just waved off Daichi and the Isobes when he stepped on deck.

“The higher-ups want to disgrace the UAF Navy.”

“How’s that, sir?”

“It was discovered that the UAF are planning to use a small detachment of destroyers and troop transports to seize the Panama Canal. Essentially cutting off the Pacific from the Atlantic. I figured out why we sent our carrier over, we were baiting them to move on Panama while everyone’s carriers were in the Atlantic.” Yamato put it together.

y set this up for me.”

“Exactly.” They both smiled and when Yamato told Hisashi he smiled. The task force made haste to intercept the UAFN just off of Midway. The UAFN already had a good start on them but storms set them back, and Yamato’s force arrived early, the trap was set and Yamato would finally be the spearhead. The UAFN was only a day late; Yamato picked them up on her radar and felt their presence. There were six targets, all moderate size just a bit bigger than the Japanese destroyers and just as fast. She aligned her guns as the all call rang out, the five Japanese ships all coordinated their attacks and exactly 1150 hours eight missiles launched two from each destroyer. Yamato watched as the destroyer missile hatches flung open as smoke flooded the decks, a long black rod came from each of the open hatches followed by a bright streak and more smoke, as she thought about how much cooler that looked than her missile launches the eight powerful missiles soared toward their targets. Yamato tracked their impressive speed and all of a sudden they vanished off of her radar.

“No hit, no hit, no hit.” Another volley met with the same fate, no hits. Suddenly the six targets turned to twelve and then eighteen as they retaliated. Yamato watched in terror as the twelve missiles zoomed to their positions; she had just gotten them into view when her four Sea Whiz guns moved without her command. They revved to life and like a Zero’s engine they zipped and zipped, all of the Japanese ships zipped and zipped. A wall of lead formed and hit each missile on the button. Yamato wished she had those seventy-something years ago and awaited orders.

“Hold fire, hold fire. We can’t do anything to each other.” The UAFN must have thought the same thing because no more missiles came their way. “Load the guns. High Explosive.” Yamato felt a huge smile creep across her face as the command was echoed throughout the fleet. She felt all the intricate mechanics at work, she felt the breaches lock and she moved her guns to fire right as they came into range. Her destroyer escorts also had their guns ready, she knew that they would be ready, she knew everyone was ready. Hisashi stood with her in what this will be their finest hour. She kept the Admiral informed.

“Targets will be in range in three minutes, sir.” She couldn’t wait, she trained the guns onto the lead ship and waited for the command to fire. She waited for an eternity. “Sir the targets are in range.” She waited for the order.

“Hold fire.” Yamato couldn’t believe it.

“What, sir!?”

“Hold fire. At that range the shot will spread too much. I want a swift victory, so wait until they are in spotting distance before firing.” Yamato scowled. She had all of this capability and it was essentially useless. She tracked each one; she tracked their movements and patterns. After an agonizing time the first destroyer crept over the horizon. “Fire away.” Her guns instantly rang out in a broadside and the whole Japanese fleet felt the guns as the one-and-a-half ton shots soared at two-thousand and six-hundred feet per second. The shots kept their grouping tight and when they dropped from the sky they came crashing down with immense force, enough that the lead destroyer that was hit was almost completely obliterated. The HE shots pierced through the thin armor and their explosive charges ripped the hull apart sending all sorts of things into the sky. As what remains of the destroyer sank the three shots that hit their mark showed just how potent and dangerous Yamato really was. Instantly the five other destroyers took evasive actions, they were going to be tricky to hit. Their maneuvers slowed their approach but it worked. When Yamato’s guns reloaded she fired on the coordinates the computer gave her and the shots hit their marks every time, give or take about five meters but that didn’t matter, the destroyers changed direction before they could get there. Her shots were on point but the destroyers were too evasive. She grew extremely frustrated. She went with her gut on one battery and knocked out a destroyer’s bridge, the other two shots that she fired in spite barely missed the deck gun and the antenna tower. Smoke and fire flowed from the bridge as its controls were lost and it soon drifted into range for the allied destroyers to use their main guns. There were four left and by now they had drawn within the secondary battery’s range and Yamato’s six inch guns were firing as fast as possible and soon the AA five inch guns were firing flak at it to shred anyone outside and the bridge. One destroyer was hit and set afire as it tried to make a torpedo run, the admiral ordered a hard turn as it lined up but Yamato was 78,808 tons, she was nowhere near nimble; she would have to take the blow. No torpedoes came but instead volley upon volley of their main deck guns. Japanese destroyers broke ation and paired up to pick off one destroyer each pair, leaving Yamato with an injured one and a hy one. The injured one refused to give up a torpedo run and got so close that the AA triple turrets

fired rounds at the windows of it. Yamato saw the torpedo tubes moving and felt the urge to fire her main battery. She obeyed her instinct and Hisashi screaming over the gunfire for her to shoot him and all two hit him center mass. The shots were low in the hull and the explosions broke the destroyer in half with it bucking up to the sky. Yamato shifted her attention to the destroyer making a B-line to her flank. Suddenly she felt something along her side where her stern barbette was, she looked and Hisashi confirmed that it was a submarine! She couldn't believe it, suddenly hatches on the deck opened and out shot grappling cables and hooks that quickly entangled themselves around her railing, the sub became magnetically attached to her and armed men began ascending the ropes. AA gun crews quickly sent messages up the chain and the on board Marine force was scrambled. The marine force was going to be well out numbered she saw. Her guns were reloaded just as the first attacker reached the deck; she dropped those three guns and fired all three into the ocean. The concussive blast knocked them against her hull and off the rope and caused internal bleeding, they either fell and drowned or fell sprawled onto the deck of the sub while they all were bleeding from the ears and screaming with tremendous pain. She felt the same thing on her other side, the Marines were ordered to spread over to the other side but it'd be too late. The exposed men on that side drew their side arms and waited, Yamato refused to let them be out gunned and moved the AA triple turrets to lie in wait for them. The attackers climbed up and over right into a hailstorm of .98 inch gunfire and small handgun rounds. They halted and called in for the destroyer to do something about the guns, the destroyer answered by shooting a six inch round into Yamato's AA assortment, which killed many men and crippled at least three turrets, another round finished off the other two turrets available. She had been moving her stern turret over to subdue the attackers permanently but it was too late, they had rushed over and were swarming the uninjured AA gunners. The Marines busted trough the hatch frame and instantly started firing at the attackers. They were too close for the destroyer to do anything, so close that melee combat sparked up. Yamato did her best to grab attackers and either chuck them over or snap their necks or both. The attackers used high explosive grenade launchers to set small fires along the AA battery, further insuring they wouldn't be a problem. Just then Yamato grabbed every Marine she could and dragged them back away from the attackers as her stern turret fired its shots, the crippling ear and internal bleeding affected very few attackers but at least it did something. Two Japanese destroyers came around and fired at the enemy destroyer to drive it away. It defiantly launched three torpedoes at Yamato; she turned hard and hoped for the best. Two would be unavoidable and she braced for the shock. Instead one torpedo slammed into the attached sub assault transport and the other one glanced off of that and further glanced off of Yamato. She was extremely relieved and giddy when the fleeing destroyer fired upon Yamato as much as possible. The other destroyers ceased their pursuit under the admiral's orders.

"Why, sir?"

"Let them run." There was a tense pause as he lit his tobacco. "They'll only die tired." With that Yamato tracked its movements and fired a full on broadside. The computer assistance paid off and five of the nine shots hit. The destroyer was entirely decimated. The UAFN must have sent out a retreat because once the destroyer slipped beneath the waves the UAF Marines returned to their grappling equipment and quickly slid down back to their boarding submarine still operable. Once no more Marines returned and the Japanese Marines flooded the rail shorting down at them the UAF disconnected and quickly dove deep enough to evade the destroyers.

"Sonar picking up anything?" The Admiral demanded to know. The radio operator reported that none of the destroyers were picking up the sub. He was about to order the Marines to go down and investigate the sub still attached to Yamato when it suddenly exploded into bits and fell from Yamato's hull. "Damn, they scuttled." After a report on the mission they received immediate orders to return to Japan. No reason stated.

"Hisashi did you get it all?" Hisashi was hooking up his camera to the computer they bought.

"I tried but there was so much going on I couldn't catch it all."

"Cut out any blood, Daichi doesn't need to see that." Hisashi started uploading the footage to the computer before he finally relaxed.

"I tried not to record the bloodshed but there's a few bits where I slipped. He's going to love the big ↄsions." Yamato agreed. "You alright, dear?"

“A few embers, destroyed guns and scorch marks. I’m alright otherwise. No hull breaches.” She was quiet before the headcount call rang out. “We lost a lot of people. Maybe fifty.”

Her guess was close, only one off. Yamato’s crew endured forty-nine casualties: sixteen dead and the rest wounded. The Japanese picked out fifty-three UAF survivors, the immense fire power of Yamato killed the other three-hundred or so that manned the three she killed. The UAF survivors were mostly from the destroyers’ kills, and they ranged from many ethnicities. One thing that still shocked Yamato was the vast amount of racial acceptance, something that the generation of her time never truly thought possible. It boggled and inspired her mind. While the inter species lovers thought that there was a great death toll in their battle what news was waiting back in Japan would change the world forever like nothing before seen.

Fin Yamato II

baby, Gingyflame, side story, Yamato
3 Comments

HaM Ch 44

May 10, 2016 by Gingyflame

Well Ratbat, here’s a chapter for you, an all you women out there who want a tank man to love! Oh yeah, Emilie and Griffin are going at it!

Enjoy!

Ch 44

After a week or so of chasing the Germans back they came across the ‘stealth unit’ of Griffin and the girls. As it turned out they had been plaguing the Americans greatly, hit and run ops hurt the forward supply lines and crippled the artillery support. Only occasionally did they hit Sherman convoys. They had run out of fuel and ammunition and were left stranded along the tree line. The infantry escort of the crew was confused. The women were beautiful and young but they were very much the enemy. Many wanted revenge for what they’ve done, others wanted them, and others worried about where they would be barred. Mini vouched for Griffin and made sure that it was known he and Emilie were lovers. The scientists were very cautious about that. They have had instances before but the thought scared many of them. The huge size difference is their main concern; sex isn’t the problem but rather pregnancy. They were afraid that pregnancy would obliterate the woman and kill her. They closely monitored Emilie’s health and asked many personal questions, they soon learned that Griffin and she actually have never done anything because they shared the same fears. The scientists were at a standstill, they couldn’t decide whether or not to let them try sex and use them for very intensive research or to not let them have sex and to play it safe. Griffin held Emilie against his turret mantle and her face was burrowed in his mantle and she felt the fear envelope her body, while he tried to comfort her and make her carefree again he was also scared.

“Grif, I want to know but I’m scared. I’m literally shaking with fear! What are we going to do!?”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry, I won’t dare let harm come to you. If we do this, tell me if it hurts and I’ll stop instantly. We can find other ways to love.” He stroked her head and held her hand. She was sitting in front of his gunner’s sight and way leaning into the corner of his gun and gun mantle. His warmth emanated off of him and warmed her face and hands and kept that source close.

“I think we should try, try it someday.”

“Me too.”

“I do want children, but when? But how?”

“Emilie we can adopt, we can raise a beautiful child we find. There are many children that need parents now,

especially now."

"I know, but I want our own child, one of us." She was crying into Griffin. He comforted her as best he could; he was fine with adopting, he looked forward to the day when he and Emilie could come home with a baby that had no home. He wanted to raise a child with Emilie, he wanted a child. This he was not at all scared about. His gentle caresses and soothing composure encouraged Emilie to calm down. She soon spread herself under his mantle and tucked herself under the huge plate and gun to sleep.

"If you're willing to try then I am, too."

"If they want to research it then we will. But I'm still scared, Griffin."

"I am, too."

The next morning a scientist came forth and said that if Griffin and Emilie were alright with it then they would research the male machine and female human sex relationship. Griffin and Emilie conversed quietly for a minute. They decided to research the sex. Griffin and Emilie and the scientist were all a little tense. Sex can be an awkward topic but when it's done for research and there's a chance that Emilie could die so there will be a medic nearby, that's extremely discomforting. The scientist ran through some preliminary checkups on Emilie, found her to be healthy enough for sex, and she left after telling them they can back out anytime. They waited for nighttime to fall when they would try; they very carefully planned it out with each other. They ran through many scenarios and possibilities. After dusk and alone in a wooded area the two threw a tent cover over Griffin's turret roof with his gun acting as a beam. He constantly moved something and kept his engine on so he could generate as much body heat as possible, once it was nice and toasty inside their little tent Emilie climbed inside and began undressing. She had gotten off her heavy jacket and her boots and placed them outside the tent when she had more second thoughts.

"Griffin I'm still scared, I-I-I-I just-I don't know." She was getting frustrated with herself, and Griffin was trying to keep her cool.

"Emilie, we don't have to do this, like I said before, we can find other ways to love." She still continued to undress, her blouse had come off and she was taking off her pants when he promised her again he wouldn't hurt her. She was down to her bra, panties, and socks. Her bra and panties were white and her socks black, she took her dark brown hair out of its bun and let it fall down to its length below her shoulders. Doubt still shrouded her completion and Griffin knew this, he could clearly see it. "Emilie," he started, "I love you, I don't want anything to hurt you. Not even myself."

"I love you, too, Griffin." She leaned into him and kissed his mantle; she looked at herself and giggled. "How do I look?"

"Beautiful." He stroked her long hair and held it to her cheek. "Absolutely beautiful." She blushed.

"You do the rest, undress me Griffin." Griffin hesitated; he slowly reached to her feet and rolled her socks off, his warm metal deck made her cold toes feel good. He reached around her back and undid the latches on her bra, the warm air in their tent flooded around her breasts and her excitement hardened her nipples. He then reached to her panties; they were already a little wet from Emilie's anticipation. He grabbed the outer side of each leg and gently pulled them to her ankles and slid them off her feet. She was now completely nude. She leaned in to his mantle and kissed it again. "I'm ready, baby."

Griffin grabbed her shoulders and carried them to his deck; he turned her head and slid her under his mantle to his lips behind it. They locked into a kiss as his driver's hatch cautiously open just enough to slide his stiff cock out from inside his cabin. Once their kiss was over he slid her out and she admired his size, it was tall and thick with a blunt curve for the head. It looked a lot like his tendrils but much larger. She turned around so that her head was closest to it; she grabbed his base with one hand and fondled her breast with the other as she licked up and down his size. One of Griffin's tendrils snaked out and comforted her vagina as her mouth comforted his cock. He was about twelve inches long, and a circumference of maybe seven or [illegible] inches. *He's big,* she thought to herself as she sucked some of his precum out of his head, *but not too [illegible] we can make this work. Oh yeah, we'll fuck.*

Once he was all lubed up with his precum and her vagina was soaked she turned around and laid down on her back. She said to put it in, to put it in slowly. He held her hips and spread her legs, he watched in anticipation as his cock inched towards her vagina. His head touched her lips and she moaned, she grunted and huffed as he rubbed his cock on her wonderful lips and pushed his way into her body. She was impressively tight, Griffin felt like he was in heaven and her moans and grunts and huffs concerned him to where he wouldn't shoot into her like he wanted to. He had manipulators grab her soft and plush C cup breasts and play with them as a tendril snaked through her pubic hairs to play with her clit. Her moans soon overpowered her grunts and huffs, and before he knew it Griffin had his cock all the way inside her tender pussy and had caused a minute bulge where his cock lies. He felt how hot she was, how amazingly tight she was, how wet she was, how fucking hot she looked, he wanted to show her just how much she turned him on but knew that would probably kill her. He held her ankles and spread her legs even more, trying to make room inside her to pump her, but when he tried to pump her she cried for him to wait. She wanted her body to adjust to his size so it would be better. He decided he could wait some more and while her vagina deflated and adjusted he talked to her.

"How do you feel?"

"Amazing! So big! So hard! Oh my god it's huge!"

"Does it hurt?" His cock twitched as it let go of some more precum.

"A little," she hesitated and moaned, "ohhhh-uuuhhhmmm, not that bad. Just big!" She wriggled to try and get off while she waited, all it did was tease her more and force him out a little more, she pushed off his mantle back onto his cock, rapidly breathing as her vagina engulfed his cock even more. "FFFFFFFuuuuck!" Griffin grunted and sighed before he massaged her body, not just sexually but to comfort her in her stressed state. She waited there for who knows how long, she slowly felt his massive size becoming less and less. "You aren't going soft on me, are you?" He flexed his cock.

"No." It inflated a little; he was still hard as ever. "Does it feel smaller?"

"Yeah." He pulled it out slowly, moaning with her, and drove it back in, grunting with her. He picked up pace until her moans were high pitched and loud, then he relaxed and enjoyed the sex as he moaned away. He pumped her in and out, steady and firm. She grabbed his mantle and her hatch and braced herself for his humps. She was filled with such dopamine and ecstasy; his big hard cock throbbed with every push and heightened those pleasurable feelings. He pumped and pumped and rubbed and rubbed her, he held her breasts and rubbed her clit making sure she felt the desire to do this again later on.

She soon started chanting "don't stop, don't stop," until she squeaked and moaned and sighed as she came hard on him. He himself had felt her climax coming he was more focused on his climax that was slowly rising. He continued pumping into her until his shivering cock was on the brink; he grunted as he rushed out and finished on her crotch, stomach, and chest. His hot semen tingled on Emilie's body and warmed her. She grabbed his cock with her legs that had been sprawled out around the driver's hatch and pulled her legs and his cock to her body. "That was amazing, Griffin!" She was breathing heavy and still grabbing his mantle. Griffin pulled in her clothes and pressed them against his body to warm them. While he did that they made out and Emilie tasted his sperm. "Mmmm, I like that." They dressed, cleaned up, and checked in with the doctors.

Fin Ch 44

You like it? How'd I do here?

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, porn, Tiger
2 Comments

The East

, 2016 by Gingyflame

This is a HaM side story, something vulgar and new. Scroll down to the bottom or read through it all to learn why I wrote this.
Enjoy?

Thirty-Four crept across the tree line against a field; her crew was on edge and was trying their hardest to see out of the vision blocks. Even though she was a newer T-34, a T-34-76 with improved vision gear her crew still had problems with the lack of ability to see out of the tank. Her small team she was part of was just hit by a German gun, a big one, too. She saw that she could escape to the hills just across the field and the gun couldn't hit her. She suggested it to the crew, the commander thought, looked around, and gave the go ahead. She ramped up her engine and threw herself across the field in an adrenaline fueled rush of power. She saw the hill come into view, she saw it coming closer and closer, saw it slowly drift to her right. She saw the scariest thing in the world on the other side.
One shot rang from Dev's gun. One shot was all an eighty-eight needs. It hit right in the middle of the Russian tank's hull and he knew that killed everyone inside. The tank came grinding to a halt in front of him; Dev couldn't help but smile. *This,* he thought, *is why I work best alone.* He noticed instantly that the tank was quivering; he loaded another shot-HE-and aimed. He thought about how easy it was to kill a Russian. They're so mindlessly predictable, they're so weak, they're so.., so small..,
"No! Please!" She screamed out. "Don't hurt me; I'll do anything you want!" *Anything?*
"Turn around and lift your tailpipe." He commanded.
Thirty-Four was terrified; she knew what was going to happen. Is it worth it? She decided it was, she turned around very slow, painfully slow, and the whole time Dev was thinking of everything he could do with her. He licked his lips as Thirty-Four's shivering body finally stopped turning and he let out his monster bow cock. It was already oozing out his precum; it dripped from his fat tip to the dirt beneath him. Thirty-Four had raised her stern and was bracing for it, for anything. She shook the dead body remnants of her disembodied crew in hopes that one could be alive. None of her old crew was alive. She was all alone, alone with whatever this tank wanted.
Dev grabbed her stern just so she couldn't go anywhere; there was a wooden board where her precious treasure was, and so he ripped he board off and chucked it away like it was a Frisbee. Thirty-Four's lips trembled, she became 'pale' and her suspension shook in fear. Dev's hands couldn't resist the temptation; his hands reached for and grabbed her pussy lips and moved them around. *So soft! So small!* Thirty-Four knew it was going to happen, she soon began to cry softly but she tried to hold her own, she tried to stand proud even still. Dev probed her twat with his fingers and spread them apart to look at just how tight she really was and his cock instantly ached at first sight. He was staring down her deep long channel and noticed how dry it looked. He simply knew she was too dry to have any fun so he toyed with her twat and rolled over her clit ball, feeling her quiver and resist in his hands and arms strengthened his desire to use her to his dirty desire.
"Please, please, sir! Please don't! Anything else but that, please!" She pleaded as her cooling fluids began cooling her vagina more and more, against her will she was ready for it. She cried even more, Dev didn't care; she was his slave to his every whim.
His cock could wait no longer; even though she continued to plead against it he moved her more onto his bow and lined his cock up with the hole. Her lips were being held apart by two hands and his cock was being guided by one hand. He pressed his head against her hole and let her lips close down on his head, she screamed for him to stop, she begged with every weld in her body. He didn't care. He forced his way deep into her pussy letting out a long drawn moan and a grunt as he reached her cervix. He knew that if he went in she might get pregnant but the idea of what it'll feel like overcame all his sympathy. He grunted and forced his way into her cervix. She stood no more. She gave in, she knew he wouldn't stop, she let her suspension go, she let her emotions go, she began to cry and scream as Dev fucked her pussy hard. He humped her hard or he used his arms to pick her up and down his massive size. His presence hurt her with how big he was and she felt his hot inside eke out inside her so small in amount but so constantly in time. Her vagina cursed her for not letting him enter sooner but she hated herself for the occasional moan of pleasure, she couldn't help the fact that the sex felt nice. Even though it was rape she still felt all the desires she's had come to life again and beg her to get more. She was at war with herself now, fighting to beat those good feelings away.
Dev felt her tight, tight pussy grab onto his cock and yet felt how she hated his presence. It made him even more enthusiastic. His humps grew faster and harder and he felt her get wetter and wetter, her pussy was telling him how much she wanted his dick but her screams and cries told him she hated him and wanted [illegible]to just go away. He listened to his own wants and let his humps grow stronger and harder, pulling her [illegible]n on his hard cock at the same time. Slowly he feels his climax approaching. He felt it build and build

until his manners took over and he raced out and stuck his cock against her left tailpipe. He moaned very loud as he came onto her ass and into her tailpipe. He pulled off and admired his spray and decided another run would be amazing, and finishing deep, deep inside would be awesome. He felt Thirty-Four start to rejoice; she thought that it was all over, that she would be relatively unscarred by this. She was very, very wrong.

He smacked his cock against her spread pussy lips and noticed she started to cry again. He stuffed himself deep inside her again and moaned aloud, relaxing and stiffening again inside her. He took this moment to grope her clit and her right tailpipe while he pumped his cock tiff. He felt her pussy constrict on him, he felt it grow hotter and felt her quiver more. "Oh, yes! Cum! Cum for me! Do it! Do it you fucking slut!" She felt extremely ashamed, she screamed as she came on him, then as she wound down she cried and tried to claw her body off of him but he held her tight. He fucked her slow and steady, making sure she really felt him ooze out his second dose of precum and feel every inch of his huge cock. He steadily felt his climax rise up, the feelings made his eyes roll into the back of his mantle. All of a sudden Thirty-Four felt a huge amount of hot fluids fill her deep insides. She was shocked; her pussy finally cried out in pleasure but she knew the consequences, she knew what followed. She trembled with fear. Dev kept her there for at least a minute as he filled her more and more, she cried aloud and wailed to the skies. As soon as Dev let her go she threw herself off of him and her hull dropped to the ground. Dev had his cock standing tall and proud, covered in his cum and her coolant.

"Look at it!" He commanded. She ignored him, he moved closer to her as she tried to move away. "Look at it!" He grabbed her gun barrel and pulled it to the side towards him. Her green eyes looked into his brown pleading no more, pleading for him to just go away. "Look at it! Look at how big it is." He waved his cock in front of her face, she tried to look around it but it was big and it caught her mind, *that is what just ruined my life*. He made sure she noticed it by smacking it against her face. "Lick it, lick it clean you slut!"

"No!" She screamed. "No! Go away! Go aw-ay-y!" She cried again, the warm tears rolled down his long shaft. "Lick. It." He ordered, with a trembling tongue she licked his shaft and pulled it back in, he ordered her to lick every inch of it. She was forced to obey. She licked from bottom to top and when she reached the top more of his cum would glop out either onto her tongue or her turret or face. Once he was clean he smiled wide and backed off, admiring the work he had done and wished he had a camera. She was crying and staring at the ground with his cum on her turret and face, some on her ass and oozing from her left tailpipe, and a tail of it oozing from her spread pussy. He turned and drove off, leaving Thirty-Four do deal with the aftermath.

Thirty-Four regained herself around midnight that night and looked for any comforting thing she could find. Her usual friends weren't there to ease her distress, the moon was dark and barren, the clouds were soulless and still, the animals were nowhere, the grass was evasive and stiff, she was alone. Tears uncontrollably streamed down from her dim and dull green eyes and her whole body aches and quivered knowing what had happened, her vagina seemed to be on fire and crying itself now knowing what it had done. Her wound on her chest burned and throbbed, she saw herself barely bleeding from it and covered it with the saw from her side. Her body barely complied with her, so much distress and anxiety and terror filled her mind and heart, and her clouded mind couldn't think of what to do. Every now and again she would completely stop and drop her hull and cry, wail, bawl, then move again. She knew that she wasn't as good as the German tanks, they could go well over 200 kilometers no problem, but she remembers barely going 20 before something on a T-34 broke; much less than that she barely had any fuel left, she was stranded.

At around dawn she felt a tight and churning pain in her gut, her mouth watered, and she felt the need to put metal in her mouth. She tried ignoring it for a while but the pain grew and grew and grew, festering and festering and festering until she could stand it no more. She searched around for anything metal but found only herself in the tall grasses. She remembered she still had ammunition, she cautiously plucked a shell from her rack and moved it through the remnants of her only company and handed it out of her driver's hatch. She stared at it, her mouth watered even more, just looking at it made her gut make a strange growling sound. As she opened her mouth and moved the shell to her mouth she shivered in terror and anticipation, she hesitated but suddenly bit down on the round and ripped it out of the canister. Pouring out the black gunpowder she thought of how good the shot tasted, the iron tang and the steel whirl filled her mouth making her smile, she bit into the brass canister and fell in love with the taste. She bit more furiously until she had devoured the whole shot. As she swallowed the final bite she felt better but she was still hungry, she went for her shots and ate three more by snapping the shot out and dumping the powder on the ground while chewing that shot. Once she had eaten the shots she moved on to the main course and devoured the canisters just like the first one. She felt satisfied and got a little creative, the little mound of powder on the ground sparked her curiosity and she tried picking up a pinch. It slipped like sand between her fingers; she licked her fingers and tried again. This time it worked and she had a coating of

gunpowder on her finger, she stuck her tongue to it and instantly reeled back. She spat at the ground and shook the powder off her finger; it was a very bitter and foul taste in her mouth. She moved on, not quite sure where she was heading however, and thought of what was going to happen to her. She figured she was going to get even hungrier and realized that her ammunition would not subsidize enough. She only knew one place where for sure she could get enough metal, only one place: her dead unit.

She moved back to them and came across the four other tanks, the fires that once ensured their destruction had long ago burnt out, but knew they still had diesel in their fuel tanks. She looked upon the dead crews and saw that some scavengers had made the dead a meal, she felt sick to her stomach at how they looked. She was disgusted by that but her thoughts of how she was to feed herself disgusted her even more. As she looked on the dead metal T-34s she knew that eventually she would nourish herself with them. It scared her out of her mind, it felt like cannibalism, like something very wrong. It felt like a sin yet it is the only option she has. She began to cry again, not only was she defiled and her pride destroyed, but now she must turn cannibal to survive, she cursed herself, she dammed that Tiger and she bawled until dusk, screaming curses and damnations upon the world. That night she did indeed grow hungry again, she tried putting it off as long as possible but she eventually gave in. She grabbed at a first production T-34's gun and tried ripping it from its socket. Instead of giving out it stayed firm, she grew furious and enraged and shook the tank hulk and beat at it until the whole turret was sheared off of its mount. She breathes heavily while looking upon her work, she exposed the two dead crewmen slumped over in their seats, and their outfits dirty and bloody and shredded by the shrapnel of a penetrating 88 millimeter round. She dropped the heavy turret to the ground and jerked off the hatch and began eating that. Sitting there eating one of her own made her cry, she sobbed as she ate the hatch and felt mournful for all the dead crewmen slaughtered by that German monster! She grew extreme hatred towards him, towards the Germans, towards the war. She munched on the T-34 hatch and thought about how much she hated that Tiger tank for an hour.

A few days later she noticed she craved different metals and materials. She noticed this because she would feel hungry and think about a material and whenever she looked at that material she became really hungry. She had eaten steel, iron, brass, copper, tin, gold, other various metals and even the rubber off of the wheels. This time it sickened her to her core, she couldn't stop thinking about flesh, about meat, she wanted it and when she thought of it her mouth watered. She had almost no meat around, she let out all the dead crewmen from the other tanks and they had been mostly eaten away by animals in the night. She did have some meat left, she still had her crew. She was growing hungrier and hungrier but she refused, she absolutely refused. They were all she had left, she talked to them, she thought them as her close friends and she refused to eat and destroy her friends. It started in the morning and by dusk she was crazy, the hunger and pain were driving her up a wall. She gave in and pulled out a rotting arm from the driver, it had a gold band on the second longest finger and shards of her and that German's round in his flesh. As she looked at the piece of man she broke into tears, she wept hard again and started yelling out 'why?' to the heavens. She could stand no more, both physically, emotionally, and mentally, and she collapsed and gave in. She slowly, with trembling hands, moved the ugly and rotting arm to her shaking mouth and wept her eyes out as she shut them tightly, for she couldn't stand to watch herself do this, and thus let her jaws sink into the flesh of her friend. She hated herself for enjoying the texture and taste, she wanted to die right there as she chewed on the flesh and bone of her crewman, and she wished that she was never even made while she swallowed. She quivered and shook madly as she ate the rest of the arm, bone and clothes included. She hoped that she would just eat that, no more flesh, no more of that, but when she still felt that want she lost all hope. A week after their encounter Dev had wholly broken Thirty-Four and everything she had, pride, hope, joy, wonder, all were destroyed because of him. She vowed to find him one day, she vowed that Stalin would send those fascist bastards back to Germany, back to Hitler, back to their families, back all in boxes and pieces. She had a burning passionate hatred; no she despised him with a veil of apathy. No amount of words from any language on the world has a word to describe exactly what intense animosity she held for that coward, that German Nazi coward.

She woke up one night in a panic, she felt absolutely terrible, like her insides were on fire and she just had to get it all out. She scrambled and chucked whatever she could out of her hatches regardless of what it was, rotting corpses, live ammunition, spent casings, a handle, some tools, all were chucked out. Once she had essentially gutted herself she caught her breath and looked at her dead friends. Even though she had grown cold to seeing their dead flesh, she had by this time eaten much of the loose body limbs, seeing them thrown about moved her. Their faces were in shock and horror, stiffened and froze in their final breathing moments when they were staring into the face of that German Nazi coward. She felt in the morning why she had that huge urge to gut her cabin, and that reason was because her cabin locked down and the whole
nbly for the commander and loader were folded into her turret with a new floor at her turret ring. This
overy both excited her and scared her. She again was hungry and as she was eating some engine parts

she worried how heavy she would get and how she would feed herself meat if she had to. She had pulled out her bow gun in her frenzy and all of its ammunition, but how was she going to use it well? She had no clue how to shoulder a weapon (it doesn't even have a butt stock and she tried to shoulder it) nor how she was going to aim it from her 'shoulder.' She was playing around with positions when she tried putting it between her eyes like her main gun. She realized she didn't have to use that anymore and so she opened the breech and stuffed the machine gun into the breach, it was a little awkward but she figured this would work best. She practiced loading it and decided to try some target practice while she could. She used a tree as her target and used her hand to carve an 'X' into the wood. She backed off about thirty yards and fired in bursts to learn exactly where it spread: to the left and down. From there she practiced using her natural point of aim to point her 76 millimeter on the target and from there adjusted to the right and up. Once she had gained a sense of mastery over her aim she decided to hunt for food. No, she thought, ambush. She gathered up her dead comrades and piled them up under the tree sat back very still, and waited. She knew the wolves would be back, all she had to do was wait. Eventually her patience paid for itself and she nabbed two wolves with one burst. She victoriously approached the wolves and ensured they were dead. With that she saved a few pieces for later bait and finally decided to bury her deceased comrades like she did the others.

"Rest in peace, friends." She finally let herself have peace; she no longer clung to the dead and found herself a sense of self-reliance. That night she rejoiced about not having to eat her friends any longer and gorged down on wolf meat.

Months passed, she ate meat only a little bit once a month from that first wolf night on and mostly metal and rubber with a couple bits of glass scattered here and there. She ate the entire turret of two T-34s and their guns, lights, and electrical systems. Every now and then she would snack on her favorite dessert: brass casings, but her meals mostly consisted of the cold cast steel of the turrets and hatches with rubber sides. She had gained a few tons and had grown very immobile, she feared that she was soon due and worried with fear and hatred of the result. She constantly had nightmares where it was a little Tiger like its father; she knew she would hate it. But all this work and all to kill this innocent child? Either way she looked she still made a long knife blade-like weapon from the side panel of a turretless tank. One afternoon she felt strange feelings inside her, it was closer to finishing. That following morning she went into labor, she screamed at the top of her lungs with pain, she cursed that German Nazi coward and her designers for the pain, it felt like her engine was being shat out her tailpipes, she pushed hard, she pushed and pushed and screamed until she felt the baby exit her body. What was happening was her womb was in her cabin at the front while her vagina and uterus are along her belly under the engine, her whole engine block was moved around the baby as it exited. Her whole entire body ached, it burned with anger, it quivered with anticipation, and as she pulled the baby around by the road wheels she drew her weapon. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth; the baby was in front of her now squirming around and grabbing at her hands. She raised her blade and opened her eyes. She saw a tiny T-34-76, just like her. Her arms buckled and dropped the blade off to the side of her, she couldn't kill this. She instantly felt rewarded; she lashed at her baby and pulled it up and on her chest right under her chin. Her eyes were tightly shut and streaming tears. She opened them and admired the hot bundle of a baby in her arms; it was only a sixth of her size and a dull gray mostly with silver areas. She noticed that the silver areas were just her placenta fluids. She cleaned her baby with her hands and tried her best to shield it from the cold springtime air of the night.

She found its eye sockets and cleaned them off, soon and shakily they opened and revealed amazing brown eyes, she instantly wanted to name it Alyona but didn't know what her baby's gender was yet. She searched around the butt plate for a slit but didn't find anything. She prayed that the brown eyes were the only trait that it possessed and searched the front lower plate. She found a slit and gently inserted a finger to find something, she did find a penis, and she had a beautiful baby boy! She rejoiced that it shared Russian anatomy and thought about a name for a boy. She came up with Adler. She hugged him and carried him to the two T-34s she used to shield herself from the winter winds and build fires by. She quickly made a fire with the still working spark plugs from the T-34 and put Adler next to the fire and blocked him from the wind. She continued cleaning him and noticed how upset he was.

"What's wrong, Adler? Are you cold?" She moved him closer to the fire but he scooted back to her and grabbed at her tendrils and tried putting them into his mouth. She hesitated because of how sharp his teeth already were and what she has done to thicker metal. She realized he was hungry instantly but wasn't sure what to do. She had her feeding tendrils under her tow hooks and felt them grow thicker and heavier as she grew closer to birthing Adler. She put one up to Adler's lips and braced for the pain but none came. Instead he grabbed it with his lips and sucked on it, Thirty-Four felt her 'milk' slip into Adler's mouth. He slowly

ed less and less until he had fallen asleep. Thirty-Four slowly plucked her nipple from his mouth and

eved it. She, too, was exhausted and wanted to just go to sleep. She pulled her son up onto her chest

and held him tight and she scooted up to the fire to keep him warm. She watched him sleep in her arms as she herself drifted to sleep.
She loved her son; she loved him more than she loved anything else in the world, more than Stalin, more than Russia, more than herself. She would do anything for him, he was her sole joy, her sole pride, her sole family and sole friend. Every day she talked to him, teaching him what she knew, helping him speak, helping him learn to crawl, rigging belts from his drive wheel to his rear road wheel so he could move using his stronger drive ability. She cared and nurtured his every need. There were nights when she felt the smallest sliver of thankfulness of that German. Only the smallest sliver. Of all the things she would teach him she would not teach him anything about where Adler came from.
“Momma, where did I come from?”
“Let’s not worry about that right now, Adler, how many bullets are in my hand?” He looked into her hand and poked at each of the machine gun bullets in her hand.
“Seven.”
“Very good! You’re such a smart boy!”
One morning in the summer Adler was awoken by a small and warm hand on his side. He opened his eyes and there was a strange animal next to him, there were two of them. They both were dirty and had tan skin with no hair on them but around their head and had green chests and black legs. They smiled at him, one waved at him and the other put down his long brown rifle and fumbled around in his side toolbox.
“Hallo. Wie lautet dein name?” The one that touched him said, Adler wasn’t really sure what he said but he thought he knew. He thought he asked what his name was.
“Adler.” The one that was fumbling around in his toolbox pulled out a big bearing and shook it at him.
“Sie möchten Ball spielen?” Adler had no idea what he said that time. He was surely asking a question, though. The two strange animals gestured for him to watch, they tossed the bearing between them. They wanted him to play catch with them. He smiled and shook his gun up and down. The two animals smiled and tossed the bearing to Adler. He expected to be a lot heavier with its size but it was really light, maybe as heavy as a wrench. It also felt strange, it was not metal. He passed it back to the one who was furthest. They passed it between them for a little while. Thirty-Four woke up to Adler’s giggling.
“What’re you up to?” She looked over to where he was giggling and saw two German soldiers next to him.
“ADLER GET AWAY FROM THEM!” She yelled sternly as she charged to him. The smiling soldiers instantly became terrified and turned to run, gathering their rifles and running off as fast as they could. Adler was scared, too.
“Mommy why? Why did you scare them away!?” She grabbed a hold of him and drug him to her side, she was breathing hard and looked angry.
“They are bad people! Do not trust them, Adler, they are nothing but rats! Terrible rats!” He didn’t feel the same way, they had done nothing to him but play with him.
“But they were nice, mommy. They didn’t seem bad to me.”
“Quiet Adler! They are all terrible rats at their core!” She went back to fix him some breakfast and left him there. He moved up and picked up the discarded bearing. He examined it with his brown eyes very carefully, he couldn’t deduce where this bearing would go so he took it to his mother. She was still angry and was ripping the metal bits off of the T-34 that had its engine deck missing; he always wondered why they were like that.
“Momma, what’s this bearing?” He handed her the bearing and she instantly knew it was not a bearing.
“This is no bearing, Adler. This is a ball. Where did you get this?”
“I was playing with the Germans with that, it’s a ball? What’s a ball?”
“It’s a game piece; you use it to play games like catch. Don’t play with those Nazi rats again.” He was quiet as she made the shards of metal into chips for Adler.
“What’s a Nazi?”
“A German. A fascist. They invade other countries and kill their people. Their disgusting leader is Hitler; he’s the Nazi that Russia will kill for the justice of the world!” She said this so pridefully, Adler still didn’t understand completely. Thirty-Four sighed in anguish. “The Nazis control this Russian soil.”
“So did Nazis do this?” He pointed at a shot hole in one of the T-34’s hull.
“Yes Adler. Cowardly Nazis did that.” She said coldly, “here’s your breakfast, Adler. Eat up.” She said blankly. She handed him his plate, an armored hatch off one of the turrets, and on that plate was the chips of armor. Adler ate his breakfast with haste and was soon ready for the day. Thirty-Four sent him off to do his tasks, collect firewood, check the traps, and switch out the filled water collectors for empty ones. That was all he had to do every day. Thirty four didn’t do as much moving but she prepared his meals and kept a close
h on him and coached him with his mobility. He never would stray too far from his mother so she could
p an eye on him and she would never take an eye off him. After the chores were done they would play

games like catch or sword fight with sticks but after that she would teach him lessons like counting, vocabulary, terminology, and what little history she knew. Whenever he asked a question she didn't know the answer to she would try her best to make one. After the lesson was usually dinner time where she fed him and they cuddled up to each other. That was Adler's favorite time, he loved his mom and loved being in her arms, he always felt good in her arms.

Months passed and Thirty-Four soon heard explosions and fighting in the distance, she grew excited every time a battle erupted. Adler would cower in her arms whenever he heard the explosions and would think of a nightmarish creature a thousand feet high stepping on T-34s with a wicked chattering laugh like his mother's machine gun. Thirty-Four stayed up most nights and it all paid off one night: the triumphant Red Army had liberated her and her son! She saw brand new and intimidating T-34 tanks proudly carrying their big and long guns in the air and red banners waving in the wind. Trucks upon trucks of battle ready infantry moved past her, she woke up Adler and showed him Stalin's proud army. She pointed out whatever she could, the heavy KV tanks still left, the AT guns, the infantry, the new T-34 tank. He was in awe of it all while his mother was inspired to steam roll the pathetic German lines.

"Are you lost?" A big tank stopped and spoke to Thirty-Four, she seemed powerful and strong. She saw the wrecked shambles of T-34s and caught a glimmer of Thirty-Four's gray shot hole. "Are you alright?"

"Yes," she said excitedly as she turned towards her and brought Adler along her side, "we're fine."

"Who are you?" Adler asked.

"Shellproof." Suddenly she spurred ahead, yelled at by an angry crew. "Come along! Follow me!" Thirty-Four put Adler on her chest and followed Shellproof, happy that she always kept her fuel tanks full. She brought her engine to life and quickly caught up to Shellproof's side.

"So what has changed?"

"Since?" Thirty-Four thought hard, when did she fall out of time? She backtracked two winters, one pregnant and one with Adler, and figured around summer 1942. "Well we lost ground, we got it back, we got bigger and better tanks like myself and the T-34-85."

"An 85 gun?"

"Yes, that's what I have; I'm the new heavy tank. I'm a Iosif Stalin One. I share the same gun as the T-34s there."

"So why did we put the 85 on the tanks?"

"To kill Tigers at their fronts." A devilish smile came over Thirty-Four, she closed her eyes and fascinated herself with the sight of his destruction. She opened her eyes and followed Shellproof on her journey.

"We're in good hands now, Adler, we will be fine." She rocked Adler to sleep on her chest and stuck with her newfound unit, staying close to Shellproof when she wasn't in combat. Even though she wasn't treated the best, neither was Adler, many soldiers helped her and we're kind to her, helping feed Adler.

Fin The East

I did this not only as an origin story for future characters but because I feel like I've put too much innocence on the Germans and made them out to be the good guys. This is to show that they raped and pillaged, to show that the German army did bad things. That said so did the Russians, and the British, and probably the Americans, too. I say probably because I've neither read nor heard anything of rape or pillaging by U.S. forces in the theaters of WWII, but that may have been censored by officials, while there is definite evidence of rape and pillaging in Vietnam. So the chances of it in WWII are just as strong. Will I write about rape again? Probably not. No side on the war was clean and pretty, both for sure carpet bombed unarmed and peaceful cities and both also fought to protect those people. What matters in the end is that the corrupt Nazis were ended; the atrocities the Nazis committed make this rape, make Al Qaeda, make ISIS look like children in over their heads. The SS would laugh at the threats of ISIS, the beheading of their innocent people would fill them with rage but not one would flinch. After, they would raid a village with no connection to ISIS, other than country and religion, round up every man in a mosque, every woman and child in big houses, and chuck grenades and bombs into the buildings, fire their weapons through the walls and barred door, then end with blazing the whole village until ash remained. Then they would feast on top of the ashes and have a merry time before they moved on to rinse and repeat at another village until they felt vengeance had been reached. This is the things the SS divisions like 'Das Reich' did, other atrocities included hanging 119 men from the street lamps and posts, of only 2 were resistance fighters, rounding up 'Jews' and using firing squads to kill them, either leaving the dead there or killing them atop a mass grave. The things they did were indescribable and hopefully will only be seen by footage and never again in the

and yes the Wehrmacht did participate in this that was by enlistment and orders of SS officers. The

e reason why concentration camps were even conceived was because units on the eastern front were

becoming so demoralized by all the mass shootings. No, not every Wehrmacht soldier knew about these atrocities, when walked through the concentration camps they were horrified just as much or more than the nearby citizens, the fact that they stood and bled and fought for that drove a few crazy and they committed suicide in the following years. Imagine the thought that your leader, the man or woman or idol that saved your nation, that saved your family from extreme poverty and rebuilt your life to prosperity and entrusted you to protect them and their belief for the betterment of the world. Now imagine walking through a death camp, the fences lined with bodies that stacked as tall as your house, nude and frail bodies barely breathing staring you in the eye. Imagine what hell that would do to you, the fact that you fought for this, and yet the SS that survived are still among us today and most aren't even phased by it.

baby, Gingyflame, porn, pregnant, T-34, Tiger
3 Comments

HaM Ch 43

April 19, 2016 by Gingyflame

This post is long and absolutely packed with stuff.
Enjoy!

Ch 43
Time passed, time passed like a breeze, the German captives adjusted to the death, the pain, the feelings of traitors, and they were kept busy enough to have time slip by faster than ever. At any given point Hansel could tell exactly what he did the day before, but couldn't tell you anything different. It all blurred into one, they all lost that drive to aspire, that drive to have their brains track exactly what they were doing. They were mindless drones doing the same routine again and again. That all changed when Bastogne was recaptured. The German tanks were sent out again, this time they knew who they were getting: Fritz and Jäger. They were found backed into a building, Jäger, in defiance of a mobile Sherman, threw her ass into a building to keep the Sherman away. By her face Marion knew she had been long ago defeated. Jäger's face looked utterly gone, she was almost soulless, and her faceplate looked a bit paler in some weird way. She had a white cloth on her bow and Fritz wasn't too far away, his added skirt armor was shredded away and Jäger had thrown hers away, they found it at the old campsite, probably in depression. Fritz was heavily battle damaged, he had been swarmed by Shermans in tight streets and he was easily shot with no retaliation, he gave up and white flagged when Jäger apparently refused to help. Fritz and his crew were by Jäger, all silent. They all looked defeated, but Jäger and Edwards looked worse off than all. Not the reunion of Marion or Rosa or their friends could help. Not even Mini, the first one to ever befriend her, could help.
"What else can we do to get to her? You're her first friend!" Marion exclaimed in anguish. She really hated not being able to help.
"Actually," Mini said solemnly as he thought of what may have happened, "Irish was her first friend." Just mentioning Irish made her lips quiver and her eyes tear up. With that they turned to Edwards and Fritz.
"It wasn't too long ago. It started when there was another bombing raid or artillery or some other pussy form of combat. Either way one caught Jäger's crew. None of them made it. She was nearly useless then, she doesn't know how to use herself, only knows how to fire and aim and move. She was messed up bad by that, she clung to me and Irish with all the hope she had. We tried helping her, E as well, so did Edwards, but the only ones who could perk her were myself and Irish."
"Were, as in, you could?" He nodded. "What happened?" …
"Jäger, come on Jäger we gotta go!" Irish yelled out as he threw on his jacket, Fritz was trying to push her away from the center of the square. "Jäger move your ass! They're coming!"
"Who?" She asked halfheartedly. She was still depressed but she was talking, at least.
"The allies!" E pulled out of her cubbie of rubble and turned around, she boosted Irish up onto her turret.
"You two can take them." She slurred out.
"We can't kill planes!" Edwards yelled, he was mounting the dual MGs onto Fritz's gun slide above the Cupola. "Move your asses!"
"Fine! Fine! I'll move!" She gave in and pushed off, Fritz pushed her up to twenty-two kilometers an hour.
"Thank you, baby!" Fritz yelled. E had better mobility than both of them despite her excessive armor and
edly took to the lead of the three. Irish was sitting 'heads up' in his commander's cupola.
"Don't worry E, I've never been hit by a plane and I never will, we'll make it." He calmed her, the three races

out towards the tree line to disappear into the foliage. They came to another square, it had a huge fountain in the middle and a tight turn, E ran into the fountain and turned, the brick and mortar wedged into her tracks. It slowed her down. She was just getting over the fountain when the worst pain she's ever had hit her in the ass. It was to the right of her engine, just below the vents and radiators. It hit her fuel tank.
Unbeknownst to them an American M5 three inch anti-tank gun burrowed into the rubble and hidden behind foliage that had just had the luckiest penetration in history. Fire erupted from her engine deck and the ruptured fuel tank, E panicked, Jäger watched and panicked, Irish instantly went in to go through the back hatch and put out the flames when E stopped him. He strained to help her, but she cried no. She was dragging him out of the hatch, he restrained, and he cried that he wasn't leaving her, he wouldn't leave her. "Irish!" She yelled over him, getting his attention. "Irish you have to leave! You can't stay, I won't let you! Live on! Go!" He still refused; she had her turret turned over her flank and tears streaming down her turret. She brought him to her lips and they locked into a kiss. Jäger, Fritz, and Edwards were surprised by this, the whole time the two were bickering, at each other's throats, completely unlikely. Once they unlocked E smacked his Walther P38 into his hand and thrusted him at Jäger. Jäger caught him and held him tight, E commanded they leave now. They obeyed.
They circumvented that street and escaped into the woods. The planes made their runs and left, they started off back to the base. On the way Irish was extremely distraught, Jäger had him on her engine deck and Fritz was pushing her. Edwards and Fritz were watching him closely, everyone was. He kept eying the Walther; he examined it, smiling randomly. "Fritz," Edwards said, "is there a mag in that pistol?" Just then Irish chambered the pistol with a huge grin on his face. Edwards's heart raced and he was about to lunge when Fritz held him back.
"No." Irish instantly turned the pistol upside down and stuck his finger down the mag well. He fingered it until he had pulled out a folded card, he unfolded it. It was a picture of him and E, before they expressed themselves to each other. It was right before they left for Prinz Eugen, in the picture Irish was smiling and so was E. Genuinely smiling. Irish tucked the pistol away and looked into E's eye in the picture. It was a small corner shot of her left flank with himself atop her in the commander's cupola, in view was her armored skirt, a slim shot of the tracks and the sprocket, and it ran as far back as behind the turret ring and as far forward as the lamp on her bow. He loved that picture; she looked so beautiful in the picture and so happy. He knew leaving her was a mistake, he couldn't leave her alone like that; he was going to make it right and go back to her. He vowed to return to her and to be with her for whatever may come. Once they returned to base he stood up and hopped off Jäger's stern. He walked in front of Jäger so that she could see him and said goodbye. His face gave away his intention, Jäger was hurting but she knew he would be hurting much more than she would be. She hugged him and let him go, he went and said his goodbye to Fritz and Edwards and walked off down the road. A squad of riflemen raised their rifles towards his back.
"Shoot him and I'll crush you slowly beneath my treads." Jäger boomed dark and serious as ever. The infantry instantly lowered their rifles. Tears were streaming down her face; she had lost her first friend. As he disappeared into the white Jäger lost it, she ripped off her extra armored skirts in a fit of anger and threw them down. She retreated into herself, she hid inside her mind. She went silent from then on, and as the memory of her first friend walking into the white nothingness engraved itself forever onto her memory she clutched herself where he painted her name in bold letters.

JÄGER

Edwards was hurt bad, too, the two of them went all the way back to Irish's first assignment. Back when he was known by his name, back when he worked with the artillery more than anything, back when the war was victorious. Back when war was nothing but a march through a foreign country. Now, now it's a hellish struggle of man and machine verses man and machine. A bloody and seemingly fruitless fight to the death and for what? Edwards thought. *For a mad man with a temper.* He concluded…
"That's how we're here. That's why she is like this." Fritz leaned into her; he held her and tried his best to comfort her. "You didn't find them dead, did you?" Jäger looked desperate once he said that, she visibly shook with fear, she moved out of the rubble crawling towards Marion and Hansel. She said the first thing she's said in days.
"Please!?" They all looked to each other; a Major near with them said that Hansel and Marion have been on absolutely every recovery mission of German armor.
"We haven't found anything." The Major's face suddenly lit up.
"We found the only thing that could have done that! An M5 gun and its crew were in the rubble of a parliament building. They had only a few shots left. They might have done it." He suddenly regretted telling them that. Jäger's face begged for more. "Yeah there was a fountain in the view; it was fucked up, too. Big [illegible] ripped it to shit. But no tank anywhere. Just a half track in the road." Jäger's face brightened, hope of a [illegible] came back to her. She trembled with excitement and grabbed onto Fritz. One of her arms came across

an injury of his, a Sherman shell lodged into his armor, without any remarks she ripped it out to his pain and put it on his deck.
“Now what about us?” Fritz asked. “Are we scrap?”
“No.” The Major said. “Neither you or that female Panther A we found earlier will be scrapped. None of you. With you and the Panther A you will both be conditioned to repair yourselves, to heal.” With that Edwards and his crew were marched back to the American base as POWs and Jäger and Fritz were escorted back as experiments.
The Americans pushed harder, kicking German ass out of France and taking heavy casualties at the same time. The Germans were brought up as well, doing their usual tasks, and they came across the wrecks of their old friends more and more. Eryka and Inbred were the next ones to be captured. Eryka had no ammunition for her 15 centimeter and no fuel. They said that it was all down to the wire, that the end was close for the living machine battalion. More destruction ensued. The Hummels were found, the sister pregnant with the only surviving crew member’s baby, the brother extremely unhappy with the pregnancy followed closely by the Marder II, and then it died down for three days. On the fourth day the battalion was done for. Marion and the German tanks capable and trusted were moved to the front to sway the rest to come peacefully. They came across Hetz flipped and Aston under her bow soothing her worries. More tanks, then they came upon the worst one yet. Frau and Canine. They were together, but Frau was bawling, her left track was about eight meters behind her, claw marks in the ground showed how she struggled to get to Canine. He was dead. Canine’s turret had been blown off by an ammunition detonation. Frau was pleading with God for his return, she pleaded, and she didn’t care what it would cost him or her for him back. She pleaded, she cried, she bawled, she had lost him yet still refused to leave him. They left her there; they were all shocked how he was actually dead. His turret had his eyes shut, when Marion opened an eye lid a pale and blank eye returned the gaze. He was actually dead. They came upon Dora and Ferdi next, shortly Porscha after. Later, just outside of the next town they found Allison. She too, was dead. Many penetrations on her side and the fuel and the turret. Inside remnants of Major Idek were found. A shot had torn through Allison’s turret and obliterated his chest and stomach area. Nazi Idek was no more. Neither was his Nazi tank. When Marion opened her eyes she saw fear, pain, confusion, all wrapped and packed into her eyes. It chilled Marion. The Major, however, was quite interested in the tank. General Patton was sitting in his jeep while gas was being put in and the Major approached him with an offer.
“General Patton, sir.”
“Mornin’ Maj, how’re things with the Breathers?” Breathers was the nickname that the G.I.s gave to the living tanks, Rosa, Chuck, Tiger, Cindy, all of them were called Breathers.
“All is well, sir. That tank wreck there, sir. I want it.” General Patton looked at it, it was in too shit condition to be of any use outside of scrap or target practice. He turned back to the Major expecting a reason. “I want to keep that armor line in my factory, sir; I want that tank ‘cause of the hell they raise and the shit they brush off.”
“So how do you want it?”
“Name a price, sir.” General Patton dropped his head back and thought, he knew the Major had a good pool of wealth, and that his car factory was making Sherman tanks for Uncle Sam.
“Uhh, I’ll sell it for six grand.” The Major reeled but accepted the price immediately. The Major arranged the payment and once it was settled out Patton gave orders to move Allison’s wreck to a specific location. “A pleasure doin’ business with ya.”
They pushed forth. The allies were far ahead of the next town, but Hansel knew this town. He felt the blind hatred, rage full and destructive super hatred. He felt pain and deprivation, he absolutely hated this place. He was sick terribly and he hadn’t even seen a map or looked out a viewport. He felt it. As Marion crossed the bridge and tried to comfort Hansel Meats exclaimed for Hansel. Four wooden crosses stood by the road, and by those crosses sat Faust. She was cheery, and fine, when Meats told him that Hansel grew disgusted, he grew furious towards her. He questioned how she could be alright with losing Anton and that’s when Meats said Anton was sitting on her roof. Hansel was in disbelief. He exploded out of the cupola and cried, cried like a baby. There, sitting atop her turret, was Anton. Waving as allied vehicles passed him. “Go Hansel,” was all Marion said. Hansel threw himself out of Marion, he ran towards Anton with open arms, Faust tossed Anton down and he ran to meet Hansel. Hansel wrapped around Anton bawling out his eyes and felt so relieved. It’s an indescribable feeling, knowing that you lost someone so dear to you only to see them alive and healthy before your eyes. Hansel wasn’t a man of God but at that moment he believed more than anything in miracles.
“Anton! Oh my God, Anton! ANTON!” Faust moved up to them with a smile on her face.
“I couldn’t believe it, either.” She pulled the two of them aside so they didn’t obstruct the flow of supplies to the front. Anton and Hansel dropped to their knees and after what seemed like forever did they release each

other. Hansel's face had become flushed red with emotion.
"How? Anton how? What happened?"
"Faust saved me, but that's all I know."
"That's all he remembers, I've told him a few times." Faust said before she started explaining what happened.
"So as the fire was leaking into my cabin I felt Anton barging on his hatch but it wasn't giving. I panicked, and I wrapped him up with everything I had. He was in a whole wrap of my arms when my few rounds exploded. The blast caught the others," she paused and glanced at the four crosses, thinking of what she could have done to save them, "and so I saved Anton with my armored arms. I didn't know that the blast had knocked him out and so as he was unconscious I thought he was dead. I held his throbbing body thinking it was just my arms reacting until he woke up that night."
"Yeah," Anton said sad, remembering what they did afterwards, "that's when we collected the body parts and dug the graves." Faust and he looked gloomy, Hansel never really met her crew, he sat next to her commander once during a briefing but that was all.
"We found him some clothes and some spare metal to fix me up." Hansel didn't even notice that Anton had changed clothes; he was in clothes that badly fit him and thus made him look like some teenager who lost his clothes, probably the reason why he wasn't arrested by the Americans.
"He looks like shit." Hansel said, pulling on the blue women's blouse Anton was wearing. "Why did he change clothes?"
"I didn't want anyone to come take him from me, and his clothes were dirty, I'm still washing them now."
By then Marion had worked her way across the bridge and had gotten off to the side of the road. Hansel was trying to make Anton's clothes not look so bad when he noticed Anton's veins were darker like Inbred's and he seemed heavier.
"Faust did you..?" Hansel wasn't too sure how he liked this change on Anton. Faust explained she did it so that nothing could hurt him anymore. Hansel sat in silence, Inbred had been converted, and back before Cindy someone recommended it to Marion, but it was sketchy. Neither had the confidence in it. "So.., Anton, how do you feel?"
"Great!" He said, Hansel didn't find anything different with his voice, it was excited and giddy as always. "I'm a little cold but look at me, I have no clothes." Marion changed the subject.
"Faust you should hold on to Anton, soon the docs will find you and they might try to separate you." Faust instantly grabbed Anton and pulled him up to her hood.
"No they are not." She declared, she held Anton tight against her glacis plate and wrapped a blanket around him. She was adjusting the blanket and it made Anton look like an old hermit lady. The day Hansel introduced Marion to the others returned to his memory, his little witch voice. It's been forever since he's done that, he gave it a shot and sure enough he made his shrill little laugh. "What the-?"
"Sorry, just making sure I still had my witch laugh." Marion shuddered with that painful memory of having to show herself. Hansel and Marion remember it very differently. Marion saw Cindy with a box of MREs on her back; she was whistling a tune until she saw Marion. She yelled out for Marion and raced her way across the bridge; she came to a stop just at Marion's side and hugged her.
"Hi Cindy! Where's Chuck and Katelyn?" Marion asked returning the hug.
"They're in the back helping move trailers." Cindy had grown attached to Katelyn and Chuck as family but she still entrusted Marion and Hansel with everything, they were still her immediate family in her eyes.
"Looks like your tracks don't fit anymore, Cindy." Faust said. She pulled on Cindy's tracks, indeed they were loose and a little overlapping.
"Faust!" Cindy exclaimed, she jumped back and rolled into her side hugging her, too. "Yeah they're my bigger ones. Chuck says I'll fit 'em in a few months. Are you okay?" She backed away and looked at the shot hole in Faust's side. It was just under her most rear return roller and had started healing and made visible progress.
"I'm fine, so is Anton." Cindy looked confused.
"Isn't he in heaven?"
"No, I'm right here!" He flipped off the blanket hood and showed her.
"Oh! Hi Anton!"
"Hello!" By this time Zwei had caught up with them. Geoff was playing with his little brother and Mez was asleep inside Zwei. Cindy noticed Zwei and introduced Zwei to Faust and Faust to Zwei. Zwei had met another Panzer IV before but it wasn't like Faust with her extra armored skirts, it was only a Panzer IV G. They talked, Hansel reminisced in the fact Anton was alive, and Marion rested and talked with Cindy about Cindy's ideas for making everyone happy. Marion pulled out a chunk of wood she's been whittling and continued
ith her project. Cindy saw it and asked.
at's that? Is that like what Hetz gave Aston?"

“Yes. I’m trying to make a cat like Franz, you remember Franz, right?”
“Yeah, it’s Fritz’s cat.” Saying his name made Cindy uncomfortable, even though he had only hurt her once it permanently scarred her mind. “What happened to Jäger? She was all sad and my hug didn’t help her.”
“She lost a friend. A very close friend.”
“Will she be alright? Who was her friend?”
“She’ll be fine after some time.”
“So who died?”
“Do you remember a man we called Irish?” Cindy’s face showed her thinking.
“I think so,” she thought harder, “he had red hair and was always with that tank that looked like you. E? Yeah. Is he dead?” Marion was silent.
“Who knows?” Cindy felt Marion’s discomfort; she hugged Marion thinking that her discomfort was sadness, it wasn’t. Instead of sadness it was confusion, confliction. *Why didn’t we find them?*
They had to push on. Faust was inspected by the doctors and her wounds were assessed, she was healing just fine. Rosa and Kramia were doing fine with their pregnancies and were being well fed. Mini personally donated his crushed armored skirts for Kramia and made sure she was always warm and her needs were fulfilled. Hansel had developed a little hobby of making note of their collection of German tanks captured; the most notable one who was not on the list was Griffin. Almost every tank by this time was captured in the allied advance or, sadly, killed off. He checked on where they were all going and the vast majority was going to a little village in France with a name none of them knew how to pronounce, even Canine’s remains are going there. Frau, as he learned, absolutely refused to leave his side, they had effectively become one tank.
One night when Kramia drug Mini out to the woods for their time off it made Whacker feel uncomfortable and lonely. He wanted to talk to her and get any tips he can, maybe Mini, too. But in the end Kramia probably knows what Russian tank women want most. He tried his hardest to try to think of a way to talk to her about the subject without making it seem like he was trying to steal her from Mini. That was one of his worst fears, being accused of cheating or attempting to cheat. He thought and thought. He’d have to wait until Mini went off to bring it up so that he didn’t get defensive and so that Kramia could still keep some secrets from Mini. He got it all down packed before they came back.
He waited until the next day. Kramia wasn’t going to be checked for at least an hour after Mini so while Mini was going through his inspection Whacker brought it up with Kramia, she wasn’t at all offended or flattered. She was quite blunt with him, more than he anticipated, in actuality. “They’re most likely just looking for affection. All that alienation does its toll on them and they are more likely to flock to the affectionate person and flee their old ranks. That’s how Mir got me, he cared for me, supported me. That’s all you need to do is show that you care.” It made him happy. “But then again if there is someone they are with on the Russian side then they will be attached to them stronger than anything. So don’t rush in but rather test them, spark up a friendly conversation with them first. If they’re a little wayward towards you and they draw close to you then they are probably single.” With that she sent him off. “Shoo, shoo, figure the rest out yourself.”
Fin Ch 43

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, WWII
Leave a comment

HaM Ch 42

April 12, 2016 by Gingyflame

Here’s chapter 42! This is a long one, guys. It’ll be worth the extended wait.
Enjoy!
Ch 42
Banker shifted the gear inside Betty, the engine slurred before it roared to full power again. A seamless transition of gears while he gauged the track set up for his qualification. He pulled the left track’s handbrake and hit the clutch, shifting the left track’s gear and turning Betty on the dirt road and righting her flawlessly. An outsider couldn’t see and change in power, Banker had quickly mastered Betty’s controls like he did with Marion’s and he was driving Betty around the track almost gracefully with precision and accuracy; every turn was on point and beautiful. He finished the track and brought her to a stop right next to General Patton’s jeep. Patton smiled, as Banker opened the hatch and stood up General Patton congratulated him.
that was some of the best driving I’ve ever seen. You earned that spot.” He turned, but turned back and pointed. “But we’ll be watching you. Watching very closely.”

“Thank you, sir!” He eagerly said. He just made Betty’s crew. She grabbed his arm excitedly; as the General’s jeep drove away she turned him around and kissed him. “I did it!” He turned around and fell into the chair; he relaxed himself into the chair, holding his hand over her hand still clasping his shoulders. She closed the hatch above him and reached into his hand.
How do you feel?
I’m so relieved! You have no idea how stressed I was just then! Oh god I’m so glad that’s over. So what do we do now?
I think we should meet the rest of the crew. Phil isn’t going to be happy.
Phil was Chuck’s driver, right?
Mmhmm.
What’re the other names?
Uhh, Sam is the gunner, Dick is the loader, Joshua was the commander, and Hal is the assistant driver.
Well let’s go break it to them. Banker seated himself and drove her where she told him to drive her. She felt so pampered being driven around; she could completely relax and let herself flow. She felt like she was gliding over the snow, like a bird soaring over the ground, she never felt like that. Her last driver was choppy and sporadic with the controls while Albert was smooth, firm but comfortable, and seemingly one with herself.
Turn here, Albert. Banker brought her to a halt, put both her tracks in reverse and elevated the reverse gear of her right side to back up left before he slipped her into forward. They came upon the boys and broke in the news. The boys all huddled around Phil, who was very pissed, and tried to keep his hot head cool. Phil eventually stormed off to find Chuck, while the others talked to Banker. While they had met before they still didn’t trust him, they didn’t either when they first met (they all slept with their pistols under the pillow and a man awake on watch) and the only reason that they allowed it in the first place was because Betty was there; she would separate the guys.

“How do you feel, Kraum?” Mini was holding Kramia to his side with her chin snuggling his side and her gun inter his mantle. He was combing through the engine vents on her back to soothe her and massaging her gun barrel. She had tears coming down her eyes; she did plan for kids, but she felt like she was being forced to do this. Mini constantly assured her that she wasn’t being forced to do anything, and he assured her again. “Honey, you know they’re asking, they aren’t telling. You don’t have to do this.” He kissed her gun barrel. “It’s all up to you, Kramia.”
“Maybe,” she stammered out, “but what else are we supposed to do?” She leaned in more to his side. Since she had been included into the German army Mini’s added skirt armor was pushed against his hull by their cuddling, effectively ruining its purpose. “It’s not like we have a choice.”
“But you do.”
“Mini! If I don’t do it then it’ll look bad on us! We have to do what they want or else we will lose!” She was extremely emotional; she clung to Mini’s side and buried herself even more into him. He understood her standpoint, appease the captor to survive, but he didn’t see the Americans as like that. Unlike the Russians that she knows or the Germans that they’ve seen, the Americans are much more respectful, they still treat their prisoners as prisoners but they still retain that humanity in it all. He didn’t think that Kramia would be harmed. But she didn’t see that.
“Baby, they aren’t like the Germans and they are not the Russians. They will not harm you.”
“How do you know that? Huh? What if we refuse and they split us? They cut us open and examine what we are?” Mini himself didn’t have proof but he knew someone that did. He opened her driver hatch and set her to neutral and carried her to a road. A few minutes passed and Tiger came passing by loaded with ammunition. Mini followed by her side and asked some questions.
“Tiger, have the Americans ever mistreated you?” She frowned.
“Like how?”
“Dice into you, cut you, separate you from your friends, that kind of abuse.”
“No, none that I didn’t ask for.” Mini smiled and glanced to an observing Kramia, “well, they put me on the front during the Italy skirmish.”
“So did they send you on suicide missions or impossible feats, or in other ways cause you harm?”
“Again, none that I didn’t ask for, but they sent me up against my own, that was the worst they did to me without my consent.” She went on. “As long as you are fine with killing your own nationality then you should find nothing wrong with the Americans.”
“Have you ever said no?” Kramia asked.
’ ve said no before, that I’ve done.”
. they reprimand you?” Mini asked.

“No.” She answered fast. Kramia suddenly asked another question.
“Wait, why do you mean, ‘none that I didn’t ask for,’ what did you ask for?” She chuckled.
“Well, I like it a little rough.” Kramia and Mini were a little shocked.
“With who?” She winked at Kramia.
“The boys.” There was a tense silence. “Boys are boys, and boys like girls.” Another tense silence. “And I’ve probably done more experimenting than the doctors have. I’ve even played with another girl, but that’s my little secret.” That part punched the two in the face. Mini slowly lagged behind Tiger trying to understand what she had said. Kramia didn’t notice him stopping, but she was considering that child now.
“Mir, how much did she say again?”
“More than the coats.”
“Do you think she’d be down for a three way?”
“What!?”
Later Kramia was with Mini near the doctor’s tent. The group in study was going through their daily physical and Kramia promised an answer by the end of the day. She had her answer and she wanted Mini to hear it first. She wasn’t sure how to tell him, she was scared he wouldn’t commit, she would always look to her surroundings for answers. In Russia there was no God, only Stalin, but what Kramia did have was nature, she had her surroundings to help her. So this moment she felt the chilling wind flow against her, the warmth from her Mir against her skin, the fluttering birds and the drifting clouds, it all felt like a perfect day. It was relaxing, and the snow looked pure, it was calm, and the air was full. She mustered her strength and whispered it to Mini. “Mir, I want our child.”
“Huh?” It was so sudden it caught him off guard. “You, you do want it?” She looked into his brown eyes, she was solid. “Are you sure you want it, Kraum, you really don’t have to do this. You know that.”
“I know that, but I do want our baby, I want this. I want our child. Please Mini, this isn’t for them, this is for us. Think about it, we can finally start our family that we dream about.” She had closed her eyes and buried herself in his side, the thought of family warming her heart, and Mini held her close and tight.
“Kramia, my sweet, precious, Kramia, I want you to be happy. I want you to think about it, we can wait until after the war, we can wait for this.” He kissed her gun and held her hands; he stroked her commander’s cupola like it was hair. She readjusted herself and brought him as close to her as she could get.
“Mir, I do want this. Please, please let me have this child.” She felt him think, his hull warmed and he ‘hmm’d as he thought. He turned his turret to her and kissed her gun closer to her body.
“As long as you are happy, Kraum.” The doctor came out and asked the question. Was Kramia going to have a child?
“Yes.” She said in her improving English. “Yes. But I want control over it.”
“All of it.” Mini demanded. “Give her control over the whole process, the forming, the birthing, and the raising.” The doctor waved his hand.
“Yeah, yeah, of course, of course!” He picked up a clipboard and started jotting down notes. “So you two will be given an hour of personal time each day to do your thing in the woods, Kramia you will be monitored to ensure you and the fetus are healthy, Mini-Rommel you will be regularly checked, as you already are, but now for the active production of spermatozoa-” Mini cut him off.
“Whoa, what?”
“They just hold a stethoscope up to your balls, that’s all.” Chuck said. “I have to do it, too.” The doctor nodded and continued with his elongated spiel.
“We will feed Kramia regular and adequate materials as she so desires and Mini-Rommel you will be fed so that your spermatozoa produces regularly..,” he paused for a breath “AND right now you will be cleaned and prepped, Kramia.” Kramia’s eyes widened.
“What?” Mini held her. The doctor explained.
“You’re covered in rust, you need a good cleaning, and we need to make sure your cabin is healthy enough for pregnancy. Don’t worry; we’re only going to clean you up like you’re fresh off the line.” About five minutes later a team of mechanics appeared, they shook hands with Kramia, promised not to do too much, and they began. Over her months of being careless she had completely lost the ability to maintain herself. While her crew minimally did anything to her as it was they did at least ‘pamper’ her outside. They took much pride in her appearance and would scrub out and paint over any and all rust that was found. But when she killed her crew and deserted she didn’t have the knowledge, skill, or tools to clean herself. Mini didn’t care what she really looked like, he loved her the same, but now that she was to be pregnant that all changed. He helped the team clean her, he combed over her body, scanning every inch for deficiencies, and after a long day’s work they finished-her outside. They then opened up the inside and turned on lights for [illegible]unlight was fading. The team gawked at the remnants of her old crew. When one asked how that got [illegible] she said that the Russians ‘earned what was coming to them’ and scared them back to work. Another

good long time later she was finished. Her ammunition was recovered, her knickknacks that she collected like pretty stones, some rifle rounds, a helmet from the Russian army, a fur cap, some empty vodka bottles (the ones that still had some left were tucked away in her only spare fuel tank left with a false hatch on it) and a smaller gift from Mini-Rommel, they were all out into small boxes and strapped to her side opposite the 85's side. Her inner machine guns were removed and placed in her turret so that when it closes they will still be inside her. Once they were all done the team went to chow and then to bed. Mini and Kramia would have sex tomorrow because the allocated hour had already passed that day. Kramia was excited, she held on to Mini with every hand she had, a huge smile on her face, and bright and cheery eyes looked at him, those eyes also made him excited.

"Kramia," he said, "tomorrow night when we do this, I want you to look at me." She was confused.

"Mir, I don't think we can do that," she turned her gun around and waved it up and down, "you can't get on." Mini looked around in the dark and saw nobody.

"I'm going to use this," his little driver's viewport hatch on his bow opened and out slithered a long and thick-limp-cock. Kramia grabbed it in her hand; a naughty smile came over her face.

"I think," she said as she spun her turret around, "that we should test its use first." She rubbed up and down its shaft. It filled and grew consistently; it grew and grew to her surprise almost four times its original size.

"Wow, Mir! I'm impressed!" She grabbed it with two hands and slapped it against the side of her turret. "This thing is bigger than I thought!" Its length was about how tall her turret was and it was a good thickness. She licked the side of it; acquiring his exquisite taste and delectable texture. Mini moaned and shuddered, he extended his cock's reach some more she could lick it all, and lick it she did. She licked all around his cock head; she licked under his split and drug her tongue up to the top.

"You like it rough, Kraum?" She mmhmm'd in response; he suddenly shot his cock deep into her mouth. She was shocked for a second but drug her tongue back into her mouth slowly, bringing in whatever cock wasn't in her mouth already. Mini was in total bliss as she sucked his cock, she licked his long cock, jerked it in and out of her mouth and rubbing his head on her mouth roof, she worked his shaft, and grabbed one of his hands and shoved it into her leaking pussy. He grabbed and fondled the clit bulb, he massaged and spread her lips, and he sent two snaking tendrils deep into her tailpipes. Kramia closed her eyes tight and quivered under Mini's harsh loving.

Whacker was walking along the imbedding path that Kramia and Mini were making. He wanted to check and see if Kramia was or was not going to have a child. He was thinking in his head what that would look like; there were many different ideas in his mind. He chuckled quietly as he thought of a big T-34 hull with two turrets, one stacked on the other, because a choice wasn't made between the two. Suddenly he stopped as he saw the two. He saw them love making. He had walked in on some friends doing it before, but, something about the sight of Kramia made him stay. It wasn't at all her person, rather how she was styled. The rivets on her ass portion caught his eye and locked it, her 'cheeks' as Mini put it shone into his stare; her beautiful pussy captured his mind and robbed his lust of women away. He had to have one. Not Kramia, he would never touch another man's woman, but rather he would find another tank, another Russian at that. The thought of another T-34 tank on his lap erected his wrench and it wanted to turn some gears. He forced his feet to back away, he strained to release his gaze off of Kramia's sensitive area, and he broke contact and hurriedly left to go to sleep and dream of naughty Russian tank women.

Mini was barely holding on to his load, Kramia felt this and slowly took him out but before she could pull him completely out her shot his cock back in and came. He filled her mouth with a big load, she was shocked again but she liked how aggressive he was, she slowly pulled out his throbbing cock and stared into his eyes with a naughty glare. A dirty smile came across her face and his sperm were seeping through her teeth. She barely opened her mouth instinctively and the pool of sperm in her mouth made Mini's shrinking cock flood back to full strength. As she swallowed and licked her lips Mini grabbed her ass.

"Bring me that pussy!" He said in Russian, he pulled her around to his bow and pulled her stern up to his elevated mantle. Her pussy was dripping hot fluids onto his deck and it was bleeding heat like a furnace. He licked and lapped at her pussy, shoving Kramia straight into nirvana. She started breathing heavily as he used his lips to gather hers and gently nibble on her clit. She instinctively grabbed his cock with her hands and tendrils and started jerking him.

"OH fuck yes! Eat me, Mir! Eat me! Eat me like a bitch!" She yelped, the pain of his teething mixed with the ecstasy of their loving and she had never been hornier. She furiously stroked his cock, it's huge and warm size made her pussy plead that it be forced inside her. She wanted it, she wanted to be fucked, she wanted to be bent, bent like the bitch she was and fucked raw. She felt his cock start throbbing and soon Mini came again, squirting his load all over her belly but she didn't care, not at all. She shook and quivered and

'enly burst, she wailed into the sky as she came on his face. Her hot juices smothered his face and

ed into his mouth. He did as Kramia did and left it to pool in his mouth. Kramia leapt off of him and

grabbed his still oozing cock and put it on her oozing pussy. She turned her turret around and looked at him, his smile had her juices seeping through it, through his teeth she saw a pool of her innards in his mouth, and it made her pussy feel like fire. She couldn't take any more; she threw herself into his cock and yelped out, "FUCK ME MINI! Bend me like a BITCH and FUCK ME! Fuck me like a dirty whore! Fuck my brains out! Fuck me till I scream in pain!"

"You dirty slut! You'll feel me yet!" He grabbed her ass with his larger hand manipulators and picked her up. He flexed his dick as he powered his suspension into overdrive. He launched his cock all the way into her, her heat gave him intensity, her tightness gave him motivation, her noises made him stronger, and their love gave him the will. His thrusts were denting her 'cheeks' but her screams of 'it hurts so good' made him keep it up. He had well enough broken through her cervix and was making damn sure it stayed open forever. Kramia had never felt like this before, Mini's intensity was more than enough to please her, and her adjustment that she previously made for his 'smaller package' meant that he was absolutely massive. She felt overwhelmed with his size and every hump he made hurt her drive sprockets in the best way. She was moaning and covering her mouth so she didn't scream. Her vision was a blur but her mind was clear, she saw Mini completely taking what was his and beating her in like she's always wanted and more. Her voice echoed over the mental picture chanting 'don't stop, don't stop, don't stop' over and over. He started getting bigger, and his size started to hurt, and she realized she was close to cumming. She knew he wasn't going to care so she didn't try and hold back. Her pussy went limp and puffy as the orgasm hit her like a train car, she cried as the pain hit her but she cried and begged for more. As she was spraying on Mini's cock he reached up to her clit and rubbed it with his hand fast and hard, that really got to Kramia. Her moans and groans and cries of pain and pleasure blocked out his ability to recognize that his orgasm had started leaking into her womb. Kramia suddenly started crying out and that alerted Mini that he was close.

"Yes Mir! Fill me! Fill me! Flood my fucking cunt!" He slammed her down on him as he jumped for the hardest boning yet, his steaming load ejected deep into her, she wailed in pleasurable pain and egged him for more. She wanted more of it all, more pain, more sex, more sperm. He pumped deep into her pussy, for a solid minute he filled her with all he had; no more to get in and now it was just sex. Kramia felt Mir's cock flex, she rose off of him and started caressing his cock. "Mir, baby! Look at it! Look at that pussy! Get it, Mir! Fuck that little cunt!"

"You think I'm out?" He slammed her back down on his cock giving her another shock. "Massage it!" Kramia instantly gripped his cock, she squeezed with all her might and had her muscles flow and flex all over his cock. He simply moaned in satisfaction and tendril fucked her ass pipes; he got deep again, way into her engine where he hurt her into another orgasm. They continued with this aggressive sex for about two hours after. Once Mini had his fill and Kramia was quivering and her pussy was numb with pain they stopped. Mini returned to his comforting personality and gently took Kramia off his bow, her stern and his bow had been brutalized, dented, bent, and covered in one another's love juices. As Kramia was placed on the ground she felt Mini's massive load swishing and churning inside her, it made her feel extremely giddy and proud. Her drive wheels mounted in the rear of the tank were bent out because of their loving and that made them near useless, they worked but were extremely inefficient. Mini drug her to his side again and held her tight. She spun her turret to his bow where his limp cock sat in the cool air still covered in his sperm and her cooling love juice. She grabbed it and sucked it clean one last time. As they readjusted to the cold and sat together shivering Mini asked Kramia how she wanted it to look like.

"Well," she started, she put her hands on her hull like she was already swelling, "I want it to have your hull strength, my angles, our suspension. I want it to have a better engine than both of us, and maybe even a better gun. I hope it has your vision, and your commitment."

"Why's that?"

"So it can deal with my bitching." Mini kissed her gun.

"Well I think it'll have the best mother in the world."

"Shut up!" She smacked his hull side. "If you're trying to get in here again it's working." He held her again; he said he was done for the night. "Well Mir, if you ever want some, ever, you've earned it. Just ask and you will get some, babe." Mini dressed her stern again the way she's always had it; a spare track link over her port, and he helped lull her to sleep. Shortly after he joined her in the dream world.

Fin Ch 42

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, porn, WWII

1 Comment

HaM Ch 41

April 3, 2016 by Gingyflame

Well here's the next chapter, life as a special captive. They aren't normal POWs because of what they are.
Enjoy
Ch 41
Rosa lurked in the woods, the morning sun shone through the trees and casted broken shadows on her body. She was difficult to see with her white camouflage breaking her outline even more; the perfect cover. She stalked in the bushes waiting for some poor bastards to try their luck with her. She spotted engine trails reaching over the building. She turned her body slowly and aimed her 88 canon a meter ahead of the building; she entered what the tank destroyers call 'hunter vision' where the outer eyes close and the eyes in the mantle open. These eyes had the measurements, adjustments and piercing vision that was best for sniping. She switched between her eye pairs to figure a range before settling in with the hunter eyes. The first tank appeared, an 'Easy Two' with a long barreled 76 millimeter, it had flecks of green on the body mostly white and-eyes scanning around on the turret. She stopped, she saw on the antenna a little red rag tied to, and as it passed it had spots on the back of the turret. That was most certainly Chuck. She popped out of hunter vision and tore through the birch trees ahead of her. "Chuck!" She screamed, she tore down the hill putting every ounce of energy into her drive. She hit a crater and bounced off the ground but she didn't care; she crashed to the ground and once she regained her grip to the Earth bolted for Chuck. Joshua commanded the group not to fire as soon as he heard her scream 'Chuck' and stood in the cupola. He spun around to see her with her eyes wide and mouth agape. He jumped out and stood on the engine deck. Chuck saw she wasn't slowing down, he lurched forward to absorb the blow but when she did collide with them she grabbed ahold of Chuck and Joshua and held on to them. Everyone else in the group was stunned and shocked, terrified even. Joshua and Rosa began kissing; they kissed and didn't break the kiss for an eternity. When they did finally break she kissed Chuck's stern. "I've missed you two so much!" One of the other tank commanders radioed in.
"Ey-uh, I think we should go 'n' get on home."
"Yeah, I think we should, too." Joshua said. He was led into Rosa where a little present met him. Chuck led the way back, Rosa followed him and the other Shermans followed and watched her. On the distant way back Rosa and Joshua bonded like the last time they met. Her vaginal tendril leaked fluid as he rubbed her clit and lips while she undressed him and rubbed his hard cock. They were about to become one when she spat out her shell and stowed it. "What?"
"Don't wanna shoot Chuck in the back, do we?" She lurched her pussy onto him, smothering his cock inside of her. She gasped and sputtered along. Joshua didn't hump her or draw out, he sat in her driver's seat still attached at the hip to her and he drove her. She relaxed and massaged his cock with her inner muscles as he closed his eyes, confident nothing would happen. They stayed interlocked until they got back to base. While on the way, Joshua his biggest load ever into Rosa, and she felt very special when she found out just how much he came. They quickly dressed him as Patton came out to meet Rosa. Joshua introduced her to Patton in the bluntest way possible.
"She's got my baby in there." Patton chuckled.
"I'll be dammed to figure out how that happened already." They interrogated her; she was wanted so badly to study the birth of a tank child, but what they came to find out was that she actually wasn't pregnant. It crushed Rosa's spirits, all that time she thought she was growing them a child and she wasn't, she felt like she had disappointed Joshua greatly.
"Oh no no no no no no, I'm not disappointed. Rosa, it didn't work the first time, so what? We can try again, baby." He kissed her, she grinned.
"I guess."
"If you really want a child I could open that cervix you have inside, or we could go again tonight." She held him against her upper plate.
"We could do both, just to be sure."
"Do you really want this child, Rosa?"
"As long as it's with you." They went at it again that night in the woods, first he opened her inner cervix and let go of a load just as big as the one before inside of her there, and then he opened her hull cervix and came a load slightly less than the one inside. Either way he busted inside her cervix, they crossed their fingers and prayed for it to work.
The next day they met Marion, Hansel, Whacker, and Meats doing their new jobs: teachers. Hansel and

Whacker were standing in front; being the most experienced they knew best how a Tiger was used, and how it was killed. Meats had some ammunition that Marion would use with him. Marion was the example and she was accompanied by another tank, a Tiger I. Hansel was speaking in English while describing his subject matter. Rosa and Joshua listened in while they taught the eager American boys.
“This is a Royal Tiger as you all know it; the tank to my left is a Tiger One. They are both very capable, very destructive, and very armored. Let’s talk about the Tiger One first.” Hansel said. Whacker took over.
“The Tiger One has about four inches of armor here, here, and here,” he pointed to the upper plate and the mantle then the lower plate, “there’s only about two and a half inches here but because of how it’s angled nothing will get through here.” He pointed to the hood of the Tiger. “The only thing that stands a chance at penetrating this armor is a high caliber anti-tank gun. Such as on the Firefly. Otherwise do not try to fight the Tigers from the front.” He walked over to Marion. “This right here is seven inches, nothing will get through. The plate is only about five and a half inches thick itself, a mighty thick plate that’s hard to crack, but because of this angle there is no chance anything can bust this.” He was resting on Marion’s upper plate; he crouched down and pointed to her lower next. “This is the same thickness as the Tiger’s front, but it, too, is angled. If you have and AT gun, if this is your only angle on it, shoot here. A well-placed shot here will stop this beast in its treads. The same can be said for the Tiger One. Both have their transmissions placed here.” He stood up and pointed to the turret, specifically the streak on Marion’s face from a Sherman long ago. “You all see that? Yes? That’s what will happen if you try your luck on the turret.” He pointed to a kill stripe. “See that? That’s what’ll happen to you if you try that.” He let it sink in. “The side armor is only as thick as a Panzer four’s front, yes, but again, it is angled on the Royal Tiger, and curved on both.” He grabbed a stick and tapped on Marion’s faceplate. “That son of a bitch right there is straight up seven inches. Don’t try your luck here, or anywhere on the front of these. You do not have the guns for it.” He swirled his fingers and Marion and Tiger turned opposite directions to display their sides. “This is how you want to catch your Tigers, their thin at their sides, and very vulnerable. Here is where all ammo is stored on these tanks.” He pointed right below the turret ring. “Here is the fuel,” he pointed to the hull behind the ammo storage, “and the rest is cabin and equipment. Be wary! These turrets aren’t as fast as your Sherman turrets but they will catch you faster than you think.” Hansel snapped his fingers and the turrets turned as the engines revved as loud as ever. Both tanks got their turrets to their broadside in two seconds. They continued on with the teachings, they finished up giving a detailed description of the tanks and their capabilities before Hansel let Meats explain the capabilities of the gun, the round, and the different types of shells and how they sound as they fly by you. After that Hansel talked about the ways to use a Tiger most effectively and what the Americans should do if they are caught in the jaws. There were many different ways he explained to get to the same point, blow the tracks, get around the gun, get close, and put round after round into the sides and rear. He said to start a fire and the crew will bail, penetrate the tank and they’ll keep firing, kill the crew and they’re dead, hit the ammo and, well, watch the fireworks. The whole thing lasted an hour with the lecture, questions, and summaries. One of the last questions asked was ‘what if there’s one of those?’ The questioner pointed to Rosa in the back. Hansel’s answer was simple.
“Pray it doesn’t see you.” That made Rosa smile and the American students shiver. They wrapped everything up and the Americans left, hopefully with the knowledge to keep them alive. Right after the instruction Whacker and Meats went to teach Americans how to operate captured German equipment while Hansel and Marion, Joshua and Rosa, and Mez and Zwei had their daily physicals.
They all checked out normal, the three men had a man doctor and the three female tanks had a female doctor. Rosa didn’t want her vaginas to be touched; she insisted that they checked in the morning and that everything was normal, she was taking no chances with the pregnancy. After the physicals Cindy came by, she said she hurt right above the edge of her bow’s nose. “It’s probably growing pains.” Marion said, the male doctor disagreed.
“No, no. That’s not how machines grow. That area, that organ, whatever you call it, that’s the last to grow. Once her body is fully developed then that will start to grow and develop.” Marion didn’t understand. “Well we don’t know why but all previous studies found that the reproductive means grow last. We don’t know why.”
“But I’ve seen her oil, she has it there.”
“It is there but the eggs are not. Say, and God forbid but if she was.., if she was raped, and they penetrated into her womb, she wouldn’t become pregnant. Not until she is a completely grown woman. I know it’s vulgar but it is true, take Geoff, he has a sack but no testicles. Not yet. So on that they don’t have a drive or desire for sex or any gender or anything of the sorts. They’re even more innocent than human children.” Hansel felt depressed again, what the doctor said about innocent children reminded him of Anton. Marion [illegible]d him away in his chair and held him tight.
[illegible]’t worry, baby, Anton’s doing a lot better now.” She was holding Hansel and rocking him side to side.

Rosa and Joshua were talking to Zwei and Mez about pregnancy, and Hansel's distress made Marion wonder where Banker was and how he was doing. Marion looked around and noticed that Tiger was also gone. She remembered yesterday they were talking about something and they were quite involved, she figured maybe they were alone together. "are you alright, Cindy?" Marion asked.
"She's fine, just a little wear and tear with her transmission, she out grew its power. Duster and Dusty would be amazed at how big she's gotten." She looked solemn, the doctor did.
"Was that..," the doctor nodded. Marion nodded and backed away, off to find Meats and Whacker and teach Americans how to use German equipment. Along the way Marion ran into Tiger. "Tiger have you seen Banker?"
"Yeah, he's down by the radio post with Betty Rhodes."
"Who's that?"
"Our living Pershing tank. She's really nice." She leaned in to Marion, "I think they have something going on." Marion looked at her wide eyed. "You didn't hear it from me." They moved along, Marion passed by and saw the Pershing; it was the type that attacked her the night they left. She couldn't help but grin when she saw Banker tucked up under her gun, and then she saw the marks on the mantle; it was the exact same Pershing that attacked them. She didn't understand how Banker went from terrified to longing because of that tank. Nonetheless Betty Rhodes and Banker waved. Marion waved back but moved by a gear higher than when she approached. U.S. infantry would always stare at her, they stared at Rosa, too, but they felt like family around Tiger, Zwei and Mez and their kid. It made Marion and her crew and Rosa feel like outsiders, and rightfully so. Marion linked up with Meats and Whacker and they continued with their jobs. Later on Geoff showed up pulling Cindy behind him.
"Mommy!" She yelled, "Mommy look! Geoff and me are a train!" In unison they made the chugga-chugga noise as they made rounds around Marion.
"I see that, you guys are a great train. Why's Geoff towing you around? Haven't you been towed enough?" Geoff stopped on Cindy's command and unlatched her from his tail. He swung around and sat next to her. He pulled out some little sticks and gave one to Cindy; they started playing a weird mix of tic-tac-toe and checkers in the dirt road. Marion asked what they were playing.
"Checkers." Geoff said.
"I'm circles and he's crosses, he goes first."
"How do you kind someone?" Hansel asked.
"I put a line through my cross and she puts a dot in her circle." They continued playing; Betty came up behind them and grabbed Geoff and said 'boo'. Cindy and he jumped and and Geoff instantly knew who it was. "Betty! I hate it when you do that!"
"There's nothing wrong with a good scare."she poked his little turret hatches with her finger as he scowled at her. Banker shook his head 'no' as he sat under her gun. "So why were you towing Cindy?"
"My gear changer hurts a lot. Mrs. Hart said to keep off it as it grew. So Geoff is taking me around." Cindy looked at Banker in his little spot and her face lit up. "Banker do you still have that top!?" She exclaimed, bouncing on her scissor suspension. Banker thought and nodded.
"It's under my chair." Marion swept under his chair and found it. She pulled it out; he never did cut the corners out. It was a square top with a rounded point at the bottom. "It's called a dreidel, it's a Jewish toy and game." He explained the game to them; they looked at the blank sides as he explained that each side had one letter on it. Each letter represented a word of a phrase for good fortune. Banker drew the symbols on and they played together, he, Geoff, Cindy, and Betty all played. Marion, Hansel, Meats, and Whacker all continued their work and instruction. Whacker asked Banker how he doesn't have any work. He didn't know, all he knew is that sooner or later someone was going to teach him how to drive Betty. How he knew that was from Betty's mouth.
Days passed, they did the same chores every day. They were teachers, janitors, Marion was used as an artillery tractor sometimes, they underwent various physicals and tests, and they were also used as loaders. They learned that Zwei actually had another child, a baby humorph boy named Ronald, and that's what Zwei did everyday was take care of him and the kids. Tiger lent her hands occasionally but mostly she ferried shells around, moving spent shells to the rear and fresh ones to the front. Rosa was used as a sniper here and there, not like a tank hunter but like an SPG, she'd take down unstable bell towers or blow through reinforced barriers like an assault gun. Mez was a Physical Trainer, he ran the workouts every day. Katelyn and Chuck were starting to see less and less action because they were taking care of Cindy more, that was what they were supposed to do but Cindy always found a way to stay with Marion or Hansel for the day while they worked, when she wasn't playing with Geoff. Betty was getting a new crew, her old one was found reprimanded for their cowardly actions and sent back to the Sherman. The main candidates for Betty's crew are Chuck's old one. Banker was being instructed on how to drive her but the likelihood was

dropping very fast. Betty and he felt troubled and one day she panicked; she really wanted Banker as her driver. Her only reason she willingly put out was that he was there for her when she needed someone most. One day Hansel and Marion had down time between jobs; they were sitting together looking at the changes time had done to them.
“Look Hansel, you finally have some hair on your face.” She felt his stubble in her hands and moved them to his head. “And your hair has gotten longer.”
“I know, my razor is too dull to shave, I need a new one. My hair takes forever to grow, the fact it’s taken me three months to grow this hair out on my head should be a giveaway. Whacker gets haircuts almost every week.”
“No, Hansel, don’t cut it. I like the way you look. I love your hair.” She was playing with his hair, his half locks of hair.
“Marion, after this war I’ll grow it out for you one year.” She wrapped some arms around him and closed her eyes day dreaming of how he’ll look with longer hair.
“I don’t think I’ll let you cut it, then.” Later on Hansel showered and shaved and afterwards he got a neat haircut, a little long for Marion. He was with Marion when Rosa and Joshua came back from the front again. He noticed Rosa had a gloomy look on her face and a bounce mark on her front. She was used against her own. Hansel felt Marion shudder, the Americans didn’t trust them enough yet but she knew eventually that she would be used against her own as well. She waited for Tiger to come by and Hansel and her flagged down Tiger and asked the question neither wanted to hear.
“When are we going to be used?” Tiger thought, searching back in her memories.
“Well, I was used a little during my time in Afrika against the allies, but once they captured me and trained a crew they threw me into Italy. That was about a month after operation Torch. It might be as little as three months, maybe less.” Marion held on to Hansel.
“A crew?”
“Yes. Maybe they won’t replace yours.” Hansel reached for Marion’s hand as Tiger went back to work. Soon they went back to their jobs when the supplies arrived.
The next day there was an interesting haul that Marion and Rosa and Tiger were sent to collect. They moved close to where they met Betty Rhodes with an escort of infantry and a Chaffee light tank. Marion and Rosa both had olive drab green tarps with white stars painted on covering their Iron Crosses and additional tarps over the top and bow. All that so there would be no mistaking them for Germans supporters. Rosa was in the lead with Marion following and Tiger behind her, Tiger had her own crew that usually were messengers for headquarters but for this operation they were told that their engines were the only things that could haul the target. Rosa edged around a hill and suddenly halted. “You fucking idiot.” Mini-Rommel was caught in a collapsed sewer system and Kramia was at his flank with a white cloth.
“It’s not my fault.” That was the first thing he said as Marion lined up with Rosa.
“He fucked it up.” Kramia set the record straight. She got her steel cables off and Mini got his off, Rosa and Marion opened their cable hitches and waited for Mini’s to be ready.
“They told us a day after you guys left, Inbred, Eryka, Frau and Canine. They read us Cindy’s note.” His bow was jutting up over the ground with his ass wedged in the sewer fault line, Kramia had smartly positioned herself in the fault where she can drive out on the rubble that fell at the non-collapsed end. As Mini hooked his cables up to his hitches and Marion and Rosa hitched to themselves Kramia looped her cables under Mini’s stern and drove out and around behind him before she hooked up. The infantry and the Chaffee accompanied Tiger as they covered the operation. Kramia and Rosa worked out how they were going to dislodge Mini, in a sling so that he could get his tracks to help climb out, and they began. They coordinated slowly, and nearly dropped Mini twice on Kramia’s end.
“Mir when the fuck did you get this heavy!?” Her treads were slipping in the ice road as she pulled back to lift Mini out. Mini was finally dislodged and instead of unhook the three German tanks hauled Kramia in and out of the fault. After they unhooked the infantry gathered again. Kramia gestured to them and patted her engine deck. No one dared get near her. She wasn’t used to that, usually-especially in the Russian army-the infantry raced each other for a free ride on the tanks. A few climbed onto Tiger and two on the Chaffee but the rest would rather walk than climb onto the others. As they left the city Joshua had persuaded the infantry to climb on to Rosa and Marion at least. They very cautiously piled on, fitting as many as they could on the tanks. Kramia and Mini were hitched together and were also tied to Marion and trailed by Tiger. The two of them felt like prisoners in shackles and chains. They were quiet on the drive to the American base; they held hands as they crossed into uncertainty. No one knew what Patton, or anyone of authority, was going to do with them. Joshua knew how much the doctors and scientists loved to toy and learn about the
[illegible]hines, so he hoped that their curiosity would keep the living machines around. When they did arrive the
[illegible]ıtists had a field day. They were very excited about a relationship between different anatomies of the

machines, i.e. things like organ positioning and anatomical function. They were also intrigued in the Germans successfully replacing Kramia's gun with no loss in senses. They ran tests on her and Mini, and focused greatly on Kramia's mounted 88 and dismounted 85 and the old mantle strapped over the 85's gun breach. It took up the whole length of her hull with its entirety. The scientists wanted a composition of the two; in a sense they wanted Kramia to get pregnant with Mini's child. Kramia and Mini weren't sure, Kramia still wanted to fight but as long as she wasn't for the Russians. Mini was conflicted on the inside, the mix of anger and depression filled him and wrapped itself around his gut like a child playing with the mud. They were already studying a machine child the birth of tank form by a person, and one of human form, and one of two tanks alike, they wanted a composition of two separate tank designs. Kramia said that there were other couples among the Germans; she told them of Jäger and Fritz, Porscha and Ferdi, the Hummel twins, Marion's sister Dora, and Canine and Frau. The scientists were deeply intrigued by the tank destroyers and turret tank relationships, they told Patton about them, begging to push harder before the tanks could escape. Patton liked living machines, but he didn't like the idea of hoarding them in his army, but at the same time liked the thought of ridding the battlefield of them. He knew just how strong a living machine was on the battlefield, if this blow could convince the German command that they were not as effective as they actually were he could get the Germans to cease production of living machines and his living tanks would be unrivaled in capability. He ordered a massive counter attack, he wanted not only Bastogne back but he wanted the POWs of the 101st back.

Soon the reports back were impressive, the Germans were told of American progress. Hansel and Marion both knew that this German assault that carried every hope of victory with it was a failure. Germany surely would lose. They advanced with the front line; they came across one of the dead metal Tiger tanks that were caught in a field. The tank had burnt out and was caught with the gun over the front right sprocket wheel. Four penetrations on the stern end and one on the turret loading hatch and one on the opposite side. A group of five captured German infantrymen were hacking at the frozen ground using shovels with G.I.s around them over watching. The Tiger's crew were laid out, all five dead, behind the Tiger and in front of their final resting place. As the German captured tanks passed, the German diggers were staring at them, staring with blank faces covered in soot and dirt. They were battered and beaten, their faces showed regret and a desertion of hope; the literal face of defeat. Hansel felt like a traitor, he looked at the unfortunate Tiger crew and mouthed *I'm sorry* to them. They only sat there, stiff, cold, dead. Pale and colorless eyes gazed up to the heavens as if they were staring at God. Blood covered their faces, giving their faces their last color it would have, their black Panzer uniforms were charred, and the entire right side of the midsection of the man on the end was blown away, his guts were frozen inside him and his spine was cracked like a dried snake skin. That was only the beginning of a long, long string of death, Axis and allied, soldier and civilian, man and woman, adult and child. They were now a spectator to war, walking through the aftermath of it all, and not being ones to do anything about it.

Fin Ch 41

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, WWII

Leave a comment

HaM Ch 40

March 22, 2016 by Gingyflame

Here it is, chapter 40! This is a lengthy chapter to say the least but it's filled with good stuff! Have fun with it and

Enjoy!

Ch 40

Marion gathered the three tanks around a map in the snow, only now was she going to tell them where they were going. She explained the plan exactly how herself and Chuck orchestrated it. First they would act like they're taking Cindy out to 'set an example' to slip by Idek, then they would claim that they were going to put Cindy to work at the fuel lines to slip by the outer guards. After that anyone they come across they are going to say that they were put on patrol at last minute with the Sherman as a disruption tactic, the whole time they're making a southeasterly movement through the woods. They'll travel through the woods for a few hours then cut towards the American's assault. They should be able to time their arrival at dawn. Chuck said that the units were warned not to shoot any white flag vehicles but to surround and disarm them, what that meant was up to the captors. Cindy couldn't hold still, she shivered in anticipation, she'll be back with

the Americans and she might see Mez and Zwei and her good friend Geoff. Rosa couldn't wait to hold Joshua in her arms again, maybe even temper what their potential child would look like. Only Marion, Hansel, Whacker and Meats weren't excited. Banker was excited but only because he was allowed to be the one driving this time. That was because Marion would be focused on scanning her areas for anything. Before they left Marion and the boys all wanted to at least tell Inbred the truth, then maybe later he could tell the others the truth. They tracked down Eryka's house and knocked. Cindy said she wanted to write a thank-you note to all the others who helped her and were nice to her so Whacker gave her a paper and pen and off she went to write. Meanwhile the others knocked on the door; there was hesitation as Inbred opened the door.

"What's going on?" They were face value with him. Eryka came to the door and opened it fully.

"R-Really?" The group nodded in disappointment, sadly it was true. By then Cindy had come forth, she moved up to Eryka and handed her the folded note.

"That's for everyone, even Fritz." Eryka looked at the note and back at Cindy, Cindy sat there, a humble kid to a bunker of a person. Eryka patted Cindy and wished them luck. With that they left. They never encountered Idek but they did meet Allison and told her the excuse for Idek, she hesitated letting them go. As Rosa passed she saw that Allison was holding back tears as best she could.

Eryka unfolded the note, she had Inbred read it, it was in English, and he read it aloud to Eryka, Frau, Canine, and an eavesdropping Allison.

"Thank you for what you have done. I'll miss you all. Marion is taking me to the Americans again and I wanted to tell you all that I think you are really nice people. You all helped me, you all cared for me, and you all are my friends. General Patton always said that Hitler was a mad dog and that he had an army of scum but he is wrong. You are not scum and I think if you came to our side he would see that you are not scum. Don't fight any more. That is why my mom and dad died is because they went to fight. I was going to a special Doctor to help me and then I was going back when Fritz got me. I don't want you to die like my mom and dad. If you can't win then sur-and-ar..?" Inbred wasn't sure what she was trying to spell out, "surrender, she wants to surrender instead of fighting," he went back to reading, "Patton really likes us living cars and tanks and he said he wouldn't hurt you if you gave up. He said he would help study and understand you and me and Marion and Rosa. Please don't fight. From Cindy." He put the paper down.

"Oh, baby." Frau said in a depressed mood. "I wish her the best of luck out there." Canine knocked on her side and looked into her eyes.

"Perk up dear, we've been through a few years of this, I think we can get through a few more. You'll see her again." He kissed her cabin and smiled at her.

"So, what do we do?" Eryka said.

"Well, we have to fight, but when the time comes I think we should make Cindy happy and surrender, at least then we'll not be killed." Inbred said, he looked to all the others. Eryka nodded to him, Frau and Canine nodded to each other. "It's settled then, when should we tell everyone?" They thought.

"Tomorrow," Allison said, they all jumped. "We should tell them tomorrow. By then Cindy should be safe in the Allies's hands."

"You're not mad?"

"I'm upset, aggravated that Marion and Rosa lied to me and said they were killing Cindy, but I'm not mad." She approached and hugged Frau. Frau was the go-to tank when you needed grandma. They all went back to sleep. They'd all need their strengths for the next day; it'd be Eryka's first daytime mission.

Marion, Cindy, and Rosa crept just outside of the city, there was more terrain resistance than anyone had anticipated and Marion was soon growing scared about running out of fuel. Rosa thought that she might be able to find some easier terrain and went off looking for a route, leaving Marion and Cindy to keep trekking. It was a gloomy night with little starlight, clouds covered any hopes that the moon would shine through, and leaving the snow a seemingly endless ocean locked in place. Marion looked through an alley and saw something big, bigger than any American she's ever seen. It was unmistakably green and American, and unlike anything the Germans had produced. She inched closer, taking control from Banker. "Goddammit" was his response. All eyes were in the view ports and focusing on this thing in the alley. She didn't have her lights on; neither did the other tank, it moved back behind a large building. Marion felt something inside her, it was a mix of fear and courage, she softly shook, Cindy saw this and got scared, she fought her fear to stay right behind Marion. Marion squeezed her way through the alley, the nose of her hull was centimeters from the adjacent street, and her gun was trained as far to the left as possible, ready to kill. She turned her light on, one lone lamp sitting on her bow. It barely reached four meters but something was better than nothing. German lights have special covers over them to direct the light to a concentrated point so that [illegible] was no all-around signal for flanking enemies to spot it. Germany is the only country that does this. [illegible]on pulled forward and was instantly hit across her bow. This hurt more than anything; it hurt more than

the Tiger did. Marion's heart dropped. The shot passed clean through the building to Marion's right, Marion lurched forward, she had to see what it was, she had to. She kept Cindy away from her and peered around the corner. A long and smoking gun, thicker than her own, was pointing at her flank. She acted quickly, turning her hull, smashing through the walls, and firing off a shot into the turret. Marion trembled as the armor sparked and the shot soared to the sky. It bounced. Marion backed up a little as the American fired again; it stuck right above her mantle on her thickest slab and bounced away. Marion felt that her first shot was just bad luck, she disciplined herself and aimed and fired into their mantle. It bounced. Hansel, Banker, Whacker and Meats were also starting to panic, Cindy saw this fight unfold and she saw the fright in Marion's eyes. Cindy felt so much emotion now, fear, anger, courage, and others that she had not known; she saw Marion's tormentor and a strike of courage and anger overcame her. She rushed at the side of the tank nearly three times her size and rammed its side while punching and hitting it with her arms. Marion yelled at her to get back but Cindy didn't listen. Marion saw two seams open on the corners of the turret and suddenly they became eyes and they peered at the useless attempt to stop its work. Marion screamed at the American to leave Cindy alone, to take her back to Patton if anything else. The tank's eyes locked onto Marion, it fired again, this shot was higher and it bounced off the angled roof of Marion's turret. Marion fired once again, HE, in attempts to hurt the tank and shake its focus up. The shot got caught between the mantle and the hull, it blew up and spewed shrapnel back towards Marion. The tank smiled a wicked grin. Marion felt completely hopeless, she couldn't hurt this tank anywhere, and she doesn't know what this tank could do to her. She nearly cried, her inner arms wrapped around her friends and her lover, Hansel locked his hands in hers, Meats hugged her back to comfort her, Banker passed out from fear, and Whacker tried to move his wrapped arm for the alcohol in his reserve bottle. They all watched as the smile on the tank grew even more wicked, time seemed to stop, Marion shut her eyes.

The building to the right of the tanks charged the American, it surged forth like a demon breaking free, through the rubble came a gun longer than anything seen before, tank skirts stuck out all over the armor of this beast, the bricks and glass and wood and metal of the building did not phase this creature. Fire covered the front of it, illuminating the street and causing chaos in the area. The crew of the American tank didn't know what to do; the biggest gun they've ever seen just ran through a building. They bailed, being a Sherman crew once they knew all too well that American armor wouldn't stand up to that gun. The tank was petrified, stunned, amazed and shocked all at once. It froze as it watched its crew leave it to die; they leapt to the cover of the darkness and disappeared.

"Wh-what?" Was all the American tank said. Marion heard a female voice in English and opened her eyes slowly. Every hatch on her foe was open, the inside was dark, and the tank was trembling.

"Marion! What are you doing out here!?" Fritz asked surprised. Marion looked over to Fritz; he was covered in soot and rubble with his gun muzzle pressed against the spot where the Americans usually keep their ammo on the American tank.

"Hi, Fritz." Cindy shakily said, moving to Marion to receive and give comfort. Marion welcomed her into her arms and let go of her friends, keeping her loved ones embraced.

"Hey Cindy." Edwards opened his hatch and came out.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Edwards said before Marion started to explain; Banker came to and needed some cool air because Marion vented engine heat into the cabin and that was starting to make him too hot. He opened the hatch and stood up, stretched, and looked at the tank in front of him. It was beautifully crafted, the curves and angles just spoke to him and called forth his lust, he felt warm looking into its eyes and suddenly the thought came to his mind *'oh please don't be a guy'* and startled him. He never really wanted to be with a machine since he learned of Marion, but all of a sudden he felt like she could be the one, if she was a she.

"That's when we ran into her." That was all Banker heard Marion say and noticed Marion gesture to the American tank. Banker's face lit up, hope flooded him. He decided to try his best English on her.

"Hi there, I'm Banker, do have you a name yet?" His English was understandable but far from perfect. He didn't use or practice nearly as much as the others used it.

"Betty." The tank stammered out, her gaze affixed forward and unmoving. Banker didn't like the lack of eye contact. He snapped his fingers and waved his arm. She still sat there with her gaze locked. He frowned. He really wanted her attention; he climbed out and walked to her.

"Hey! Panzer! Hey! Down!" He jumped up and down waving his arms. It didn't work, all she said was 'Betty' again. Banker was getting frustrated. He carefully approached her and climbed up onto her hull on the driver's side. He waved his hand past her eye; she was locked in the thousand yard stare. He crouched in front of her eye. It was big and green, it had a similar pattern to Marion's brown eyes, and it didn't move or [illegible] no matter what he did. He looked into her driver's empty position, it was driven a lot like Marion was [illegible] sticks but it had more levers and dials. He wanted to learn all about what they all were; he wanted to

drive her around. He looked back to her, her mouth was agape, her razor teeth were sharp and white, her engine was steadily running; he found everything about her yet beautiful. Banker figured she needed someone, her crew seemed to abandon her in her time of need and she was in shock, she desperately needed someone to be there for her. He hesitated at first but manned up and hugged her mantle. His warm hands and face on her body snapped Betty out of her state; she looked around and saw him hugging her. She didn't think it was right but it felt good, her body started to calm down with him on her mantle. Two arms came out of her open driver hatch and sluggishly placed themselves on his back. Banker's heart raced, he knew that she could easily push her arms through his body and crush his organs but he trusted her. His body said that there was no harm here, no danger.
"I'm Betty, who are you?" She said, Banker already knew her name and already told her his but he went with it. It took him a few seconds to decipher what she said and then translate it to German.
"Banker." He said, he dropped his crouch to his knees and readjusted. She grabbed him, as if not to let him leave yet. Their eyes met, Banker got the eye contact he'd been looking for the whole time and now he didn't know what to say. There was an awkward pause before he spoke. "You how?"
Just use this, think to me.
How do I-?
Just like this. I'm Betty Rhodes; at least that's what I was named before this. Is your name really Banker?
No, but I like it, I like your name, it's very nice. Banker and Betty used this for the rest of the two minutes. Marion convinced Fritz and Edwards to let them go. Fritz apologized for Cindy's gun and they backed away. They kept close eyes on Betty, though. Marion rounded up Cindy and a Banker that didn't want to leave anymore and they left Betty there. She kept a good hold on Banker's mind though, and they continued to talk even after Banker left.
They pushed on with the plan, Rosa caught up with them and said that she found a way but Marion knew she wouldn't get there, she had wasted too much fuel to reach it, and she was just going to push towards the American line. Rosa understood, she beckoned Cindy to join her.
"No! I'm not leaving mommy!" She cried, she latched onto Marion and buried her face into Marion's side. "I won't leave Marion! She's my mom now!"
"Cindy," Marion was able to pry Cindy away enough to look into her eyes, "Cindy, I love you, but you should go with Rosa, she can take care of you until you reach the Americans. Please, Cindy, go with Rosa."
"No!" She shook her turret; she pulled herself to Marion's side again and gave it her all to stay against her. "I won't let you die!" She had tears rolling down her face, she was gripping Marion's steel cables and grabbed onto whatever she could reach. Marion couldn't say no, it meant too much for Cindy; she knew she'd regret it later but Marion let Cindy stay with her. Rosa tried one last time to get Cindy to leave with her but Cindy persisted. Marion held Cindy's hand from there on as they traveled across the country; they left Rosa to the original route with her own white banner to surrender with. They were traveling through farmland and hedge groves, the terrain weren't very forgiving and it took its toll on Marion's fuel. She felt her fuel depleting, felt it slowly drain, inch by inch she tracked every little bit, counting numbers in her head, slowly the distance count decreased, the time left decreased, the odds against them increased, the likely hood of failure increased. She could tell anyone where she had just been, she couldn't describe the land, any landmarks, and any detail to any extent including the vague was irreconcilable to her. The only thing she knew at the moment was that the distance she had left in her fuel was in the yards. From miles to kilometers to meters to yards, that's what she could tell someone. She started sweating nervously, water condensed on her metal skin and rolled out between the Zimmerit paint folds.
20.., 19.., 18..,
Her gaze narrowed on a distant house, her mind was slowly counting down as she tried pushing for more.
11.., 10.., 9..,
She pushed all she had, sucked out the fumes left over, she put in everything.
4.., 3.., 2..,
It wasn't enough.
1
Her hull lurched to a halt, the engine instantly stopped making its usual harmonious rumble, Marion grunted and strained to use her own body's energy to drive ahead, her engine can't turn on the input, and it makes a grinding noise alerting Cindy that Marion's out. Cindy panicked and in desperation she threw herself against Marion's rear and put forth all her effort, when she saw that her tracks weren't even moving she turned on her engine, it sputtered to life for probably the tenth time in its existence and instantly roared; a G.M. engine sounding off proud. Her treads ripped through the snow, ice, dirt and mud creating a fishtail behind her.
"Don't strain yourself, Cindy! Stop! I'm done for." She was nearly crying, Cindy started breaking down again.

She’s lost one family, she was hell bent not to lose another. Cindy blocked her out; she kept pushing and pushing until she was exhausted. She suddenly stopped, crashed to the ground and cried. Marion drug her around to her side and held her. “It’s okay, sweetie, it’s okay.”
“I don’t wanna lose you!” Marion’s crew got out, no point staying in there. They looked around, there were houses around and the houses had some machinery and they hoped that they might find some diesel fuel in there. Meats and Hansel had just dropped to the snow when Marion spotted something and instantly grabbed them all.
“Is that really-”
“Americans!” Cindy yelled with a big smile on her. A wall of green marched forth over the hills. Marion grabbed the stick and white flag and stuck it on her turret.
“Cindy when they get us don’t move, stay still or they might hurt us-and you! Understand?”
“Yes, mommy.” Hansel, Meats, Whacker and Banker were lined up next to Marion and Cindy, they were shivering, not from cold- but from the chilling touch of death. Cindy smiled at them big and wide, they tried to fake a smile but Cindy knew they were scared. “Don’t worry, they won’t hurt us, they’re nice people. They’re just like you guys.” They all winced; they were not that nice, Cindy and Chuck were outliers. Usually a tank team would take no prisoners. Marion was sweating even more, she hoped that her boys would be safely tucked inside her and out of possible gunfire, this was the nightmare that haunted her. Her crew standing in a line next to her like they are, with a firing squad right there, right there in front of them; fingers on triggers, and rounds in the chambers. Marion was trying not to scream.
Before they knew it they were encircled by some Sherman tanks, halftracks, trucks, jeeps, and infantry. They were all yelling in English- “Get down! Get down on your knees! On your knees!” -they were gesturing with their guns to the ground, whether they understood the screaming or not, they dropped to their knees. Cindy was trying to hold back from doing anything; Marion was shuddering in fear and trying not to scream. A firing squad lined up by the side of a parked Sherman with Thompsons and Garands pointed at the men, Marion visibly covered her mouth and let tears roll down her face. Suddenly the hatch of the Sherman sprang open and a familiar man came out. “Franklin! Heel your dogs, man. I know these ones.” The firing squad went at ease, two still had their Tommies pointed at them. The man jumped down from the loader’s hatch and walked towards them, talking with an Austrian accent.
“Well, well, well. What dogs do we have here?” He looked at their faces; they couldn’t summon the strength to look at him. “The tank whore is still fucking, more than this little-dick mistake, too.” He looked to Marion then Hansel; he walked by and past Meats “this guy must be so muscular his brain curls instead of thinks.” He jested to Meats as he passed by. “The fat pilot,” he walked by Whacker, “and last but not least the Aryan Nazi!” He stopped in front of Banker and looked up to Marion and snapped a command in a darker tone. “Tank whore dump every single shell you have out onto the ground or we’ll strangle them with our steel cables.” Marion did as he commanded, he turned back to Banker as she did so, softly sobbing. “We have ourselves a good Catholic Nazi here, wearing his little cross.” He picked at Banker’s neck chain, he slid it out of Banker’s collar link by link, Banker was convulsing, he turned green, he shook madly. He drew the attention of everyone around him. The American smiled as he saw the centerpiece come to the light, suddenly his face twisted, he looked shocked and breath-taken. He grasped the centerpiece in his hand and cupped it; his eyes darted back and forth from the necklace to Banker who was crying. “You’re a Jew!?!” He dropped the centerpiece; sure enough on Banker’s chest was the Jewish Star of David, six points with the interlaced triangles. His trembling arms dropped from above his head into his lap. The American dropped to his knees and held Banker’s head in his hands while their gazes met. “Why? I left when I could, why didn’t you?” Banker’s lips trembled, Marion held his shoulders. He started crying abruptly.
“I had nowhere to go!” He braced against the American, dropping his head into the other’s shoulder. “I’m sorry! I’m so sorry!” The American urged him to tell more. “My mom married in Jewish, and it was the prominent religion in my house. When Hitler came to power, they sent me to my uncle’s; he was Catholic, and an owner of a lofty bank. That’s how I escaped. I miss you ma and pa! I should have never left you!” He cried to the heavens, the concentration camps shown him where his family ended up. The American rocked him back and forth, the thought of having to leave his family and fight for Hitler made him teary as well. “I got real good at lying, it’s how I stayed alive, how I kept from being found! Damn me to hell for it!” Hansel’s arms slowly fell to his lap, things were making sense now, the reason was there, he knew why Banker was Banker. All of a sudden a jeep rolled up and sitting in the passenger seat was a general, the General George S. Patton. They got everything straight from there. Inevitably they would be forced to fight but only when absolutely necessary or when the Nazi SS are all that’s left to fight, the Americans would try to use them to dissuade the Germans from resisting, but as of their first assignment they would train the new batches of [illegible]ers how to take down a Tiger. There were a few other things like some comparative studies with another [illegible]ple and the effects of passive changes to Hansel’s body and the anatomy of Marion, some stuff that

would be awkward but they had to agree, what else could they do? Marion had been checked, they were secretively placed under VERY watchful eyes and they were refueled. Katelyn came forward and looked at Cindy, her eyes instantly zeroed in on the gray circle on Cindy's barrel. She stared down Marion but saw her gun was way too small to do that, she was still watchful of Marion.
"Hello Cindy, I'll be taking care of you from now on. Myself and my boyfriend Chuck." She beckoned Cindy to come with her. Cindy was scared; she gripped onto Marion with all of her might. Marion dropped that side's suspension and whispered to her.
"SSS-S-SS-S-S-Cindy." She shakily said, she seemed to come out of her cocoon and she approached Katelyn. All a sudden she backed up back to Marion. "But she's my mommy now, I don't want anyone else!" Marion hugged her but pushed her towards Katelyn.
"Cindy, it'll be okay. I still love you, and I always will." Cindy wiped tears from her eyes; she inched her way over to Katelyn. She dropped down and got Cindy's attention.
"It's okay now, honey, do you wanna go play with me in the snow?" Cindy looked down to the ground with tears streaming down the sides of her turret; she realized that she did lose another family. "Okay. Do you wanna go play with your old friend Geoff?" Cindy perked up, she was still terribly sad but she wanted to see her old friends again. She went stern faced. She backed up and took Marion's hand, and got her crew aboard, too.
"Now it's my turn to take you in. Let me show you my friends." Marion followed Cindy, who followed Katelyn, and they went hand-in-hand all the way to the main forward base was, where Geoff, Zwei, Mez, and Tiger were; Cindy's old friends. Cindy hugged a Panzer IV F2 about her size when they met. "Hi guys! That's Whacker, and that's Meats, and that's Banker, they're some of my new friends." Then she backed up and hugged Marion and Hansel. "And this is Marion and Hansel, they're my new family!"
Fin Ch 40

Did anyone catch that plot twist? It makes sense, now, though. Doesn't it? The top, the lies, the reaction to the concentration camp photos, the willingness and eagerness to leave the German war machine, it all led up to that. How'd y'all like this chapter? Oh yes, a change in perspective indeed.

Gingyflame, HaM, WWII
1 Comment

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April 15th, 1912 +105

April 15, 2017 by Gingyflame

“Hey Bradley, it’s that time of the year again.” A crewman mentioned to him while they stood on the dock. It was almost 11:30 pm, April 14th. “How’s she doing?” Bradley sighed and glanced over to her, she was staring out into nothingness, unable to see anything and generally unresponsive.
“She gets like this every so often. I tell her ‘hey you know you can tell me anything sweetie, I’m always here for you’ and it helps her. She just.., she just gets real quiet at times.”
“What’s she doing? Do you know?”
“Yeah, yeah I know. She’s reliving it, she relives it for about four hours. About thirty minute before it happens and until thirty minutes after she comes to rest. Everytime she’s following someone else, and she’ll tell me all about them. Sometimes she walks me around in their footsteps. They-uh, they’re very.., eerie. She usually tells me the ones that she felt die inside her, some men killed by the bulkhead door falling on them, some being electrocuted, freezing inside her, imploding people, but one really strikes me. A man so terrified of drowning rushed back to his cabin and hung himself with his bedsheets from the stairs.”
“So, how many has she told you?”
“About fifty or sixty. Some of them reoccur.”
“Is there a, a pattern to them? Are they regular?”
“Nope just, outta the blue. I’ve been eating dinner with her and I’ve been making love with her and all of a sudden-boom. Like the flip of a switch, she’s back entranced.” It were those moments where he really was helpless for her, he could cradle her arms, pipes, cables, or even her vaginal tendril and she’s still left alone. Desperate and despairing with only his coos to remind her it isn’t real. He hated these moments and wished he, too, was a massive entity; massive enough to cradle her hull and hold her tight against him. So she wouldn’t feel alone.
“Sooo, how’s it work? Where do you do?” Bradley glared back at the guy.
“Use your imagination.” He sternly put, it was his way of saying ‘fuck off’. With that he gazed back upon Titanic’s massive side and wanted to hug it all, wrap her up like box and keep her to him. He went aboard to find something of hers to hold tight.

Gingyflame, RMS TITANIC
3 Comments

Hansel and Marion Ch 50:

March 17, 2017 by Gingyflame

Ch 50

“Adler get out of the mud!” Thirty-Four pushed Adler out of the mud and kept him going with the group, he loved playing with mud and ever since they had been offloaded of the train Adler has been stopping in every mud hole to play in. And being in a swamp land that is a lot of mud holes. The Russian tanks were well used to the mud and marsh of swamp so this didn’t faze them as much as it did American tanks and some German, but it was sure getting on Thirty-Four’s nerves. They were the second batch on the train, it was Thirty-Four, Adler, Kramia, Mini-Rommel, Erin, Gretchen, Tiger, Frau and Canine’s remains. There were a lot more tanks lined up back at the port but the train could only haul so much. Thirty-Four was in front with Adler at the head of the tank column, the leading car was Kitty the Puma acting as the navigator. Adler stopped to play with mud and this time Thirty-Four scooped him onto her chest. “Adler you’re going to make me throw out a track. You’re getting too big.”

“I need new belts, mom, they aren’t working.”

“No, you got them changed just before the boat ride, you’re fine. What you need to do is keep going and [illegible]’T play in the mud.”

“Moooom!” He groaned as he shook mud out of his hand. They trekked on and eventually came across tall chain linked fences topped with barbed wire. There was a sign that clearly stated that trespassers would be shot, and that photography was a no-no. “Mama, is this our home?” She looked at the complex, so far it looked more like a prison than a camp.

“I guess so.” She replied, holding him tightly in her arms.

“I zought Amerika vas za home of za free? So much for free.” Gretchen said in her accented English as she gazed upon the gates.

“This is here to keep citizens out, not to keep us in. They don’t want people to learn that life as they knew it was wrong.” The human navigator spoke.

“But vie?”

“They’ll stay calm and quiet not knowing, but if they found out, everyone would go crazy.” The two guards at the gate opened up a path and let them through. There they met with an assistant who led them to certain areas, they passed moderate sized building like warehouses that they figured were for testing and storage. They split off just before the large, circular building that seemed to be the main structure and were split by gender. Adler did stay with Thirty-Four for the time being but Mini and Canine’s remains were split from the mostly female group. As Mini passed one of the open warehouse doors Thirty-Four spotted something that instantly changed her.

In the warehouse was a Tiger tank, first model with the Panzer III turret storage bin on the back of the turret. The whole side was riddled with shot holes and the skirts were all missing, one of the exhaust pipe armored covers was gone, too. Just seeing the tank and its presence moved Thirty-Four. She turned to it and put Adler down, commanding him to stay there. She knew what she was looking at, she knew who she was looking at. Without a doubt. Tears formed at her eyes and her body shook with fear and rage, suddenly she lunged forward blinded by emotion and crashed against his side. Her arms flailed against his side, punching and whacking and clawing and pushing and pulling. The Tiger initially was shocked by this but quickly figured who it was, Thirty-Four’s voice reminded him.

“You son of a bitch! You bastard rat! Coward! How could you do this!? I hate you! Worthless Nazi coward rat bastard! Burn in hell you lousy box! I hate you! I hate you! Why? WHY!?!” She sobbed more with her eyes slammed shut and her entire energy being devoted to throwing herself at him. “TELL ME!”

Devastator silently took it. He let her push and attack at him, it barely did anything to his actual body but he still hurt. He knew he did her wrong, he knows that he’s entirely at fault. He can’t comprehend what pain and suffering she’s gone through. He listens very closely to her, he hears her pain and hate, he feels her anger and emotion, he knows his guilt and his burden. He wants to say sorry so badly but knows it’ll fall on deaf ears. Why should she believe him? She had to provide for herself, she had to survive, she had to give birth, and he hopes that she took care and provided for the child. He knows he can’t ever make it perfect or even right. But he’ll be damned if he doesn’t at least try to help. He continued listening very attentively as she went on about eating her crew, feeling abandoned by the world, her whole life obliterated, the cold and sleepless winter nights and the melting summers. He listened to her tale of eating her own, being a cannibal, hating her body and wishing death to it all. He was listening the whole time as he looked down to the ground in guilt and shame. He had hoped this day would come; the day he returned to her. Then she started asking questions that hit him hard.

“How many others did you rape!? How many others are there!?! Did you even think of us? Did you even care? Did you gloat and boast about us? Were we just campfire stories, bar talks?! Or did you think back and wonder if it’s still just as tight? Is it still hot and wet? Did you care if we were alive or dead?!? Are we just measly sex toys for you to use at your every whim?!” She backed off and looked at him, staring at the ground. “TELL MEEEEE!!!” She shrieked. She threw herself at him again and gripped him, pulling herself to him with screeching metallic groans and shrieks as metal rubbed metal. Dev let her do and say as she pleased, as she wanted, as she so did. He expected this, tried to prepare for this, but all of his fortitude and
aration was shattered by reality. Thirty-Four whispered to him then, “Thank you.” Dev’s eyes widened
went level.

‘What?’ He mouthed, he never expected that. Never. Not once.

“Thank you, he’s all I have to live for.” Her arms were quivering and she was trying to get closer to him. He cautiously reached out with arms to hold her and braced for a burst of hate and bitterness. As he touched her though her body embraced it, as if this was all it needed. “He’s my joy, my friend, my life, he makes me want to wake up every morning, to live each day. Thank you. I never had that before.” Dev turned his turret to face her against his left and pulled her tightly against his side. She was sobbing and crying against his armor. He remembers that day with bitterness, salt and pain. She looked almost the exact same except her green paint was faded, her treads were much more worn and muddy, her gear boxes were warped and equipment was gone, her long saw was covering her shot mark, and there was chipped paint and rust around areas of high movement. He stroked her roof and slipped a hand into hers. He took in a very long and deep breath of air and exhaled a long sigh.

“Panzer thirty-four, I am sorry.” Thirty-Four expected the apology, but like he feared she didn’t believe it, even though she wanted too. It was what he said after that made her believe it. “Yes, I did think about you. I thought about you very much. I was and still am guilt ridden, I knew I did wrong, I knew I ruined you, I never once thought of that as something to be proud of. I hated myself and I made a promise to find you and apologize. I know you won’t believe my sorrows but I feel like I have to do this. I must help sooth your sorrows. I was very much in the wrong and I deserve every insult and every bit of hate you have against me. When others would boast about what they snagged I remembered how wrong I was, how cruel and how you must be suffering. I felt the growing desire to see my child and to raise it, I don’t want a bastard child as there must be so many of now, and I don’t want my child to struggle through their life without a father. I won’t let you suffer any more. I will try to make it right, I will help any way I can. I promise you, on my life, that I will be there when you need me. When my child needs me. Regardless of anything. I will not let you two suffer. You will be taken care of as much as I can do. I will prove that to you. Whatever your name is, if you have a name, I only ask one thing, that one thing is not forgiveness, but to let me help. Let me help raise my child. Let me ease the burden. Please, that is my one and only request.” Thirty-Four had never thought of this, never thought he would ask that, never thought he would want that. She was breath taken and confused, she hated him there but yet was compassionate, she couldn’t explain what she felt for there is no way. No exact way to describe what went through her mind.

“Mama,” Adler asked concerned, “are you ok, mama?” Adler had crept up behind Thirty-Four and was very concerned for her. But he couldn’t help but look at the Tiger tank she was against, he felt something in that tank like he felt in those two German soldiers-but stronger. He felt like a friend with the soldiers but the Tiger, the Tiger made him feel like he was like him, the same way Adler felt with ma but not as strong. Adler wanted to ask who he was, but knew ma would be upset. Just like every other time he asked.

But deep inside Adler wanted to ask, it was a burning desire more powerful than before, he tried to fight it as much as he could because mama wasn’t doing well right now but it demanded to be answered more and more. The question kept crawling and lodging itself in Adler’s throat, again and again he’d swallow hard but it kept coming. It forced its way back. Adler starred to panic, but when he looked into his mother’s eyes for help he saw she needed it more. He saw she needed a push, she needed help with her own question. He saw the anxiety and desire in her eyes so he let his go, he was strong then for his mama. He tipped the balance. “Mama, is this my dad?”

Dev looked up from Thirty-Four and looked at the smaller T-34. It had his own brown eyes but looked exactly like its mother but without tracks or any equipment at all. Dev smiled at it, he looked over the child with a hint of pride and a lot of compassion and love. Adler was looking at Dev but was more scanning over him, Dev wished he was more presentable for his child. “Mama,” he whispered back to Thirty-Four, “it’s beautiful. It looks exactly like you. I’d say you’ve done a great job so far. Please let me help you do the best job, please?” Thirty-Four was looking back at Adler, watching him study over Dev like it’s a new mountain, or a strange tree, or like he did the ship. She heard Dev whisper to her and deep inside it made her feel good. No one has ever complimented Adler or herself like that, Shellproof was the closest to it.

“Adler, this is your father.” Adler wasn’t moved, he figured that by then but just needed assurance. Instead of rushing to greet his father he sat still, instead of asking a million questions that Thirty-Four expected him to [illegible]e was silent. She knew he was a smart kid, that he knew they were different. Adler was trying to figure it [illegible]himself. He did know that this family of his was different from all the others. He had seen other Tigers

and other T-34s scattered among each other where they fell in combat, he had seen the power of war machines. He always silently gazed upon the remnants of the dead and wondered of their final moments. Bodies scorched on and around tanks, soldiers grouped up together in their squads, bits of AT guns scattered around foxholes, he had seen it all and always would silently wonder.

He was doing the same to this Tiger, he noticed the holes on the aft end of the tank, shots at the engine and fuel, but he also noticed there were some shots at a crew that probably wasn't there. Those shots were pointing in the crew's compartment, he saw no blood stains or even scorch marks of where ammunition would have gone off. From the amount of kill marks on the Tiger's gun he knew that the Tiger was no fool, and was probably responsible for mom's shot wound. There were scorch marks on the turret storage box and the engine deck, he had been set afire, and he saw marks faintly on the turret sides, so he kept fighting after being set afire. Adler now pieced together what he thought happened to him. And he would finally be able to test his theory. "What happened to you? How did you meet this end?" Dev wasn't expecting that at all.

"What do you mean?" Adler pointed at the various wounds. "Oh, those," he looked to Thirty-Four for approval, she whispered he's seen it all and to tell him, "I lost this fight. It was Seelow Heights, we were dug in and waiting for the attack-like we always were, and we had hopes of stopping your push there. We had never felt so surely of victory before, we had hundreds of Panzers, dozens of Tigers, dozens of Panthers, thousands of guns and bombs! We had thousands of eager and determined soldiers, ready to fight to the death. We vowed to stop you there, to end your assault and push you back, and back, and back, all the way back to Moscow! But as you know, and probably saw, we failed. You rolled over us like every other time, there was nothing we could do but buy borrowed time. I was dug into a hill with two guns on each side, three Pak guns and an 88, we overlooked a shallow in the river where tanks and soldiers could cross. In my front were many machine guns and trenches filled with soldiers, ready to cut down any man who stood against them. But instead of men came bombs, then tanks, and more tanks. Panzer 85s barreled across the field and were heading right for us. One gun crew was just as experienced as me, and together we made every shot count. Each time we fired we hit our mark at any range, but sadly for us the other gun crews were too new, they missed again and again, they tried their hardest but they didn't know what to do. They would miss to the right, they would fall short, they would shoot long. Every so often they would find a mark and kill their target, but then they had to start over with a new target. We couldn't stop them. Tanks stormed through the river, ran up the hill, ran over our trenches and smashed our guns underneath them. And there was nothing we could do to stop them. The tanks began firing at me while climbing the hill. They missed because they were moving-never fire on the move, it's bad discipline and a waste of ammunition-but then I felt a hot sting on my side. One had shot me here on my right, then I was hit on my left, and again on my left, and my right, surely if I was full of ammo I would have exploded but all they could shoot were my empty racks. They tried shooting for my crew, but I have never had one, so-"

"They kept shooting your crew room, but when you kept fighting back they shot your engine."

"Yes, they were panicking then, they dumped a few shots into the dirt, bounced off my deck here, one tank shot the other, but they hit their marks eventually. They pumped shot after shot into my rear, I caught fire all over my back and burned. But I kept fighting, I kept fighting for my brothers, for my homeland, I fought to stop you I turned to shoot here, and there, and over that way and down yonder, but I ran out of ammo, and I ran out of fuel. My engine is now burnt up, it doesn't run, and my gears are cranky and deformed. I'm very much unusable. And that's why I'm here. I was captured by a Russian special interest group and when they assessed my damage they deemed me too far gone. They sold me to America in exchange for a curve on their debt."

"I thought you ran to America like the others did."

"What?"

"Other Germans, they ran to the Americans to surrender. I got that wrong."

"Oh." There was a long silence then. "I felt it was time I stopped running."

"Why did you run? Why did you run from mom?" Dev took another long sigh, Thirty-Four was still

clenching onto him.

“When I met your mother I still took pride in what I did, I was proud of my work and what my job was. I was proud about how well I did my job. So, when I came across and slaughtered her crew and platoon I felt no remorse. I was doing nothing other than killing Germany’s enemies. Yes, I shot your mother, that hole in her chest is from me. I killed her crew and it was just me and her, I was going to kill her but she begged for her life. She begged for her life and I made her do things I shouldn’t have, I wanted my way and I got it, it was wrong what I did and because of what I did you came along. Now you’re not a bad thing, no, you’re rather very smart, you can and will be better than me, but know that what I did was bad. It was very bad. And when I had my fun I left, I went on my way to do my job again. When really my job was supposed to be helping her, and helping you. If she shuns me away from you after now I want you to know this one thing, I’m going to teach you this one lesson now and don’t ever forget it: Do not leave who you want to have your baby. Take your time finding someone you want to become a parent with and you stay with them. Don’t you leave them, don’t you abandon them, and don’t you EVER force it on them. You love them, you care for them, and you stay with them no matter what! Do that and you’ll be a great dad. Better than me.”

“Adler!” Kramia called, “Adler come find your name here!” Adler slowly backed away to go find whatever Kramia called him for as he thought about what he had just been told. After he was gone Thirty-Four spoke up.

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“Teaching him the one thing I couldn’t.”

“I know you’ve been trying to escape it, but I’m here to make it right.” He went to let her out of his arms but she stopped him.

“No, I need this.” He didn’t understand what she needed but she did; she needed someone to hold her, to make feel like everything’s alright, to make her feel good. And she didn’t care who from. It took some time before Thirty-Four asked him what he was doing here.

“They want to study my body healing.” Now it was his turn to ask a question. “What is your name, Panzer thirty-four?”

“My name?” She didn’t know her name, she was a T-34 tank, she was just called ‘thirty-four’ by everyone. But was that really her name? “I don’t know, everyone just calls me thirty-four. I don’t have a name.”

“How does Vitaliya sound?” That made Thirty-Four feel nice.

“I like that name.”

“Ask your child first.”

“Adler, his name is Adler.” She broke away to park parallel to him and pull herself close to him. They talked from there on, she asked him many questions like where he went, who he met, if there really were other breathers that he killed. She asked him why he cared so much, why he didn’t desert and find them, and what he wants to do with his ‘family.’ And he answered, he answered every question fully, he explained himself, he told her straight, he had no fluff or elaboration. All he had for her were answers. This was able to last until sundown, when Adler got back to them. He saw them so closely together and it made him wonder about Dev, and he didn’t even know his name.

“Father, what’s your name?”

“My name, they named me Devastator, but everyone called me Dev for short. What’s yours?”

،n named home Adler.”

“I like that name. Well it’s nice to meet you at last, Adler.” He beckoned him closer to shake hands, Adler never shook hands before and was very new to it. It was almost difficult. “Adler, do you know your mother’s name?”

“Yeah! It’s-!” He suddenly stopped and a look of bewilderment came over him, he didn’t know her name at all. “I don’t think mama has a name.” He was sad and looking to her for an answer.

“I didn’t, but how does Vitaliya sound?” Adler looked very happy. That made her smile wide and blush, the two Russians smiling with glee made Dev happy, and he, too, smiled. Even though his was under his mantle and near impossible to see it was smiling. Then Vitaliya turned on Dev. “How does moving in sound, Dev?” He was completely taken by surprise again.

“Like, moving into the same warehouse? Together?” She nodded, Adler bounced in anticipation with an abundance of excitement.

“You found our house, right Adler?”

“Yes! I did! Oh please, dad, please!?” He begged and begged for an answer that was already a yes and Dev grabbed ahold of Adler and Vitaliya and tucked them tight and snug in his arms, this was the very best moment of his life.

“I love you two.”

Fin Ch 50

****BONUS****

“Mama, can you sleep with me?” Adler wouldn’t stay inside his room. He persisted that she stay in the room with him.

“Adler why? Just go to sleep, please?” Vitaliya groaned, she was very tired, Adler was obviously disturbed.

“I’m scared again!” He cried, Vitaliya knew what he was scared of but Dev did not.

“Of what?”

“Hitler! He stomps around on T-34s and he laughs like a gun! I don’t want him to step on me!” Dev moved closer to him and grabbed Adler on his flanks. Chuckling softly at Adler’s childish nightmare.

“Adler, you don’t have to worry about Hitler again, he’s dead now.” That comforted Adler a little bit, Dev continued to belittle Hitler into nothing. “Besides, Hitler was just a little, fat man. About this tall, as tall as you, and he was fleshy! He was fat, fleshy, and short! He was just a crazy, evil man that made other men, real men, fight for him. Don’t fear him anymore. He’s a dead man, smaller than you at his greatest, and worthless at that compared to you. If you ever feel scared of him again, you come out of your room and find me, I’ll be over there awake, just so I can tell you again: Hitler isn’t big or scary, he’s a dead man.” That made Adler feel much more comfortable. “Okay?”

“Okay.” Adler hugged Dev’s bow and murmured to him, “I love you, dad.”

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, ww2
5 Comments

Hansel and Marion Ch 49: A New World

uary 20, 2017 by Gingyflame

Hey guys I'm back to HaM! It's been a very long while since I actually posted HaM so just as a refresher it's just after the war ended and nearly all the living machines have been sent into France to be rounded up and kept together-except for Marion and her crew.

Enjoy.

Ch 49

Time seemed to blend together after the war. The German army was under control of Allied leadership and mixed units were patrolling and sorting out the various Wehrmacht heer groups and getting them home or redeploying them to other areas. This included Hansel and Marion. They were used at a checkpoint to check IDs, direct traffic, and make sure there were no problems. Then they were tasked with assisting in demilitarizing areas where there had been military buildup and fortification. Afterwards they had been put more towards Berlin along the line that separated the Soviet army and the American army. Tensions were high at this point; American and Soviet generals had been talking about warring with the other for total control; the Soviets wanted to spread their ideals and so did the Americans. With their experiences, many of the Russian deserters chose America over their motherland because of the welcome embrace they received and the much freer lifestyle. While they were not free the machines did at least have some roaming privileges and social time. They also were told what intent America had for them. They were test subjects and specimens of study and further study was to be conducted within the American shores, where it would be much more difficult for Russia to learn of the breathers. It took six months for the negotiations to be fully completed and then another year for everything to be set up and readied for the departure.

The machines negotiated their human spouses to accompany them and to be treated as a married couple, together wherever, but Marion, being an instrument of the American tank core and not a subject of the science department, did not have these negotiating privileges. At the end of the war Marion's crew only consisted of herself, Hansel, and Meats. After the war, they stayed together until the following November, where Meats was let go from active service and he was given passport home in Frankfurt. It was a long and seldom goodbye between the three of them. After that it was just Hansel and Marion sitting in their hull down foxhole. They were prepared for a Russian assault along with about two-hundred and fifty other soldiers and ten tanks and bunches of AT guns and mortars. The machine folk were all heartbroken when General Patton died, and especially his old third army. It was an American tragedy that he died; a hero to his country, much like his esteemed German counterpart Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. While Hansel and Marion were still together and grateful that they survived the war they were undecided on the outcome. They were happy the war was over and that their friends were alive but at the same time they lost, their country was in shambles, and the genocide that their leaders started had blackened the image of their proud home.

Hansel couldn't see himself living in a divided country, where one half wanted to invade the other to 'liberate and unify' the other. He loved his home and his family, loved his country, but couldn't stand to see what a divided future would lead his beloved country to. Hansel grew more narcissistic by the month and this made Marion upset, she couldn't stand to see him so negative and bleak about the future. She took matters into her own hands and wrote to the command requesting a different deployment in some other country. Perhaps a station in France to help rebuild or a convoy escort in Belgium, she didn't care. Repeatedly she was denied by the command until one of the commanders griped to her old American Major.

He arranged her and Hansel to get some "R 'n' R" in northern France, just south of Juno beach. This helped Hansel's state and he started to be more lively and optimistic. He had always shown compassion and relief towards Marion but not to others or in a general mood until France. He would frequently think back to the things he did during the war, things he was not too proud of. He took the lives of his enemies with a certain grain of salt when it happened but he didn't allow it to change him; as he knew they wouldn't hesitate to end his life. But their lives still seemed to plague him, and only Marion seemed to assuage these demons completely. She forbade him from drinking, and he had long decreed to never smoke, so Marion was his only relief. And he was her only relief.

They spent another whole year in France and again and again they'd wake the other in a fit of nightmares, [illegible]v to the other, or suddenly start spilling their guts about regret and death. Hansel's father had told him [illegible].es of "Shell Shock" and rumors of what causes it, Hansel denied having it for he was physically perfect.

But every now and then his mind would linger and he'd swear he had gotten it, he was unlucky and damned enough to have Shell Shock. Marion thought the two of them had guilty conscious and that they only needed to let it out and help each other. They were both correct, they suffered from PTSD but only mildly, their lives were not dictated or wrecked by the war, but it followed them. They quickly found ways to help the other cope, and they stood by each other when the other needed help. Sometime in May, 1947, they applied for passports to America with help from Major Cahrmicheal and obtained them with Hansel's connection to Joshua. Major Cahrmicheal set them up with a place in central Florida, somewhat near where the other machines had been sent.

The breathers agreed they didn't want to deal with the 'winter wrath' where rapid temperature drop weakened their bodies. But with the desert not being a great place for big engines and complex mechanics, the second option of marsh was picked. While the land of south east America varied, it was sustainable for tracked vehicles. The vehicles were concentrated around a central hub area where tests could be conducted and the lab could be set up. All around it were plots of land with huge garages, the plots varied from 5 acres to 18 acres based on the vehicle's size and abnormality from most road vehicles. They generally had about a two or three-mile drive to the hub, but Marion's drive would be about twenty. There was an Army Air Core facility twenty-two miles from the hub that had fenced off twenty plus acres of land with a hard-packed concrete runway and a heavily reinforced hanger floor with sturdy and reenforced walls and ceilings for the hanger. It almost looked more like an armored warehouse. Adjacent and attached to the hanger was a two-story house that the members used. It was properly furnished, plumbed, and accommodated, but it was very bland. Once they had learned of their new home Hansel and Marion gathered addresses from their friends still in Germany and France, and spent some time with them before moving to the port that Peiper was targeting in the Ardennes offensive, the one where Marion changed sides. They were excited, very excited! New people, new life, new opportunities, America! The land of dreams! Because they were not a part of the science department Hansel and Marion had complete freedom, they were moving to America as veterans and as German civilians. Hansel packed Marion full of clothes, tools, knickknacks, memorabilia, books, some house utensils, and anything else they could fit and wanted. Hansel also was given permission to bring his car over, he was absolutely amazed at how pristine and perfect his car was when his old home wasn't. It had only been in an alley a house down in a backlot the whole war, and now he had the chance to drive it more than across the neighborhood. It was a first model Adler 6 standard with the engine and transmission of the 1934 Adler 6 standard with four gears, he sold the old engine and transmission to a guy that wanted to make his own car and used that money as well as money from selling other useless trinkets to get the engine. He named his car Ava and kept it clean, shiny, and running. The body was a dark oak brown with a yellow-gold trim and white highlights. The interior was a lavish green with leather seats and balsa wood interior painted to look like Cherrywood. The gearshift knob was a bright red with a white band that connected to the long black shaft. As he drove his car back to Marion, it filled with his possessions, he looked back to when he was fixing up the car. He had dreams of taking all the pretty girls to the fields he crop dusted and showing them the land, or taking his lovely honey down to the river in the moonlight to spend the night. He dreamed of driving far off and seeing the world in this car.

And then war broke out.

Hansel eventually got back to Marion and showed her the car he built. A few days later their ship arrived, a merchant ship that made hundreds of voyages to Britain and America during the war, still painted in its blue, grey, and black stripes in a "dazzle" pattern. This is when Marion discovered her greatest fear; a fear more crippling than airplanes, more crippling than artillery: heights. She was lifted using four of her towing eyes and the whole time she was groaning, trembling, shivering, and nearly shrieking in fear. What's worse is Hansel had to watch it all and could do nothing but try to yell over the machinery to calm her down. No matter how he yelled it was not soothing. One of the merchants said that it was normal for heavy machines that spend their lives latched onto the ground to have a fear of not being latched to the ground. He said every tank that he shipped did it. Marion's eyes were clenched shut and she was trying to think of happier things, like the fun they had with Cindy, Whacker's wise cracks, Hansel, a peaceful home. And before she knew it she felt pressure under her treads, she had been lowered into the ship's belly. She took deep breaths and calmed down as sailors unhitched the cables from her eyes. Next, they loaded on the car and that's when Hansel boarded the ship. He spent time with Marion and when the ship was towed and sent out to sea he stood on the deck and watched Europe disappear. He wondered if he'd ever see Europe again, if he'd have its soil beneath his feet, if he'd ever get to bring Marion with him if he could, it was very emotional ,ım. He watched the shoreline fade away, the cliffs and tall lighthouses fade away into the fog, shrink

into the horizon, and soon all around was nothing but the choppy North Atlantic.

He thought of Rudolph then, he remembered going to Rudolph's family back in Munich while getting his car. Rudolph was not picked up by the British. Rudolph was M.I.A./K.I.A. with his ship, the Bismarck. Hansel plucked a yellow flower that day from Rudolph's garden and the family wrote prayers to him on a streamer tied around the stem. Hansel had that flower and tossed it into the waves, watching it slosh around and slowly disappear to the waves to be swallowed and welcomed by the Atlantic; just as his friend was. He started to cry then as he backed away from the rail and slumped against the wall sobbing, he remembered their last day together and just let it repeat in front of him again and again. Then he wondered what Rudolph's last glimpse of Europe was, if it was as miserable and foggy as his own, or cheery, bright, and prideful. Hansel talked to himself as if he was talking to Rudolph again, he began spitting stories of basic training, then how it was training with the tanks. He spurred on about Russia and being wounded, then officer school and eventually how machines were alive. He talked about Marion, and Cindy, and Anton and Faust, about how his family was and how Munich was, he said the bar was still standing and recommended they go catch up more there. That was when he looked up from his lap out into the grey-blue world wholly believing that Rudolph was right there in front of him. It was a very harsh reality check. He completely let go and bawled his eyes out, cradling his legs against his chest. A senior sailor was passing by when he noticed Hansel's distress.

"Was wrong, lad? Was got ye so teary?" It took Hansel some time to figure out what the heavy accent asked.

"Loss." Hansel eventually spit out after much effort.

"Loss o yer home?"

"My friend." The sailor bent over and sat next to Hansel, gripping Hansel's shoulder with a rough leathery hand.

"How'd he die, son?"

"His ship," e spat, "sank, not picked up."

"Now hear me here, I been on six ships in this war alone, an tree in the last, all sank, ye hear? They all sank but I'm here ain't I? Lady Luck has a weird way of working her magic, yer friend may be alive out there. He might be on a raft fishin' right now o'ees tryna get home. What I learn'd is to trust yer gut, so son whatchyer gut say?" Hansel hesitated.

"I don't know."

"Keep yer head up son, till they give ye a body he ain't dead." That gave Hansel enough strength to pick his head up and say thank you, get back down to Marion, and vent the rest to her.

The voyage was uninteresting, nearly a week long of Hansel staying with Marion, sleeping on her, or in his car, getting chow and sharing some morsels with Marion, daydream about their future lives, and try their best to not get sick. Once their voyage had passed and Marion struggled through another crane lifting her up and on to a train they were good to go. Hansel had to drive his car shadowing the train from a port in Georgia down south to the middle of bumfuck nowhere across the way from the quiet little town of mapless journey. Hansel found out that the train station they arrived at was founded nearly a hundred year ago-and it still looked like absolutely fuck-all lived here. Still, this is where they were going to live and so Hansel led Marion down a dirt road, then another, and another, and another, until the tall barbed wire fence with a sign painted, in German, "Welcome breather!" was in front of them. Waiting for them was a man from the science lab twenty miles away to let them in, show them around, and the next day take them to the lab as requested by both Marion and the test subjects. They had just unpacked Marion when they were led up to the lab, they were very excited to reunite with all their old friends. Marion did see some trouble moving through the marsh but her low foot pressure made sure she didn't sink deep into the marsh. She eventually pushed her way through the marshes and made the long journey to the lab. The gates were tall and the fences were ' ed, with many reasons to keep people out and away from the fact that metal lived, but once they were . e the daunting facade was just that and the complex was very friendly.

Staff members were very friendly and had taken to the machines as people, but just like people they had stereotypes. None of the staff would dare say what they say around the machines or their human spouses in fear but they'd gossip to each other. Of course, the human spouses knew that there'd be a new form of racism, technically specism, but they did not let their loved ones know or let it get to them. The staff would judge the machines for their spouses, stereotype that they breed like rabbits, their only use is sex and murder, they are stupid and gullible. Easily used. Of course, most of it was not true, they were conceived and produced to be superb killing machines of war but they were smart, loved one another like family, and were finding new uses in a world without war. But the staff didn't know that, or care for that, they did as people do and stereotype. Some of the soldiers that worked and served by them were appointed to the lab as guards and once they got wind of the talk they were furious. They had learned to love the machines, saw them as life savers and heroes, saw them as friends-brothers and sisters more like it, and despised the staff. The guards were the first to tell Hansel about the staff's stereotypes. That didn't matter to Hansel as he and Marion saw an unknown Tiger that looked like Swiss cheese.

Fin Ch 49

Feel free to ask any questions in the comments, also many parts of this chapter are purposefully rushed and sort of empty to convey just how blurred and meaningless the time was for the pair.

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, ww2, WWII
4 Comments

Nagato

January 8, 2017 by Gingyflame

Alright so the last time I posted was last year in September, damn. The whole time I've been writing and reviewing this story and doing a bunch of other shit in my life that has just taken up more time than it needed too. Anyway I hope you all enjoy this probably long awaited story-or at least long awaited post-that confirms I'm still around.

Nagato

Tyler rolled off the side of his boat, hand on his face mask and tether in hand. Once all the bubbles of his splash dissipated he looked around and checked his gear; he made sure nothing was snagging, entwined, or faulty before he began his descent. He swam down to the belly of a goliath beast; one that at one time was the largest and most powerful beings to glide across the sea. He swam to the rusted and barnacle covered belly before he started moving laterally toward four massive propellers, each larger than his boat, and two rudders that absolutely dwarfed him. That was where he passed the tether through the gap of a propeller and its shaft and brought it up and over to tie it. He grabbed the tether and looked up to the shadow above, pulling the tether to ensure a good hold. He looked back down and stroked the seam where the propeller shaft meets the hull and watched the massive beast stir and awaken.

"You know how much I hate that." A booming voice sounded in Tyler's head, he watched the propellers ever so slowly turn. "Find some other way to wake me."

"How about I try the slit again?"

"NO." She boomed even more fearsomely in his head. "NEVER AGAIN. Once was TOO much."

"C'mon, what did you think would happen? You know divers come here and you know divers love to touch shiny smooth things at wrecks. It's was so shiny and polished, so strange, I was gonna touch it."

"Pervert."

' was I supposed to know?" He started his journey towards the bow. "And you never said hi, either." She groaned.

“Guhhh! Hi, Tyler.”

“Hello, Nagato,” he chuckled a bit in his mask, “it’s always a dumb chore to get you to say hello, I don’t like dumb chores.”

“I don’t like dumb divers.”

“Hey!” He started. “I’m not a dumb diver!”

“I never said you were a dumb diver, Tyler, you’re a great diver, it’s fuck-up that really pissed me off.”

“It’s really not that uncommon for divers to drown in

wrecks.”

“You know where she drowned.”

“I do, and that most certainly was a fuck-up.” By this time he was passing where Nagato’s pagoda style mast would have been, if it weren’t bent over and stabbed into the sand underneath.

“I even tried helping her, but no, she fucked herself too much for even me to help.”

“Don’t dwell on it.”

“I try not to. Anything new in the world?”

“Well, since I helped lift Prinz Eugen there’ve been a lotta others lifted and rebuilt. The most recent one may surprise you.”

“Who? What? Which ship was lifted?”

“I want you to guess.”

“Arizona?”

“The American ship in Pearl? No.”

“Yorktown?”

“Nope. But you were close with the starting letter.”

“Yamashiro?”

“Nope, but she’s a battleship.”

“No.”

“Hmm?”

“No way. Impossible.”

“Ah? That’s what they said about finding Titanic.”

“No way in hell you lifted Yamato.”

“She’s sitting in front of the Yamato museum right now.”

.shit.”

“I got pictures.”

“Show me, fucking show me now!” He took off his glove so that his hand was bare; he pressed it against her exposed metal hard and thought about the video he saw with Yamato in the dry dock, being converted into a museum.

“Oh Hirohito,” she knew he had long ago died but still revered to him, “she sails again!” Her arms that weren’t rusted to the point of immovable tried to reach out and hug him but him being more or less on her hull and not anywhere near her superstructure kept him well out of reach. “Do you think they’ll pick me up!?”

She sounded hopeful, excited, expecting a yes from him. But the problem was that ship salvaging is expensive, very expensive just to raise debris and propellers and rudders. Salvaging the whole ship-intact at that- is multiple times the cost of normal salvaging, that’s money that people dream of in crazy illusions, and that’s only the first stage of the process. Then on top of that there’s the use of the slipway and the cost of restoration and repair, that’s another fortune gone, and that’s all just to get the ship back to being usable. After that there’s the continuous cost of maintenance and repair, fuel and consumables, taxes and tariffs. That’s money that Tyler, Tyler’s kids, and the kids of his kids, could never ever earn in their whole lives combined. But he couldn’t say no to her, he couldn’t ever hurt her. “We’ll see, because I don’t know.”

“Hmmpff.” That was all she responded with. He had worked on the recovery of Prinz Eugen and she knew that. “Could you at least pull some strings, see if I’m in a line up?”

“I’ll at least do that.” There was a quiet moment while he checked his oxygen tank.

“I really want to sail again; it’s all I’ve ever done.” Tyler stopped, she sounded sad and depressed.

“What do you mean?”

“I never did anything spectacular, I never actually fought against a ship in a duel, I never stopped a landing, I didn’t really do as much as an American battleship. I may have had many more jobs than an American, hotel for a prince, rescue ship, I was a troop transport a lot, a floating plane killer, and flagship many times, but all I have are a few plane kills to my twenty-five years of service. Sailing was all I did mostly. We’d sail here, sail there, sail around a bit, sail back over here, Yamato, Fuso, and I, it’s all we’d do.” Tyler patted her side.

“Yeah, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be, it won’t do anything if you are.”

“Why are you such a downer today?”

“Why?”

“You’re not you. You’re sad and depressed and miserable, you’re normally cheery.” She sighed in his head, he’s known and talked to her for about a year and that still freaks him out sometimes.

“I’ve been thinking a lot lately, I’ve been having bad dreams, just, I’m feeling like I did after we lost, again. I’m feeling like when I got nuked, as you say. I just wanted to die for so long.”

“Let it out, I’m here.”

“You ever feel like that? You felt so bad you didn’t want to feel anything? You just wanted to lay down and die, to just go away? Leave it all? I did a lot after we surrendered, and even more as the bombs dropped on me. But if I really think about it I feel like I did after they sent off Yamato, when she was sent off for the last time. We were really close friends, she’d always be the one that the flag would go to but I was always around her. That didn’t matter. We did so much together that, that when she sank I died a little bit on the i[illegible]e. I felt the same when Fuso sank. But Yamato hit me harder; she took more out of me.” She seemed to [illegible]k down crying. “I can’t believe that she’s afloat again! It means so much to me!” This time Tyler did

embrace her body with his arms, rubbing off some dead barnacles and doing his best to comfort her.

He spent the rest of his time with her comforting her and talking about what Japan is doing to Yamato, making her a naval war museum, and what's happened to all the others that have been raised. He eventually had to leave so he did; he untied his tether and slowly ascended to the surface. He climbed into the boat and stripped off the heavy gear and stowed it all appropriately. He hooked his air tank to a pump that supercooled the gasses it pumped into the tank to their freezing point, so that it could hold many hours of air inside it. While this did make it many times heavier, it makes deep sea diving even more exploratory and diverse. It was this equipment that allowed divers to swim through Britannic's hallways from bow to stern and back before they even needed to think about ascending. He started the pump and began the engine, sailing over to his camp out island not too far from Nagato. At his camp he wondered about raising her, he decided to give it a go. He called Tobias at around 5 o'clock. Tobias didn't seem that happy.

"Tyler do you have any idea what time it is in Germany right now?"

"Oh shit. I'm sorry."

"It's alright, why'd you call?"

"Y'know that ship I like?"

"Yeah the Japanese one, what about it?"

"Yeah she's alive."

"You just found out? You've been diving her for over a year, wasn't that your first wreck dive?"

"Yeah, way, way back. But I've known that for a year now..,"

"So? Did you just remember to tell me, or?"

"She wants me to pull some strings."

"What, kind, of strings?"

"Is she in an order?"

"Hold on," he heard the phone hit a table and a zipper open, and then he heard a lot of papers rustling as Tobias searched through. "No. No she's not."

"Fuck." Tyler's head dropped into his free hand, he rubbed his forehead as he thought. "Aw fuck, how am I going to break it to her?" Tobias could sense the sorrow in his friend on the other side of the world.

"You don't want to hurt her, do you?"

"No, and especially not now." Tobias didn't respond, waiting for Tyler to explain. "She's been really miserable lately, really depressed."

"How depressed?"

"She wants to die."

"Fuck." What they had found on their journey to raise the first living ship is that when machines are rusted and in such deplorable states such as being a very old wreck they have the ability to simply die. They can choose whether or not to live or die, and many of the candidates were once alive but had given up on their lives. Depression doesn't help that decision for life. "You don't want her to die, do you?"

, I love her!" His fascination goes back to his childhood with Nagato, a relatively overlooked ship of

history. But there was something about her that captivated his mind all through his life. “I can’t hurt her, I just can’t!” He was shaking with fear, how does he tell his lifelong obsession something that bad, and in such a teetering position? “What do I do, Tobey? What do I do?!”

“Calm down, calm down, I’ll make a mention of her at the conference later, well today now, okay? I’ll ask around and see if we need any testing done. That sound good?”

“Yes!” He was excited, still shaking but excited. “Yes! That sounds great! Thank you Tobias! Thank you!”

“Bye-bye.” Tobias hung up the phone and went back to sleep. Tyler put down his phone and stirred the soup he was cooking; his mind wandered and thought who would pick her up? America hasn’t actually picked up any ships, Britain has gotten a few, Japan got the Yamato, Prinz Eugen was sort of a dispute between America, who owned her at the time of the sinking, and Germany, that owned her when she was built, and Germany won the dispute but barely. It was a deal that Prinz Eugen would be a part of the U.S. Navy but with a German crew in German waters and would be modernized by Germany under American standards. Needless to say it was very complicated indeed and America is negotiating a tradeoff between the countries as well. He hoped that one country would outright claim her and no one else. As it turned out the next day, no one claimed her.

“What?” Tyler asked in astonishment.

“I’m sorry, but neither Japan nor America was interested in raising her, not to test anything, not to rearm her, not anything.”

“But don’t all those new systems that came up just two months ago need to be tested? I mean, they’re really just releasing it into the industry without testing?”

“They’ve already tested the systems on smaller craft and found that they all failed. If they failed on small craft sunk a week before, what’s it gonna do to a ship seventy years aged?” Tyler collapsed into a chair and dropped his head into his hands; his phone was on speaker mode.

“So,” he said with a sob, “she’s never being raised?” He expected a sorrowful confirm.

“No,” he picked his head up, “not necessarily.” Tyler looked into the phone with awe and scooted his chair forward towards it. “I also put out a general offer, once it was approved by the boss, but there’s a general offer out there.”

“So there’s hope?”

“Lots of it, it was out for about two hours and there were already three or four interested. I remember seeing Indonesia, United African Federation, and Australia-”

“Australia?!”

“Yes you Aussie, Australia.” Tyler was elated.

“Thank you! Thank you so much!” He quickly said his goodbye and hung up, racing to get his gear together and get out to Nagato. He had all of his gear together and ready to dive just before sundown, night diving is very dangerous but a veteran diver of ten years like Tyler knows how to do it and how to do it well. He did as he always did by starting at the stern and tying his craft to the propeller. Afterwards he swam to the anchor and jostled the holds. “Wake up Nagato!”

“I’m awake! I’m awake!” She yelled in his head. “What? What is it? You’re excited.”

“You’re in a lineup!”

’ ›!?” Her voice elevated in pitch and volume, “I am! When am I being raised? When!?” An arm that hadn’t ‹ ed in decades broke free and wrapped around Tyler. His tremendous excitement turned to fear; he’d

seen her arms, seen them move and grab, but he'd never been wrapped by one. This arm was very much jagged and crusty, he feared for his cords.

"Uhh, well there's no date but countries are looking at you."

"Japan?!"

"No." She paused and sort of whimpered.

"America?" She said with a depressed draw.

"No." Nagato was confused.

"Then.., who?"

"Three so far," he cleared his voice like he was gonna give a speech, "Indonesia," he paused, "the United African Federation," he paused again but extra dramatic here, "and Australia." Tyler saw Nagato with a cartoonish grin as she responded.

"You're Australian, aren't you?"

"Bingo."

"You told me a while ago about that, but why would Africa want me?" Tyler's mind was completely blank.

"I've no clue."

"Didn't you mention that they've been pumping out new technology? Maybe they want me for something like that?"

"Maybe. But wherever you go I'll go."

"Why?"

"I'm all you have right now. Who else is going to be as comforting for you?"

"Yeah that's true. Once I get my radio back I'll have Yamato, so you can finally go home-if it's not Australia that picks me up."

"Oh I'm hoping for Australia, I'm praying that it's Australia."

"I thought you said you weren't religious."

"I'm not, that's the thing."

"So why do you want me in Australia so bad? You have other friends."

"Well you have a lot of history with me-"

"I have a lot of history in general."

"-but you were my first wreck dive."

"Awe I'm flattered, how long ago? You've been diving for a while."

"Ten years ago, when I was sixteen years old. I'd been snorkeling since I could walk, and so my parents got [illegible]iving before driving. My dad actually took me diving to you specifically because you're not too hard to [illegible], hard to miss, well documented, and I had a model and a book of you when I was young."

“Awe, so precious.” Tyler talked more about his first dive to her and then he told her what to expect when she would be raised. After that it was very dark and he had to go, Nagato said she was very excited to hear from him again and that made Tyler get butterflies lodged in his stomach.

He waited two days for more news and his patience paid off, he learned about who bought her. Australia had indeed bought her, to Tyler’s great elation, and they had bought her for two reasons. The first reason was to instill her as a Second World War museum in tribute to the Australians who gave their lives during the war and went into history overlooked, and the second reason was in tandem with the large science community in the UAF and Australia. They intended to conduct tests on her biomass for any radiation poisoning or mutation, basically they want to see the results of a radiation exposed living machine. This news came late in the night for Tyler so he would have to wait for the next day to tell Nagato, and as he tried sleeping he constantly rolled over and over, unable to calm himself. While he did eventually sleep his mind dreamt of raising her and the great elation they would share. Towards the end of the night while he slept he dreamt something different, he dreamt about confessing his love to her. He had never dreamt of loving her, marrying her (which Australia acknowledged and accepted), or having sexual relations with her; he only dreamt of her riding the waves elegantly, sounding her guns off with thunderous booms that echoed across the ocean, simply being with her and generally having a good time together, nothing that deep. So this dream of approaching her and announcing his love and compassion to her was different but wasn’t rejected or feared, he knew that she’d eventually know he loved her but he didn’t want that knowledge to change their relationship. In his dream she acknowledged it but never fell into his arms nor was disgusted by it, she simply accepted it and didn’t let that change their friendship. He wished and hoped it’d be just like that when he did tell her: just another thing he told her, nothing life changing at all.

The next morning he woke up later than usual but was able to get to Nagato sooner than ever before, and she was waiting, waiting excitedly for word on her fate. He didn’t even have to wake her up.

“Nagato! Nagato! They called!”

“They did!? What did they say?! What did they say!?!”

“You’re being raised!” She laughed joyously in his head and her hull creaked and groaned as she forced it to flex again. Tyler felt her awesome power as he had grabbed onto her bilge keel to get their direct emotions across. Tyler had never felt this much joy ever before in his life, her joy and his joy fused together to create a plethora of dopamine in their minds. They were high on happy.

He quickly spit out what it was she would be raised for and what plans were for her. She listened very closely, and tried to see herself there, as a museum ship with a big stick on her tongue as she said “ah” for the doctor. It made her laugh. Seeing how happy she was made Tyler very happy, very anxious to get her up and floating again.

“It’s set up for next month, that’s when the crew will get here! Oh I can’t wait! I can’t wait! I just wanna sleep the days away until they get here!”

“Sleep here, with me!” Tyler got that awkward feeling in his gut and he blushed like a school boy.

“I need air, and food.”

“No, no, we can do what Bismarck did with that deer!” That’s how she remembers the story of Bismarck and Rudolph. He didn’t think she exactly knew how that worked, it made her seem so naive, and she was nearly four times Tyler’s age.

“We can’t, though, you aren’t healthy enough.”

“For what? I just connect to you and that’s it.” He broke it down for her.

“Bismarck first mutated Rudolph into a humorph, after that she hooked up to him and sealed him up. Even
gh she did that when we pulled him out he was in such a critical condition we had to set up a full
ical station there just to keep him alive while we, through Bismarck’s life systems, reestablished his

immune system, circulatory system, parts of his nervous system, he was really, really messed up. I honestly never thought we'd bring him back to his body; he was so.., so mangled. Flesh was stripped off his body, silver-white bone was exposed, his clothes were in tatters and strands, and his body was honestly the same way. His skin that was left was yellowish-white and slimy, his eyes oddly enough stayed together well, so did his organs like his digestive system and brain but his lungs had collapsed and filled with water. His hair was really weird, very messy and slimy, too. He looked like he's been dead for seventy years and thrown through a mincer and frozen. It really is a miracle that he was even alive, that his heart was still beating. It really was bad."

"I guess it shows how far medicine has come in only a few scores." She did not feel too good picturing that body, she rejected her previous idea and sent him home. Well, back to his camp. "Wait," she stopped him, "how am I not healthy enough?"

"To mutate me, you'd get maybe halfway through it and we'd both be fucked. Like deathly ill fucked."

She let him go that time and off he went. He got back to camp and decided to island hop back to a port to restock on supplies enough to last him until the exposition arrived. That supply run took up a week and he got back two weeks and four days from the expected arrival, so he decided to break out the easel and paints and start painting. It was something he'd acquired recently in his life, boredom aboard a ship can be a good catalyst for talent. He sat on the beach gazing out to where Nagato lays and he tried to picture what it'd look like with her on the waves again just after lifting. He started by painted the shore and the sun, the shore was in the foreground and he put the sun to the east and rising, painting the sky a purple orange for beauty. He then thought long and hard about what she would look like, trying to picture her not in her glory but in her decrepit state was very hard and stomach churning. He eventually thought of her in a way that seemed fit, he started by putting her long and short hull on the water in its rustic green and orange color, then he started building the structure and then superstructure. He put the most astern mast over like the Arizona's fell and the forward pagoda mast bent forwards as well, the majority of the pagoda was intact with gun and rangefinder platforms barely hanging on, the smokestack was crumpled and fallen over. The gun turrets had their guns lodged up to the sky, like they had given out and gravity drug the barrels down as she was over turned. She was a form of her glory but indeed recognizable. He was happy with how she looked and so he put in the shadows and highlights before moving on to finishing the sky and clouds around her. It took him most of the afternoon to finish it, and once he got it done he carefully moved it into his shack and set it to dry before he recovered his paints, stand, and stool.

He made his dinner and started his mental preparation for raising Nagato, it starts out with combing over her hull looking for entry points that need sealing. Next the superstructure is examined for integrity while the surrounding area is mapped and plotted for objects that Nagato could run into if she gets caught in a current. Once the hull and superstructure is externally concluded as sound either drones or divers are sent into the hull and superstructure to get a entire conclusion on stability. Once that is done measures are taken to compartmentalize and prepare the ship for the stresses of being raised. Generally the compartments are over pumped with gas to make them buoyant and counter the external pressure of the water outside, normally dead metal ships of serious rusting wouldn't ever survive this process but because living ships are very flexible and tolerant of these stresses they can take it all the way onto the surface. While on approach to the surface gassed are carefully taken out of the ship to reduce the likelihood of the ship exploding from the pressure. There are multiple methods, all used at the same time, to ensure the pressure is equal to the pressure outside and one method is someone is there with the ship asking if anything feels wrong or off. He saw himself navigating the p-ways and bulkheads and compartments, scanning her corners for holes, her welds for tears, her walls for openings. He saw himself giving the 'a-okay' and ascending to the surface, regearing, and heading back down to be the 'hand of God' as he rode her to the surface not too far away. It's a good depth but it's not a deep dive and well within veteran diver range. He did this day after day, night after night, every day and night until they arrived. They arrived with the usual two ships, one for towing and support while the other had the pump equipment and water gear. He tottered his boat out and tied up to the dive ship and readied for the dive. He went out on his own before anyone else because he already knew her, he really hated briefings, and he already knew way more than they knew about her position, condition, and attitude.

' 're here!"

“I KNOW!” She was extremely excited, she couldn’t contain her excitement, her hull was creaking and groaning and moaning and roaring with her movements. This upset Tyler.

“Nagato you need to calm down! Remember you can’t flex and stretch like that or you could break in half and sink right back to the bottom again!”

“I know! I need to relieve myself somehow!” Tyler began getting a little anxious, nervous, and embarrassed. He wasn’t sure what that meant, he wasn’t sure how long they’d have alone, and he didn’t know if he even could.

“Just breath, don’t think too much about it Nagato. You’ll be calm by the time we raise you.” She kept squirming around, creaking and groaning. He decided for her best interest he would go up to the ship and request that they sedate her. Once the others had dived down they confirmed that they’d need to seriously sedate her because of her instability. Tyler participated in scoping her and the area out, updating her about her state and giving her the good news. “You’re in really good condition Nagato, very good.”

“That’s great, Tyler.” She said slowly, they drugged her good and made her pretty dopey. She still could function intelligently but she tended to react less enthusiastically and with a mellower mood. Basically they turned her into a pot head. He was inside her body where vacuum excavation of sand uncovered lesser rusted areas, some areas with manipulators, and he was in one of those rooms talking to her. He was well aware of her state and that she is still her but diluted, she’ll remember every bit of this and he decided to confess to her there and then. Just so there’s no overreaction about it to either end of the scale.

“Nagato, I’ve been fascinated by you ever since I was a wee boy, just a kid in grade school, and I’ve grown a real fondness of you, a fondness not at all light-hearted. I love you, Nagato, and I really want to see you happy and alive again, and if you don’t love me than I’m alright with that. Please don’t let this change us, please don’t change because of this, but know that I’ll always be ready and willing to help you. With whatever you need.”

“Awwwe.”

“I just don’t want anything bad to happen to you.”

“Awe come here!” She pulled him into a hug against a beam. “I love you, too, Tyler. I don’t want anything bad to happen to you, either.” The way she talked to him convinced him that she didn’t understand he loved her more than a friend, that he would marry her if she loved him the same, but he didn’t mind this. He didn’t mind it a bit. She loved him like a friend, just like before, and he was happy she didn’t push him away.

When Tyler told Tobias of this later he said that Tyler was in the friend zone, but Tyler didn’t see it that way. He saw being in the friend zone as actively trying to date or marry someone, that’s not what he’s trying to do with Nagato. Tyler’s not wanting to marry or date Nagato, he is willing to propose if she feels the same about him but as far as he’s concerned they’re just close friends with deep concerns and compassion for each other. They aren’t lovers and while he would be her lover he doesn’t want to be her lover that bad, he loves her but will let her be happy with whoever makes her happy, whether that be himself, another man or woman or ship or whomever.

Because of her relative shallowness night operations were viable and high brightness illuminate lamps were shone down upon Nagato and enough light made it to her to give the impression of a clear night with a full moon and no water, but even with this headlamps were issued and only external work on the hull was done. Tyler did try to talk to her as much as possible but what with work taking up most of his time down and sleep and gear prep taking up the rest, he really found it hard to talk to her often. Still the end goal pushed him past this feeling of guilt and he worked hard and diligently. Nagato was constantly sedated by a crew every four hours that would come down and rub in gunk that they affectionately called “whale dope” because of its drug effect on the ship and initial use to drug whales caught in nets to free them. For ships what has to be done is get direct contact to the metal, so no rust, no algae, and no paint. So all up and down opposing sides of Nagato’s keel were bright silver slices about a foot long and three inches wide.the [illegible] would come down and expose these again and rub the gunk into her system. This kept her relaxed [illegible]stable during the work. In a week everything was ready, the hull had been sealed and

compartmentalized, the area cleared, the sub-tugs in place, and the pumps ready to do their thing. The only thing left to do was get a final confirmation from Nagato and get the signal from 'The Hand of God' and that's exactly what Tyler was doing.

"Are you ready, Nagato?" He asked anxiously with his hands on one of her 14 cm hull guns.

"I'm ready to go! Get me home, Tyler!"

"She's ready! Affirmative action, affirmative action!" The phrase rolled off his tongue and sparked his excitement; he heard the pumps' vibrations through the hoses and saw the hoses twitch with the changing pressures. He grasped the massive gun in his hands and brought himself close to it, pressing his exposed cheek against the metal for Nagato to feel his excitement, his abundance of excitement. He felt her grow warm and affectionate; it made him grow warmer, too. He realized just how long it'll take just to dislodge her from the mud, it took Prinz Eugen an hour just to get free from the mud, Nagato was bigger, heavier, and much deeper in the mud than her. So he started sharing childhood stories with her, she would recall specific events and tell him some highlights of her life.

That was more than enough time to get Nagato unstuck and being righted as she went to the surface. He moved from the hull mounted gun to the conning tower, a few feet behind the second gun turret, and held onto the porthole where glass once was. This was where Nagato wrapped her arms around him again, this time they were from under the bridge's chin and were sealed with mud and so they were nearly brand new. Her arms were exploratory but not too exploratory; they would trace the cables, cords, and wires from gear to gear and trace his limbs and body. He wasn't upset by any of this; all she wanted was to get to know him more.

"Will I finally be able to see you?"

"Yeah, you'll get eyes so you can see." At around that time one of her arms trailed a little too high up the leg and met his groin. At first she was unsure what it was, being such a different feel compared to his calf, but she caught on and he felt her bridge faceplate grow hotter as she blushed. She instantly pulled away from that once she figured out what it was.

"Oh um, I'm sorry-"

"No no, it's fine. You can touch it I don't mind. Anywhere you'd like." She instantly went back for it. At that moment his penis and testicles were cold and shriveled up because of the cold water, but as her relatively warm hand and tendril explored in the region mixed with the warmth from her blushing body they grew to about their normal size. Nagato was actually entwined in how they did that. She tried to push them back into their first form but they would grow back as soon as she let go. Tyler noticed how amused she was by his cock; the more she toyed the more he resisted the urge to let it grow big and bold. He tried his hardest but in the end natural reactions prevailed and his member started to grow. Again at first Nagato was puzzled by what was going on, trying to fight it back but once it became a stronger opponent she blushed even more and let it be.

"I-I didn't mean to do that."

"I tried not to let it happen." They both became embarrassed, but Nagato wanted more, she wanted to feel how big he got and how hard he was but she was too doped out to get in the mood. She was too mellow to get horny enough. Deep down she wanted it but the motivation didn't reach her arms. Oh well. They talked more about their past on the way up and before long Tyler had to break away and swim off of Nagato before she broke the surface. He tread water and watched her hull break the surface. Compared to her painting, the painting made her look right off the slipway. Her masts were folded over and her smokestack had flattened at the top until it was level with the majority superstructure aft and forward of it, her midsection looked like a mess of steel toothpicks and crumpled paper balled up. Her gun turrets stayed firm and locked her anti air armament was littered everywhere. The impact dislodged the smaller caliber guns and dropped them to the floor along with various crane and aircraft handling equipment. Her spotlights [illegible] all shattered and strewn about while the support beams for the mast looked like bendy straws. She was [illegible]ued by the nuclear bombs when her delicate eye-glass was shattered, easily curable unlike human

blindness, but her mouth was still intact and still shark-toothed. When she felt the crisp air flow past her again it made her smile, and the soulless sockets of shattered glass mixed with the rust and shark grin spooked and creeped many people out-including Tyler. He quickly broke his gaze away and returned to work. Nagato was towed first to an Indonesian island port for fuel transfers from her fuel tanks and to refuel the two supporting ships. Nagato arrived at her new slipway just by Campbelltown shortly after where work began on her restoration. It was more than just restoration work, however.

There was a team of six people with radiation measurement gear and probes and sampling lab kits, they were touring around the whole ship pricking and prodding and scraping and sampling. They seemed impressed with the readings but not surprised. After a few days Nagato's body functions adjusted to life without being flooded and she could speak again, Tyler anxiously stood on her forecastle deck waiting for her to speak.

"ねぇ、タイラー、やっと緒に話せるね！" Tyler's huge grin turned into a scowl.

"You don't know English, do you?" He muttered, she, too, heard the other but understood nothing.

"糞、母国語が違うんだ！"

"I think we should stick to this for now." Tyler said mentally.

"I guess we have to." She responded, after a pause she chuckled aloud. "What were we expecting?"

"Like how we knew each other for years and never bothered to actually talk?"

"No," she laughed louder, "neither of us cared to ask."

"I guess that's a little funny." The next day her window frames were set and the replacement eye-glass was put into place. They had to shock the window to boost its life to align with Nagato's. She opened her eyes and looked around; they were a deep red, almost a burnt red. Tyler thought that was a strange color, she had to have chosen that color-she said she originally had brown eyes-when she was being interrogated for anything she wanted as far as modifications went. That really seemed to be her big request. She had another, but that one is much more sensitive and will take a longer time to fulfill.

Because the majority of Japanese battleships and battlecruisers are wholly British designs and replicas, much of Nagato's bodily attributes are copies of British bodily attributes. British living ships-mostly female for tradition and temper-were examined and studied by Japanese engineers in their building and final states. This at first wasn't a problem with Nagato or Fuso or Kongo, but when they were modernized their original genitals that were on the fantail were moved and enlarged for a more realistic use. This was the problem because when they were enlarged they were not set up to be properly cooled, and Nagato, Fuso, and Kongo especially suffered from very hot and irritating genitals. Their original genitals were fairly small and while they had no ability to cool other than in a very sexually active state-that wasn't very efficient at that-they were small enough that not enough heat was generated to become displeasurable, when they were enlarged they became displeasurable. They found that occasionally they could open the covers for their slits and swish some sea water around to cool themselves off, and that's what Nagato was doing when she met Tyler, cooling off. That was her only other serious issue that she demanded be fixed.

The day after her eye-glass was installed was a national holiday in Australia, so no one was working on Nagato. It was just Tyler and Nagato in the slip. Tyler was walking astern of her and on the dry dock floor, and since their 'bonding' she was much more open towards Tyler. She knew he was there but took the chance to cool off anyways, she didn't have any seawater to use and the air wasn't too useful but she took what she could get. It was at least something to her. Tyler was gawking at how absolutely massive she was, the crews had cleaned all the gunk off and now Tyler could see all of Nagato's steel plating and vents and pump wells, everything was massive. Then he saw her in all her glory. He didn't see how big her womanhood was when he was diving but in the light from the reflective water in the slipway he could see it was absolutely massive. It blew his mind with its size; the Japanese must have expected some very big warships [illegible]p out of there.

“Hey Nagato, uh, are you trying something?”

“Trying to cool off. A hosing would be very nice.”

“I don’t think any hose could touch you, they aren’t big enough.”

“Please try? You have no idea how bad this is!” He tried anyway and it didn’t help, the hose didn’t even have enough pressure to reach her belly. She was going to really let her anger go and go on a long and tremendous rant on things that piss her off when she remembered one way that it could be helped-but she could never do it to herself well enough. Tyler did say he would make her comfortable, help her with whatever she needs. “Tyler.., I need something from you..,” her mood has swayed from an irritated desperation to a seductive luring. Tyler was completely thrown off.

“Uh, what?” He stammered, slightly confused.

“I need your compassion, your drive, I need your lust!”

“Nagato, what the fuck? Where the hell did this come from?”

“I need something to help cool off, please? I need some shit to get me going, I can’t push myself far enough to get all nice and cool.”

“But sex? Really?”

“I mean you can of fuck me whenever you want but I really need something now.” That subtly aroused Tyler.

“So.., how does sex help?”

“Just get me wet and that’ll help so much. Pleeaasssse???” She tried pulling her fantail slit apart with her many manipulators and tendrils for grooming/play/protection/etc to entice Tyler but it didn’t really help. Barely anything was showing through the dark slit. Tyler was still excited, his heart was racing and his mind was shooting off thoughts everywhere, should he take it? Should he just do enough or go all the way? Would it hurt their friendship? Would it boost their camaraderie? She felt his excitement and she played with it, teasing him and luring him, and the closer he got the more excited she got. She had never been touched before but she has touched herself plenty, out of boredom and desperation, and the idea of not being the one to do it made her heart race and her mind shoot out thoughts. His long and time consuming trek to her conning tower boosted both of their teasing and lust, their loins felt like powerful electricity coursing through their genitals! This tension and excitement only made the actual foreplay much more exciting, gentle hands passing over the bodies, fingers trailing around, naughty deeds spoken and threats of violation accounted for. They surely were ready for a good long evening alone together. During the foreplay Nagato had only revealed the sex part at the base of her conning tower, and in the moved armored plate’s recess was a vulva nice and flush with the surrounding ‘skin’ but when they actually went to touch each other the vulva jutted out from the tower.

“What are you? A man or a woman?”

“I’m a woman! You’re looking right at my vagina, aren’t you?”

“Well,” he leaned side to side, examining a short and stubby shaft with a few pipes along side it, probably for cooling her of for other bodily needs but either way, “it looks like a penis, a short, fat, chode penis.” That made her laugh.

“Having some insecurity problems, Tyler?”

“Maybe..,” that made her laugh even more while the thought of her having a cock shut his stiffy down. He wanted to do it with her but he needed some help so he took his hand and touched her vulva. It was warm soft to the touch, plush and malleable, it restarted his cock. He slid his middle and ring fingers up and [illegible]n the lips, she quietly whimpered and squirmed, closing her eyes and gasping in air. The more effort

Tyler put in the stronger Nagato reacted, as he increased her efforts her vaginal piece gently thrusted up and towards him and his caressing before it'd return to where it started, in revolutions.

This pattern continued for a little while before he started pushing his fingers into her vagina. He first just brushed in a little, testing the water, and when he was met only with a quick moan did he continue. He pushed in quickly and only until his mid-joint before whisking it out again and again. She reached with a hand to his and showed him how she liked it-deep. She pressed his hand against her skin forcing his fingers as deep as possible and he quickly caught on, he soon took over thrusting his fingers deep inside before drawing them back. During this Nagato felt amazing, like never before, better than if she did it herself, she just had to grab something to hold on to, and so she reached out and gripped his shirt while all around her hull she grabbed onto various objects like chains, cable, structures, gun barrels and the like. Her hand on his shirt sporadically would break off and grip his arm, or a leg, or his back, just trying to get a grip of him. Her whimpers, gasps, and whines told Tyler he was doing a good job and to keep it up while the soft metal flesh on his fingers broke way for his entry and didn't hesitate to shut tight behind him as he left, her metal flesh was tenderly soaked and heated, encouraging his cock for a taste of it. His long member throbbed against his underpants and yearned to be released from its isolation, and so it was.

His free hand quickly undid his belt buckle and wrenched his pants off before he started stroking his throbbing cock to rub out the easy one. That was when he used that hand to grab her hand and wrap it around his cock, nice and firm, and started showing her how to rub his out. She was a fast learner and very soon had him moaning and shuddering as he fought to last forever. She had a full grip on his cock and was enjoying how hard and thick it was when all of a sudden she was hit with a massive orgasm. "Oh shit! Oh fuck!!" She moaned, both in Japanese aloud and in Tyler's head.

Her grip on him was tight and he took over rubbing one out while she recouped from her orgasm, and she had done a pretty good job up till then; Tyler didn't take very long to rub out the rest of it. He sprayed his cum onto the deck between his legs and squeezed up all he had, he was ready. Nagato thought that he was done, that she was cool enough and could make it until night to 'freeze' as much as possible but she was wrong. Suddenly she felt his cock against her lips stroking up and down collecting her juices. Once his head was nice and wet he found the opening and pushed into her soaking vagina. It felt even better around his cock than his fingers; slick and plush flesh breaking way for his entry and gripping his member as its throbbing made itself well known to Nagato. Every one of his long drawn thrusts made Nagato squirm, made her hot, made her lust for more! Their orgasms had multiplied their sensitivities and heightened the pleasure to extraordinary levels, neither of them had gone this far for pleasure, and neither of them were going to stop here.

Nagato's arms more intensely grabbed and gripped Tyler and they began tearing his shirt and leaving marks on his arms. She had lashed around his back and kept him pressed against her conning tower while he worked her over. His loving thrusts and penetrations makes her tongue slip and constantly she mutters things under her breath in between moans and yelps. He didn't know what she was saying because she wasn't sounding in his head consistently, but even with the language barrier he knew she was loving and enjoying this. He then tried to focus on his enjoyment, he almost transcended to another world when he did so, because his hormones were so lively and enthralling. Not only did it all feel so good and lustrous but also right and belonging, he didn't feel like this was just a favor, no, but rather something deserved and wanted; like it was something they needed. That seemed to blow every feeling sky high, indescribable and unsurpassable. He felt his ecstasy rise and fall, rise and fall, rise and fall periodically like he was coming closer to orgasm but never quite reached it while Nagato was almost the opposite.

For her she knew that this was right, it was needed, that sex with Tyler was a must. Ever since being hopped up on drugs and releasing their feelings she knew this was inevitable and that she would be longing for the right moment-and her longing and patience provided her with the sweetest fruit. She was in a state almost identical to Tyler's but rather she was achieving orgasms, very many orgasms, every time she felt him about to cum she would beat him to it and thus her tightening hold on him would disappear and he'd cool off. Every time she came she did transcend into another world for a while, a world where her whole body was enthralled and saturated with the hormones and the sensual feelings that Tyler was providing, she would have appeared to be stoned above cloud nine to someone watching but to her it was all in good cause. She 'd return to her relative normal state about three quarters ready for another orgasm and it was only about twenty times did she realize that he wasn't getting this high and needed some help. So she tried

as hard as she could to keep a very tight hold on him so he could get off and after a few tries that is exactly what happened.

Tyler's second orgasm hit him like a freight train. He jerked out of Nagato and came like a shotgun onto her vulva while he slumped over her massive tendril and drooled onto her conning tower. For a good seven or eight minutes he seemed drugged out and stoned like Nagato did when she would cum, but unlike Nagato he was down for the count. It was only after he came to did they realize the moon had replaced the sun and that they had been at it for nearly two and a half hours. In the moonlight he looked upon Nagato's vulva and saw how covered she was in his semen. It was all over the face of the tendril in glops and sone were strung to each other and two thick strands were still on his oozing cock. He then noticed that her whole tendril face was wet with her coolant and that it left a wet and warm imprint on his crotch, while the front of his balls and inner thighs were also covered in it, too. It was very warm and enjoyable. Nagato felt his hot steamy cum all over her crotch and it made her mellow and gleeful, warming her as well. Her tendrils seemed to have minds of their own as they explored Tyler's hot, naked, and sweaty body. Wrapping around and gripping thighs, biceps, pecs, calfs, forearms, abs, his jaw, his hair, and stroking his ear as she mellowed out and just relaxed. He felt so nice in her arms; his constant and steady breathing with his slowing heartbeat really made her feel homely and loved. She felt tired and she could feel how Tyler's body was relaxing; he, too, was tired and both were falling asleep.

"That was amazing, Tyler, that was amazing." Tyler let out a long drawn groan before he responded.

"Did that help? Are you better now?" Her arms wrapped around Tyler and held him tightly.

"Oh I've never felt so good before! You're all I've ever wanted!" That made him feel special, made him feel even better than he did. "I knew you loved me, too, sweetie. All I ever wanted to be my man." That caught him off guard.

"Wait, I'm your man? Like relationship marriage man?" She was confused.

"Did you think we were something else? I thought you knew since I was being raised." He admitted he didn't think she saw him like that. "Oh no, Tyler, you are all I want to be mine, you're kind and caring, helpful and lively, and good at sex. That's all I wanted, simple, yes, and you exceed in all of them-" a tendril slithered down to his flaccid shaft and held it in a coil, "some more than the others."

"I can't be perfect, what's wrong with me?"

"Well, you could be more assertive. You're too much of a yes man, tell me no. You are daddy after all." That got Tyler thinking as he fell asleep in her arms, bundled up and snug against her tower.

Every night they were alone they had sex and every night Tyler became more dominant, yet every so often they would have sex more like the first night. Sex that was long, smooth, relaxing, and seemingly drug-induced. As Tyler became more and more dominant Nagato became more and more clingy during sex, and she began leaving cuts and scrapes on his back and arms. He never feels the pain at the moment it happens but it concerns him how she is cutting him-it isn't very deep or anything but it's still cuts. This went on and Tyler began noticing strange differences in his body.

His veins had started turning grey, and his finger and toe nails also began changing color, his stomach and guts would sporadically begin hurting and cramping. He would have fevers and aching limbs at times but it would pass and he would feel great, better than before. As it progressed more and more and his skin began turning grey he worriedly visited the doctor. The doctor had no explanation; he visited others who had no reason for it. It was when he visited the doctor that examined Nagato did he get his answer. "To put it simply, Tyler, you're mutating." He was dumbfounded. "We've seen this before, but that was in a more controlled environment and with many enzymes accelerating it. At the stable level, the life bearing metal and its alloys are very passive, almost submissive, but when agitated, or in this case radiated, it turns very aggressive and bonds with carbon-based matter. In extreme cases it can break through the stability of other metal alloys, but this is very energy consuming and taxing on the life-metal. Radiated life-metal in particular [illegible]ak-aggressive. To put it short your interaction with Nagato and her bodily fluids is seeping into your [illegible]y and bonding with your flesh. You're transmutating into a humorph where normally she would have to

transform you."

"So, what's gonna happen to me?"

"We don't know for sure, yet. So far nothing life-threatening. Your friend Tobias is going through the same changes with Prinz Eugen. The bomb testings must have destabilized Nagato and Prinz Eugen and caused them to be radiated, and their bodily fluids more aggressive than normal."

A few more months passed and Nagato had been launched, she had in that time been fixed on what media there was about her and she had been acting very strangely. She had been demanding flesh foods like beef, pork, poultry, and fish, as well as some various metals to consume. It worried Tyler that he might soon be a father but nine months passed and nothing happened. In those months Nagato gained contact with Yamato over the radio and neither of them stopped talking for a week. After a year of pregnancy syndromes, in the night, Nagato wasn't herself, and this worried Tyler greatly. As he was walking along the deck he spotted a slick figure climbing aboard the fantail. At first Tyler was concerned, who broke into the docks? After a few alternatives going through his head he felt that it was a curious swimmer from across the bay. It's a lengthy swim but doable, and from the silhouette in the moonlight she certainly looked fit enough. He grew comfortable with the situation and approached the woman on the lower deck. "Hey!" He called as he transcended the ladder, "you're not supposed to be here on the ship, y'know." Quickly the figure turned to him and retorted.

"I am the ship." The voice and eyes peering at him made him slip and fall on his ass.

"What the fuck?" She sounded exactly like Nagato, only without the booming echo her voice had. "Who are you!?"

"Tyler, it's me, Nagato, can't you see?"

"No, no not at all!" She approached him and in the moonlight he could see she was entirely naked and in her hair there was the silver fluid Nagato had inside her, Tyler was bewildered and lost. "Stop! Stop right there!" Nagato's arms from the nearby turret reached down and held him against her barbette.

"Tyler, it's me. It really is me." He heard this in his head, but it echoed twice, not the booming echo but like twins were speaking in unison. His head hurt and his body shivered.

"What the fuck?"

"I made me, a little me, a human me."

"H-How? Why?"

"I don't know how, but the more we made love the more I felt human, the more I felt like I could be human."

"How did she happen?"

"I wanted it, I wanted to be human, so I made me like a baby, but I'm full grown." The way Nagato explained that was between speaking through Tyler's head and Nagato, the human. Tyler had a panic attack before he passed out. Nagato helped herself carry him inside to where he slept and spread him out on his bed to let him rest easy. Nagato watched him sleep comfortably in the bed, she decided to climb in with him; this is where her new body flailed around trying to work the sheets. She was still learning how to walk and move, as well as most other bodily functions. She eventually found her way under the bed sheets and cuddled against Tyler; she didn't want to move, she didn't want to leave his side, and she felt very warm under the covers. This is when she told Tyler why she did this through his subconscious. "You said you thought you'd marry a woman that liked to cook in just an apron and try all sorts of new foods, I want to make that dream real like you've made mine."

Nagato and Prinz Eugen are much like Ratbat's living machines, their bodily life metal is aggressive, not as aggressive as forced adaption but will naturally take over a flesh body. Ask your questions in the comments! I still check the site daily.

Battleship, Gingyflame, porn
7 Comments

HaM Ch 48

September 7, 2016 by Gingyflame

Ch 48

Major Cahrmicheal looked at the Henschel & Sohn headquarters in Kassel. The war had touched it but not ruined it, and being the headquarters where Germany's most feared tanks were put on paper he was surprised that it still stood; all other buildings similar to this were flattened to keep German technology from the Americans. The army had already claimed the records and designs in the files and such, but anything incomplete and/or on the desks were free reign. The major watched G.I. after G.I, go by with drafting cases, tubes with drawings inside, and read their names carefully. Until one of them caught his attention; he recognized it from one of the breathers' conversations.

PANTHER II AUSF. F TURM

"Hey, you!" He yelled and grabbed the G.I.'s arm. "I want that drawing." The soldier looked into his eyes a little pissed off.

"No, I found it, it's mine!" He had a harsh Brooklyn accent.

"I'll buy it off of you."

"Really? Sorry but I ain't selling." He started past the major.

"Two hundred dollars." He stopped and went wide eyed. He turned over his shoulder and looked the major in the eye.

"Cash?" The major produced a roll of twenties from his inner jacket pocket.

"Washington mint." The soldier had never seen that much money in one place before in his life. He spun around and instantly traded the drawing for ten twenty dollar bills. The soldier walked off, gawking at the money in his hand, the Major took the tube to his jeep and opened it; he took the rolled blueprints out and unraveled them. The corporal sitting in the driver's seat looked on as the major spread the drawings out on the hood. "Corporal Smithers, you can ready the jeep. We can go back, now."

"So, we came all the way out here for a Nazi drawing?"

"It looks like it," he started while rolling up the drawings carefully, satisfied with their quality, "but these drawings are going to give us the edge in armor for the future." The major sat in the jeep as they drove off to France, to the rally point of his unit, while he thought of the future. His family, specifically him, owned an auto factory, and since the start of the war his factory had been making hundreds of Sherman hulls each
h. He wanted to see them in action so he wiggled his way in to the Army and at first was very satisfied with the Sherman in Africa, but saw how rapidly they were outclassed in combating armor and from there

became fascinated with the complex German engineering. That Panther he bought from Patton was his prize, he's going to study it back in America, study the drawings, he and his peers are going to adjust the faults for making a truly remarkable tank. They're going to blend the excellent reliability of American tanks with the capability of the German advanced engineering and quality, emphasize crew survivability and comfort. Designs bounced all around his head already, this grizzled thirty year old man could barely contain his excitement as if he were a child.

They reunited with the unit at a French town, where the rest of Patton's breathers from Bastogne and the front finally were reunited again. Along with them were Adler and Thirty-Four, who snuck over because she didn't want Adler to grow up all alone with no peers, and as well as Shellproof. She made it seem that she was reluctant to go but really she liked Adam, she wanted to stay with him. Sneaking over really wasn't hard, the two massive armies had pitched tents all over the place and one couldn't separate what was American and what was Russian. The main problem was that in order to talk to them about anything Kramia, Mini, or Griffen (whom Thirty-Four was suspicious of until she thoroughly interrogated him) had to be there to translate. If they were stuck together that wouldn't be a problem, but Shellproof and Thirty-Four tended to separate at random, Thirty-Four to be with Adler and his friends and Shellproof to talk to Adam and Kramia, sometimes the German tanks. When Thirty-Four first saw Tiger she was very very upset but once Thirty-Four found out Tiger was female it completely changed her relationship with Tiger, they were friends right off the bat. When Hansel arrived he met a very excited Joshua and was thus persuaded to follow him.

Hansel followed him through the town that nobody knew how to pronounce, he remembered walking these same streets when he met Marion. He didn't remember leaving anything, they hurriedly left but they had gathered their things beforehand so all they really left were burning tanks- they weren't there anymore. Hansel was led by Joshua to an old lady, she seemed familiar and she was, she was the same lady that gave Hansel the directions to the post office. "Oh!" She exclaimed, "is that really little Hansel? Little Hansel Walter?"

"Yes aunt Madalyne!" He nodded; he turned to Hansel then, "Hansel, we're cousins!"

"What?" Hansel was confused. "How?"

"Hansel, I'm your aunt Madalyne, the last time I saw you it was your third birthday! I'm you mother's cousin, and sister to Joshua's mom." Hansel's mind was blown. So while they explored the family tree Marion was with Cindy, crushing spent shells for her to eat. As Cindy finished off one of the shells a captain came up and instructed Marion and Cindy to follow him. Marion took Cindy's hand and followed the captain out into the fields where Marion ambushed the Sherman column; they waited and soon, over the top of the hill where Marion once laid in wait, came two tanks. They had rounded top turrets and rounded top turrets, she couldn't see well what with the sun in her eyes but Cindy instantly recognized the tanks. She broke contact from Marion's hands and drove, drove as fast as she could, kicking on her engine and flooring it. The two Shermans at the hill came halfway and turned together as Cindy collided into them, bawling tears of joy. Cindy's parents were alive. Marion felt something inside her stir, and no it wasn't jealousy or anything of the like, she felt a warm spot in her 'heart' the way she felt around Hansel after he was away for the day or night. She managed without Hansel but still felt alone, lonely, like she wasn't complete; it made her fear what Cindy felt every day without her parents. A truly remarkable moment in her life.

The captain asked Marion if she could wait for them a take them back to where the breathers were while he went to go file their statements and logs. She agreed and waited, she saw on the parents a few shot holes, and also a few squares, they were all silver-gray like Cindy's wound earlier. She watched the family rejoice and cheer, hug and kiss, cry and sniffle. Marion watched it all and she couldn't stop watching, it really was beautiful, Cindy had been without her parents for over a year now and she couldn't stop herself, nobody would have or could have stopped her. Nobody could stop her blind rush, her constant crying, her constant hold, her constant "I missed you"s, nobody could but nobody would. Marion sat there waiting on them for an eternity and she didn't mind it at all. After the initial surge of joy passed them, Cindy asked her mom and dad to meet someone who had taken care of her while they were gone, they agreed and Cindy immediately

ted back to Marion, assuring them that she was nice and friendly. Cindy waved to Marion to come over;

on had a stroke of shyness yet again. She forced herself into a gear while Cindy grabbed her parents'

hands and drug them along. As much as they'd like to meet each other they both were scared of the other.

"Marion! It's mom and dad!" Cindy didn't care about the tension; she was too careless and excited to do so. "Say hi! She won't hurt you!" They four had grouped together, while with the massive size different coupled with Cindy's persistence did help Marion feel better, she could see that her parents were still terrified of Marion.

"He-llo?" Marion asked before forcing herself to smile.

"She's a King Tiger! Well, Hansel calls her a Queen Tiger but everyone else calls her a Royal Tiger. Isn't she big?"

"Yeah," the father said, "she's big." He sounded a little parched.

"Well, I'm Rudy, and this is Ruffles." The mother said finally. "And you're Marion?"

"Yes, I'm Marion."

"There are lots of others, too! Like Fritz, and Jäger! Mini and Kramia! Rosa, Frau, Hetz, Griffin, and Faust! And there's still Zwei and Tiger, but we also have Katelyn and Chuck! Oh and Skip! She's cool! We also have Kitty, Tiffany, Anna and Susan and the Hummel twins, Dora, and Ferdi and Porsche! And they're all alive like us! Isn't that cool!" Before anyone could talk more Cindy egged them to go to the base. Marion showed them the way home.

Fin Ch 48

This is going to be it for a while, and it kinda has been late already but that's because of German Battleships being added to WoWS and they're fun and I got the next Japanese ship in my way of the Yamato and she's fun so yeah. I've been busy. And the next little bit I put out will be of one of the new ships I've acquired.., go on and guess which one it will be.

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion
3 Comments

HaM Ch 47

August 23, 2016 by Gingyflame

Ch 47

"Shellproof, I don't trust that *American*." Thirty-Four had gotten Adler to sleep and was talking to Shellproof about Adam. "I've never met an American before but he is not American. He seems off to me."

"I think you're just paranoid, Thirty-Four. The radio messages aren't the best quality, they might all sound like him."

"It wasn't just his voice, Shell, he was just awkward. His speech was awkward."

"He is a little man talking to big tanks." Thirty-Four didn't seem to get the point. "I know how terrified you were when it happened, he probably felt as terrified."

"Oh he looked just fine around you, though, I was never that comfortable."

use I wasn't staring him down like a wolf! You scared him so much he couldn't act right. Believe me once he warmed up to me he was a lot better with his speech."

“I still don’t believe you, Shell.” They continued through the night, neither needing to sleep. Sometime just before dawn Thirty-Four changed the subject. “Shellproof, what do you think the Americans will do with the German prisoners?” Shellproof thought about it.

“I don’t know but I think they’ll be kind to them.” There was a pause between them. “Why do you ask?”

“That ball Adler had, two German soldiers gave it to him before we were found. I scared them off; I feared for Adler and was angry at the Germans anyhow. I found them yesterday; they were badly injured and were prisoners. I went after Adler and watched him play with them, after I sent Adler away I approached them-they were terrified of me-and I gave them the ball back, and I thanked them for it. I left right after that.”

“You seem to have changed your position, you know that?”

“I did, I don’t have that hate, that desire to murder every single one of them, that’s all gone now. I have changed.”

“When did this happen? You didn’t turn soft did you?”

“No, I still wanted to kill the invaders-but, we won. That desire is gone, too. We killed them, we took their land, and now we are in their capital doing whatever we want.” She looked to Adler, fast asleep. “I think he’s rubbing off on me.”

“How so?”

“He never saw why we were invading their land. He didn’t have a problem with the Germans like we did, he thought them as people while I thought them as rats. I think them as people now.”

“Adam told me that his general has a bunch of ‘breathers’ as they call us. He said they have German tanks, too, and that they have families, and kids. They’re about Adler’s age, maybe tomorrow you could take Adler to meet and play with them.” Thirty-Four thought about it.

“I think I will.”

The following morning she got Adler his breakfast and took him to the river while he ate it. She waited there with Adler, washing some filth off of him while he sat in the water mesmerized by it. He mostly picked up the muck at the bottom and brought it to the surface to examine it. Thirty-Four cleaned out grass, twigs, stones, and dirt from between his treads and wheels and cleaned his face and body. After he was finished she decided to clean herself, too. Carefully she measured how deep her treads sank in the river while cleaning herself the same way she cleaned Adler. She tenderly rubbed her shot wound until it shone like polished silver and cleaned out her parts-genitals included-after three years of grime. She had cleaned her body and hoped for a way to clean her and Adler’s engine when she caught two tanks from the corner of her eye. She instantly knew they were kids, one was a Panzer and the other was a Sherman, like the American made tanks that the Russians used, but both were only two-thirds the size. Just like Adler. The Panzer waved, Adler waved back excited. She said he should go over to them and introduce himself, she didn’t expect him to lurch forward through the river. Her instincts kicked in and her terrified body lurched after him, holding him tightly as he wadded across. Thankfully the river wasn’t deep here and Adler made it across, and she was able to back out of the river harmlessly. She sat across the channel watching her son talk to the two child tanks. It looked like the two tanks instantly accepted Adler into their group. She smiled, her son had made friends. She watched them talk and play, they were showing off their engine power by pushing each other, and felt a desire to have had her own childhood.

She watched Adler and the Sherman play, then the Sherman led Adler and the Panzer off away from the riverbank, what she saw next made her jump and her skin crawl. The Sherman went right up to a huge German Tiger 2 tank. Thirty-Four’s heart raced as she threw caution to the wind and hurtled across the river. She powered her way up the bank and raced to Adler but he and the other tanks were already introduced to the Tiger 2 and were now playing a game in the dirt. She listened in to the conversation that the Tiger was ’ ng with the circle of Americans. Hansel and Marion were huddled together in a circle of other tanks and . .ers, talking about stories and feats they’d had. A rough voiced man in his early forties asked Hansel

what he did with the Americans, being a former German army soldier.

“Well, Marion and I at first were just heavy lifters, but eventually they pulled us up front because I speak English and German and because Marion’s, well, a tiger. We’d have a big horn on here and either myself or the loader, Meats, would try to convince the town ahead of us to surrender. We’d try that but it really never worked. And one day we got ourselves a new platoon leader, this guy was a kid. Poor kid still had pimples on his face, smooth face because he probably couldn’t grow face hair. Anyway so Marion’s in the middle, we’re lined up abreast with Shermans here and there, a bunch of infantry squatting behind us, and all the commanders, even me, are hunkered in our hatches except the P-L. We tried getting him down but he didn’t listen. So he’s standing up in his hatch while I’m talking through the speaker and then there’s a flash in a window just before the kid starts screaming following a rifle’s crack. He’d been shot in the left cheek and his whole left jaw had been shattered and broken. He screamed his head off and kicked and squirmed and threw himself all around. We all pumped some shots into the building with the sniper in it while the infantry pulled that kid behind the tank. I’ll never forget what the sergeant said because it’s exactly what my first ever sergeant said in Russia. He said ‘that was short lived,’ and off we went under his command. That town had nothing but riflemen and a machine gun, just a squad or two.” Thirty-Four listened attentively.

“Why are you here, tiger?” She asked in Russian. Marion shifted to look at Thirty-Four, confused and pleasantly surprised. Marion didn’t know Russian so she tried English, Thirty-Four didn’t understand a word. Adler tried to speak for his mother in German but he didn’t have enough vocabulary to translate beyond an introduction. While the two women quite easily recognized the other as females that was all they could discern. Marion called for Kramia because nobody around could translate between English, German, and Russian. Once she had scooted up with Mini’s assistance she first talked to Thirty-Four.

“How are you here?” Thirty-Four asked Kramia in surprise.

“I was absorbed into the Wehrmacht and then into the American army. How was the Red Army?”

“We triumphed! When were you lost? What happened to you?”

“What do you mean?”

“What do you mean!? You have a tiger gun! You’re pregnant! What did those rats do to you?!” Kramia was confused.

“Rats?”

“The Nazi cowards! Rats! They took you and maimed you! Raped you!” Kramia was now upset.

“What? No! I deserted! How could you work with such heathens?!”

“YOU DESERTED!?!” At this point everyone knew something was up, Marion carefully picked up a round and put it in the loading tray. Hansel ducked into the cupola, the Americans did the same. Marion started pulling Geoff and Cindy around her stern. “I should shoot you!”

“What else would I have done? I just watched my crew rape and kill a Russian girl! I’ve never seen a German rape and kill a German girl! They abused and used me, treated me like shit, so I left! Russia had given me nothing but pain and hate, cruelty and confusion! Of course I left!” At this point Mini inserted himself between his wife and Thirty-Four.

“Who is this? Your rapist? Saving his sex slave!?”

“No,” Mini said, he looked to the child T-34 and figured that maybe it wasn’t legitimate, “I’m sorry, but we’re not all bad.” He looked to both girls, “neither side.” That devotion that Mini showed to Kramia, standing in front of her to keep a fight from breaking out, that little bit of devotion hurt Thirty-Four’s feelings. She felt a wave of depression overcome her while a deep rage grew and festered. She wondered if she wasn’t good enough for the Tiger to stay, what could’ve been if he stayed with her, flocked to her army or took her to his, wondered if he didn’t rape her but seek a companionship with her. These questions of what life would

be if Adler had a loving father shook her. Adler came up to her side and was grabbing her wheels and treads. She looked down to him, his little waist belts connecting his wheels together and his beading eyes made her smile.

“Don’t fight, mama, please don’t fight.” She put a hand on his cupola and rubbed it, a grin coming over her face.

“I won’t, Adler, baby, I won’t fight. Why don’t you ask them for a ball and show your friends how to play catch in the field over there?” He asked Mini and Mini got him a ball from an American. Adler took the kids away and they played catch.

“Are we calm now?” Mini asked, still lodged between them, they nodded. “Good, why don’t we get to know each other before we rip our gears out?” They agreed and traded stories, everybody else had relaxed a little but were still tense. Thirty-Four and Kramia had relaxed and forgiven each other, seeing the other’s reasons. After that Thirty-Four asked why all the German tanks were here, not just about Marion.

“So is she SS?” Thirty asked, Kramia answered no without translating to Marion. “So why does she have that on her gun?” She pointed to the black Tiger 2 tank silhouette painted as a break in the black kill stripe on her barrel, inside the black tiger was the emblem for the SS, two white lightning bolts.

“Marion, she wants to know why that’s there.” Kramia said to Marion, mentioning the special kill stripe.

“I have that for killing an SS tiger.” Kramia told Thirty, she asked if it was a living Tiger I with excitement. “No, it was a dead metal Tiger II.” When Kramia replied to Thirty, she slumped.

“With a bastard like that we probably got him, we probably got him good.” Kramia tried to lift up Thirty-Four’s spirit. Mini nodded in agreement.

“What if Adler asks about him?”

“What do you mean?”

“He asks where does he come from and I try my best to avoid it, but he’s smart, what do I say when he keeps asking? Who do I say his father is when I teach him about children? How do I tell my son that he’s a bastard?” She started to break down crying, Kramia brought her into a hug for comfort. “Kramia,”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“You’re in for a world of hell when you give birth.” That sparked her interest.

“Where will it come out?”

“The same place it went in.” Kramia’s belly and stern turned cold and ached.

Fin Ch 47

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, world war 2
Leave a comment

Cybran ACU Lynda

August 8, 2016 by Gingyflame

Cybran ACU “Lynda”

UEF Commander F. Cole

Of all the tasks assigned to Cole, this was his least favorite. From cleaning out shit ruts to being the general’s bitch he got some pretty demeaning duties. Even as UEF commander, an honorable position, he still got the dead rock planets or the over populated adjutant of a snobbish has-been. At times he felt like AWOLing the UEF and living a normal life but never has he felt too strongly until he was sitting in the commander’s seat of a chip-head ACU. Since the end of the ‘war’ between the factions, that turned out to be the result of one psycho chip-head, the three involved factions decided that in order to improve relationships a mutual arms treaty was needed, and included was the sharing of technology, weapons, and research. In a show of trust the Cybran nation constructed a special fit and color pattern: a black base color and purple highlights for the mix of Cybran red and UEF blue, and with Cole’s luck he is in command of it.

“Finally I get a job that isn’t sucking dick or sucks dick and I get the chip-head toy.” He was trying to get the controls down on the training course. “No let’s not investigate their weaponry! Let’s only give a damn about their research and technology and not study the center piece ACU! Let’s give it to Cole!”

“What sent you down the drain?” A female voice in the cockpit sounded. Cole strained around the tight space made tighter by his bulky armor to find an A.I. display.

“Well they did say this one was special, it has a self-conscious A.I.”

“I’m not some artificial programming; I’m as alive as you!” She had an attitude similar to Cole’s.

“Alright ACU, if you’re alive what’s your name?” He asked quiet ticked off, nothing was going his way at all.

“Lynda, I’m Lynda. Don’t think I’m some preppy machine girl like most others out there.”

“You were built as a gift, what threat could you actually possess? I’m not a happy guy right now seeing how all my training was for fucking nothing!”

“First off I’m no gift! I was built a decade ago by Dr. Brackman for tests! I was placed in reserve after three months until last week.., that’s when I moved to you people.”

“Hmm, looks like we both were thrown down the shit hole then.”

“It seems so.” They calmed down slowly after that, back to their normal and charismatic selves. Lynda began teaching Cole how to work her using her internal claws to show him, he taught her some slang that the UEF uses for commands. The Cybran are cyborg creations and spawns of Dr. Brackman, a disembodied super genius that spawns these cyborgs to do studies, control database networks, protect the areas of interest, and revere the Dr. as their father and thus he reveres them as his children. The thing is with their cybernetic changes they usually hook up the nervous system into the ACU for hyper communication, Cole wasn’t a fan ›coming a chip-head. Eventually Lynda even showed him some of her personal adjustments the Dr. .e to her as a living being; her two massive cannon arms can slide the weapons back and extend in place

a claw hand of good size, also the limited ability to have pupils on the sensor lenses, but through her own modification she was able to turn the two purple marks on her face into eye sockets and then into full blown eyes before she veiled them in armored sensors for protection. Even though she is intellectually advanced she still hasn't worked out all the kinks yet and while practicing the Hunker safeguard tactic her protective covers fell out of place while looking down.

"Ah! Holy shit that's bright!" When the covers fell off the very bright shield that surrounds Lynda went through her eyes and into the cabin, usually the covers filtered the light down.

"Ah fuck me!" She swore, she'd thought she fixed that problem before.

"On the first date? Well I thought *I* was a horny little fucker." She snickered at his jest.

"Whoa, who said this was a date now?" She replied as she clenched her eyes shut, it hurt her eyes, too.

"Well today has a date on it, and a title. Today is training session day, and I think that's enough for one day." Lynda stood up from her crouching Hunker mode and deactivated the shield. "Actually one more thing, every UEF ACU has a manual escape hatch, do you have one?"

"Yes but the command pod needs to be detached to do so, so I'm not going to show you where." He shrugged and pressed a button to get him out with the armor's teleporting ability. He stood on the ground and looked at her again, this time with compassion and camaraderie. He saw her eyes were purple, too, and had a beautiful whiter outline of her tall pupil making her look like an attractive predator.

"You should leave those covers off, Lynda, your eyes are gorgeous. You said you made them yourself?"

"Do you think so? I did make them but, I've thought about leaving them off but they'll never be off my body. Too risky without them." She looked over his body for a returning compliment but his armor was too bulky to comment on what men like to be complemented on; muscles. "You know the Cybran armor suit isn't as bulky and serve the user better. I have an extra one but some points of it may poke in a bit. And for comfort reasons you'd need to shave everything." She sat down; it didn't seem that Cole was done talking to her yet.

"Well I was just about to say that you have your own personal gantry I was supposed to leave you in, I haven't been but it is right down passage B-thirty-two and you are gantry B-three-two-oh-four. It's on the left." He turned to leave but Lynda stopped him.

"Care to join me?" He stopped.

"Well there is a quick passage to the barracks, sure I'll join you." She carried him as she walked along the painted areas looking for her gantry. They talked about likes and dislikes, turn ons and offs, any sweethearts or one night stands, and furthered their relationship even more. After a few more days of training the two were like peas in a pod and, as she normally would, Lynda invited Cole to her gantry. He accepted blindly.

"I should've tried this chip head armor a long time ago. This is a lot better than that UEF clunker."

"Glad you liked it. You feel better, too." An internal tendril ran its way up his leg to his inner thigh and rubbed it convincingly. He smirked knowing that this'd happen sooner or later.

"A little bit adventurous, are we now?"

"Haven't we always been?" She felt all around his body through his slim armored suit and licked her lips in anticipation. With the Cybran suit on she could feel his chiseled pecs and muscular body, her mind raced with excitement and her nether regions began preparing a warm welcome.

"So uh, how're we gonna do this?"

' 're in for a good surprise, Cole." She opened the huge gantry doors and shut them quickly behind her, ' g her rotating abdomen to keep a grip on the door. She shit the door and spun around facing forward,

her large bed was right in front of her, ready for its greatest test. She stepped up to her bed and knelt down into it, rolling over while using a tendril to tease herself all the while teasing Cole with a suggestive rubbing.

While Cole was sitting comfortably in the chair and enjoying a much deserved caress he still worried about the size difference, she was, after all, *only* 43 meters tall. He's only about two meters tall. It still frightened him no matter how much she reassured him. He felt the Gs as she embraced her bed and the two gravities pulling him from the artificial generator Lynda has and the planet's own natural gravity, he knew the moment of truth was soon to happen. He was both anxious and nervous, if it's scaled to her then he literally could fall in and she's might not feel it, but if she is scaled to him, she's in for the ride of her life.

After a few minutes of sensual rubbing Lynda announced she could stand it no more and she needed him inside her. Instantly she teleported him between her legs, he flashed in and was met by her armored body that looked a little moist, he noticed smaller tendril arms circling her slit. He was astonished, amongst this massive machine, with a crotch bigger than him; it had a vagina that's tight for him. "Please Cole, I need this! I'm ready, fuck me!" He went to grab his Johnson but instead grabbed a handful of crotch armor; problem is that he doesn't know how to open it.

"Hey babe, imma need you to.., open me." She had four tendrils from her legs reach out and pull him close to undress him completely. She said to hell with the cock piece and took it all off. Now she had him nude and true, no bulky armor, no strong metal chunks, just his sexy slick skin. She grabbed at his dense muscles and held his manhood, exciting her to higher levels than ever before. She clenched her purple eyes shut and imagined naughty things about to be done to her and squirmed with anticipation.

Cole was pressed against her hot body, her body definitely felt ready on the outside, and she was holding and grabbing him with much enthusiasm, it pushed him into wanting her more. He stroked her lips with the tip of his cock feeling how she moved around him. The tenderness of her genitals enthralled him and sent shivers of pleasure through both of them, astonished about each other's composition.

"Enough fucking tease! I want you deep inside me, baby!" He wanted to rebuttal with the argument of 'it feels good' but he threw that away and plunged into her, quivering with her in sexual pleasure. She was hot and wet, soft and plush, sexy and perfect. Her insides easily gave way to his manly presence and held on as he retreated; he humped her good and drove her into a rocking motion as she recoiled against his thrusts. Her moaning grew from under her breath to a loud and proud thunder; his moaning paled in comparison but was equally pleasurable. He slid in and out gracefully and repeatedly, unable to bring himself to stop and unwilling if he could.

As he felt his orgasm rising he gave no fucks, but the quivers that ran up his spine increasingly caused him to convulse and as the tension built into his orgasm he convulsed into a half fetal position where he came onto the metal plating just beneath her soaking pussy. He recovered and stuck himself back into her and continued, this time with enhanced feelings. He was braindead and uncaring, he didn't notice her trembling legs and her legs crossing. She was grabbing her bed and trembling with pleasure, completely overcome with ecstasy and adrenaline. She was trying to hold back on her orgasm, to make it much more powerful, and she could barely contain herself. It didn't take much more before she let go and came, her pussy seemed to start drooling and she cried loudly with dopamine ramping it up. Her deep inhales and loud cries showed just how good Cole was at this, he didn't care now but later he'd take much pride in it.

He kept on, pumping in and out, in and out, in and out, making a squishing noise with every draw and a slapping noise with every insert. It would be quite loud if it weren't for all the moaning, grunting, and heavy breathing overcoming it. This time around Cole watched his work, he watched with glee was he pounded her into a subconscious stupor. Her whole body was mellowing and numbing at the same time in the most fantastic way, all she felt was his size inside her and the after cum still flicking out of his cock. The tingling and warm sensation made her beg for a deep load, a load that Cole would be all too happy to deposit. As his climax rose to power again she didn't let his convulses threaten her desire, she wrapped around his back and held him close until she felt it. He came and the orgasm shook his body, he launched spurts of sperm deep into her where it systematically closed tight on his sperm, cock, and body. Her vagina sent her 'brain' tons of pleasing reports and made her elevated temperature raise higher. She knew that Cole was done, he 'imp and his cock was starting to retreat, leaving behind a wonderful puddle of sperm for her pussy to

She carried him up just beneath her outcropping command pod and laid him there with a blanket and one of her ‘smaller’ pillows as a mattress. He grabbed her hands and held them tight in his; he kissed her hand and rested in her pillow. “So,” he began, “no way we aren’t dating now.”

“I thought you’d never realize.” She retorted, still in a high state from the huge amount of dopamine and ecstasy.

“We aren’t making a bastard, right?”

“No… No.., I won’t be prego. Unless you want a little bastard?”

“No. I’ll marry a whore than make a bastard.”

“How sweet and insulting.”

“Who said you’re the whore? I’m pretty damn expensive if I do say so myself.” She laughed.

“A man whore?”

“The manliest man of whores.” He snickered. “And you know just how good I am at my profession.” He said as he tucked his hands under the back of his head. She laughed some more.

“Damned if I don’t.”

“Something’s missing, I need one of those things from the old movies.., fuck what was it? A cigarette! That’s it! I need a cigarette!”

“Well we don’t have those anymore. So you’re just gonna have to settle for pussy.” They joked and played until they fell asleep in the dark night.

Fin Cybran ACU

So it’s about god damn time I posted again. And it’s about god damn time I posted this story. That picture is what Lynda looks like in all her glory.., with my GT in bright green beneath her feet.

Gingyflame, Mecha, porn
4 Comments

HaM Ch 46

June 17, 2016 by Gingyflame

This is pretty much the final months of the war all in one chapter, time flies by for Hansel and Marion and now it’s the end.

Enjoy!

Ch 46

Every night Marion cradled Hansel against her side as he slept or rested, his injury and near-death encounter shocked her more than it shocked him and from that moment on she regarded his safety as the most important thing in the world. Hansel didn’t mind the increase in attention, his experience showed him just how frail life was and how all of that poetic jargon was true: life is short so make it last. He stayed by her all of his recovery for her sake and in the meantime taught her how to write and expanded her reading ability, so taught Cindy how to write in German–she wrote her good-bye letter in English and luckily Inbred can read English–and not just read like Zwei taught her. In turn Cindy taught both Marion and Hansel how

to read and write what English she knew. Both coached the other how to be more fluent in their non-native language. Marion sort of stole Cindy away from Katelyn and Chuck again to Katelyn's aggravation, Marion still was put to work at her old task but to a lesser quota and intensity. This all put together gave her time with Hansel and Cindy making her happy and kept her active and made her feel like she earns her keep.
In all reality Patton had it easier on fuel supply to keep the non-combating living tanks on the front instead of sending back where all the others were sent, so Chuck, Katelyn, Rosa, Marion, Tiger, Zwei, Cindy, Geoff, Griffin, Mini-Rommel and Kramia all kept up with the Third Army's push for Berlin. And that they did, they'd get battle stories from Banker and Betty and the whole group of them-and a newly introduced Skip the M5 Stuart they heard of long, long ago and her secret lover Kyle. They kept their love quiet so they didn't have to answer to the lab coats. Her and Betty hung out with the non-combatant breathers when they had time off but would occasionally slip away, no one thought any differently of their absence.
And that was life for them, days and days and days went on as the Allies pushed deeper and deeper into the Fatherland. Casualties were high and the war was bitter and cold with the dead and dying, that absolutely sickened Hansel and his German brothers-in-arms; seeing their homeland devastated, raped of resources and blown up for 'defense' by their own people nearly drove them mad. Every atrocity that someone accidentally mentioned nearby them angered them more. They longed to take back their homes but would also rather that the assault stopped there, that the guns were unloaded right there to leave the ammunition in the dirt and for all to leave and go home. But where was home? They didn't know anymore. They didn't know. One morning, recently after Hansel had fully recovered and the scar was the only mark of the wound, they weren't ordered up. They weren't ordered to move ammunition, they were told nothing. Concerned of super fanatical resistance Hansel went to the Major and asked what was going on.
"It seems our part is done." He lit his pipe; it reminded Hansel of his Colonel's pipe. "We reached the Elbe River and politics leaves the rest for the Russians."
"No!" Hansel declared, he feared what Russia would do to Germany. "No we have to keep going! We can't let the Russians have Germany, we have to take it!"
"You and Patton, both, my friend." He took a long draw from his pipe and blew it to the wind. "To be frank I'm happy that we're done. No more war for us. A lot of us get to go home, you, too. Maybe. You were from Munich, right? Don't worry; it'll all be over soon." He grabbed Hansel's shoulders and rocked it back and front. "Patton wanted to see you sometime tomorrow; he said to stop by his office-or jeep. Whichever one his ass is in." Hansel broke away and went back to Marion. He told her about the Allied half at the river; Cindy wanted to see the river up close. Marion suggested they go see the river. Hansel, Whacker, Meats, Cindy, Marion, Mini-Rommel and Kramia all went to the river. They saw Russian and Americans in the river celebrating together, their meeting signaled their end in this war. There were German P.O.W.s nearby, too. They were beaten up very badly in bandages and wraps. All of their faces were a mix of pain, relief, dread and defeat. Whacker spotted some Russain tanks over on the other side moving unlike cold steel tanks, he did a little figuring and suppressed his fear for the Russians and went over with a curious Meats and excited group of Americans, Hansel and the breathers sat back; Cindy played in the river until Geoff came up, then they splashed each other.
Whacker was with Meats, who was talking and comparing muscles with a large Russian man equal in to his size, and Whacker would continuously glance over to the T-34 and the IS about twenty meters to his left. He was trying to think of something to say, he's been able to flirt with women before no problem but he always had something to talk about, something like how Germany's growing again or how family is doing or something inviting. Something they shared. He didn't know a thing about the Russians. All he knew is what Kramia told him but that was how to win her over not spark up a conversation. Meats was stopped by this man because they were the strongest men around. What's Whacker going to go up to the tanks and say? We're all alive? Then that came to him, they were alive. Not like 'hey you're a breather' but 'you two made it to the end' after all, they were rather obsolete models. He prayed not to offend them, he counted his blessings and asked for just one more, he tried to walk over but his mind was whispering 'they can kill you with no effort' and that made him shake in his boots. One of them had that 85 that had scarred him years ago. He gave himself a mental pep talk and forcefully walked over still shaking in his boots. He walked over as nonchalantly as he could, the IS caught him from the corner of her eye and shifted attention to him. As she turned towards him he shook even more, if it wasn't for the spacious jacket and pants the two Russians would probably be laughing.
"Hello, how you?" The IS said in English. She saw the American outfit, her English had a very heavy accent, and while it is a mutual language that so far seemed that both knew decently, it wasn't Whacker's strong point. He figured it'd be his best bet.
' ` good, we all survived. I say that make us all good." His English was better but obviously not perfect;
, .ıy neither of the Russian tanks had talked to an actual American yet.

“I say so, yes.” The IS smiled at him, her voice confirmed that she was a female, the T-34 that she was previously talking to hasn’t spoken, they weren’t together so he guessed that it, too, was a female. “I am from forty-three, where do you from?”
“I go back to forty-four. Where do you come from?” He asked the T-34, it was scanning over him with its eyes. It was making him uncomfortable. He saw it adjust the handsaw on its chest and he caught a glimpse of a hole. An 88’s hole. He began to sweat nervously under his clothes and his pilot cap became itchy.
“Forty-two. I come from forty-two.” It was also a female. Whacker calmed down a little but the T-34 wouldn’t stop hard-staring at him.
“So what is you name?” The IS asked. “My name Shellproof.”
“My name’s Adam, I like your name.”
“Thank you.” They waited for the T-34 to say her name but nothing came, only a cold and hard stare. “Her name is Thirty-Four. Don’t think of her, usual she is not this way. She just is strange now.” Shellproof scowled at Thirty-Four and hit her hull disapprovingly.
“Why is she moody?”
“She can get worked up. She does not good with new persons. She has gone through tough time.” Shellproof looked to Thirty-Four and talked to her in Russian, all Whacker caught was ‘you go get’ and then he was lost.
“Da.” Thirty-Four backed up and left.
“You are not American, are you?” Shellproof asked bluntly, her stone gaze into his soul broke his composure.
“No, I’m not really American.” He began to break down and freak out. Was she going to kill him? Should he run? Should he get Meats? Shellproof moved to him fast and held his arms against his body.
“Calm! Calm. Be. Calm.” She stroked his leather cap with a tendril. “Let me tell you why she moody.”
“Okay, okay, why is she moody?”
“She was hit and raped by Tiger. She has boy named-”
“ADLER!” They heard Thirty-Four shout and both of them jumped, Shellproof instinctively pulled Whacker to her body to shield him from an angry Thirty-Four but instead it was an excited Adler, her son. He looked exactly like his mother only smaller and he was trying to look at Whacker. He was talking fast in Russian, Shellproof, with Whacker still against her treads, talked over him. Adler suddenly stopped bouncing around and bit his lip.
“He speak no any English. I can talk for both.” Shellproof said. Thirty-Four strolled over and hit Adler on the back of his turret while he was shooting off questions. He whined to his mom while she scolded him. She ‘hmph’d and he cuddled up to her. She wrapped her arm around his turret. He was nearly half her size. He finished his questions and from there Shellproof did her best to translate. They talked like this for a while then Adler looked at the P.O.W.s on the bridge nearby and pulled out a ball and left, Shellproof told Thirty-Four to just watch him and she did so.
Adler rushed over to two beaten and battered German soldiers. One was in bloody bandages from the hips up on his left side and bloody wraps covered the left side of his head including the eye, his left arm was in a sling. The man next to him was with crutches and was missing his leg beneath the right knee. Both also had various injuries but those described were major wounds that rendered them combat useless. They saw Adler approaching and they shimmied together and shivered. Adler looked at them with empathy and mercy; he took the ball in his hands and gave it to the German soldier. Adler’s outstretched arm held the little ball in his hand so gently and gracefully, he took the hand of the one legged soldier and put the ball in his hand. Adler looked at them and under his breath he said ‘danke’ and turned to leave when the German called out.
“Sie möchten Ball spielen?” Adler happily nodded.
Thirty-Four crept up behind him and watched her son play, as strange as it was to see him play without her it was also rewarding in a way. She laid down on her belly and smiled at him, neither he nor the Germans saw her. She didn’t like Germans but given the three years to think she got past the blind and absolute hatred of all Germans. She simply smiled and watched her son play ball. Once dusk approached she went up to Adler and sent him away. Now the two soldiers were quivering with fear, they couldn’t run and there was no one to stop her; she was the angry tank that charged them two years ago. “Danke für den Ball.” She said calmly and respectively, handing them the ball. She turned and left them there with the other P.O.W.s being sent to the American camps. While she was watching Adler Shellproof and Whacker were talking a lot about themselves.

Fin Ch 46

ngyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, World War II, WWII
Comment

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HaM Ch 53

February 17, 2018 by Gingyflame

HaM 53
They would wake up very sore and very raw the next morning. Marion woke first and wanted to say she felt different but it seemed more like her mind playing tricks on her, she's been wanting this for years after all. Marion tried to get up to go get some of her things to put on but her suspension felt funny and wobbled intolerably on top of her unable to balance herself. She was worried and called some friends back on base to get an answer. She called number after number but was left with a ringing phone. She tried all the numbers she knew but right before she was about to give up and get Hansel awake she was able to reach Tiger.
"Good morning, Marion! Sleep well last night?" She was joking a bit, she knew they banged.
"Tiger! I can't move! I can't get up on my suspension! What do I do!"
"Wait you two did have sex last night, right?"
"Yeah, we did."
"Ah, it just means you had a good time. He did a real good job if you're stuck. You sore? Feel a little rubbed down there?"
"Very much so." Tiger giggled a little bit.
"Yeah, sister, he fucked you real good. You'll be fine."
"Well how long will I be like this!?"
"How good he fuck you?"
"Real, real good!" She blushed, just thinking about it made her smile, squirm, and giddy.
"Then it'll be a long, long time, baby. You'll be fine."
"Thank you Tiger! I'll see you later!"
"Oh 'fore you go, if you laid him out right he'll be messed up, too, sugar. Now bye-bye." They hung up and carried on, but Marion wondered something. She called back. "If you want a remedy or something I got nothing, only been that way maybe three times ever."
"Oh no, Tiger, I was wondering if Frau got back."
"Oh, a-herm." There was an awkward silence. "No, she and Canine are still.., are still gone."
"Do you think they can do it?"
"Do what? Bring him back?"
"Yeah." Tiger was quiet.
"No."
"I, I feel the same way."
"Marion, to be honest, I don't think Frau's coming back either. If she does, it'll be like how Canine is. I think she'll scrap herself." This made them equally sick and sad. "I just wish I gave her a better farewell."
"I wasn't even there when they left. Dammit. This sucks."
"Yeah now I feel like shit. Fuck!" They just sat on the phone in silence. "Well, I got a call from Faust not long before you called."
"Yeah?"
"She figured out Anton's gonna marry her."
"I think we all figured that out a long time ago."
"Fair, but it's still nice to know she's on the same page."
"On that note I still don't get why she isn't with you all."
"She was, Anton, too, but then they just took em. Still together, but someplace else."
"Why?"
"I dunno, they're tracking our healing here, I don't know what they're doing with them."
"Well could you call them back?"
"Maybe. If I do I'll let you know."
"Alright, thank you. Bye, bye."
"Goodbye!"
They hung up and Marion tried stretching her body out, it didn't work at all and made her almost feel woozy. It was about now Hansel woke up in a cold sweat and very alert. Marion was alarmed and took it as another flashback nightmare. She started soothing him and talking to him calmly but he told her that wasn't necessary. He told her it was the dream again, the dream with Rudolph and those ships, it was more clear.
Marion asked him what was different but he wasn't sure, he just felt like it was more real. He started to get

up and was very sore, his body ached and he was really glad that he got the week off. He eventually did get up but decided to do nothing, just resting against Marion. He thought about what they had done, about how there is no backing out of this now. “Marion, what are we gonna name it?”
Marion was surprised by this and lost. “What are you asking? Name what?”
“The baby.” He was rubbing her deck with his hand.
“Woah, we just started Hansel, we can wait for a bit. First let’s decide for sure what we want.”
“Ok, what do you mean, babe?”
“I’m talking about its form, will it be a Panzer like me or a human like you, honey?” He thought about it, he didn’t know they could decide that.
“I didn’t know we could decide that.” He thought about it, he loved Marion and he knows that he’d love whatever popped out of her. He never thought about what he wanted, though; he had always had thoughts of his kids on the swing, in the park, out in town, but this was before the war and well before Marion. He really wanted a son, that’s for sure. A son to carry the name and a little man to relate to. He never thought about whether that son be man or machine. “I, I don’t know. I just want a son, that’s for sure.”
“No daughters?” She sounded upset about this.
“No, babe, I’ll take my daughter. I just hope she’d be like my sister, more boy then girl.” Marion giggled a little.
“And why’s that?”
“Well my parents always said boys are easier to take care of than girls, and they were happy with my boyish sister. All their friends with daughters had all these weird troubles and birthdays, boy birthdays are easy.”
She really smiled at that, made her almost laugh.
“Well, Hansel, baby, I want a little human. A little itty bitty thing I can hold in my arms, something you can carry.” That made both of them feel warm and gay on the inside, Hansel teared up.
“Okay,” he wiped his eyes sluggishly, “how do we make one of those?”
“We need to contribute every night until it births.”
“Okay, how?”
“We have sex, Hansel.” Hansel dropped the lovey mood and got really serious.
“Whoa, no! No I’m not doing that.” Marion was in disbelief.
“And why not?” She asked sternly, staring him down.
“I’m not going to hurt that child inside you, not happening! I’m not risking it.” She stared at him stunned.
“Hansel, you do realize that Zwei has done this? Right? They said that’s how it’s done.”
“But how does she know? How does he know? Baby, I can’t trust them enough to risk your welfare and my child’s welfare for their word. I’m sorry but no.”
“Hansel everyone has said that’s how we work! Jäger, Fritz, Rosa, Tiger, Kramia, Mini, Katelyn, they all said that’s how it works!”
“Marion, where are their kids? Where is Jäger’s kid? Or Tiger’s? Katelyn’s kid looks like a blend of Chuck and her, Kramia and Mini spat out a near perfect mix. I don’t trust them.”
“But what about your cousin? Huh? They have a human boy, Rosa said they fucked every night for it.”
“Marion, I don’t trust them, either.”
“You trusted all of them!”
“No, baby, you’re missing my point. I trust them with my life, but not yours! Not my wife’s welfare and certainly not my child’s! If I die, if I’m injured, god forbid but should something happen to me I wouldn’t care as long as you two were alright. I don’t trust them with that. Baby-guh, Marion, Marion I love you. I love you too much to let this trivial thing harm you, or my child.”
She was still angry with him. She declared she’d still try to get him every night.
And every night she did try. For the whole week Hansel was off they did have sex every night and it brought Marion’s hopes up, maybe he wanted a human so bad he gave in? In the week they cleaned out her hull and made sure everything was perfectly clean, it all was shiny and smooth and empty. They were happy and didn’t argue anymore. They worked on the baby’s room, leaving it blank to paint when they knew the baby’s gender. Everything was well until Marion’s hull sealed and she moved into a solid pregnancy state. After that Hansel stopped having sex every night. Marion would try might after night but after only three nights without his semen she grew irritable and very upset with him. Now Hansel had been dealing with random lash outs, she’d violently wake him in the night ordering him to make her something to eat or fetch her some scrap, trash, or whatever she hungered, but dealing with these lash outs grew annoying and going dry grew annoying at times. Mostly he stuck to his guns no matter what she did or said but some nights when they were laying in bed she’d make some moves on him and he would reciprocate. So occasionally they
'd have sex-and its some great sex at that-but way more often than not Marion was pushed away until
eaned away herself for the night. It hurt their feelings, made them feel bad, but Hansel kept on with the

thought that it's for the child.
Not everything was bad, however, during the day mostly she was her normal self but with quirks, as most women are when pregnant, and they loved each other very much. They trouble came when she sexually advanced onto him, Hansel went without it for maybe ten weeks in one stretch and it drove Marion so mad crazy she nearly raped him. Hansel forced his way free by jamming his thumb and finger into the joints of her arms and separated it to the point she threw him with pain. He ran out and slept outside in the car. In the morning she was very sorry about it. Hansel was very cautious about staying with her at night now for his safety so he slept in his car for a short while. Marion would remark bitterly about how he'd rather sleep with his car than his wife, implying it was sexual. This was broken when he was so horny he advanced on her and smashed her like when he impregnated her, she was fucked up for two days after that but still wanted him. She'd go through some trust issue states or some depressed stated but even as much of an ass as she was he stood by her through it all and never gave her shit. He was still obedient to her needs that weren't sex-he'd perform sexual favors but not sex-and made sure she had the best care possible. At about five months in they got a doctor in to check the baby's progress. Along with the doctor came Kramia, Porscha, Jäger, and Frau-Canine was revived and Frau was so enthralled about it she couldn't contain herself for two months, constantly crying and thanking gods and all of that stuff, she also said that Anton and Faust were being used to test new armor and ammo with their gun shooting test hulls. The tanks talked about their man or kid while the doctor worked her stuff. After about thirty minutes of freezing cold instruments, hands, and uncomfortable and awkward insertions of body extremities the doctor concluded Marion was pregnant with a healthy growing girl. Marion was elated! The doctor left but all the women excitedly talked about it, discussing what gifts should be gotten, the color of her room, and what her name is. Marion shot down any attempts to propose a name, she reserved that only for herself and Hansel. It visually agitated Kramia and Jäger.
"If I can't get Hanse to dick me then you can't give me names." That was her rebuttal, most of them were surprised by that.
"Marion, why won't he do you?"
"It's because I'm pregnant."
"So? Mini fucked me silly, Igor cane out perfect."
"He's worried about the baby being hurt during it, so when we do have sex he's very gentle, well, except that one time." She smiled and looked off remembering back to that night, her eyes fluttered with glee.
"That's absurd!" Jäger spouted. Frau didn't look moved at all. "Frau can you believe that?"
"Well, Yes, But he's not entirely wrong. Hear me out, he's wrong, you can have great sex while pregnant, but the baby can be hurt because of it."
"How?"
"Well Canine and I get really rough with it, he's bent my frame many times, the baby could get hurt if he slams me like he likes to." The others were shocked by what she said, not the baby part the rest. "What? We have sex. Did you really think we didn't?"
"Well-most of us always think of you two as the old couple, like grandparents. No never thought you two did anything."
"You girls are crazy, I'm not that old!"
"When were you built?"
"Canine and I birthed and met in Poland, 1939, we aren't that old." While the other ladies were still trying to accept that Kramia was caught up on something else.
"Wait, what do you mean 'bent your frame'? I love it when Mini dents my ass but he's never bent my frame."
"Oh yeah, Canine bends me like a stick almost every time we smash. Here look, I always get these stretch and fold marks here and here," she showed them areas where the paint was striped or thinned, thinned along her bottom and striped where her engine deck met the crew cabin. "He tosses me around like a toy and fucks my brains out, I'm just a zombie when we smash. He's fucked me to where my engine comes out."
"What the fuck!?"
"Yeah, shakes me so hard the hatches open and his cock pushed my engine out to the dirt, normally he flips and mounts me so that's how it happens." They were shocked, little old Frau gets the shit fucked out of her! They pried more info out of her like how often and how good it is, which is every month or so and it's always a good pounding. "I spray him down like a firehose!"
They end their time there before their plans come up and they have to move on. Marion waited excitedly and sexually for Hansel's return. He came home early with a bottle of red wine and some chocolates, Marion was confused but Hansel elaborated with news that he had been appointed the manager of supply and
'! Marion was already dripping wet because of the dirty talk that had gone on before, so the celebration
didn't need as much of a kick start but lasted quite a while. After the sex when the wind was gone and

the chocolate was demolished she told him she was carrying a healthy daughter. Hansel was excited but disappointed, he really wanted a son. Marion, being in the great mood she was, promised him another try after this one, maybe one that was human.
They carried on as before, Hansel was still resilient with withholding himself from her, which angered her, but he would relieve her more often. As they get into the new year, 1951, they knew their baby would arrive soon and sat down to decide her name. They discussed many ideas about her name, like origins. They knew she'd be a tank, so the discussion of schooling was decided as homeschooling, but they still wanted her to go out and see things-problem was her existence is classified. The base is all she'll have. So they're homeschooling her and maybe have her be taught by others up on base for a more diverse education, so they thought that maybe it wouldn't matter what they named her? Yet still they wanted a good name with her that is easy in English and is still German. Marion remembered that she really liked the girl name that Rosa and Joshua had for their baby, but he turned out a boy and she couldn't remember the name. They thought of Amanda, Samantha, Edith, but they didn't like them. Hansel personally didn't sit well with Samantha, and Marion didn't like Edith, it just sounded like a shrewd old hag the more she thought about it. Marion felt like Hansel didn't have enough of his genes in her, she felt like nobody wound be able to see any Hansel in their baby, so she at least wanted to have something that made people think of Hansel when they saw her. Marion and Hansel liked Amanda, but Marion said she wanted more Hansel in the name. They decided on Hannah. They'd name their first born Hannah Amanda Walter. A good English-German name that they both liked and held a nod to Hansel, now they could only hope that the name fits the girl.
As the time came closer and closer they hurried to finish the room and adjusting the house for the baby, it was quickly discovered that Marion was too big to get to the base, she was too heavy for her suspension to handle the dirt and marsh roads and her endurance and energy was low, more focused on producing the baby. She would move around the house and then lay her belly on the ground to take pressure off her legs, the treads, and the floor. Her weight was very noticeable to Hansel as he'd inspect her every day and he'd notice the solid rubber dampers on her road wheels had swollen and bulged out under the weight, he worried about finding replacements for his child and his wife. He'd have to special order them from someone. They had Whacker come down to do the wiring, and so he could teach Hansel some general up-keeping routines. Shellproof came with him to talk to Marion, turned out she wanted a kid, too, but not for a long time. She wanted Whacker to build up his own store or company or whatever he said he wanted, she wanted him self-employed. Whacker did have the same aspirations as her, but progress was very slow. Most of what he did earn went towards her maintenance and his economical development. He had poor investments, and asked Hansel for help with finances, he didn't understand money at all. So Hansel taught Whacker finances and Whacker taught Hansel basic wiring. Shellproof and Marion talked about pregnancy, what to expect, and the plans for their babies. Once the job was done they all gathered around and ate dinner together, where Shellproof accidentally spilled the beans and revealed that they were getting married.
Fin Ch 53

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, pregnancy, tank
2 Comments

Fuso, The Gentle Giant

December 3, 2017 by Gingyflame

Fuso, The Gentle Giant

Fuso felt fear, felt desertion, felt her life fading away. The wound she sustained in the skirmish proved to be too much. Slowly she'd been watching her bow dip more and more starboard and felt the seawater flood more and more ever so slowly. But just like snow rolling down a hill, it built up exponentially, and now her deck was awash with the deep. She felt guilty of this, she didn't tell anyone that there was still water pouring in, she didn't tell her officers that they were shooting at Mogami, she didn't talk of how she felt splitting the fleet up might be bad. So now in her guilt she blamed herself for the death of her sister, the damage to Mogami, and now her own death. Tears formed at her eyes as she tried to redeem herself for something and sliced the ties on the boats to let them loose. The only thing she could now hope for is a swift sinking or [illegible] and that as many sailors as possible get to safety. She felt all the sea filling her up, every nook and cranny was being filled and it spread faster and faster. She noticed herself beginning to roll over and when

she did the movement inside her came to a tremendous uproar as an explosion occurred, then another, and another. One by one magazines were detonating and they ripped her in half, the explosions left her weak and sick, she felt her two parts drifting further and further away as she stopped flooding and was just suspended with her belly up in the air. She felt so very ashamed, left so vulnerable, so exposed, so embarrassed. She felt that Americans were laughing at her, joking and pointing at her belly and how red it was or all the bulges on it, the feeling made her weep. She could tell how she had been floating for about a full day when suddenly she felt vibrations in the water with more sharp stabs at her sides; she was being shot again. She wept more, there was no way she was not seen now. She was sentenced to the bottom even though as she wept she pleaded to save her, she had done nothing wrong, only good, and to please spare her miserable life. Her pleas were never heard.

Fuso felt the unstoppable surge of the Pacific fill her yet again. What moonlight she saw through the waves like stray streaks soon faded to black as she sunk deeper and the tears clouded her weak vision. As she began to plummet she felt weightless. She felt water flowing all around her and it grew faster and faster, stronger and stronger as she hurtled to the bottom of the strait. She felt things like searchlights, cranes, railing, radars, optics, lockers, ladders, and many other things not fastened enough be ripped off her body and strewn about like confetti. Suddenly the weightlessness was gone as she slowed drastically and gently came to rest on the bottom of the Surigao Strait. Her first moments on the bottom were of guilt, feelings of desertion, confusion, and agony. She felt like she deserved this, like no matter what she did it was not enough and she deserved this miserable death, this miserable torture. She was in a state of confusion as to where she sat, the sand on her belly was an alien feeling, one unwelcome in every respect, and at a slant starting higher on her port side and disappearing somewhere beneath her starboard side belly. She couldn't tell initially if she was on an undersea mountain or sitting at a list. Once she eventually regained a sense of gravity pulling on her still she decreed she was listing. It was pitch black, there was nothing down around her but herself. She felt like she was lying in her own corpse, a mangled and dismembered corpse-strewn around by a beast who needed entertaining. She began going mad, insane, crazy, any adjective to describe what isolation and absurd thoughts stirred in what little thought she had wasn't enough to do justice. She tried putting a hand in front of her eye to even try getting a glance at something, anything, at all. She couldn't see it even when she bumped her hand into the eye window panes. She tried so hard to see even her hand, and she couldn't. In a fit of insanity, she literally clawed out her window eyes-and enjoyed every moment of it. Because of her age, she was one of the first ships in the world to see, and her original eyes were on her conning tower right behind the second main gun turret. She eventually did try to claw out those eyes as well but being of an older method they were not able to be clawed out, instead, she just had massive trenches and pockmarks all up and down that armored face and neck.

When she wasn't driven to the point of self-mutilation she was crying, weeping, pleading, praying, and regretting everything about herself and to be brought back. She tried her dammed hardest to manage a watch and keep some record of time but this was so rapidly turning into a failure she abandoned it, along with the hope of returning to the surface. She had no concept of time, no sense of direction, purpose, or meaning to anything. Instead, she could only mope in the past and self mutilate herself or feel herself wither away and old everyday functions disappear as she rotted and rusted on the bottom. Forgotten, and lost. Complete insanity hit her like waves the beach, coming and going in time. She never could tell if there was a set time between swings if it took longer or shorter, or what; she had no sense of time. In fits of madness, she would pick and scratch at her armor and decks, peeling away anything loose. All she wanted was to feel something again.

Over the years she forgot what it was to see, forgot what the light looked like, forgot what she looked like, forgot what air was like, the splash of water on her hull, the simple things in life had left her memory. She had no recollection of life before being sunk. Occasionally she would feel disturbances in the water and become suspicious of what's going on around her and would sometimes think that someone had come for her. At one point she remembered life afloat, more specifically when she was in love. He was so romantic, so handsome and attractive. They made great love when they were together. It made her remember all the things they good together and everywhere they went. Her most enjoyable memory was when the earthquake hit the islands, Fuso as well as Kongo, Nagato, Mogami, and many, many other Japanese warships, and ships in general, took relief supplies to the islands. It was her most proud accomplishment. It was made even better when her lover and she made love all night long, but when the memories came to an [illegible]she remembered that was the last time they made love and one of the last times they held each other. [illegible]ied of illness in her sickbay less than a month later. Thus her little trip of happiness came to an end as

guilt and despair took over again. She was crying alone in the pitch black again.

Her body was weak, she felt like she was slipping away recently, she lost all her hope and didn't want to deal with this anymore. All her emotional pain, all her physical pain, she didn't want to deal with it anymore, it never ended. She was thinking a lot about letting go, just going away for good. She partly wanted to go away and was partly scared, what was there after it? Would it really end? Would it be a better place? Would she really go to heaven? Is she a sinner? Would her friends be there? That last one really broke her down into a bawling mess. What would her friends think? What would her sister say? She wondered how she was doing, if she was alive anymore. She wondered if Yamato finally opened up to her sweetheart, if Nagato finally broke her dry spell and got someone. She hoped that bastard that broke her heart wasn't where she was going. She decided to postpone her journey, she didn't know how long she'd wait, but she knew she'd get to it eventually. Once she mustered the strength to do it and let go.

A short time later she felt a disturbance off to her port side, she grew suspicious as always but unlike every other gut feeling this one didn't go away. Her conning tower eyes were somewhat locked forward with very little ability to look port or starboard so she couldn't see the light approaching her. She felt a strange feeling on her side that blanketed a conical area of her side. Slowly the light elevated and reached her decks, at first it was a hazy glow on her decks that strained her eyes but captivated them. She was laser-focused on the illumination of her deck even though it burned her eyes and gave her the equivalent of a headache. The light grew brighter and brighter, she could see the colors she had forgotten, they were green, tan, black, brown, grey, orange, and white but she couldn't name any of them, it was amazing! She vastly grew more and more excited to the point her hull quivered! Then it appeared, the raw light source. It sat above her second turret she vaguely remembered and peered down at her conning tower. She couldn't see herself but she was staring at the light directly with a gawking mouth and drooling like a primitive looking at a modern marvel, eyes dilated and locked onto the light. Desensitized to all proper interaction she reached out to the light and grabbed a hold of the submersible and pulled it close.

Thankfully to the crew of the submersible, this was only a drone sub, otherwise, they would probably be screaming and panicking as their sub was drastically whisked from where it sat. While Fuso wasn't being rough with the little thing she also wasn't being very gentle, either. She was entirely mystified by the simple light and didn't even put two-and-two together and think that someone came looking for her, but that is exactly what was happening. The drone was towing not only it's own connection cable but a radio cable to communicate with Fuso, all that was needed was for her to grab the cable with non-corroded metal. The team tried to get her attention by waving the arm and cable around but she was still fixated on the light, they eventually caught on and waved the cable across the light. Her eyes caught on and trained on the black like swinging slowly across the orb. Her mind sparked up a thought and took it in a hand, the end buzzed and numbed her hand and it felt like pulses and communications of sorts. She noticed the more rust it touched the less she felt it so she took the end and slithered it into her mouth and working it under her tongue. Suddenly she heard voices, voices! She was hearing people talk to her! The camera on the drone watched her face brighten up like a star as joy flooded over her, it was finally all coming together in her mind what was going on. Someone was coming specifically for her! She cried tears of joy as she heard her name on the wire, they were calling for her to respond, trying to pry information out of her.

"Hold on, I need a moment!" She cried, she wiped away tears from the recessions in the armor where her eyes were fixed. "I'm overwhelmed with emotions!"

"Fuso, Fuso is it you? Are you Fuso?"

"Yes! Yes, I'm Fuso!" Her first thought was blurted out before they could say anything. "How's my sister, Yamashiro?"

"Yamashiro?" There was a pause as she heard talking in the background. "Yamashiro is fine, she is visited frequently by divers. A deep dive for the experienced only but it is done."

"Is she happy?" Again silence as background voices talked, they replied with uncertainty. Fuso asked about Nagato, Yamato, Kongo, and was depressed when she learned they all sank as well, but when she was told Yamato and Nagato were raised and alive again, doing very well and were happy Fuso was elated with she longed to talk to her friends again and begged if she could, and the Japanese crew on the other

end said that she would but she'd have to agree to some conditions. But before she was read the conditions she asked about Kongo, she wasn't mentioned. There was no pause here.

"We've never found Kongo." Fuso was silent, Kongo was very close to Fuso and Yamashiro, because Kongo didn't have sisters, just failed attempts at sisters. The fact that Kongo had never been found hurt Fuso as well, she was older and more lively than Fuso, she thought about what was happening to her and couldn't even fathom how she was doing. It was time she decided on the conditions. She already knew she would probably agree to anything, she had already threatened her own life and gone insane many times over, it was all a matter of how bad she was going to be treated. She was read out this long list of terms and agreements where she kind of blanked out and looked at how miserably rotted she was, it was almost repulsive and was thankful that she couldn't watch it happen to her. Once the list seemed to be dwindling to an end she paid more attention, once it was all over the speaker summed it up for her. "In summary, Japan is raising you and putting you back into service, you're going to be upgraded significantly and act as a testing ground for future systems. Once you're retired you'll be put into a shipyard and converted into a museum for your service and live off of donations, being a museum, and maybe a few other means. Do you accept?" She was amazed, shocked, she couldn't comprehend everything that she was feeling. She accepted as soon as she could croak a yes past her crying and the lump in her throat.

Redemption!

Reunion!

Work began on her to raise her once again, her stern section did drift away from the break up and sank in shallower waters, it was easier to find and salvage but worse off corrosion and stability wise. Her bow section was eventually raised and as the moonlight came back into her vision she openly wept in front of everyone, on her radio, thanking and blessing everyone who had helped her in any way. The first thing Nagato and Yamato heard of her on the radio was her pathetic whimpering and bawling, she didn't even notice or care that they could hear her; Fuso kept bawling her eyes out over how beautiful the moon was and the glistening lights of the shore and ships all around her. Neither Nagato or Yamato suffered the same problems she did, Nagato could feel things around her and had many times talked to people and Yamato died, wasn't alive for any of her time on the bottom. Fuso was completely isolated in a depth so dark that she was wholly blind and numb to anything around her. Workers noticed how mutilated she was, deep claw engravings and pockmarks littered her hull and superstructure, and a lot of them were so deep they had to be filled so she could be floated again, she punctured her own hull in desperation to feel anything. She couldn't get herself together for the night nor the morning, it was the following afternoon she stopped mindlessly enjoying her surroundings and realized she'd been on a radio with Yamato and Nagato, and that only brought more uncontrollable joy. She was able to at least communicate with them, the three were all excited to be talking to each other again. "Oh tell me everything! Everything I missed! I want to know it all!"

Yamato read from Hisashi"s book all the notes he took about life after Yamato's sinking, every now and then Hisashi or Yamato or Nagato or Tyler would interrupt and elaborate on something of interest. They told stories of adventures and fun times but none of them mentioned Kongo. Fuso had to know what happened to her, when she asked Nagato piped up. She was very hesitant and unwilling, she said that Nagato was with Kongo when she was struck. She was struck with torpedoes meant for Nagato and she fell out of formation, they tried keeping radio contact with her but the last thing they heard was a call by the fleet commander announcing out an abandon ship. Then it was all silent as later survivors said she blew into two parts and sank rapidly. Nagato was in a painful memory. To bring up a lighter note it was Yamato and Nagato that pressured Japanese officials to investigate Fuso and Yamashiro for being raised. Fuso inquired more about Yamashiro and she was told that Yamashiro liked being down on the bottom, she enjoyed being a reef and attraction, so much marine life lived off of her she couldn't see herself leaving. Fuso said that she'll be able to get her up and out. Fuso was asked about being on the bottom and she almost broke down crying for not so good reasons. Fuso said it was torture beyond all belief, misery for no one to endure, and she admitted to almost killing herself to escape that hell. She did mention how at first she believed she deserved it but eventually she came to realize no one deserved that. Nothing did. Somehow that reminded her about her crew and asked how many were saved. Ten was her received answer.

[illegible] was silent again, she failed again. Guilt swept over her again, as she mentally slapped herself for her [illegible]e to let go of the boats. Yamato and Nagato sensed their friend in trouble and moved to tell her it

wasn't her fault, how hundreds survived the sinking but refused help, how many were cut down on the beaches by the natives and that they chose to die honorably. That made her feel somewhat less at fault but she was now angered at the waste of life she was, not her life but the waste of life her sinking was, pointless death and something that could have been prevented had her crew swallowed their pride and accepted her plea to find safety. Maybe then she wouldn't feel so fucking terrible. She was pampered up back to a cherishable mood by Yamato and Nagato and she stayed this way all the way back to Kure, where Yamato was.

Yamato had a large smile on her bridge face and very large and perky eyes, her excitement to see Fuso again made her shine and glisten with happiness and affected everyone around her in a good way. But when Fuso saw Yamato it was almost the exact opposite. "No! Don't look at me! Don't look at me! NO! No! Please don't look at me!"

"Fuso," Yamato saw she was ashamed and grieved, Fuso had hundreds and hundreds of deep scars and wounds, her taboo trophies and her misery awards on display for all to see her disgrace. "Fuso you have no idea how happy I am to see you! I don't care what you look like, Hisashi says I looked terrible as well! Don't be ashamed!" Fuso tried to shun away in fear and cowered, even more, when Yamato described Fuso to Nagato so she could get an idea. The two of them said that they were very proud of her, proud that she stuck through the isolation and praised her for surviving all that time alone. They gave her the warm welcome she never thought of, the love she had abandoned, together again after the isolation. Once again Fuso's friends bolstered her into her own self, someone that hasn't existed in over seventy years. She thanked the two of them, her two friends with all she could. They talked even more and more about current events, about the United African Federation, what changes have come to Japan, how the world moved on, and what the world thinks of living machines like them. Fuso secretly felt a little stir deep inside her when she learned that the living machine people were more accepted and more humans have been finding love in machines and increased as she learned that the world had become much more tolerable of inter-racial relationships. While technically she wasn't a race, more of a different species, she did align herself with the Asian "race" and culture, she was always interested in western people. Somewhat of a fetish or select turn on for her. She was drawn to them uncontrollably.

Fuso saw how ravaged her stern had been and realized how resilient her life metal was to the corrosion. Her stern was way worse than her bow, the mast was gone and the decks collapsed. She learned later that it sank and landed upside down which assisted with the collapse but in regards to the degeneration it was still much worse than her bow section. She was eased into a slipway near Yamato, they were very excited to see the reconstruction. Fuso was briefed by Yamato and Nagato that she'd be asked what modifications she would want during the reconstruction and the two gave Fuso multiple ideas they had gotten done and something that they wish they had. Most of them were for utilities like cleaning, cooling her genitals, generals reach, and an ability to look all the way around her, but there was an impressive list they gave Fuso for the more.., fun things. They recommended multiple rooms outfitted with the ability to make love and cuddle, those rooms with a camera that has some mobility within the room, the cooling veins to be exposed for the sex organs-this made them more effective, less likely to cramp up, and when they were pinched the organ heated pleasurably and ramped up the feeling. That last part intrigued Fuso and Yamato equally. So when Fuso was interrogated for any modifications she presented them with the ones she liked and some other personal things that she wanted. She wanted her four 12,7 cm mounts to be upgraded and her radar sweep to be improved and modernized, she said she would like her battery of 356 mm guns to be upgraded to Nagato's 410 mm and her main battery fire control to be improved as well. She requested more usable and faster deploying life rafts and a whole reconstruction of her damage control and fire fighting systems. She demanded that her passageways and compartments be completely overhauled so it is easier to abandon her. She presented all that and the little things that Yamato and Nagato recommended.

She was later advised on all the things that passed the bosses and mostly everything she asked for was either already on the list or accepted. It was when work began she learned of the things that she was denied, the first thing she disliked was when her turrets were removed the central turret wells were also gutted and the surrounding areas also cut out. It was cut out because Japan decided that Fuso, and any other ships they raised of prior military service, were to be converted to accept the new Aegis system and be platforms for guided missiles. That was one of the things she protested, another thing was the overhaul and near removal of her pagoda style masts. All the platforms were removed and replaced with all sorts of radars, search, tracking, fixed, revolving, all new bells and whistles that overtook her iconic look and streamlined it into a

more solid structure. Yamato said that she thought it looked good for Fuso, who was at the time getting her open bridge eyeglass replaced. Yamato described her new look to Fuso:

“So all the decks above your face are gone and it’s plated solid. It has hexagon panels, looks like four, that encircle it. There is also some jutting antenna like posts for sweeping dishes and radar, it looks like you will keep your rangefinder and the old radar was removed and they put a mast in its place with many cool looking rods and radars, new radios and such. It looks more like my tower, actually. You even have the swept arms at the top with an observation deck right below the rangefinder. I think you still look like a hot woman to me.” That made Fuso blush, she looked away and appeared to tend to the wounds she was healing naturally now that she was healthy. Soon Yamato announced that she was close to halfway through her pregnancy, and at the same time, Fuso was joined at last. Her innards were gutted and worked from there, installing all new propulsion systems and ventilation for the whole ship, new framework, piping, system control, and pump stations. Her central smokestack was rebuilt and in place of the searchlights were new Close-In Weapons Systems, designed to rip anything within a few miles a new asshole, her secondary battery of the 14 cm point guns in casements were all removed and covered over. Her four mounts of the five-inch guns were removed and in their place was a turret that was designed to be eventually outfitted to Yamato when she’s called upon, it didn’t look much different from the enclosed ones already on Yamato other than the fact that there is almost no manual input in the turret and the gunners’ optics are now cameras and fixed tracking radar points. While her inner compartments were being furnished and tweaked her weapons systems and navigational computers were set up, she was amazed at what she began to feel as everything was powered up. She had a new gyro stabilizer connected to the systems that told her where she was, her rocking and swaying. She felt everything hundreds of miles away, while her radar was tuning she felt birds, birds! She felt the forests, the cars, planes, ships, boats, oh she felt everything! She learned that the system she was using was built and developed by the Americans based on the systems they used during world war two, and now Fuso saw why she lost, why the navy lost. There was no way she could run, no way to hide, and with the accuracy of the guns, she understood why she didn’t stand a chance. She did notice that they weren’t precise in their shooting, and she’d eventually learn why. Her construction halted with two superfiring turrets forward and aft holding two 406 mm guns with a caliber of 50, the guns that the Americans were putting on their new battleships during the war, and her two old mounts amidships were gone and had instead two massive wells with hundreds of missile silos. She was excited, she wanted to sail out to sea and test her systems but knew she had to get everything aligned.

She did set sail and leave the Kure slips and Yamato, waving goodbye to her home and friend and set sail with a small skeleton crew to go to the naval base at Yokosuka where American techs will be to align and maintain her systems. The prospect of meeting Americans excited Fuso, she had all her upgrades placed and was hoping she could snag something fun to play with. It excited her, the thought of the taboo explorations chilled up and down her keel over and over. She noticed that she wasn’t overheating anymore and was much slicker, now all she wanted was some foreign meat to show her how they do it in the states. She soon arrived at Yokosuka and was entered against a pier surrounded by all new ships, all of them were so smooth and sharp! They looked nothing like what she had ever seen, only having one or two main battery guns and those guns were smaller caliber, she was staring in awe of these weapons of mass destruction. Hisashi told her like he did Yamato, he said every destroyer have more firepower than any battleship during the second world war. She was the most massive ship there and felt the smallest. She looked around and saw the two countries intermingled, Japanese colors amidst American colors and it made her feel unstoppable. She thought with America and Japan as allies they were giants and dared someone to step up and challenge them. She learned that recently Japan had earned their offensive arms back and was allowed to construct carriers and long-range missiles because up until then Japan had a non-aggression clause in their treaty that disarmed Japan of any munitions or weaponry used for mainly offensive purposes. That included battleships and carriers.

Very soon after being docked she switched crews where the arriving crew comprised of Japanese sailors and American sailors, she smiled and tingled everywhere very excited and yearning to have some fun. She felt them as they stepped aboard with their bags and gear and immediately started trying to scope out who she wanted to go for. She noticed rings on some fingers and dismissed them, she’s not a dirtbag and felt some were big and ripped, others were tall, short, broad, thin, all shapes and sizes. She felt some women in the mix as well, she was stunned to learn that women were serving in the navies, on ships as well. One of the coming aboard felt very different, very, very strange. He was average size but much heavier, not big but inly dense, She was drawn to him because of that and that alone, of course, there were certain traits she

was still looking for. She had narrowed the list down where he had to be able to keep it a secret, look decent, be enthusiastic, and have a fun personality. She decided she wouldn't settle on any of her clauses and hoped for more, however. She let them settle in and unpack before she did anything to test them.

Very soon after the original crew was all gone the new crew were instructed to acquaint themselves to the layout in the best way-cleaning the entire ship bow to stern. "Fucking shit" resounded throughout the crew as they grudgingly went off to go find something to clean. She listened in on conversations and gauged some personalities on them and how they interacted. She tried to see if anyone would ask the dense one about his condition but nobody did and they all seemed to notice nothing. She bounced around but kept drawing back to him for one reason or another. She picked up enough to know he worked hard and took pride in his work with good dedication. She began to like him, but had never seen him yet and hoped he was decent and that he could hold a secret. She noted that everyone started to wrap up their work and were relaxing, she hoped that she could see the dense one and talk to him. Just before people started changing in the berthing some higher-ups came around and rounded up a working party to make the decks clean, Fuso's aft decks are lower in the water and her new power-plant is strong enough to slosh some water up and onto the lowest weather decks. So dense man and some of his friends rushed out to get it swabbed and done so they could relax. There were three of them that got only one mop cart with three mops for the job and they hurried out onto the deck listening to their humorous talk. "You're gonna spill it!"

"No I'm not." The dense one said.

"Could you not spill it on my pants, that'd be real nice." The third one said, he was stout and had some water slosh onto his pant cuffs. They bicker until they reach the stern jack-staff and begin swabbing, they're gathered around the one bucket churning and sloshing their mops around trying to soak them at the same time, making sloshing noises and the slurp of plunging as the sticks are shaken up and down. "I don't think this is gonna work."

"Yes it will, I saw it in a video on the internet once!" The dense one said, the three laughed at the comment.

"Fucking Christ." The other one said, still dry and chuckling.

"It wasn't Christ but close enough." He retorted, compounding the laughter, Fuso got the joke at the first comment but the last one solidified it for her. She, too, laughed and giggled at the porn joke. She giggled and decided she was going to go for the dense man and find out if he's dense in all the right places. She silently thought to herself in the back of her mind 'jackpot!'

Fuso let them be while she figured out a way to meet him, how does she tell him she's alive? How'd she do it the first time? Damn, can't remember how. She had many difficulties thinking of how she did it in the first place, during her first cruise. She had forgotten how she was more accepted in the world and still feared an uproar. Right in the middle of her thought she lost track of everything and was surprised by slapping on her conning tower. She was shaken from her thought and she looked down and saw a man with a mug standing there looking right at her eye. "Hi!" She was completely stunned.

"Shit-uh, fuck!" She instantly spat out quietly, she was caught off guard, reeled onto her heels, it was the dense one talking to her! "Uh, hello there! Weren't you just working-somewhere, uh, on the fantail?"

"Yes, but they dropped liberty and let us go. You're still Fuso, right?"

"Y-Yes! I'm Fuso, so-uh, what's liberty?"

"It's basically free time. You speak English well, where did you learn?" She was stunned still, how did he know about her? What the fuck does he think of her? Is he single? He want sum fuk? What's his name?

"Hold on, who are you?"

"Don't try reading the name on my blouse, everybody else calls me a few things like Chad or Walter. I don't care what you call me. Probably've been called worse."

“I’ll call you ‘Mitsuna Hito’ then.”

“Sure, I guess, so where did you learn English?”

“I learned it from Kongo way long ago. She was built in Britain and so she knew English. I had to help her with her Japanese.” He nodded understandingly.

“Makes sense, so how do you feel?” He was really upfront about talking to her, she was not ready for this. How’d he know she’s alive?

“So Mitsuna Hito how do you know I’m alive?”

‘They told us when we got our orders.”

‘Oh, that makes things easy.”

“Mm-Hm!” He was sipping his mug. His drink was dark like tea but it didn’t look right to her.

“What are you drinking?”

“Sweet tea, it’s good. Want some?” He offered her the mug, she accepted the offer and tried it. It was warm and as soon as she tasted it there was a gritty texture embedded into it and it was not the crisp bitter taste she expected. It shocked her and she spat some back out into the mug.

“THIS IS NOT TEA!” She proclaimed, thrusting it back into his hands. “That was disgusting! What’s in there!?”

“Tea with lot’s of sugar.” He was looking down into his mug, her saliva had mixed in and turned it darker brown like dark coffee. “And spit.”

“No, no, that is NOT tea! You don’t know what tea is, do you?”

“No I said it was sweet tea, woman, tea with sugar. I know what tea is.” He took a sip and nodded again. “Now I have sweet Fuso-spit tea.”

“I taste better than that junk!”

“Oh you wanna bet?” Immediately her loins started burning, she liked where this was going.

“Oh I’m sure of it, Mitsuna Hito, let’s bet.” He was drinking his strange drink still not sure what it tasted like. It was confusing.

“Bet what?” She thought about something before he could explain that nowadays it’s just an expression.

“If I taste better then, you tell me why you’re so different, why you’re denser for your size.” He was caught off guard and looked to his veins, he had very light skin and were clearly visible. His veins weren’t purple or blue, or even red, they were dark grey. All of them.

“You can feel that?” He whispered to himself, she heard. He shook his head guessing so and ran his hand through his thick and full auburn-red hair. “Uh, sure? I mean I would’ve told you if you asked but, whatever. And you? What if my tea tastes better?” The only thing she could think about was sex, how could she work herself into those pants?

“Well,” she stuck her tongue into her cheek bulging it, “what do you want?” She asked seductively with a little tongue flick across her lips. He sort of stared at it processing what she just did.

“Uh-huh, well,” he looked into his mug and swirled it, “I wanna go home but I don’t think you can do that.”

, no I can’t do that.” He nodded sadly and kept thinking.

“Well then if you don’t taste better then you tell me sea stories.”

“Alright, I was probably going to do that anyways.”

“Then we’re even! Great! Now I’ll get to asking around and proving you wrong now, nice meeting you!”

“W-Wait-!” She stopped him before he left with an arm. “What do people think of me?” He stopped, letting her hand hold his biscep firmly. He shook his head and shrugged.

“It’s a mixed bag, most of us are from other ships or have been waiting around for a ship. I got orders to you a long time ago and I’ve been hopping around other ships waiting for you to get here so I’m excited to finally be stable. I’m also very excited to be on a battleship, and one with quite the influence in history. But as for others, mostly happy to finally have our own ship, others are bored of it, many don’t really care, not too many negative complaints, but I dunno, you’ll just have to listen around. I’m pretty sure your Japanese sailors are honored to serve with you, wise and historical, a symbol of Japan, don’t worry too much about them.”

“So if I have a Japanese crew than why are you here, American?”

“Well, you have an American fire control system on you, and your Navy doesn’t have the crew with the job for it, so while they are trained we’ll be your crew. We are also here because you are being upgraded, not built off of the system, so we need to use our expertise to make sure you actually work.” He waited for her to let go of his arm but she didn’t. “So do you miss your midship guns?”

“I DOOOOO!” She whined and whimpered. He chuckled a bit.

“Don’t worry I miss guns, too, but you’ll soon fall in love with your missiles, big girl. I promise you that and I fulfil promises.” The prospect of making him fill dirty promises made her wet, very wet. She bit her lip and mesmerized herself in fantasy, rubbing his arm persuasively. The thoughts that ran through her mind made her ooze, made her moan, made her tremble, and made her body electrifying as Walter could feel through his thin sleeve. He was enjoying the touch more than he thought, it relaxed his body and made him feel drowsy and energetic at the same time in a nice blend. It ended up arousing him as it was probably intended to do, and as much as he would love to smash some Jap battleship vag he couldn’t.., yet. He grabbed her hand and suddenly couldn’t let go, she pulled him closer to her. He propped himself against the jutting superstructure base and enjoyed the nerve massage while she lived out her fantasy. She was bringing herself to the brink of orgasming by just thinking about sex, that is how dry she has been. She finished right before she came and broke off from her ride and brought herself together with heavy breathing and muttering to herself in Japanese. She felt him still in her grasp just slumped against the bulkhead and she blushed hard, feeling the heavy heat on her cheeks and felt hot and sweaty. She had just embarrassed herself-or had she? It seemed like he had fallen asleep. “Mitsuna Hito? You awake?”

He didn’t respond, he was limp but breathing steady, warm and alive to the touch. He obviously wasn’t dead. Her body and hormones were still in a sexual mood and she was getting more and more curious by the minute. She hadn’t felt a penis in decades! Her curiosity overwhelmed her mannerisms and she decided to sneak a poke or grope. A mischievous hand slithered its way from his arm to his calf, gently squeezing the thick muscle on the steely bone. His knees protruded proudly and firmly yet slid under her hand as it passed over. His thigh was exhilarating to her, she was almost there and it started getting warmer as she got closer to his crotch She could feel blood pulsing under his trousers as her senses heightened and her breathing grew faster as her hand crept towards his nether region. But just before she reached it, oh how close she was, he stirred and started moving about. She quickly yanked her hand away and back to where it belonged. He fumbled around and got up to check the time. “Have a good nap, Mitsuna Hito?”

“Yeah I did, you have fun beating the bean?”

“What?”

‘ ‘ing the bean?”

“What-what the hell is that?”

“Rubbing one out, masturbating. You enjoy it, perv?” Fuso blushed hard and showed through her new paint that she was embarrassed, she didn’t know what to say, why she did it at all, she was embarrassed. He chuckled when she blushed. “Ah! Don’t worry about it, I mean, there’s like, forty people in one small room for months on end, don’t think they don’t do it a few times? It happens.” She cooled off a little bit and giggled a little. “Just remember, when someone walks in on you masturbating, you gotta look ‘em in the eye and finish.” She smiled jokingly and locked eye contact with him with her joking smirk. “Fuck. Aight, make it fast!” He put his hands on his hips, squared off, and stared into her eyes with a super-concentration face. They sat like this for a moment and they laughed it off, she didn’t do anything and he knew she wouldn’t. He started back to the door and she stopped him again.

“Hey, Mitsuna Hito, we had a little saying, too. It was the fish will always burn later, the hand is never wrong.”

“What does that have to do with anything? It doesn’t even-oh, well, Palmula Handerson is clean.” She laughed again.

“Who?”

“Palmula Handerson,” he held up his right hand and waved, “she’s always there, faithful, willing, tight, loose, she’s whatever you want her to be. She even has her own facebook!” He was chuckling by the last sentence. Fuso got it and laughed along.

“If, ok, if you have Palmula Handerson by your side, who do I have?”

“Paulm Fingerton, he’s from Flickensburg.” She laughed more, these names were so stupid yet hilarious. “Ok, well, I’m done. I need to go get some rest.” Walter headed inside to get some sleep, leaving Fuso to think about what had just happened. She felt ashamed of herself and disciplined herself not to do that again. She tried to figure out what made her go off the rails so much that she masturbated right in front of him and went for his genitals while he was asleep. That was wrong of her. She figured that she probably should get off or be gotten off before she does something really wrong. Only a few hours pass before nightfall and around then is when Walter wakes up, instantly Fuso talks to him in his head.

“How’d you sleep?”

“Wow.” He responded instantly.

“Don’t worry, you’re not crazy it’s me, Fuso. I can talk to you through your thought.”

“No, I know that, but wow, right off the bat. No easing into it, no warning, just boom! That’s how it is?”

“Yeah, yeah that’s how it is. Wasn’t it obvious?”

“Eeeh, nah.” He sarcastically retorted, “not obvious enough. Next time you should work on it.”

“Sure thing, so,” Her face turned into a naughty grin while she asked him the question, “uh, now that’s it’s dark out and you’re rested, you wanna do that taste test now?”

“I haven’t asked anybody yet, and besides I got shit to do in the morning, I gotta sleep some more while I can.” She knew him fumbling around was either because he couldn’t fall asleep again, or she had aroused him. “Fuck. I can’t sleep now.”

“Oh come on then! I’m sure I’ll tire you out! I promise you!”

“Oh really?” Suddenly she realized that this is what was making her so abnormal, this teasing build up. If she was going to get fucked then she’s all for it right now, but if not then this could be very bad.

ˌter I need to know something, this is serious to me.”

“Oh shit, what?”

“Are we actually doing this?”

“This?”

“Are we fucking?”

“Oh, no, not tonight.”

“Not tonight?”

“No, not tonight.” Her hopes were crushed a little, but he did say tonight.

“So if we aren’t doing anything could you not tease or play like that?”

“Yeah, sure. I won’t do it no more.”

“But you would do it? You said not tonight, not never.”

“Yeah, not tonight. But later? Possibly.”

“That’s all I needed.”

“Can I sleep now?”

“Yes.” There was a pause as he laid there staring at the bulkhead. “Need a lullaby?”

“Yes please.”

“Too bad.”

“Damn.”

She left him to sleep and wondered if he could be moved to one of her private rooms. She really liked where things were going between them and didn’t want to wait for things to get intimate before moving him. She did genuinely like him, he was pretty funny and not afraid to speak his mind, something Fuso aspired to be normal, not just situationally. She tried to figure out herself where she stands in the chain of command but couldn’t think of a good spot. The next morning she woke up Walter and asked him who she should talk to about her position. He said she probably would answer to either the Captain, the XO, or the CMC, those were her three options. She agreed to that and when the Captain was rung aboard that morning she followed him into his cabin and asked him herself. “Excuse me, sir, do you have a minute?”

“Fuso, right?”

“Yes, sir.” He looked at his watch and in a little black notebook.

“Yes I have time, what do you need?”

“I have a few questions, sir. I’ll start with the simple one, where do I fall in the command chain?” He sat down at his desk to think about that one, he ran down the list with her.

“Alright, well you are the ship, you were commissioned ceremoniously, so you’re an officer. You don’t run any divisions or workshops, not in charge of a field, yet, control them..,” he put some effort in his thoughts, now, “uh, so you could be right next to the XO. Influential but not overriding her. For now, you’re next to the XO. I’ll shoot that question higher up, big Navy might want to answer that. Anything else, Fuso?”

, so if I wanted to move someone from their berthing to somewhere else could I?”

“Well, what’s the reason? If it’s because there’s a problem with them being there we can do that, is there a problem among them?”

“No, sir, more the opposite. I want to move someone to one of my private rooms.” The captain thought about what this meant.

“So, this is because of a relationship, then?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And they are in berthing, not a stateroom?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So they’re enlisted?” She didn’t seem to know what that meant. “Enlisted as in they aren’t an officer?” She quickly jumped over to Walter.

“Mitsuna Hito, are you an officer?”

“What? Uh, no.”

“Thanks.” She went back to the captain. “No, sir, he’s not an officer.” The commanding officer groaned with frustration.

“So I wouldn’t have an issue with it if his chain were fine with it, and if it wouldn’t negatively affect his performance. I know you can’t really go out to town and find anyone, so I won’t stop it, but there’s strong policy against fraternization. Basically officers can’t have an intimate relationship with any enlisted, unless it is prior service or commission. Say, if you were enlisted, then became an officer, as long as you both were recognized officially as a couple than it’d be fine, but you’ve been commissioned longer than he’s been alive.” He thought about how creepy that age gap was, left a sour taste in his mouth. “Realistically, it happens and it’s not as enforced as long as the two are not in the same command, which for you is unavoidable, that would probably ruin your love life if it was enforced on you.” He thought long about it, Fuso was sweating right now, she was hoping that her interest wouldn’t be cut off. “Alright well I’m hesitant about it. I’m going to ask the admiral about it, you go ahead and shoot it up his command, to see if they would speak out about it. If his divo or chief isn’t happy with it, then it technically ends there before I can even hear about it. Nothing I can do there.”

“But sir, you’re the captain, he’s under your orders.”

“Yes, they are, but unless I’m informed about it and it needs to be done or is something of an issue, it doesn’t really concern me.” He got up to leave but closed the door before he left for one last comment. “But say if you can’t move his rack there I don’t think anyone would mind if he, say, slipped away for an hour or two on the downtime.”

“Thank you, sir!” She left him to go do his business. She snapped back over to Walter and asked him who his chain of command was and where she could find them. He answered one at a time and once Fuso had tracked them down and gotten through the initial contact she proposed the question. Overwhelmingly the chain agreed that it either didn’t matter to them as long as he showed up to work, and his Chief said he’d like it a lot if he knew where to find Walter at any time. The Chief asked if he could ask Fuso where he was at any time, she agreed readily. She conveyed her excitement to Walter and also warned him of her apprehension, if the Captain didn’t get a good word back then he couldn’t move.

In the meantime, however, he proved to her why the Chief regarded him so well, he worked hard on his gear, the CIWS, affectionately known as Sea-Whiz, but laughably known as ‘The Bastard Son of R2-D2 and an A-10 Warthog.’ Walter regularly says that he has anger-management issues and daddy problems. Another name she’s heard is R2 with a hard-on. But being the Bastard Son entertains her more.

Captain did eventually get a report back saying that it was fine for Walter to be moved and it solidified

where ships like Fuso are on the totem pole Essentially she acts like a chaplain, she is a knowledge pool that can be referenced by anyone who needs it, and can speak to any crewman, officer or enlisted, in confidence. One note also instructed that affairs, even intimate, between ship and crewman, are not frowned upon and encouraged. Big Navy understood that her choices of flings or spouses are pretty limited, and agree that she should be free to engage in an intimate relationship with whomever as long as they can operate in a professional manner at any given time. Fuso assured the Captain that she can abide by the rules and pleaded that the Captain move him to the room. He was fine with it, but the last person that needed to give her the go-ahead was the Executive Officer, and he wanted to inspect and investigate first.

“This is the room?” The XO had just opened the compartment door and was surprised at how small the room was. Fuso had to tell him why it was special, why she wanted it to move Walter there, and where it was. She did not tell him anything else about it. “This isn’t a room, this is a big closet.” He stepped into the room and with one glance left and right saw everything in the room. The room was barely long enough for the built-in bed frame on top of two lockers on his left, at six-foot-three the man’s hair was grazing the overhead, and on the right was a shallow closet-style locker. The room was painted, surprisingly, but it was a drab and dreary grey. There were a red light and a white light in a fixture above the bed, and that was really just about it. There weren’t any pipes in the compartment that wasn’t for Fuso’s use but with a compartment so small really only that could fit-and barely. The XO finished his tour of the space rather quickly, and for the rest of the time he allotted he talked to Walter, and told him what he wanted to see every morning during inspections. He understood what the room was for and knew what would probably happen to the white sheets, so he said to Walter to double up on the linen and to change it to a clean set every morning. Walter abides by what the XO said to the letter and moved all his personal items to the room. Fuso was very excited.

The room was on deck one, that’s one ladder down from the main deck, the weatherdeck, and was right next to the conning tower. His room did not have an adjacent head like most other berthings so he had to navigate his way back into his old berthing, which his division was responsible for and still had to clean daily, to shower. If he wanted to relieve himself he could go up a few decks to another head where it was just a toiletry. He made everything up nice and tidy and got all his things placed as instructed and relaxed. The workday had ended and his maintenance was done, he’d been released on liberty, and decided to break in the mattress and talk more to Fuso. She talked about how excited she was that they had a little room to be alone together in, but her excitement worried Walter, they had grown pretty fond of each other as friends, but he had to break some news to her.

“Fuso, I can’t remember if I told you or not, but we only sign up for four or six years, I signed up for six.”

“So? That’s how it was in my day.”

“I’m hitting four right now.”

“Oh.” She realised what he was getting at. “Well, you can enlist again, right?”

“Yeah, but.., I was only put here, aboard you, for two years. We’re just here to make sure the guns systems from America work right. Then we go back to America. Not only that, but if I re-up, I’ll be going to another ship. More likely a shore command.” Fuso’s excitement was crushed. “You’re really fun to hang out with, I’d love to stay, but my whole family is in America, and I’d like to at least have my wife there.” When he said he wanted his wife in America it warmed her heart and shriveled it up, he had thought about staying with her in a real relationship, but knew it couldn’t be.

“Oh.” She was really sad, now.

“Hey, hey, gimme a hand here.” She reached down and he held it in his, “I’ve still got two years here! We can still do things, maybe it’ll help us with nabbing something better. Get us into the market again. Just don’t let things go too far. Sound good? Besides, you’ll always have me if you can take leave to America, and I’ll have you here if I get stationed here for shore duty, or just to visit.” She felt a little better as he caressed her hand.

‘ years is a while.” She began to get excited again, might as well start things off quick if it won’t be too
, -lasting. “You wanna really break in the bed?” He thought about it as more arms and hands came down

to massage his body and try seducing him.

“Well, not yet, Fuso. I still want to get to know you more before anything happens. I want you to get a really great vibe out of it. You will not be sorry, babe.” Babe? He just say babe? She was really excited about that, she nearly forgot about the whole talk that just happened because he said babe. He got up, got dressed while she slipped some looks at his nether regions to excite her sex. He was generally pale, fair skinned, and had thick auburn hair. He dressed in civies and said he was going out to town. He left and about two hours later he returned with a backpack full of goodies. There were some non-perishables, paper and pens, and some electronics. Walter was very excited, he pulled out all the electronics and started setting it up, a lot of stuff was from the mail. She watched him set everything up in a frenzy and she couldn’t help but feel so lost about what she was looking at. Once it was all set up he asked her for her coupling tendril, she shifted her vaginal tendril but he stopped her, so she brought down her second thickest tendril. This tendril contained various probes that were used to link her consciousness with his, or anyone else’s, and he held it tightly and told her that what he was about to do may be uncomfortable. He linked alligator clips with lables on the cables attached to probes on her tendril, and it was a pinching pain at first, but once they were all on he turned on a black box and the pain was gone, she was entranced in a whole new feeling.

“Now Fuso, what you are going to feel is very, very alien. You are being connected to the internet, through this game console, and it is going to be very weird and you will eventually be able to control it all yourself, but right now let me do it all.”

“Oh-okay….” She let him turn on a display and a hand-held remote and watched as things came up into her mind and sight. It was like an out of body experience, she saw a menu and movies in little squares here and there, in a background was a little blue woman glowing and standing on a pillar while a giant machine man in green and orange reached out to her. There was a square in front of it that had a title on it and that must have been selected because it looked like it had been pushed and a tone sounded as the screen blacked out. “So that was the game menu, Fuso, I could do a lot from there but I’m picking this game to play.”

“Why?”

“Remember when you asked why I’m so dense? Well, you’re about to meet mom. She did it to me.”

“She’s in a game?!” Fuso was mind blown.

“No, she plays this game, I got her to play it. She likes it, ironically, she’s awesome playing as infantry, but as a vehicle, she can’t do anything. She sucks with tanks and trucks.” Fuso didn’t understand. “She can play with us basically like how two people can talk on a phone, and it’s called the internet. It allows many people to join together from all over the world.” He went on explaining more about it as the loading screen and cinematic played through her mind in that trippy fashion. Once everything had loaded the menu displayed and he explained to her how to use the menu while hooked up to it. “So you see that option, Server Browser?”

“Yes.”

“I want you to reach for it like you want it, just want it and go for it, will for it.” She did, she wanted it, she willed for it, and it selected. She was amazed at it.

“You do something?”

“Nope.” She wanted to see him and she saw him through the camera she had in the room, his remote was in his lap as he sat on the bed, arms crossed just watching his display. Her mind went back to the game. “Now do the same for favorites.” She did and again her will brought it to her, she was starting to like this. He had her go through the options and told her to go for the option labled ‘Hellbroom4_METRO_24/7’ and congratulated her on getting into her first server all by herself. She felt proud and blushed. In another menu, she was given four options and she chose the one labeled ‘ASSAULT’ and suddenly she was in a tunnel flooded a few inches with rubble and shoring all over it. She heard strapping sounds and suddenly human pulled up a gun with a scope on it. She freaked out.

“GAH! What’s happening!?” She heard more strapping sounds behind her and another human walked out in front of her and looked at her. It looked like some of the soldiers that were guarding her during her rebuild.

“Hey, Fuso! It’s alright.”

“Is that you?!”

“Yeah.” She was looking at the top of his helmet as he walked into her, his long gun disappeared at his side and a pistol came up with his arms. You’re an avatar right now, a human avatar.

“What does that mean?”

“Well you aren’t you in the game, you’re a person. That flickering line in the bottom right of your vision is your health.” She confirmed as she glanced in the direction. He proceeded to tell her what all the UI and HUD elements were on her ‘screen’ and what they meant to her. Next he explained to her that unlike him she could somewhat feel what her body was doing, and as he worked her through her new digital body she began to look around, move around, and interact with the game. She felt her actual body ghosting around her, it felt similar to wearing a Halloween costume and toting it around everywhere. For a short time it made Fuso’s mind ache and uneasy, but the longer she messed around with her digital form the better she felt. They messed around for about thirty minutes and Walter was now teaching Fuso how to aim and use her gun, she was really not a fan of direct lines of fire, she had never ever done that and pointing the gun right at the target was alien to her. When she was working on her shot group she heard more strapping behind her and felt the presence of another person.

“What? Who is that?!” She was uncomfortable and was nervous, and felt like she was going to be shot.

“Fuso this is Mom, Mom, my ship, Fuso.” There was brief interaction between them, they exchanged names and some of their history, forming a relationship between them. The three of them talked and Marion, Mom, gave some tips to Fuso about how to use her avatar, it had been done to her before. Fuso asked if she was using it now, but not, Marion was using a set up like Walter. About this time Walter got up to go eat chow, leaving Marion and Fuso in the game together,

“So how has he been?” Marion asked.

“He’s fine. He does his job well.”

“It’s just us here, how’s he really been?” Oh.

“I’ve been trying really hard to get him but I haven’t gotten anything! It’s frustrating, I didn’t think it’d be this hard to get laid.” Marion was giggling a little bit.

“He is reserved, real reserved.”

“Like shit, just stick it in, please!” Fuso seized up, was she really talking about this with his mother? “Why do you ask? Isn’t it, isn’t it just disturbing to ask that? About your kid?”

“Well he’s not actually my kid.” What?

“What do you mean by that? Explain.”

“I didn’t give birth to him, I was, god-mothered into it, so to say. I still mother him but it’s more adult guidance than anything. He was already pretty grown by the time we took him in.”

“So why is he so dense? Why is he changed?”

“So about that, he loves to play a game called airsoft, basically they run around with toy guns and shoot other with small plastic balls; they don’t hurt much it’s just a sting, anyways he was playing airsoft one and my husband went to go talk to him about something, I think it was about the car, and they’re

standing out on the field and they see a massive deer out against the treeline. I was coming out to look at my garden and I saw them there. The deer bolts off suddenly and he collapses, folds up with a massive cloud of blood spurting from his outfit. A poacher had missed the deer and hit him just below the sternum. What happens next is a blur, I know that I was right next to him and changing him to try to save him, it's all I thought about doing, instinct, while my husband was trying to tend to his shot wound. I have been through a lot in my time serving, but that was one of the scariest moments of my life." Fuso didn't know what to say, she was stunned, shocked. "Unlike my husband he didn't scream in pain when I converted him, he was already gone."

"So, how's he here?"

"He had died but we revived him, one of his friends used my battery to jump-start him. It's a miracle he's alive. He still has a bullet in his body somewhere and that scar on his chest."

"God damn." She was silent, she wondered about Yamato, she died, she thought about what would happen to herself if she had died. Would she have been raised? Or just forgotten to time?

"So is he just not into you or something? What's the deal?"

"He's into me, he says he wants to do it right for me, but I don't care. I just want it bad." They moved on to talk about their wants and what it does to their sexual parts but cut it off when Walter came back. A game had started by then and it wasn't just sitting in the server waiting for more players like it was earlier. Fuso went through an embarrassing baptism by game gunfire where she was a horrible noob.

She felt defeated at the end of the night, she felt that she was holding them back. Walter tried to tell her while she sucked she was getting better. It didn't comfort her too much, she used it to try and get some dick as her 'comfort food' and make her feel better, but Walter said 'not yet' and he'd make it up to her eventually. They settled down for the night and slept away. She dreamt of getting some from him, but it transitioned into the story his mom told her, she had an eerie deja vu feeling with it.

They got underway the next week, and while Fuso was sailing through the Philippines sea Walter seemed very frustrated on his watch. His system had been very troublesome, Supply was being unhelpful, and two other technicians in his work center weren't even aboard, one got pregnant and the other busted his leg so bad he was quarantined to the hospital. He was in the work center, blue lit at the time, and he was sitting at the monitoring console staring at nothing making sure it didn't break, again, and he was quite agitated. Fuso was playing with a little trinket she found lying about. She had given up on trying to get some from him, she'll just have to wait some more.

"Hey Fuso, hows it like out there?" He asked through his head.

"It's pretty nice, the seas are calm, the wind's calm, and it's nice and warm out. Fancy a stargaze?"

"Nah, I think I'd rather gaze at something else." Oh?

"T-There's not much else to look at." She giggled a bit. "What did you have in mind?"

"Ah, something special, something beautiful, something that needs a good polishing."

"Oh really? And how are you going to polish that thing? That oh-so special thing?"

"Like I polish anything else. I get a good slick coating on it and I rub it carefully, making sure to get every spot, all over, until it glistens in the faintest of lights. Along every edge, face, crevice, and protrusion."

"That sounds like something im supposed to do, I always thought I was supposed to polish something proud, big, strong. I want to polish something hefty."

' nds fun, hey, I've got an idea-"

“Let me hear it.”

“How about we polish them at the same time? With each other?”

“I don’t know, that sounds efficient, you aren’t part of command are you?”

“Oh no, but for you, baby, I can be.” By this time both were very aroused, and Fuso was nearly bursting at her welds with glee. Her ports instantly started oozing with excitement. As his watch came to an end and he was replaced Fuso was barely able to contain herself. She had been fighting with herself to restrain from touching herself so that all her lost could be released by another. He wove through the empty passages, lit only by red lights and the pearlescent glow of reflective tapes. Each step he took built up in Fuso and resounded through her hull like ripples on a lake, and when his hand grabbed the door leading outside, the door next to the conning tower, where her port that needed all that polishing was placed, she was biting her lip in anticipation. She was practically shaking with nervous excitement. She had opened her armor up to expose her port and when Walter saw the dripping ooze his lust grew, it shone in the moonlight, showing off a silver-blue sheen that stimulated him. He approached her port rapidly, but hesitated, he didn’t know where to take this, how to proceed, he had insecurities. Fuso felt this resounding awkwardness in him, she helped him by gently wrapping around him a little, and moving him closer to her, placing him beside her port against her tower. Her armored body was warm to the touch, making her body much more appealing than the crisp, cold air. Her looming gun turret shielded them from the punishing wind and imposed a sense of surrounding into him. It comforted him, and her gentle caressing and sweet whispers to him encouraged him to love back, so he did. He placed his middle and ring fingers into her slit, softly spreading apart the lips exposing the sensitive clit and vulva underneath. To her moaning pleasure, he softly skirted his fingers around the lips, making slow, small circles along the way as if he was polishing it, this made her arms around him quiver, tighten, and grab at his genitals. Her breathing grew faster as he kept going, and her vagina, too, began to quiver and contract. More and more of her slick juice gushed out as her moaning pace increased and pitch rise. Suddenly she locked up and exclaimed as a jet of her cum squirt out through his fingers, her arms seized on Walter and her hull actually shook as the orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her vision had gone and her mouth was drooling, the squirt reached out halfway between the towers of the turret and her bridge, and her vulva had sucked Walter’s hand in and the lips held it in place. As her vision came back to her all blurry and the tingly sensation zapped up and down her hull she massaged Walter and giggled with glee. It was her first orgasm in over 50 years. While she was recovering from blacking out Walter pulled his hand out and sucked the juice off of his fingers, lapping it all off his hand.

“Mmm, I wonder?” He moved in front of her slit and knelt down before she could even recognize it his face was buried in her pussy and he was already licking and lapping and drinking her. Her eyes rolled back and she began drooling more, his ferocious lust and dirty desires had her brain dead like a zombie, her pussy used all its free range of motion to grind against his face as he ate it like an animal. He quickly pulled back and licked some off his nose. “Oh yeah, way better without the tea!”

“Fuck yeah! Drink up Mitsuna Hito!” She pushed him back in and resumed her zombified bliss. Her hand had finally gotten through his clothes and she started playing with his cock and balls, through the bliss she could only think about how hard his cock was, how she’d tighten up for it, how fucking big he’d feel, and about all the cum she was going to fill her creampie with. His vigorous work was very obviously one of passion and he brought her to her climax quickly and efficiently. Thankfully her explosion wasn’t as powerful as her first because this time Walter’s face was pressed against it, it squeezed some past the edges of his face but most of it painted his face and flowed out under his chin. By the time they had recovered his clothes were off and he’d gotten up to insert himself into her. “Oh fuck me good, Hito! Give it to me already!”

He slipped in easily and quickly. His eyes were closed as he pictured the look on her face, cues of her satisfaction came from her moans, gasps, and the feedback from her hands. He pictured her of how she looked in 1944, covered in guns and protection. He leaned against her conning tower, pressing his body against hers and pulled out slowly. He started getting a rhythm going and tired his best to keep his endurance but his dry spell was too long, in about a minute or two he couldn’t hold it off any longer. Although during those precious minutes he relished inside her, her plush, hot walls gently massaged his cock ad left it covered in its thick, slick, juice, while gentle quivers and contortions would grip him giving a [illegible] buzz of extra pleasure. Every time he would penetrate deep it got tight around his head and firm at [illegible]base of the helmet on the underside, which assisted in bringing him even closer to cumming right where

it felt best. While he'd pull out a little suction tugged on him and forced her vagina to hold him back, as if calling him back inside again. When his climax did arrive it knocked him against her, he pushed his cock as deep inside as he could, right back into that marvelous hold, right up against her tower, and spilled his balls out into her depths. She withered in delight as she felt his semen pour out into her pussy. A wide smile stretched across her face and she was all warm and fuzzy on the inside-not just where his cum was, she felt worthy, sexy, and confident about herself again. She was still a good cock masseuse. She held Walter up against her body, running a hand through his hair and ruffing it up. Neither of them heard the other moaning their names, but it still encouraged them to keep going. The first thing said, and heard, was by Fuso; "I had fun, my little Mitsuna Hito, I enjoyed that."

"Gah-uh!" He groaned happily, his doubts were put to rest with that. He wanted to make sure she got off and enjoyed the sex, he just wishes he lasted longer. "Yay, maybe next time I'll last more than three pumps, huh?" She giggled a little and whisked him up to her lips on her conning tower. She forced him to kiss her, in a lopsided make out session where Walter was confused (French kissing isn't common practice in Japanese culture) and the taboo rush excited Fuso. Once she was done making out she licked his junk from bottom to top, making sure to sneak her tongue under it all.

"Don't worry, baby, I'll get your sack time up." She then hugged him again and put him down. While he dressed he asked her to change the bedsheets to the 'dirty' set, and she did because he was a mess of fluids, but didn't expect anything else. Instead, he got in the room, changed pulled her thick love tendril down and cuddled it, inserting his half erect cock into the slit along the side while he kissed the slit on the end of it. This got Fuso whimpering and wet again.

"Alright, Fuso," he whispered to her softly, "load me up." Carefully she reached between his shoulder blades and inserted her connectors into the nervous system, carrying him into her mind again. There she was floating and he was in front of her hull, her size, he moved and leaned in from her port side and kissed her on the lips again. "Fuso, go back to your forty-four look." She was still confused somewhat, she didn't know what he was doing, why he was that big, or why he wanted her world war look, but she complied. Without even noticing she went from her modern day appearance to how she looked a month before she sank. AA gun mounts everywhere, sandbags all along the railings and blast shields, extra boats and cables were strewn about, and gone were the missile pods, the new radar-guided weapons, the new paint, all restored to September of 1944. He smiled to her and she had just then noticed that she was looking at him through her observation bridge face, the one she clawed off, the one she hasn't used since. He moved in and kissed her more, embracing her hull in his arms. "You look much better, baby." Suddenly she was flipped on her side and he was rubbing her hull vagina with his cock head. Although on her side everything stayed in place, an alien feeling to her. The more he rubbed the more flush her face got, twisting into a pleasured zombie face again. She felt him grab her deck and thrust his cock into her, she whimpered and gasped as he penetrated deep. She could tell it wasn't real, but damn did it feel good! As he started pumping in and out she could feel more vigor from him as he wasn't tired after a long day or low on endurance. His only limits were set by his lust, how much did he want it? They were finding out the fun way. Her whimpering lengthened and her hull flexed with his smooth motions, he moaned back as she gripped him exactly how she did earlier. He suddenly picked up his pace and fucked her hard until she was screaming at him enthralled in ecstasy. She bore arms to wrap around his back as he smacked his crotch against her double bottom hull, creating stimulating suction on him that made her tighter and flex on him more. He certainly lasted much, much longer with this form. He lasted just long enough to vaginally climax her, she bellowed as she thrusted her hull into him while the orgasm hit her. Her motions broke his composure and he, too, came, pressing her hull against his crotch as he relaxed into her. The simulation that their minds catered couldn't recreate the cum they spilled, but nonetheless, it was still enjoyable, just not as enjoyable as their real sex could be. She thought that he'd wrap up here, she was panting and trying to catch her breath, but he aligned his body with hers and wrapped his arms around her hull again in an embrace and wrapped his legs around her stern. He gently kissed her belly, the keel section underneath the forward most turret, with his arms just behind her forward conning tower and over her third turret's guns, and his legs wrapped around the stern deck on the fantail. She just now felt how big he'd pictured himself to make her feel best. Feeling this small in comparison was strange and offsetting, but she quickly warmed up to the feeling and enjoyed it. She felt safe, happy, and loved. She wrapped her own arms from her hull around him, and they intimately made soft love in this lucid dreamworld they shared. They whispered their love to each other as he made his cock [illegible]h and pulse while she convulsed and stroked it internally.

So this is a tease of what's to come soon. Well I've been jumping around with what I've been writing but I decided on this. I won't be finishing this on a separate thread I'll just be updating this one like what Ratbat does, I hope I don't take too long to finish it up so I don't keep yall waiting long and you'd get some stuff to look forward to more often. I'm debating whether or not to do this with other story entries or if this will just lead to you guys seeing how many stories I start and never get to finishing. (It's a lot btw) This is kinda like how Ratbat will post the various forms of a page up, like the outlines then dialogue then fill it all in. I guess it honestly makes more sense in picture storytelling than writing but I'll have a go. If you'd rather see the whole entry at once let me know and I'll go back to that.

16JAN18:

So I'm not sure if anyone comes back to this or if they remember it, I don't know a way to view how many people visit or have seen posts so I'll probably just finish this off then repost it when I'm done for y'all to read and so this one is still technically complete.

13FEB19:

Holy shit this post is way older than I remember. Well, there was an update. Fuso finally getting the dick! The last sentence before this update was:
""He's into me, he says he wants to do it right for me, but I don't care. I just want it bad." They moved on to talk about their wants and what it does to their sexual parts but cut it off when Walter came back. A game had started by then and it wasn't just sitting in the server waiting for more players like it was earlier. Fuso went through an embarrassing baptism by game gunfire where she was a horrible noob.

Battleship, Gingyflame, ship, warship
5 Comments

HaM 52 (FINALLY)

November 20, 2017 by Gingyflame

IT'S FINALLY DONE! I finally sat down and just forced it out. It flowed a little easier once I stopped trying for nitty-gritty details and just focused more on the emotional side. Easier, not easy. I hope I got the emotional strengths across while still emphasizing how hard they fucked, but it does seem a little short. Nevertheless, I'm sure that more inserts of HaM will come more often with more content as well as more side stories. I have a few in the works but maybe I'll update some of the others like Titanic, Bismarck, Nagato, Yamato (well actually she's kinda locked out right now), or a few others. Regardless please enjoy this long overdue insert of Hansel and Marion.

HaM 52

Their kissing and grabbing intensified as they moved towards the bedroom, suppressed feelings and emotions finally being released drove them into a frenzy, they started tugging and pulling on clothes trying to undress. The quiet house had very quickly come to life in a matter of moments and words. As soon as some article of clothing was off of Hansel it left her grasp, whether it fell or she flung it away it was gone. The taste of Hansel was all she tasted now, nothing else, just his hot fucking flesh! Oh everything about him was turning her on, his muscles, his hair, his eyes! Oh and his height, his hands, his tongue, and his mouth! Oh yes what wonders his mouth does to her, it's so seductive! Her body shook and quivered with anticipation of his doings, his naughty pleasures, and it could barely keep moving towards the bedroom when she thought of his cock, his massive cock! How deeply he pricked and toyed her, the length, girth, and height made her drool start drooling, oh she knew she was leaving a mess in her wake but she didn't care, she was gonna get dick'd down tonight!

ɔn's arms enveloped Hansel and stroked and rubbed and held him all over, her body was warmer than usual and her body was slicker than before. Her tendrils combing through his hair and her arms around him

excited him and her intensity ramped up his drive. Her seductive strokes of his body and sex promoted he do the same where he could and her suggestive actions stirred his mind with dirty ideas. All the things she did to him made him ache and long for it physically, her hands on his cock moving up and down his length made his balls sore but she'd always sooth them with a massage, her obsession with his testes is always welcome and relaxing. But when she sucks on his cock his spine shivers and slackens, whenever he watches her work him over with those luscious and beautiful lips he wants more and the gleaming razor teeth excite his adrenaline and made him hyper aware. Her pussy is the cream of the crop, though, her vagina is magical, it does everything her other tools do, but better! It's bleeding warmth, it's plush and holding walls, it's slick and tasty juice, it's gentle suction, and to top it off it's addicting to eat! The most addicting thing Hansel's ever dealt with, he swears that there's drugs embedded into her glands, he's told her multiple times. It's so good, so magical, that when they have sex all Hansel's problems are gone, whether it be a cold, stress, worry, anxiety, anger, it was all gone because of sex. They're left giddy, carefree, and very passionate. He couldn't wait to be passionately carefree with her vagina. Once they got into their bedroom Hansel's turn-ons were amplified, her engine purr reverberated inside his chest and her very skin's touch electrified him. The smell of fuel and the ambient taste of gunpowder stimulated him. Her eyes, her spectacular eyes captivated his gaze and made him want to please them. Her mouth was attractive and captivating, but by far her best feature to look at was her body as a whole, her shapely figure of various angles mixed with a variety of curves just dumbfounded Hansel. And as the temperature rose in the room the extra items came off. Her quick strip left Hansel in a frenzy, not only did the skirts come off revealing that sexy sharp cut for the treads but her extra treads on her cheeks came off, revealing her very blushed cheeks. Hansel's hands instantly gravitated there holding himself to her while they smooched and sweated. Next he heard pins come out, and she slid her actual treads off and slung them into a corner. Everything was coming off. Hansel has never seen her so bare and nude as the grate covers for her intakes popped out, her towing cables, toolboxes, axes, shovels, jacks, clamps, and even the towing eyes were tossed away. Hansel felt he couldn't get hard enough no matter how much he flexed his cock full.

There was a break in the kissing where Marion asked in an excited tone "Are we doing it? All the way?" She looked all over his face but would lock at his eyes for a moment.

"Yes, yes we're doing it!" He looked all over her face and body, she had an absolutely gigantic smile and her eyes gleamed with joy. Her strokes on his cock hastened as she was getting ready to slide him under her. "No, no, I want to see you for it." She nodded and opened the assistant driver's hatch. Hansel climbed in and found her vaginal tendril she snaked up over the back of the seat. He looked into it, it seemed more swollen and throbbing with a puddle of her lube forming at the vulva slit and running down the tendril. He put one kiss on it and felt the reverberations all around him and placed his cock head right at the part and stroked up and down, really getting her to vibrate and shake like an engine. His head quickly was covered in her slick love and his knees trembled with the amazing feeling of rubbing their genitals together. Once it had gotten where he could barely stand and she was gushing out fluids with every pass he backed off and they locked eye contact. They nodded to each other and agreed to do it under their breaths.

Hansel pushes in up to his crotch, Marion flinched and her gaze darted off behind Hansel as she suddenly felt all his length, girth, and heat. His cock was massive, it pushed her insides around and made her feel amazing. All his teasing and stroking had made her suspension tremble and her engine sputter, her gun coil back and her body shudder. She felt the alcohol in their system buzz them and excite them, and their heightened senses and hyperactive hormones elevated all senses of pleasure. He was looking at her questioningly and she looked back at him, panting heavily.

"Marion, baby, do you want this?" She was extremely excited, her hormones and desires and mind was haywire, she couldn't think straight. She nodded and rapidly agreed yes she wanted it. Therefore she sunk her cervix around his cock, breaking it through and they let the massive amount or dopamine swamp them into a heavenly world of ecstasy. They braced on each other and shook, they recoiled from their actions and enveloped each other with their love and lust. The most powerful connection they've ever had gripped them and kept their lust strong and their hearts passionate. Her eyes sparkled through her squinting eyelids with a beauty Hansel admired like it was godly. And his glistening body lured her to adore him religiously. Neither of them could recall ever feeling so strongly about the other, all of their previous spikes of love, compassion, camaraderie, and desire all formed together in this moment here. It seemed like forever they were making truly making love, and neither wanted to stop. Continuous bouts of encouragement and praise spurred other on, and their own pounding wants pushed them to ensure their partner was in as much pleasure

as possible. Hansel groped her clit or a feeding tendril while Marion fondled his balls or combed through his thick golden hair. All the while they'd move in for a long kiss, heavy breaths heating the whole house by now, and their genitals starting to sore. Grey veins were popping, fuel tanks drying, muscles throbbing, engines cranking, skin drying and grease steaming. Both were sweating profusely, Hansel never knew that she could even sweat, while Marion gawked at how much she had physically changed him, his skin was entirely a flushed grey-red with all this frenzy. She watched his face start to shrivel up and clench as he came closer to it, her heart raced and her 'legs' trembled in anticipation. His thrust slowed and became more forced when suddenly he slammed his body against the tendril and it happened. She gripped his hair and wrapped all over him, staring into his magnificent eyes as she felt these monstrously huge shots penetrate deep into her. They felt so deep inside her that her core itself felt the stick of his seed. One shot, two shots, three, four, a fifth, each shot also showed on his face as he stared back at her. He watched as her expression was of sexual pleasure and exertion to bewildered enlightenment, pure joy. He gave it his all and pushed even deeper for the last shot to go, he forced with all his remaining strength and sent it even deeper. To Marion she thought he was as deep as he could go, but she was wrong. The last shot blew out her core and replaced it, her core didn't feel like her anymore, she felt him. She quivered and shook and giggled with elation, this was by far the best moment she's had with Hansel. The whole world was just them. Hansel sort of slumped over, being held up by weak arms, and was regaining strength for her turn. She had planned this as the end, thought that the argument was over, and was letting him relax. Hansel wasn't done with her, she wasn't done in his eyes. He was regaining strength so she wouldn't miss this opportunity to come, too. Slowly his thumb began circling the raw bulbous metal-flesh that was her clit. "Hansel, we're done. Rest now."

"No," he said with a sigh, "you didn't finish."

"Hansel please!" Her expression turned to worry. He knew why she was worried, but thought it was a silly reason. Her only argument why she shouldn't cum.

"No, you give this to me, you make me the man I want to be for you. You let me do this." He slowly eased out to his head while pinning her tendril down.

"Hansel it's in!"

"I'll keep it there." He pushed back in, this time angling himself for the spot. He hit a different textured spot of flesh that made her whimper and bite her lip. She looked worried, pleading, and scared, but Hansel was going to show her how silly she was. Show her what kind of man a woman like her deserves.

"No Hansel, please don't, I'm scared-mmmpff!" He kidded her gun as he struck her spot again. He pushed in and out as fast as he could. His body started to hurt but he ignored it, her whimpers gave away how much she was enjoying it even if she tried to make it sound painful. Her g-spot getting the good dick mixed with the fact it felt like her innards were nothing but Hansel jizz made her really struggle to stay up or hold back from orgasm. He kept getting faster and her whimpers and engine got louder, her eyes darted to and fro, her turret jostling on the bearings and the gun spasming out. Hansel's body was screaming with pain, his knees had been shaking and buckled long ago, only holding himself up with his arms and her jittery arms. Her body just locked up after a while, no movements at all. He kept going, ignoring the pain and hammering that g-spot. His vision was starting to fade when suddenly her eyes rolled back and her entire entity shook and thrashed about. She came and sprayed herself like a fire hydrant. She came and sprayed for two minutes easy. Piercing moans and whimpers shook the home and probably bled into the night sky. She sprayed so much it drenched Hansel head to toe, splashed all over her cabin, soaked the seats, soaked his hair, splashed up his body, off his chest, into her huge gaping mouth And onto her gun and face and deck. The whole time still thrashing like she was possessed by demons. Everything stopped and calmed when Hansel felt a sudden drop coupled with a huge crashing and grinding noise. Amidst the unhealthy sounding engine noises was her muffled whimpering, deep hot heavy breathing, extreme vent action on her stern, and cooling engine noises-absolutely everywhere, and some ringing in Hansel's ear. He collapsed with her and slumped on her deck in a pool of their drool and her lovely tasting cum. She blinked very slowly and suddenly her eyes were back, staring down into his.

' 'e you."

That's all they said for the longest time. They ensued in holding hands and rubbing their thumbs over each other's lovingly. Then they broke silence again.

"Is it still there? Marion?" She took a deep breath.

"Yes, baby. It's still in there. All of it."

"I told you it was silly."

"I guess it was. I was just really scared I'd cum it all out, baby."

"We've had sex dozens of times and it never came out, honey. Why would this be different?"

"I guess you were right, Hansel, baby."

"You were just being silly, honey."

"This is the first time we've had sex in what? Five years? It was amazing, better than ever. You really are the man." They closed their eyes to sleep in this hot mess they made. Right before they passed out Hansel grabbed her chin and drug his head close to her body, so close his nose was buried under the turret and he whispered to her:

"You are the most beautiful thing in the whole wide world."

Marion was finally pregnant.

Fin 52

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, porn, pregnant
3 Comments

Distressed IV

October 25, 2017 by Gingyflame

Distressed IV
Jonny stood there gawking at her with his hand on his dick. He had read into the genitalia but he had never been able to imagine what it looked like, and now he didn't have to try. Her bow was low and her ass was up, she was gently swaying it left and right seductively, the whole time his gaze was locked on the glistening silver vulva that was between her transmission bulges. Her turret was over the side and she was seductively gazing at him and licking lips. After a moment of locking eyes a hand beckoned him forward to her. He stuttered for a moment before he turned to her and moved forward. She nodded in approval and smiled at him with a wide, human like grin. "That's right soldier boy, come get sum!"
He grinned back and as he got closer they got more and more excited, their bodies warmed up to the idea and started putting in the effort to get it on. Jonny got up close to and against her side and grabbed at her side plates, she grabbed his shirt and pants and they both giggled in a naughty fashion and they began stripping each other. She began with him and they slowly took off each piece of clothing to dramatize the moment. First his hat, then his shirt, and his shoes, and his socks, and his belt, and his pants, and finally his underwear. Once the underwear gave away and let go of his cock it shot up and bounced around taunting her as she stared at it. Watching a slob of drool slowly roll out of her mouth made Johnny feel like a man!
"Now," she said lapping up her drool and imaginary cock, "now undress me, mister."
At first he didn't know what to do, but her mud covers and spaced armor looked separated more than normal, and with a tug of what he wanted off it was off, she popped it off, and tossed it aside. Looking back to him from her tasks to see his excitement grow and grow. One by one, the various pieces came off. She counted down the parts taunting him, exaggerating numbers and pausing with the armor dangling from her like it was lingerie.
"Twelve..,"

"Eleven..,"
"Ten!"
"Nine!
"Ei-ght..,"
"Sev-ven..,"
".., ***Six****..,"* They had one side's extra pieces off, the exposed treads and return rollers, and and the torsion bars, and the angled portion of her lower hull, it all made Johnny feel like a breeding bull, he had to pump her full! He moved more towards her port but she stopped him with a finger on his chin. *"Ah, ah, ah! There's still my left side, big man!"* He lurched over and pulled on two at once, trying to rip them off with his bare hands. He was not strong enough to do it, but his intensity fueled Tankovy's passion, she *really REALLY* wanted him, she wanted him deep and her vagina was telling her exactly how she wanted it.
"Five and four.., a little excited now?"
"Threeee..,"
"Twwoo.., ..,"
"ONE!" The last piece she flung into the air without a second thought, she felt hot, and she was hot! She felt sexy, loved, the way he was rubbing his body against hers made her feel desired, attractive, horny… Johnny finally slid across her body down to her ass end, her extra fuel tanks had been jettisoned so she could see him but she had moved a Jerry can in the way of her prize, her underwear for him to rip off. And that he did.
"Ah-h-ah! OoooooOOOOOhhh…, I LOVED that, John! Give it to me, baby!!" He had ripped it off like a band aid, pulling out her clit and foreskin from the vulva to display it to him, his cock throbbed so much he *had* to stroke it, but she didn't let him. She wrapped a tendril around the base and a hand around his mighty meat. Every throb and every pulse made her squirt a tiny bit, she so desperately longed for what was deep inside his cock and his two delicious testicles she so passionately fondled.
As he gazed down upon her loving and working his aching cock and balls with hands he looked at the thing he wanted from her, that mystical pussy she was swaying for him. Oh it looked like it had gotten shinier and more plump, but it didn't look wet enough. He reached down and stroked it, probed it, poked and teased it. Sifting the clit like one sprinkles salt from their fingers, her mighty engine roared and she nearly fell back onto him as he did this to her. Her gorgeous eyes rolled straight up and she gritted her teeth and grunted and moaned as he touched her. She started passionately humping his hand and could only think about how fucked she was going to be.(It was very, VERY fucked!)
His hand toyed with her vulva and clit long enough to where she oozed her juice, and once she was hot and wet he finally removed his hand for her slit. It was covered in a coat of juice and thick strands clung to his hand as it drifted away. Tankovy took in deep breaths, she wasn't sure how much more teasing she could take. She was cranking her turret around to her stern end when Jonny's curiosity got the best of him and the teasing continued. He ducked down into her slit and lapped at her edges, feeling with his tongue and lips just how soft, and plush, and hot she *really* was. The mix of his lips and tongue and his scraggly beard came together and stimulated her pussy like never before, making it hard for her to keep turning up the incline she was doing for him. Once he committed to going the full length and really eating her he pressed his mouth against her puss and drove his tongue deep into her parting, welcoming folds. She moaned loud enough to match her engine's mighty roar as her turret lost all grip and the gun drug her facing forward again. There she moaned and whined and shivered in excitement and ecstasy. Her engine purred and stuttered and roared with her. She had grabbed the back of his head and hair in a half-fist and half-clamp and kept his face pressured against her dripping wonderment. Jonny breathed in through his nose, smelling her raw body and how appealing her sex really was, it wasn't human body funk he and the other guys got on deployment, wasn't lovely perfume or soap that women used, it was her and nothing else, and the smell of her steel, juice, some exhaust, and his saliva really churned up his horniness. Her taste was even better, that iron-blood taste that coins and his tags had danced and swept across his tongue, her juice stuck just right to be enjoyable yet was slick enough to be usable-he really like his odds of enjoying her sex. She felt herself rising to the occasion but no, she needed to be fucked, not eaten, or toyed, or masturbated to her orgasm. She was gonna get it from his dick. She ripped him out and breathing very heavily she demanded he fuck her right and proper.
"Oh I will, I will. But-" he wiped the juice from his lips and beard.
"But what!?"
"But *you've* gotta put these *tanks* back on." He tugged at the mounts for her external fuel tanks right on her ass. She took them off to see him, but she couldn't get her gun up the incline so it didn't matter anymore.
"Why?"
' ed the way they *shook*."
. *ght then,"* she hastily threw them back onto her mounts and strapped them in, *"but you better shake*

them off soldier!"
"*Count* on it!" He grabbed his shaft and quickly got into place, he grabbed onto her engine deck with his left hand and stroked his cock up and down against her split vulva and exposed pussy when she begged for no more teasing. *"It wasn't a tease."*
He rocketed into her, the sudden penetration seized up her engine and made her lock up and groan almost painfully. She instantly rolled her eyes back and grabbed onto his ass and hips, holding him inside her while the shock wore off. Soon enough she had recovered and Jonny was doing his thing. He drew slowly and drove quickly, this made Tankovy rock forward and lean back, shaking those magical fuel tanks. She was speaking in fast Russian praising what Jonny was doing to her. But it was too good for Jonny, he hadn't used himself like this in a long time and just as the saying goes, he didn't use it so he lost it. All of a sudden it hit him like a sledgehammer and he jolted his hips up against her hull and shot his thick, full, heavy load deep into her pussy. He groaned and moaned in pleasure as the biggest orgasm he'd ever had rocked his body and made him weak, he felt his cock pump, then pump again, and again, another time, then he flexed some more, again, and he did this until he was soft. He was so embarrassed, he lasted what? *A minute?* If that. He felt so extremely embarrassed. He had talked up all that game and he dropped the ball. "Fuck! I let you down, didn't I?" Tankovy giggled.
"Get up here, John, I can fix this." He marched up with his heads slumped in their defeat. She wrapped around his body and whisked him into then air, quickly his mind thought he was gonna die but she slung him into the drivers cupola where she could lick and suck on him. Here he noticed how small of a mouth she had compared to her body, her mouth was no bigger than his own mouth. She lapped on his cock and balls, licking from the bottom of the sack up to the tip of his head. While he was still soft her work ground his gears and he was quite weak with his body's reactions, she was in *total control* of him then. Once his meat was licked clean of her pussy's juice and his semen and had swollen enough to be a chub she put him into her mouth and sucked on him. He slumped over her turret and hugged her gun by his side, drooling onto her armor. She, too, was enjoying this, her eyes were closed and she was just using all her mind to focus on her mouth. More specifically his outlandish fleshy taste, the feel of his throb, the growing size take up more and more room. Once he was fully grown he started really leaking jizz, she sucked him like a straw and the cum in her ass and the cum on her tongue made her vibrate with ecstasy, that alone made her come to the brink of orgasming. She lapped and sucked and manipulated his cock for maybe ten minutes when he finally busted in her mouth. She gleefully sloshed it all over her mouth, getting his seed everywhere to tickle her fancy. He pulled out still rock hard and ready for more.
"You're magical, Tankovy!" She licked her lips and met his gaze, they sat breathing heavily for a moment before she piped up.
"Get back there, already!" He hopped out and jogged back to her oozing pussy. His cum was dripping out in glops from the creampie they'd made, he sort of admired his work and felt a little pride in what he had done to her. "What? *Too messy for you?*"
"Me? Fuuuck no!" He shoved it into her again, just like the first time and they both huddled against each other from the shock, and once the initial shock was over they proceeded just like the first time. Only this time it felt much MUCH better for both of them, his cock ground his previous visit's gift deeper into her vagina and made her feel even more enjoyment from this while he could relax and feel her twitching around him, feel her vagina's skin and metallic flesh grip him and rub him right, she was tighter and wetter, his cum acted as more lube and occasionally her whole body and pussy would vibrate and he'd sit inside her just mesmerized by how awesome that was. He would pick up the speed and listed to her romantic Russian language fly from her mouth and watch her fuel tanks bounce up and down, back and forth, the best ass he's seen. He watched himself slide in and out, in and out, in and out, and it was awesome. He just kept going! On and on! Tankovy was getting closer and closer and closer to her limit, she had been holding it off for a long time but she really wanted to get rocked by this orgasm. She wanted a crippling fuck out of him, one where she'd be feeling this for the rest of the week. So far she's been getting exactly that and then some. But she expected to be sore after the sex, but her body had begun aching during the sex, this made her worry if she could last as long as him. She didn't have much to worry about as Jonny soon announced he was close to cumming again. She felt his huge throbbing cock, dashing in and out of her, shiver and quake as his thrusts slowed and his draws pained. Suddenly he was completely against her armor and huge loads were shot even deeper than before into her.
"YES! YES! YES! YES!" She cried out. *"MORE CUM! DEEPER BABY DEEPER!"* Her arms wrapped around him and held him to her body as she was filled with him. He pumped less than his first visit into her but it went deeper and made her even more squirmish and pleasuring. Her pussy throbbed around his man meat and
him quite the encouragement to stay but he had to go. He backed out almost stumbling and falling on
ss but he caught himself on her fuel tank. "Oh Jonny! I want to taste myself, Jonny!" She beckoned him

up to her bow again and he soldiered on dog-tired though he was.
"*Goddamn*, how much more you want, woman? Jesus Christ!" He stumbled up to her where she sheepishly pulled him in. He went in for a kiss but an arm held him back.
"Whoa, are you going to make me swallow it?" He was puzzled, swallow what?
"Wait, you didn't swallow?"
"No," she said blushing, she was a little embarassed by her little fetish, "I like it in my mouth." He smiled and giggled a bit and stood up some.
"Ah, I won't make you swallow!" He bent his aching and cramping back over to plant a smooch right over her gun mantle. He placed his slumped and soggy meat in her face and she gleefully slurped it up into her mouth, tenderizing it and cleaning it off with her mouth. She knew how beat he was, she wrapped him up in her arms and stretched him on her turret face, relaxing his muscles and soothing his cramps, just how she knew he liked it. His taste was exhilarating and addicting. His cock had a coating of his cum mixed, almost diluted, with her slick machine lube and right at the top was the strongest and most potent part of his cum, it was like a twinkle she'd later compare it to, but right now it was like nothing she had ever had and just like Twinkies, was a real treat she wanted more of. She a had huge and unwavering smile born from his delicious cock that pinched and held him better than her own pussy, he enjoyed this a little more because he was getting massaged everywhere, he was resting, he was relaxed, and he had a beautiful woman to pleasure his sex drive without even complaining. He bet that she was enjoying it more than him, and for once the man was right. She never wanted that night to end.
Once his coatings of cum had been slobbered off they separated and laid down for the night to rest. Jonny curled up under a very nice and complete blanket that Tankovy had been keeping around and he had a nice makeshift pillow bridging the driver's chair and the cupola rim for him to sleep on. Tankovy's dirty dream to be sore the next few mornings was well secured, she was already sore and really felt his presence as she painfully laid down on her belly. She tossed the tarp used to hide her stolen goods over her gun barrel and roof for a shade in the upcoming morning, though light did burn through neither were woken by it. It was this moment where Jonny knew she was most attached to him he proposed instead of returning to Russia where she knew no lovers to go with him back to America, where she would have him. Deep down she craved to go back to Russia, but her heart and body begged and throbbed to go wherever he goes. Her mind was made to go but just in case something did come up she told him "Possibly, big American soldier," and let them sleep huddled together under the bright moon-lit night.
When she did wake up she had a mini-orgasm when his taste and tingle was still in her mouth.

Fin Distressed IV

Yay! I finally bullied myself into putting out porn again! Yay! My absolute next *goal* is to put out the next chapter for HaM, the expected after-party sex scene of hot proportions. But to be frank my *desire* is to skip over that part and move on with their lives and not write a sex scene because it kinda feels repetitive, **insert painfully bad acting of a thumbs up and forced smile here** yay! But no I'm doing alright, really, but I've had a taste of not writing porn and instead writing lore and story and cool stuff and I like that, and I have a whole new schedule that kinda sucks for free time so, only time will tell. And my self motivation to get my lazy ass up and do shit.

But hey! What's a machine you wouldn't *mind* doing the sex with but would rather just be swamped by emotion just being able to see up close? For me it's the T-55. Hands down. Yeah the Tiger II or Maus may be my favorites but I really do have a soft spot for T-55s and this story for me kind of relates to that. T-72s are not T-55s, but hey, meh. I don't know when I'll do something with a T-55, or if I even will at all. Just has a lot of memories for me, and is probably one of the first weird mental imaginary friends that little kids come up with. (Like seriously if Foster's Home for Imaginary Friends was a real thing my friend would be the motha fuckin boss of that shit).When I think back I got my interest with those cold war era Russian tanks from a game called Desert Storm: Iraqi Freedom and Desert Storm: Desert Shield, two games that a kid *probably* shouldn't have been playing at that age but hey, I turned out kinda okay? Oh gawd why am I talkin' 'bout this shit? It's fucking late, I'm tired. IF I do post this shit I might delete this section I have no clue. IDK, maybe I've been too reclusive since I've been here, for what? Four years? Three? Fuck. Maybe I've been too reclusive and this is like "hey I'm a hooman being, too" or it's just way outta context and it's like "dude I'm here for fap shit, not your deep thought tired-ass having-ass bullshit". I *swear* I'm not high. Promise.

Fuck it where's the post button?

Gingyflame, porn, Russia, tank
4 Comments

Distressed III

September 23, 2017 by Gingyflame

Distress III
Jonny and the T-72 had become partners quickly, finally having someone to confide in and having nothing else to pass the time they communicated, at first it was details about what diversion they wanted, then it just turned into conversation. Jonny quickly realized that she was a tank, and asked her many questions about things he was curious about. It took a day or so to make a splint for Jonny's legs and once that was done really they had no objectives to accomplish, they just talked. They told stories of home, of service, and of jokes. Being in military service they had a common dark humor, very dark and twisted humor. They bitched about faulty new gear, rambled on about how nothing in the military really makes sense, and gripe about any other thing a lower enlisted can possibly gripe about. 72 had warmed up to her new comrade and asked to be given hot food again from the terrorists, as they thought the canned food they were giving her she was eating whole, and when it was received she passed it to Jonny, and he admitted that Achmed was right, the Qaeda did have pretty good food. It was after a month of recovery when 72 explained her origin story to him, how she got there.
"I was once a proud Soviet tank, once I was the most formidable beast on the field in the Red Army, but, like all technology, I was replaced. Eventually the crumbling Union decided to start selling Soviet military grade weaponry to our allies and I'll admit, I was a little scared then. I wasn't sold then, instead I was sold by Russia, after the American invasion of Iraq, to the Afghanistan army. The level of respect I was given plummeted to a mere awkwardness, but improved over time. One night, one night the base was raided and I was stolen and brought here. At first I was a willing ally to the Al-Qaeda until I noticed that I was treated even worse here, and the things I was made to do was horrible, inexcusable, and overall repulsive." She mentioned how in the Quran forbids masturbation, but doesn't mention anything about animal sex, and then she stated how she had sexual advances on her but when she refused them she started a lot of problems and this led to a fallout between her and her 'allies' which eventually led to her being raped twice, an untimely and mysterious death of a high ranking terrorist, and that this led to her being thrown into this pit and do nothing but stare out at a mountain. The rape triggered her mission to get out; she had already dealt blows and accomplished many goals before she fetched Jonny, ans they had many more to achieve. That story made Jonny respect her a little more and wish to help her more, but at the same time she's still an enemy. And as he explained how he felt to her, he recited a good quote he picked up from his favorite game ever.
"The enemy of my enemy is my friend."
"What's that mean, John?" She thought Jonny was his whole name so she nicknamed his nickname.
"It means that you and I aren't on good terms, but we both hate the terrorists more."
"So we work together like in the Great Patriotic War?"
"Exactly."
"I would consider you a friend, one of my closest friends, John."
"Why's that?"
"You listen more than anyone has before, we're funny, mostly I enjoy your company.You appreciate my probably terrible English and deal with it."
"For being taught during the cold war, and only now using it, it's pretty good, tankovy."
"Thank you John, that's a little uplifting." Time elapsed as they sat there, doing almost nothing, the boredom was unbearable that day and Jonny asked if he could look out the periscope. She allowed him, and he struggled to contort and move his body to the scope, she helped move his stiff legs. She would relax and move his muscles regularly to keep them healthy and prevent from locking up but even still the lack of use was apparent as he pained to move. But it was all worth it. He spun his little world around, taking in the sunlight, the colors, the ever-familiar smell of shit that is the Middle East-neither knew quite why it ALWAYS smelled like shit-and all the intelligence. So many hidden bombs and weaponry disguised to hide from ng drone eyes! He was breath taken and astonished with how much the goat-fuckers had! Tankovy assured him it wouldn't be around that long with their plan, but he was still shook, maybe the war wasn't

going to end anytime soon. Well, the last part was known, just that America was trying to ‘leave’ the conflict. While he was looking around he tried to see what tank she was, she said she was a tank, but not the model. He couldn’t get a fix on exactly what she was, but based on her height she’s post T-55.He really wanted to know what she was it was driving him nuts! He could have asked but he refused to let his only mind game end so soon. After all, it was going to be months before he could see much else.

And months it was, about five and a half months elapsed before they broke off the casts and splints. They seriously started planning the attack, she began stirring again, a trend she introduced long ago so nobody would think differently when she’d randomly get up and drive around. Jonny would watch and note the locations of key assets, this affected their plans but they were determined to make this all happen. As the date grew closer Jonny would curl up into a ball to work and stretch his muscles, he’d curl for ten minutes and rest for five, again and again until he could do it effortlessly again. Tankovy had noted that without much to groom himself Jonny’s beard had grown long and full, his hair was a mess and his face dirty. He would blend in well with the right clothes, so she got to fabricating him some garments and robes and a turban for him to wear. It would at least help him blend in more than a destroyed American uniform. She had also began making her own little bombs to use against the Taliban, she had played around with timers and had perfected a time fuse for an hour. It worked every time she tested it, the timer not the bombs. As the sun set on the game day they prepared mentally for the challenge. As the time ticked away until about 2340 local time they reviewed and reviewed and reviewed, practiced and practiced and practiced. There was only one thing left to the wind and that was his strength. They worried that he wouldn’t be able to walk on his weak legs. “You ready John?”

“Show time, I’m ready.” He gathered the bombs and put them in his string bag with the timers set, he really hoped he could trust Tankovy to set them right. She double checked her set ups nearly every day.On her cue he opened the hatch and took a deep breath, and climbed out of the hatch. His body ached, creaked, groaned and stretched. He sat on her hull and readied himself for impact, he jumped off and his legs instantly buckled. He came crashing to the ground in pain and misery, grunting and seething, Tankovy yelped worried and scared. She went to get him and call it off when he struggled up, forcing himself up like a drunk. He staggered to his feet and endured the pain of his shaking legs as he stood there, just happy to be there. He carried on, putting forth his effort to get to his first marker.

First he stopped by a cave entrance covered by a plywood sheet with sand and rocks glued to the wood and that was further camouflaged by brush in front of that. He placed a bomb under the sheet of wood next to a pile of rocks that supported the side. He then shrugged on, hobbling down the way to the I.E.D. pile and put two there, just in case one faulted. Next he moved over to the other side and put one by a few sandbags, that spot had problems with mudslides and they were hoping to trigger one with the bomb. Next was some more explosive equipment set out for quick use, most was tucked away in the caves and she wasn’t going to risk her biggest asset that much. Regardless he went over to the entrance of the cave that they used for ammo and tossed one into the black void, hoping it would reach. That bomb was for the livestock but he untied the gate and their leads. He wasn’t that cruel. Lastly was thier fuel depot, it was a bunch of Jerry cans, oil barrels, and one old septic tank. Even still it was a lot of gas. Tankovy had already grabbed her fuels and clustered all the fuel together for the bomb. He tucked one under a Jerry can and stood up, turned around, and saw a figure off on the other side of the valley. The rest of his body started to quiver. He had no guns, no more bombs, and knew almost no Arabic, *hide, stupid!*

He panicked and looked around, he wanted to hide under the fuel but how would he get in there? He looked around and thought, *cave? He might be going there. Animals? What if he’s going for some goat milk*? *FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKITY FUCKITY FUCK!* He decided on something but it was too late, he was seen and the figure was approaching. He shook and came up with a ploy, a folly, to try to get the upper hand in a fight. As the figure approached Jonny acted ill and sickly, which he was so it was a rather easy act, and once the man was close enough he acted as if he was falling. The man-who was asking if he was alright-dropped his gun and went to catch Jonny. Jonny raised his fist and threw himself into the man. He landed a punch right in the man’s eye and fell into him, catching himself while the man momentarily held him. Jonny then lashed his head up into the man’s jaw. He gained his footing and stood against the arab. Now the arab was angry and was realizing that this wasn’t an ally, he reeled back and instantly charged in. Jonny’s training kicked in and he stood to throw him down, the terrorist fell right into the setup and almost effortlessly Jonny wrapped him up and twisted him onto his back, straddled him, and chocked him while punching into his temple. The terrorist used a free arm to swipe at Jonny’s arm, dropping Jonny onto him, Jonny came up and tried to choke him again but his hand slipped up and he had his hand over his mouth. The terrorist played dirty, trying to preserve his life, and bit at Jonny’s hand. Jonny growled in anger and pain and kneed [illegible]aw again, this time catching the tongue and severing it. The terrorist screamed and covered his mouth, [illegible]screaming and thrashing about. Jonny lunged off, grabbed the gun, and smashed in the terrorist’s head

with the butt over and over until he was dead and then some. He stood over the terrorist almost hyperventilating, and looked upon his work. The terrorist's tongue had indeed been severed as it hung out of what was left of a skull, the eyes popped out and the brains glistened in the moonlight and darkened the blue-lit sand. The blood flowed like wine, and like wine stained all it touch, the sand turned black and shone like oil. Bits of bone and teeth littered like glass and hair was all over the place making it all one sloppy mess. Jonny looked at his hand, it was bleeding vigorously and his thumb was spurting blood like a hose. He instantly grabbed that and held tight, painfully tight, as he very slowly felt everything return to his sense while his adrenaline pumped. He was running with rifle and thumb in hand to Tankovy. He rushed up to her and begged "bandage! Bandage! Please, bandage!" She calmly moved his hand and then rushed to stop the arterial bleeding. She lifted him up into her driver's hatch and carefully wrapped his palm and fingers. He looked into her eyes, they were a light blue with white impressions. He looked over her turret, it was a low and wide turret with an oblong shape that was tallest on his left, her right, where he would sit. She had a massive lamp on the right side of her gun and a massive machine gun on her roof for the commander. Her turret cheeks had bits and tubes on them for smoke charges he reckoned. He figured out which tank she was. He couldn't stop himself from saying it. "You have beautiful eyes, Tankovy 72."

She stopped and thought, then glanced up to his eyes. "Thank you." She went back to finishing the wrap and Jonny watched her. Once it was wrapped up he climbed into the turret on his own, surprising her. He climbed into the hatch and waited, and she waited, they waited silently. Now it was her half of the plan. At exactly 0040 the bombs detonated. The ground shook and the entire valley illuminated with fire and filled with ash. She kicked her engine to life and it roared to life, amidst the screams, explosions, and rumbling Jonny heard the engine purr and growl, the heavy diesel engine whined and wheezed as it shifted gears, then again hummed as she sped towards the fire and chaos. As her skin grew hotter her adrenaline pumped harder, her hope rose, and her determination strengthened. Jonny watched through the periscopes the damage they caused and it brought delight to him, but it wasn't enough. He opened the hatch and stood up. Tankovy was shocked. "Wha-What are you doing!?"

"Fuck these bastards!" He grabbed the heavy machine gun and racked the slide. He shifted the gun over to the side and pressed the butterfly trigger, shooting at anything standing at human height. The massive gun tore anything flesh in half, ensuring that it was going to die. All Jonny felt while he cut down the dozens of terrorists down was the rattling in his bones, his arms going numb, and the vibrations of the engine in his legs. He chanted various insults and phases of vengeance as his blood boiled at the thought of letting one of them survive. He gunned all the terrorists that were confused, scared, panicking, and grabbing whatever they could to defend themselves to no avail.

"John! Aim front! Guards!" She automatically turned the gun to the front and pointed at the areas the RPGs usually waited. One instantly stood up to aim at her but a burst from Jonny's gun hit him in the neck and flung his head into the night sky. The other guard freaked out, panicked, and prematurely launched his rocket into the other side of the mountain. That triggered a rock slide that fell behind them. The man who would give the signal of enemy stood bewildered by the hill, she specifically changed course to hit him, and when she did his body collapsed like a wet noodle against her bow, splitting open his guts and slowly slipped off her bow, being dragged and gutted as he completely fell off her body.

They raced into the dunes and kept going, laughing and celebrating that they got away! Jonny was going home! He was very excited, over joyed and tearing up. Tankovy was free! She could go home! She felt a wall of emotions hit her, she, too, teared up. Once they felt that they were in the clear they stopped and discussed where they were, she pulled out a map and Jonny went back down to her diver's hatch to help navigate. She could barely pull her gaze off of him, she had no idea how good looking of a man he was until then, she just had the time to think about it. He scanned over and over the map trying to read the Arabic writing, she did steal it from the terrorists. Suddenly he had to piss, he asked to relieve himself.

"Go ahead, John, no more shell case." He was excited about the freedom she granted him, he climbed out and walked down and a little behind her on the slope and undid his pants, and relieved himself. He moaned out in relaxation, and enjoyed himself. It occured to Tankovy what she really wanted!

"Ah, yeah." He moaned as the stream eneded.

"*Jonny?*"

"Yeah, Tankony?" He asked shaking his dong off.

"*Don't bother zipping your fly!*" He was about to ask why when he turned to glance at her and knew why.

Gingyflame, Russia

7 Comments

Distressed II

September 11, 2017 by Gingyflame

Distress II

Jonny Blacked out as soon as he heard a loud crashing noise, his screams of pain and pleas went unnoticed. He didn't even know what happened, it was all a flash, then a blur, next thing he knew he was on his back, couldn't move his legs, and was staring at the ceiling of some Afghan house. He tried thrashing about to get unstuck or get up, but all that did was make it hurt more and black out quicker. He passed out just after the black out, and was unconscious. That was when the 72 found him. She scanned over him with her eyes a few times to assess his wounds and determine if he was worth it, and he was. She determined his legs might heal, but weren't vital to his health. She used manipulators to hold him still while the tendril probes pierced his body as if to transform him to check his bone composition. His right leg was broken in to spots and dislocated, she quickly popped it back into place, and his left leg was troublesome. His left leg was closest to the blast and was broken, shattered, and probably wouldn't recover. She figured it was really just held together by his skin. While he had many open wounds and was bleeding heavily she cautiously removed his trousers, wrapped his legs in bandages she had collected or stolen, and ensured there was no more bleeding in his lower body. She put his pants back on and moved him carefully onto a bench's seat, and used it as a stretcher. She searched his body for any tracking equipment, she dropped anything she suspected of tracking him and stole some electronics from his equipment like batteries, plugs, an antenna, anything she thought could be useful as a component. She then placed him on her engine deck and covered him with a blanket after washing off his head to check for wounds-just some scrapes and a massive bruise-and to make sure he didn't dehydrate or cook to death. She then backed out and went back to camp. She traveled into the mountains and through a winding path to where there were two men and a herd of goats resting in the shade of the mountain. The two men pulled out a radio and talked into it, she passed the guards. She moved further in and entered the main hub of the camp, caves and tunnels surrounded her, all etched into the mountainside like it were an ant pile. She ventured further, weaving through stocks of I.E.D. material, animals, people, and shit, and reached a pit where she resided, it faced the larger way in, the way laden with mines, I.E.D.s and traps. She was the final obstacle. It was here she moved him to her front and covered him with more blankets, all soaked in collected water to cool him off and clean him up. They were the hand-me-downs of hand-me-downs, ragged, torn, bloody, and patchy, this is how the Al-Qaeda treated their assets' needs. Nevertheless they did the job and further probing indicated his internal body temperature was leveling out and cooling. She constantly rotated the blankets through the tub to keep him cool, and was further inspecting his wounds, guarding him from anyone curious, and treated him as she saw fit. Once nighttime hit she moved him ever so carefully into her hull through her turret. It was crowded, probably uncomfortable, but this was her best way of protecting him. She had decided that she would splint his legs and let them heal, so that can be used in her favor if she's tried in a court against her. She wanted him awake badly, so he could eat, but wanted to let him strengthen first, but she figured if he can't eat he can't grow, so she lit a match right under his nose.

Jonny suddenly jolted to life, it was loud, echoing, and a dim red from a match about two inches from the tip of his nose. Before he could scream a sturdy hand clasped over his mouth while many more grabbed him and held him down. He resisted and shook trying to escape but it was useless, he was locked down tight. Suddenly a snake-like entity moved out from under a ledge and opened like a banana almost and produced a long needle that glimmered red and black in the light. His eyes darted around and noticed he was in a bubble, a bubble with a monstrously large assembly in the middle and radio-looking gear to his right. The seat he was in was like a bicycle seat and the backrest was bland and pinching his back. He felt unbearably cramped and was nearly freaking out. *What have I gotten into!?* "You listen American! For your life you listen!" The needle darted closer and stroked his exposed neck. "You do as I say, you do it when I tell you to do it, you say nothing but yes, no, and toilet. Am I understood!?" Once the hand moved away he went full boot on the voice.

"Johnathan Reeves, Private, United States Army, 4-4-6-"

"No!" He was slapped good and firm across the face, he felt indentures and crevices in the hand. "You dumb fuck! Yes, no, or toilet, UNDERSTOOD?"

"TOILET!" She slapped him again trying her best not to giggle but some peeped out.

"Listen here you little worm, I don't need much effort or thought to kill you, I don't need you, but if you ·erate you will see your family again, your land again, your freedom again. I guarantee it with my pride, ·r, and Russian motherland. ONLY if you cooperate! Am I understood?"

“Yes, ma’am!” She went to slap him again but eased off.
“Very well.”
“Why should I help you?” She went to hit him but stopped and thought, if she didn’t give him some purpose he’d refuse to comply, he needed something to strive for.
“We have the same, goals, er, private. We both want to go home.”
“How do I play into this?” She was growing frustrated with him.
“Because I need an American.”
“Why?”
“If you don’t stop asking qusetions I will beat you!”
“I’ll take it until I die, then, fuck you!” She was growing enraged at him, even as a prisonor, her pet, he still had some authority over her and it infurriated her. “Tell me a plan and I’ll do whatever you want.” She vented a heavy breath through her vents.
“Fine.” She barked. “I plan on getting back to Russia by breaking out of here, but in order to do so, I need a diversion. Before you panic you *should* survive the diversion. You create the diversion, we slip away, and you help navigate me through the area to your base. From we part. That is all you need.”
“Well it sounds nice,” he started, “but one thing, YOU BLEW UP MY LEGS YOU BITCH!” She really hit him hard for that one, drew quite an amount of blood, too.
“YOU don’t think I haven’t noticed your wounds!? You weak, flimsy, bag of worthless *flesh*, oh! Oh how disgusting your kind is! I’m disgusted with you bags of *meat*.” The way she referred to him as meat, flesh, really made him fear for his sake, his trust was on the fence but the promise of home, no matter how timid, drove him to agree. “I’ve already tended to most of your wounds wholly, soon I will have a splint and brace for your legs, you will not move them without my assistance otherwise. Understood?”
“Yes, ma’am. You have my full compliance.”
“Good, good.” She smiled for once, she smiled for the first time in years. “Very, very good.” There was a long sullen pause before she mentioned something, it was about canned food she had been given by the terrorists, she fed him and suddenly piped something up. “About that toilet request..,”

Gingyflame, Russia
6 Comments

Hansel and Marion Ch 51

September 7, 2017 by Gingyflame

I’m back! And boy has it been a long time since I’ve done HaM, and here they are, life in America!

Enjoy!

The New World

Ch 51
Marion quickly confronted the Swiss cheese Tiger and learned of how he was related to Adler, and why he looked like Swiss cheese. They talked briefly before Kramia came up with her newborn, Igor, the sweetest little thing as Kramia called him. Igor looked like a Panther hull squashed to the height of a T-34 hull, he had his father’s suspension and his mother’s drive train, Igor had what looked like an elongated Panther turret with a long smooth gun with no muzzle assembly, like his mother’s 85, and he really was the sweetest and friendliest thing with bright blue eyes. Marion didn’t even notice that Kramia had her 85 back on because she was so wrapped up in Igor, but Kramia had changed her guns out, and Mini made a wall mount for the gun which was proudly displayed in the main room of their warehouse. Devestaor and Kramia did their best to update Marion and Hansel on the times missed, none of the couples have broken, which was good to hear, and Kitty was rumored to have a special someone in mind. The Porcshe tanks were heard to be planning a child, Fritz and Jager turned out to be expecting and Edwards had found work at the nearby train station as a engine mechanic. Fritz and Jager had tricked him into a trap and had forcibly changed him to the humorph, he was on the fence about it but leaned away from it because he was thinking of marrying humans, but Fritz and Jager were strongly “recommending” transformation. Kramia also mentioned how :ker and the IS, Shellproof, had also become a couple. Marion went off to find Cindy and she did, Marion was amazed at how big she had grown, Cindy was almost as big as her parents, so close she had

standard Sherman tracks, they were a little loose but they worked. Cindy was very enthralled to see Marion again and flung herself at Marion, embracing Marion like she did her own parents. Hansel and Marion went all around trying to catch up with everyone, and meet all the new little ones like Rosa's and Joshua's little bundle. They had a baby boy named Zachery, and that led on to a surprise to all from Chuck and Katelyn were expecting, just out of the blue they came out and said Katelyn has been pregnant for almost three weeks.

It was at this time Hansel counted his blessings, his overabundance of blessings. He survived a direct hit from a tank, survived recovery, met the love of his life and his guardian angel, he's carried his brothers to safety, he thought of all the things he's done that would be seen as traitorous: help an enemy vehicle, spare the enemy, cooperate with them, and eventually join them. At the time he didn't think much of it, more going along with what Marion would want, but if he was ever caught by command of that, he might not be alive today. The eufora swept over him, just how well everything went for him. In the world's darkest moments he shone bright, and fortune favored him. Dear God, He thought, What have I done to deserve this? How can I repay this?

Soon after that day Hansel started looking for work. He put in many applications but with what little English he could write it was difficult and made even worse with having no references. He had no background in America, his whole time in the army was classified, all of his work were German companies and the only thing he'd be able to prove was being a mechanic; he didn't trust his crop dusting flight time because of how long ago he did that. He thought about trying to be a salesman but with his German accent, who'd buy from the loser? The ex-nazi? Marion tried to comfort him and keep his spirirts up and after a few weeks she didn't have to try so hard, he got a job offer.

Roberson was glad to get Hansel into work, it turned out that he'd been going through applications at the store his father had just opened and noticed a Hansel, he only knew one guy named Hansel and went through it. Roberson noticed the obvious German-esque spelling errors and called to make sure it was who he thought it was. Roberson confirmed it was Hansel Walter and pressured his father to override the reject stamp and hire Hansel, so it was done. Roberson personally shook Hansel's hand and when thanked he replied: "No Walter, thank you! I served in the third army, you and your Tiger personally saved my life, this is the least I could do to repay you. How are you guys? How's she doing? She's, she's still around, right?" Hansel hush-hushed him because it was classified, but assured him she was well, that they all are well. "Also," Hansel added, "I'm going to marry her as soon as I can afford the ring." Roberson was surprised. "Wow, congradulations! Honestly thought you already did marry her." Hansel quickly picked up on his new line of work working in a grocery store, the work load wasn't extreme but it was a heavy load. He stocked shelves and unloaded trucks, Roberson knew Hansel was a leader and was setting him up to be in management at some point, so with Hansel's hard work and dedication mixed with support from higer ups he made progress at a welcome rate. He made some raises and moved positions in under two years.

Marion, because she's technically classified, spent her days at home. Of her boredom and desire to do something she asked Hansel to bring home some plant seeds he talked about, and she became quite a gardener, she also kept up with her little hobby of crafting objects out of wood. She had made numerous things like the cooking utensils she used, a coat hanger, a little cabinet, a beautiful sculpture of a fox, and of a little name plaque for Hansel. She'd also try cooking a lot, and spent a lot of her time cooking and trying different concoctions of foods, some she liked, others she didn't, and as Hansel would find out and quickly agree, she had become very good at cooking. He loved her cooking, he dreamed of it sometimes, he'd compliment her on almost everything, almost. He wasn't afraid to say that it wasn't good, and Marion was never upset by that, that's what groomed her into such a good cook. Every morning they'd greet each other, eat breakfast together and talk about their plans, then Hansel would kiss her goodbye, wish each other a good day, and he'd go to work. Typical family life of the 40's, except they didn't have kids to pat off to school, Marion wanted kids, but had gotten a fix from raising and caring for Cindy so her desire wasn't pressing, just a want. She knew how expensive kids would be, and how insecure Hansel feels at the moment financially, he wasn't well off but they knew they weren't suffering. Hansel just wanted to have money saved up for when that time came.

They never fought or really argue, they'd disagree over petty things like what furniture would fit the scene or how the new bushes should look, sometimes they'd never agree but mostly they would be swayed to the other's view. Mostly for the better but they never were stubborn, if it was a bad decision they fixed it. They were very flexible in other words, and in those first two years they had made the place very homey and they were quite happy and proud of what they'd done together. They were constantly busy with something and never had any sex, they relieved thier stresses in other ways, hobbies and such, and if the desire persisted 'd relieve themselves so the other wasn't disturbed in thier work. But every evening when Hansel got e he asked her about her day, she'd tell him a quick summary and then she'd ask him about his, he'd

run down his schedule, and ask about certain parts of hers, she'd elaborate and ask about some of his which he'd explain. Then they ate dinner together, talking about their plans for tomorrow, and the weekend or the holiday. They'd play some games and listen to the radio, elaborate on something that happened or their plans, and then they'd tidy up, Hansel would wash up-Marion was washed by Hansel about every Saturday, and they'd turn in for the night, wrapped up in their arms and tucked in for the night.

Hansel set his car into park and turned off the engine. The Florida rain was coming down hard, like it always did in summer, and he didn't feel like getting out of the car. He was home late, real late, and it was because of a lot, but he'd only say work kept him that late. Truth was that work did go late and was very hard, the electric lift was busted so the whole truck had to be unloaded by hand by just himself and some highschool kid. Next he went over to the jewelry store and got the rings that he'd been looking at, that took a lot longer than he expected, and since the end of the war Florida had started populating more so there was road work to make the roads safer, safer not safe, and that held him up even longer. So his expected plan to be out of the store and home by seven was completely blow out of the water as his watch read 10:22 pm. He nearly hit a deer, too, scared him shitless like he had been shot again. He sluggishly looked to the passenger side and made sure his items were all together, the rings buried on the bottom of the paper bag and stacked on top were some groceries Marion wanted, a handful of watermelon seeds he finally remembered to collect, a whole chicken body, some small art supplies that his store had, and some pens. He sighed deeply and tucked the things under his coat and made a break for the porch through the pouring rain. He got to the porch with only stepping in one mud puddle, usually it's about three. He kicked and stomped his shoes around to get as much mud off, then bent his aching back over to pick out the mud in the laces. He reached into the bottom of the bag and plucked the rings out and put them into his back pocket of his pants before he entered the house portion of the home. He took off his coat and shook it off and placed it neatly onto the coat rack Marion made, he kicked off his shoes and kicked them into the corner; he'd clean them off later, and walked through the hallway, through the house kitchen and dining room into the main room. The main room they called the living room was where the vast open space was for Marion, and if you walked in like Hansel had and turned around it would look like the whole wall of the house had fallen down and exposed the innards. The two floors reminds them of the "old western" movie bars with the staircase leading up to a balcony leading to the rooms on the second floor. There were three bedrooms on the second floor and one full bathroom, the first floor had a lounge, office, kitchen, dining room, laundry room, and an additional bedroom with a full and half bathroom. The whole hangar had been divided by Marion into five areas, her kitchen, laundry wall, living room, maintenance area, and bedroom. Hansel and her had only erected basic frames for the walls and hadn't done anything more with it yet, because Marion wanted to adjust the size of the bedroom to make it smaller, more like the barn they first 'met' each other. Marion was also thinking about dividing more space for rooms like a guest room, two bedrooms, and maybe some more kitchen room for storage. Hansel supported her ideas, and would like so expand into the house so she could use some of that space, too, but she liked the way it looked. "Oh, Hansel, where were you I've been worried sick!" He groaned.

"I've been at work, we got an extra shipment and the lift was busted. It was Carter and myself. How're you doing, dear?"

"Oh that sounds like it was rough, I'm fine, just the little cat-things came by and gave me a headache, they really like our potatoes."

"I bet, they've been digging at them for weeks." He sat down at a cushion chair against the wall and let out a relaxing sigh. Marion rolled over to him and massaged his shoulder.

"Supper's cold by now, want me to heat it up for you?" He rubbed his face and looked up to her, meeting her gaze with his, her gaze had never changed. That was the exact same lovely and beautiful gaze she gave him the night he met her.

"Ah, no, no, it's fine, babe, I'll eat it cold. Thank you, thanks for supper." He wretched himself out of the comfy chair and hobbled over to the stove she cooked on. Inside the pot was warm stew of carrots, beef, peas and potateos with a hint of seasoning that she loved making, and Hansel loved eating. "Oh this smells great, Marion! I love you." He made himself a bowl and grabbed another, "Would you want some, dear?"

"No, I'll save it for tomorrow. You can take some for lunch if you'd like."

"Oh yes please," he scooped up some stew and hurriedly ate some, "I swear you get better and betteer, babe."

"Oh stop, you just get hungrier I don't get better." He sat down at the table and gulped down another spoonful.

' 'agree, you get better." He quickly devoured the bowl and thanked her again for the meal. She was
 .g through the bag he brought home.

“Oh yes! You remembered the seeds!” She smiled and examined them, little black and tan tear drop seeds in a jar made her so happy, and that made Hansel happy. As she sifted through the seeds with her mechanical hand Hansel felt his back pocket, the rings were there. It made him smile more. Once she’s done, he thought, then it happens. “Hansel, do you know if there is any yellow paint or dye at the store? I want to make a sculpture of the long leg birds that walk the yard.”
“I’ll have to check for it, don’t know off the top of my head.” He watched her go through the bags and sort the items out on the table and once she turned to put something away he proped himself up, pulled the ring box out of his pocket and stepped away from the table. “Marion?”
“Yes, Hansel?” She turned her gaze and saw the little box. Hansel slowly and painfully got down on one knee and opened the box, Marion gasped and droped the jar of seeds.
“Marion would you marry me?” He smiled pleadingly, Marion’s hands clasped her mouth as she teared up, and visibly shook.
“Yes! Yes! Yes Hansel I’ll marry you!” Tears streamed down her face and she pulled him up to kiss her. Her turret was off over her right side so when they kissed Hansel could hold her chin as they locked together for one of thier longest kisses. Her arms wrapped around all of him, through his shirt and in his socks, through his hair and into his hands, it felt like the end of the war but better! Hansel, too, teared up and cried with her. Once they broke apart she laid him out and held him aginst her side where he fought not to fall asleep.
“I love you Marion, with all my-*yawn*-heart, I’ll be by you through good and bad, thick and thin, joy and pain. Just as you have been there for me I’ll be there for you, till death do us part and again when I find you in heaven.” Marion had no idea what to say, ‘I love you’ wasn’t enough, she had no words for this emotion, it vastly outmatched any dialogue she had prepared, she was truly swamped with emotion. Even though he wasn’t going to enjoy it, it’ll be painful, and she didn’t want to do it, they had planned that if he ever married her she’d convert him to a humorph. He knew as well, he knew how much it was going to hurt-indescribable pain and misery, literal life-changing and body fusing torture. But in the end both knew it had to be done and the benefits outweighed any physical feeling they had. So Marion asked him;
“Hansel, are you sure you want to do this?” She opened one of her tendrils to reveal the long and thick probe, the base a series of coils and hoses, and the point fine and pricky. She felt a little sick herself looking at it, she’d never been penetrated by anything-just Hansel- and being armored and mentaly built so nothing would penetrate her, it felt wrong and sickening to think about the whole concept of injection.
“I’m not sure, babe, but this is the plan. I’m going to marry you no matter what, might as well stick around.” He looked into her uncertainty, her eyes beading still from crying. “Do it.” With that she put some cloth between his teeth and lined up the injectors, tears bubbled at her eyes and blurred her vision but it was too late, they were lined up and ready. She clentched her eyes shut and pressed into him.
The actual penetration wasn’t bad for Hansel. Her body was warm and the needles seemed to fade away in his body unlike normal shots, the metal wasn’t icy cold and instead he was left with the aching and pinching feeling at the skin and like there was a knot in his muscles. He thought to himself This isn’t too bad when she hit him with it. Suddenly an intense burning sensation filled the points from the inside out, and rapid and sudden muscle contractions twitched and pulled all around his body, he felt loss of any control and then the real pain hit. He felt like he was dying, like he was being filled like a balloon, the fiery feeling turned into a black and gnawing beast slowly crossing into the mortal realm, hell itself was using Hansel as a portal. Hansel screamed and cried out, all he could somewhat control, but the rest of him was thrashing about, his head slammed against her armor and he felt not pain but relief when that happened. It soon felt like his very flesh was being ripped off his bone, bare bone suddenly had nerves and they cried and bled out in pain and misery. His guts began thrashing as if they were a separate entity, Hansel wasn’t very religious but he swore for the rest of his life that at that moment the very beings of God and Satan were fighting inside of him, immortals were ravaging his body and slowly it felt like he was losing. Marion was trying her best to keep him from hurting himself with restrictions and soothing voices to help but his muffled screams would drown her out for anyone nearby. Hansel felt like murder, felt like his organs were ripping and tearing and popping slowly, oh so slowly! His eyes blacked out but he could still see but it wasn’t the roof or Marion like before, no, now it was him, he saw himself dying. His heart suddenly stopped beating and he felt it but still the bleeding sensation lived on. It came back again with a vengeance and felt like it was exploding out of his chest, his ribcage was cracking and healing all at once, his brain shrinking and expanding at once, his lungs collapsing and breathing like never before. His screams worrying Marion even more. She was crying, full on crying. In her mind she vowed she’d never do this again, never.
By the time it was completed Marion was sobbing, she had drenched Hansel in his sweat and her tears. She pulled the injectors out and pressed him against her turret cheek with his blank face looking at her eye. She ’ crying and chanting how sorry she was, pleading for him to come to, to come back. She was praying to ` God she never learned to give him back. His hair was full and smooth as she stroked through it, his

muscles tight and taught, his body warm and convulsing, his limbs twitched and squirmed. She thought she killed him, she couldn't get an answer from him, she couldn't feel a beat through his soaked clothes, and it had been ten minutes since she stopped. She blamed herself, he wasn't ready or she didn't do it right, she killed him and it was all her doing. She killed her love, killed him in the most brutal and aganizing death possible. She'd never forgive herseld for it, how she was going to carry on she didn't know and didn't expect to. She wanted to die, to join him in death, she couldn't go on without him. It was unfeasable for her.
No this isn't no fucking Romeo and Juliet shit calm down.
Hansel puked his guts out and gasped for air. His eyes shot open and he looked around confused, panicking, and frightened. He fixed his gaze on Marion as she sat there breathtaken. She did't notice his vomit all over her body, she didn't notice the thunderous storm that had turned into a hurricane, she didn't notice the time passing. She noticed one thing and one thing only. She noticed Hansel. She admired every detail his body had to offer, from the size of his toes to how many eyelashes he had. They sat and stared in silence. Hansel was sweating profusely and was breathing heavily, he didn't feel too different and was wondering how he looked. Marion just wouldn't stop staring at him, he decided to say something. "You alright, Marion?"
"Yes I'm fine. Baby, are you alright?" Hansel self checked himself, he was exhausted and his stomach was empty, but he craved things other than food like a fuel of a sorts, and of course Marion's cooking always sounded good.
"I-uh, I'm starving honey, I could eat something." Marion was warned about this by F2, Hansel's gonna want something only she can make, not by hand but by body. She messed with him a bit.
"Like, like what? Describe it."
"Uh, something kind of liquid, goes down easy."
"Yeah? So like a soup or stew?"
"No, no not a stew or soup, not even a chowder. I, I want something creamy, no chunks at all, please."
"So I could put the stew in the blender, sound good?"
"No. Damn, I must be such a pain right now but I don't know what it is, it's fatty and creamy, no chunks, nothing blended that leaves scraps around and I want it.., I want it uniform. I want it warm, too, I think it's-"
"Milk, you want breast milk." Hansel blushed red, Marion giggled a little bit. "I know what you want, you want breast milk." Hansel started denying it. "Hansel you described it almost to the letter, I know what you want because Zwei told me, it's my tit milk!" Hansel continued to deny it even though his mouth watered and his stomach churned for it. "Hansel, just admit it, you'll feel better I promise, sweetie." He swallowed his pride, it didn't help his hunger as he wished, and he admitted it.
"Milk sounds really good, honey." She giggled and sat him on the other side of the turret on her deck. Her towing eye opened and out came the feeding hose. It went up her glacsis and into Hansel's lap. He picked it up with hungry eyes and a salivated mouth and put it to his lips. He sucked gently at first on the nipple and when it fed to him rich, warm, creamy, milk he started to suck on it more. He slipped into a more reclined position and drank and drank and drank. He drank his fill and then when he was done he rolled over to sleep. "Marion,"
"Yes dear? More milk?"
"No, but thank you, tell everyone we're getting married, and try on the ring, too."
"Oh Hansel, I told you don't spoil me, I don't want these luxeries. This extra glitter, it's not my style. It's not me." She picked up the ring box and looked at the ring, it had a gold band with a diamond in the middle and two littler ones beside it. "The ring is gorgeous, dear, I think it's amazing, but I don't think I'd wear it." She wrapped her arms up around him and stripped him of the wet clothes and wrapped him into a blanket cocoon. That reminded Hansel he threw up on her and he motioned to clean it up. "No, no, it's already eleven, you have work tomorrow. I'll clean it, you rest. You need it more than me."
"I love you, Marion."
"I love you, Hansel."
He performed normally at work, told Roberson that he did it, finally proposed to Marion and got a yes. Other than Roberson Hansel was just another guy at work, didn't talk to another person about personal life. Marion didn't really want to tell everyone that Hansel proposed because she felt like that'd be bragging about it, she just didn't feel right doing that so she kept it to herself until the weekend when they made their monthly trip up to the base for check ups and meetings. There she told everyone Hansel proposed and that they were getting married, and she brought the ring along to show it was real. It seemed Marion wasn't alone in feeling iffy about the ring, nearly all the female tanks didn't want a ring, Kitty said she'd like a ring but not to wear, she wanted one to call her own in her collection of jewelry and bling she had as a
ction. Hetz was the only one who said she'd wear a ring and would want too wear it. But they all did
to show their marriage off, but how? They were all sitting around when they overheard Hansel and

Whacker joking around.
“So you can come down and work on the wiring when the time comes, Whacker?’
“Yeah, Sell I can do it. I’ll just give Shell a heads up about it and I’m sure she wouldn’t mind. She might even come down with me.”
“So she had you on a leash, then, eh?”
“What?”
“No more chasing the ladies around? No more bachelor for you?”
“Oh yeah, she killed this bachelor, gonna put a big old kill mark on her gun for that impressive kill.” They continued on with the idea laughing. Marion didn’t think that was a bad idea. She admired her kill marks that were painted out, the thin stripes were killing allied armor and soft skins and the thick ones were killing axis armor. The SS tank was a really thick black stripe with the white lightning bolts on either side. It was her most proud kill. She imagined that gold ring around her barrel and thought of how nice it would look, like she was an ace tank, fighters painting their noses yellow being an ace and her, her kill stripe was yellow for the ace kill: a husband. “Yeup, a big ole fat guy’s gonna be on her gun when we marry. The very paint itself will reek of beer and sausage.” When Marion and Hansel went home that night she talked to him about it.
“Hansel, honey, would you put another mark on my gun?” He knew what it was.
“You heard Whacker and I joking?”
“I did, but it’s not a bad idea, baby. I’d proudly wear it, I want it, Hansel. I think it fits perfectly.” He wasn’t against it at all.
“Marion, most rings have some sort of phrase or pattern on them, would you want that on your band?” She opened her mouth to say something, looking at her gun, but nothing came out at first.
“Anything on the ring you got?” There wasn’t. “Okay, uh, no then. But it’s paint, we could do something with it later.”
“Alright, when do you want me to put it on.” This was her dilemma, she wanted it then, right there, but they weren’t married yet, she wanted to display it but not lie about it. She described her dilemma to Hansel and he came up with a solution she saw fit He’d paint two very thin and fine gold lines with a gap in between them, they agreed that on their marriage day, maybe at the ceremony, the gap would be filled and they would be properly married.
Not too long after Hansel put the engagement stripes on her they were married at the church on the base. Their only family was there, the tanks and family they made in the war. It wasn’t s typical wedding mainly because there aren’t tanks in attendance, so the level of serious wasn’t as high as other weddings. There was a little joking, Marion wasn’t in a gown but Cindy mad her a little tiara to wear on her cupola and she slipped in the soft dirt a little while driving the aisle, there were no flower girls and no ring bearers, the bride’s maids were ‘lined up’ in a bunch so they could see past each other, the Groom’s men were bunched up in the same fashion as well. There were few tux’s worn, most just wore their dress uniform who had a uniform, few ladies were there that could fit into a dress to begin with but those who could wore fine dresses in the middle of the field and cared little how dirty they got. Hansel chose Whacker as his First man, and had Mini, Chuck, Joshua, Inbred, and Fritz as the Groom’s men, he would have had Banker in the line up as well but he signed up to stay with Betty, his Pershing lover, and they were in some base in at state called Kentucky. Marion’s bride’s maids were Jager, Hetz, F2, Kramia, Rosa, and her sister Porscha. It started out a beautiful Sunday morning and by the time the celebration ended it was pouring down rain. They didn’t mind and had an after party well into the night, at around one in the morning everybody had dispersed. Marion had a good bit to drink but being how big she is it was almost ineffective to her, Hansel had a little to drink, too, but was just as buzzed as Marion. They got home at around three in the morning, Marion was all covered in mud and cake, just a smear of cake streaking down her upper glacsis and Hansel had a champagne stain on his jacket and was certain he lost his bow tie, Marion had grabbed it off his chair so it wasn’t lost. Once the door slammed shut they locked into another kiss, the taste of Red Apple Cider, Marion’s choice, and the bland Champagne, Hansel’s drink because no one fought for the bottle, still lingered on their tongues and aired in their mouths. As they drew away they went for another kiss and mixed the tastes more, and again and again until they had kissed the taste of their drinks away.
“Ready to start the honeymoon, my wife?”
“Let’s start it up, my husband!”
Fin Ch 51

(°ʖ°) (he gon get it) (°ʖ°)

Also I worked my ass off and finally got Marion on War Tinder (War Thunder but it's us we're talking about), and while I haven't actually made a skin for her this is what I scrounged up to represent her, the gold band on the barrel in the Hansel Hubby Kill. But she calls it either the Hubby Stripe or Hansel Stripe.

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, marriage
5 Comments

The Lost Olympian

July 27, 2017 by Gingyflame

So it's been quite a while since I've done anything, I'm sorry about it I've just been going through a lot, a lot of change in my life. Nonetheless I've always kept my stories in mind and I've got a big one for y'all! The next insert in Titanic's story, The Lost Olympian. I hope to get back into this like before, but I'm just real busy right now, and for a good long time, too. But I'll do what I can, when I can. But without further delay,

Enjoy.

The lost Olympian
Prinz Eugen loaded her eight massive 203 mm naval guns and conversed with Patelo and an explosive excavation specialist about where to plant the shots. Titanic impatiently waited about a kilometer behind watching. Ever since they entered Norwegian waters she's been watching Eugen blast ice wall after ice wall, blast iceberg after iceberg. The current would push the dislodged ice chunks further north, out of their way in into colder waters, and that would keep the eco-heads happy. Now the machines certainly aren't eco-heads but they really don't like all the fuel consumption going on, either. Nonetheless this and Olympic were what was plaguing her mind; keeping a clean Earth and meeting her sister again. Suddenly out of the boredom a large and intimidating roar flooded the air and echoed down the icy chasm as Eugen released the third barrage onto the ice shelf. With the rather spot on accuracy the massive wall crumbled and plummeted down to the ocean. Massive splashes and waves rushed out towards them. Titanic braced and winced as the stinging water smacked her hull and carried her up and over.
"Damn that's cold!" And she's still used to being in waters about 3° C. Once the waves settled and the ice moved away they got a sonar report.
"All clear Titanic, we're moving in." Titanic found Bradley, stopped him from what he was doing, and gripped him tight and held him firm. Titanic fought to put absolutely everything she had into her engines and propellers but the crew fought back. Even though she had new engines, enough boats for her small crew, a stronger hull with topped off watertight compartments and nearly all veteran crew, the thought of history repeating still cast its shadow over them all. They took their sweet time and careful caution. They watched for outcropping the sonar missed, they checked to make sure that there was no overhang to hit the masts or funnels, and there was none. The walls were suspiciously ridged and even, the path wide and constant, the massive turn they were making was constant. They had the rudders about a fifth over to port and were traveling at 10 knots. It was eerie quiet, scary perfect, and uncomfortably calm. After some time Prinz Eugen entered a fairly large delta-like harbor and was aghast, Titanic eagerly turned the corner and saw her sitting across the bay staring at Titanic with a complete dumbfounded look of bewilderment.
npic!" Bradley got her reaction all on camera.
I dead, then?" Prinz Eugen was still aghast, not because she existed, but because of what she was

covered in. Titanic didn't notice or even know it's relevance.
"No! No! They raised me! He raised me!" She nudged towards Bradley as he turned to film Olympic's reaction. Olympic was very, very confused. Titanic began explaining what had happened, like being found, some looting, so much fascination with her and eventually got to her being raised. While she was doing that Bradley turned to Eugen, who looked back, both of them shocked. Titanic blissfully was unaware of any details and it's no surprise why, nobody ever told her about the Nazis. Bradley brought it up with Titanic, asking her what's all over Olympic. "Well, I don't know." She finally looked at the draped banners and painted emblems. "Olympic, what's all over you? What is that?" It seemed she had no idea what Titanic was talking about. Then it suddenly hit her.
"Oh these flags? Well after I retired and moved here the Germans showed up in.., 42? Maybe? I think that's what year they said it was. Anyways they asked if they could use me as a base of operations and in return they'd maintain me and service me. I agreed, I had grown quite lonely by then, and thus they brought up all their flags and draped then from the promenade deck and painted their.., their.., shvashteka on my decks. They built this dry dock for me, they carved out a channel for their boats-they had massive submarines! Nothing like the ones from the Great War! Oh these were much bigger, and they had many officers come aboard, many sailors and soldiers alike, they set up a lab, tested me, they even recommended updating my engines and electricals. But they never did that."
"What all do you know? What else was going on?"
"Well the radio reception in here is absolutely terrible, so that's why they built a tower up there on the shelf, and wired in some hard lines to my radio room. They kept a tight guard on it and never told me anything. They told me what they were doing here, of course, but not much else. When they left all they took are their boats, the radios, and weapons. They left everything else, including a bunch of documents but I can't read German." Eugen was interested. "Every now and then I'll get some Norwegian radio but I don't know Norwegian, but their music is nice." Bradley was trying to start breaking WW2 to her but Eugen completely took over describing Hitler's rise to power, the hate, the Jewish prosecution, the invasions, the fact that Britain and Germany warred against each other, and she kept going. She explained what Hitler and his staff did with the Jews, gays, crippled, gypsies, and other inferior beings. She described important details with accuracy and blunt truth, the blood of the nation being slowly ringed out and the horrors that ensued with invading a desperate nation. She mentioned almost every atrocity, all she knew at least, and all the consequences. It didn't take very long for Olympic to turn pale and regret everything, guilt ensued her and enveloped her. She felt sick not just in her bowels but everywhere. She had been a veteran of the first war, one point evacuate the wounded-the mamed and gassed, the shot and starved, and she saw millions of those wounds all on one body, for everybody, as far as the horizon-and she helped that happen. If she had more human like bodily reflexes she'd throw up. Titanic didn't even know about that, she begged Bradley to tell her more and he said he'd try his best.
Olympic wasn't very friendly after that, not for a while anyways. She begged that the flags be ripped off her-her arms couldn't reach-and her decks cleaned. She was on the brink of crying. They really didn't have a way of getting to her, the gangways on the dry dock looked rotten and weak and the docks were too high to send the lifeboats, Titanic's crew could split up and man Titanic as a skeleton crew with the majority of crew going to Olympic, but as of then they had no means of getting them to Olympic. Olympic said that tides rose quite high here, and that there's some sheltered wood in a house at the back of the dry dock, when asked about provisions she said it probably all went bad decades ago. So they gathered up food, water, tools, rope, anything else they'd need, stocked up the boats, and got them ready to be lowered. After that they waited. In this time they asked Olympic about things all around the harbor.
"Well, there's an ammo Depot in that big octagon bunker there, and there's the main office-that small shack there, I was to be the quarters and office for all here and any who sailed here. That was where I was tethered to right there, that pier next to the Hipper class. Let's see, there was a U-boat frame they had floating out there but they scuttled that little thing when they left. There are some quite nasty aircraft guns on me, and there were some over by the depot but those were taken. I'm pretty sure I still have some ammo on me. Uh, let's see, there was a crane they used but that fell over in a nasty storm. Oh and they also had special hot suits to clean my belly with-oh that was very nice!"
"Then why was there a dry dock?"
"Oh this wasn't for me at all. It was for one of their super dreadnoughts, I think her name was for Admiral Tirpitz. They told me the poor thing got stuck further south and couldn't get here. They also said it was much nicer. I knew I should have gone farther south. I was so stupid." That only created more questions.
"Olympic, you could go farther south?" Titanic asked.
' after you sank and after the Great War White Star Line fell apart and was bought out by Cunard. Most
.e white stars were broken up because of how old they were. But because of my service and what I am-

alive-they offered me retirement. I took it. They let me choose where I could go and at the time I was very very upset with people. So I hastily chose isolation and temperatures hostile to people. I came here. After a long while I hated myself for choosing this, as you surely know I went mad all alone. I guess they, Cunard, wrote me off as being broken up." It was quiet. "It was that madness and loneliness that made me accept the.., the Nazis.., so fast and open." It was very obvious she was guilty and remorseful. By this time the tide had risen high enough to reach the piers and the parties were launched. Everyone watched eagerly as they rowed across the bay and came alongside the pier, mooring the comparably tiny boats to the pier and climbing over onto the top.

They explored around and did find usable wood, rope, tools, and other gear. After scrounging through the base they assessed the gangways and brows, some were rotted but there were some metal ones that were perfectly fine. They swiftly made their way aboard bringing most of the wood and tools, checking all the lockers, compartments, valves, electrics, and vital systems of Olympic. The climate, hull integrity, and superb building skills kept everything practically brand new. A true testament to time. Olympic was still a oil-fired steam engine ship, and only having a skeleton crew meant that manning an engine system of that size and complexity was nearly impossible-not including the crew for the bridge. They had a plan for this, however, only one boiler would be fired and the steam would be directed to one engine only. The most senior ad experienced navigators and helmsmen were sent aboard Olympic because of this plan. Once the plan had begun it all went to the trash. As it turned out one of Olympic's post-Titanic refits included arms that could operate her boilers without a crew, so more effort was focused at the engine and rudder engine level. While the engines were heating up the deck hand party went around tearing down all the Nazi banners and flags. For the first time in nearly 80 years Olympic's belly felt hot and ready, her engines felt pumped and strong, and her smokestacks bellowed with warm smoke. Her smile stretched from port to starboard and barred all her comforting teeth, that mood lifted up everyone else's moods, too.

Her lines were cast off, she was tied to Eugen for a tow out, and they were off before sunrise. Bradley stood on Titanic's forecastle with his camera watching his lover turn overjoyed and it in turn spilled over into him. Titanic watched her sister's slick, long hull glide through the water. The water and ice gleamed with her hull and the lights on her hull like a mirror, majestically gliding through the dark between the ice illuminating the whole passage as if it were a city. She made the whole ice sheet glow and dance, the water sparkled and jumped around, and Titanic could not contain her excitement. She shook Bradley and wrapped him tightly in her arms. It was at this moment, when they were about to leave the corridor onto open water, he realized that neither had ever seen or been around each other on the open water. Only being together in ports.

The sun's rays stretched across the sky, piercing through the clouds and casting an orange glow on the trio and turned the deep blue water to an almost purple sea with big orange spots on the waves. The two Olympic class liners steamed side by side, their long black hulls flying over the blue and the proud white superstructures gleaming in the light, the tall masts reached high into the sky and the smokestacks stood mighty and high. They sailed proudly and Eugen couldn't help but watch in amazement at their elegance, beauty, and majesty. They were meant to be the most luxurious, most majestic, most beautiful queens of the sea-and that they were. All eyes were on these two ladies, the sunrise astern and the gleaming ice sheet providing a powerful and moving backdrop for these two distinguished ships. Titanic instantly started talking to Olympic as soon as the euphoria wore off.

"Olympic?"

"Yes, Titanic?" Olympic shifted her eyes port to look at Titanic, her eyes were a deep brown and her voice very similar to Titanic's.

"Why did you choose to isolate yourself? What happened with people that pushed you to do that?" Olympic sighed and did the little 'ship nod' that constitutes looking down and moving lips convincingly.

"Alright, I guess it goes back to when I ran into the Hawke cruiser, I felt so bad about that. Next it was you, when you sank we heard your cries, your CDQ CDQ SOS SOS, we heard it all. Then the silence hurt me, then the news crushed me. That hurt me for a long time. There was a man, however, he was sweet and kind, and I fell in love with him. He was a steward on my crew roster, and we had made much progress together. He was there when they put in my eyes and mouth, my arms, and all those sorts. He was the first person I searched for, first person I held, first person I loved. Then the war started and we were separated while I was turned into a troop ship. One day as I'm loading troops I see one soldier smiling up at me and it was him. I was so happy, I instantly plucked him and all his stuff and moved him where I wanted him, I certainly abused my power to keep him there where I wanted. I kept him with me and we loved and loved every night all night. But he wanted to serve the king, he fought me to get off and fight, he did win because I was threatened by the Navy, and he went off to war. That worried me a lot. But as news came back of the war
g well, when I sank a U-boat, and when I went to retrieve his battalion I was filled with excitement, I felt
nothing could go wrong. I scanned each and every face I saw, I memorized everything on everybody

that looked like my dear Harry. But none of them were him. I learned later he died of a trenchfoot amputation complication. He died after weeks of pain, discomfort, and misery. And the last time I saw him I was upset with him, I was furious with him. And I felt very guilty about that. And it took me oh, thirty years to get past that. I clung to that guilt, the guilt of loosing my sisters, my lover, and my family. When Cunard bought out White Star, I meant. That is what drove me that far." There was a moment when Titanic was going to say something when Olympic continued, "His name was Harris J. Pettleton. He was from Partridge. He made me think and wonder, how many boys did I send to their deaths? How many did I ferry to the grave?" Titanic sensed she was going back down a dark path and instantly ended that train ride.
"On a different note, New York is beautiful! London is awesome! And Britannic is in New York right now. Sh-"
"They raised her, too!?"
"Yes! She came out looking for you before I did, she scraped the Ice but her hull held and she's being fixed up right now. She's still a medical ship and has gone do disaster relief rallies to treat survivors. She and I and you are probably going to be museum ships, I am already, Britannic works as one when not a medical ship, sometimes she's paid by the Navy to be used as a training platform for their ocean doctors, practicing surgeries at sea in rough or normal conditions."
"You think I'm going to be a museum ship, Titanic?"
"Well, Bradley here is part of the company board, so he knows more, maybe even what you're going to be for sure. Bradley? What's Olympic going to be?" He Thought and leaned against the railing.
"Well," he began looking over Olympic's hull at the rust and wear and deficient properties, "with this paint scheme you might actually be used as a cruise ship to bridge the gap in profits."
"I'll be a liner again? What flag will I fly?"
"You'll fly under the British flag and the White Star pennant. BUT if it's decided to repaint you, it may be the dazzle scheme and you'll be a museum ship for World War One, merchant marines, and the likes."
"Well," she started a little worried, "If you needed profits, why doesn't Titanic carry passengers, she's only ever carried for one voyage. Don't you think she'd want to fulfill her first purpose?" That did effect Titanic, she does have phases where she begs to carry passengers but Bradley and others remind her of how few she can carry. It is a very somber time frame.
"I don't have enough boats to carry passengers." Titanic stated then looked to her deck almost in defeat.
"Right," Olympic responded, looking at her deck, "so how is it? Being a museum?"
"Not to bad," Titanic replied scowling as she thought about it, "it does get repetitive and at times mundane and boring, but most often the groups are interesting themselves and are a fun bunch, and I do get a lot of time with my dear Bradley, so I say it's not too bad. I'll take the worst days of this than any day on the bottom."
"What was it like? What happened?"
"The bottom? Lonely, absence of everything, and cold. But it wasn't that cold! The only times I was really excited and what set me back on track to sanity was subs coming to visit. Interaction again, light itself can be felt if it's gone for too long. At the end was Bradley, he talked to me and helped me the most. As it turned out I fell for him and to top it off he made me a mother." Olympic was stunned.
"Wow, uh, congratulations! How long have you been a mother?"
"Violet is seven years old, Britannic's little one, Tobey, is five years old. They're wonderful little things!"
"Harry and I were talking about children, we weren't even sure if it would work out. If it was possible. Now I know."
"How long did you serve, Olympic?" Prinz Eugen asked, coming alongside.
"Oh I served twenty four years as a liner. Almost five years in service of the Navy. I had carried around two-hundred-and-one thousand soldiers to the war, and when I was retired in thirty-four I had made two-hundred and fifty-seven round trips to New York and the United Kingdom, with four-hundred-and-thirty thousand passengers on my rosters. I was close to two million miles traveled. They got their uses out of me for sure."
"Impressive, quite a career."
"I've been plagued with problems, though. I've had the problem of hitting ships left and right, I only meant it once and I got the bastard, but every other time it was an accident. I sank a lightship and killed half of the crew. There is a lot about me, a lot wrong, or twisted. I don't know why, either." They broke off the conversation for a while, that night Titanic brought up something in secret to Olympic that she had noticed.
"Olympic, I noticed you're very active, do you need someone?" Olympic was shocked.
"Is it that obvious?"
"No, but we're sisters, we know each other. Trust me, we feel each other."
I am a little lonely."
tle?"

“Okay, I’m really lonely. I haven’t been touched since 1915, that’s over a hundred years ago! I need to get stuffed, I can’t stand it!” Titanic giggled a little bit, she knew the feeling, it’s why she talked dirty with Bradley the whole way up. “Are there any.., bachelors on board? Anyone that might help me out?” Titanic laughed aloud.
“There is one person I know who’d love to help you out. He’s going to be at port, Olympic. All you’re going to have to do is talk to him a little bit, then get sexual.” The potential prospect made Olympic wet and grow very excited. “He’s not that bad looking either.” That made Olympic reached for herself and make sure she’d be.., ready to go when they meet. That stayed on her mind the whole journey there, pricked deep, long, with a rod of steel, she thought on it so long she was leaking onto the forecastle deck. She refused to please herself so he’d be even more fun for her, dirty, naughty, sexy fun!

During the days Prinz Eugen, Titanic, and Olympic would share sea stories and share sea stories of some of their crew members. Olympic certianly had the the most to share so that kept them all busy while they were sailing down to Liverpool. When they arrived at Liverpool there was much that had changed for Olympic, she marveled at how busy it was, how modern it had become. She was marveled at herself, everyone had believed that she, the queen of Liverpool, was broken up long ago, but now she sails through the narrows once more and it seemed that everything stopped. It was the exact same when Titanic sailed in after her refloat, like time stood still for all but them. Olympic felt a blast from her glory days back when she was the ship, the ship everyone adored, the ship everyone wanted to sail on. She saw her old slipway and noticed her tugs and tenders were guiding her there, she became very excited and overjoyed to be home again. She was delicately nudged into the slip and aligned with the chalks under her belly and sealed off. The water was drained and she rested on the chalks set up just for her and her small crew was departed and inspectors were launched aboard.
There was lots of rust under and at her waterline, her stabilizing fins were in danger of falling off and her rudder in danger of failing to traverse. Her propellers made of bronze were clean and functional but the fittings for them looked sketchy. The pump ports were also noteworthy as was her keel-line. The Germans had done a superb job of making Olympic seaworthy again but that was way back in 1942-43, it had done it’s job and wore off. Paint below the waterline was no longer red but a pink-grey. Inspections of her electrical systems were problematic for most areas but the vitals ad most of the officer cabins were fully functional and up to the 1940’s standard. The firemain pumps and dewatering pumps were all stopped up and filled with algae and other water life. If there was a leak in Olympic there would be no way to stop it, and if the fuel pumps and tanks weren’t in good condition and started a fire there would be no saving her. Integrity was outstanding, the cold preserved much of anything aboard but the food spoiled regardless and some added deck fixtures had rotted. Overall she was in remarkable condition, in great shape and if you asked her, healthy and ready for some great sex. Titanic was pulled alongside the slip and moored where Britannic had been a few days ago. She was out for trials making sure the repairs were satisfactory. Olympic really wanted to see her, wanted to meet Violet and Tobey, her niece and nephew, she wanted to meet Harold and shake hands with Bradley. She also wanted to meet Patelo but he was gone in a flash, he said his goodbye over the radio and poof, gone into the city before he could be thanked. “I wanted to thank him for finding me.”
“Well, he didn’t find you.” Titanic said.
“Who did? Bradley?”
“No.”
“Britannic? Harold?”
“Neither of them.”
“Then who?” Titanic assured her that she’ll meet them very soon, but in the meantime she’d be meeting the man Titanic promised her. Olympic tried to clean up as much as she could, she snagged some cleaning gear from her lockers and cleaned her port and made sure a man would love to play with her toys. Titanic’s love ports are all in her superstructure, while Britannic was built with her fantail port, one on her hull, and she also had one on her forecastle deck, just ahead of her cargo shoot, and was upgraded with more in her superstructure. Olympic had her fantail fun port and her forecastle fun port. She wanted to watch herself get drilled, she wanted to see herself getting fucked, so she made sure the forecastle port was clean, soaked, tight and soft. She cleaned to her satisfaction and proceeded to pester Titanic about him. Titanic continuously reasured her that he’d be coming. And sometime that evening Titanic introduced him to her.
“Olympic, I want you to meet a close friend of mine and Bradley’s. This is Perry Johnson, from Hampton.”

Yeah, yeah, it’s been a long time since I’ve done anything, much longer something naughty, but don’t worry it’s on the way!

Gingyflame, Prinz Eugen, RMS TITANIC, side story, ww2
2 Comments

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Fuso (Updated)

February 13, 2019 by Gingyflame

So Last time I posted about Fuso was a long time ago, so I'm re-posting the story updated to the most complete version I have. I will be updating the old one if I can find it.
Enjoy!

Fuso, The Gentle Giant

Fuso felt fear, felt desertion, felt her life fading away. The wound she sustained in the skirmish proved to be too much. Slowly she'd been watching her bow dip more and more starboard and felt the seawater flood more and more ever so slowly. But just like snow rolling down a hill, it built up exponentially, and now her deck was awash with the deep. She felt guilty of this, she didn't tell anyone that there was still water pouring in, she didn't tell her officers that they were shooting at Mogami, she didn't talk of how she felt splitting the fleet up might be bad. So now in her guilt she blamed herself for the death of her sister, the damage to Mogami, and now her own death. Tears formed at her eyes as she tried to redeem herself for something and sliced the ties on the boats to let them loose. The only thing she could now hope for is a swift sinking or death and that as many sailors as possible get to safety. She felt all the sea filling her up, every nook and cranny was being filled and it spread faster and faster. She noticed herself beginning to roll over and when she did the movement inside her came to a tremendous uproar as an explosion occurred, then another, and another. One by one magazines were detonating and they ripped her in half, the explosions left her weak and sick, she felt her two parts drifting further and further away as she stopped flooding and was just suspended with her belly up in the air. She felt so very ashamed, left so vulnerable, so exposed, so embarrassed. She felt that Americans were laughing at her, joking and pointing at her belly and how red it was or all the bulges on it, the feeling made her weep. She could tell how she had been floating for about a full day when suddenly she felt vibrations in the water with more sharp stabs at her sides; she was being shot again. She wept more, there was no way she was not seen now. She was sentenced to the bottom even though as she wept she pleaded to save her, she had done nothing wrong, only good, and to please spare her miserable life. Her pleas were never heard.

Fuso felt the unstoppable surge of the Pacific fill her yet again. What moonlight she saw through the waves like stray streaks soon faded to black as she sunk deeper and the tears clouded her weak vision. As she began to plummet she felt weightless. She felt water flowing all around her and it grew faster and faster, stronger and stronger as she hurtled to the bottom of the strait. She felt things like searchlights, cranes, railing, radars, optics, lockers, ladders, and many other things not fastened enough be ripped off her body and strewn about like confetti. Suddenly the weightlessness was gone as she slowed drastically and gently came to rest on the bottom of the Surigao Strait. Her first moments on the bottom were of guilt, feelings of desertion, confusion, and agony. She felt like she deserved this, like no matter what she did it was not enough and she deserved this miserable death, this miserable torture. She was in a state of confusion as to where she sat, the sand on her belly was an alien feeling, one unwelcome in every respect, and at a slant starting higher on her port side and disappearing somewhere beneath her starboard side belly. She couldn't tell initially if she was on an undersea mountain or sitting at a list. Once she eventually regained a sense of gravity pulling on her still she decreed she was listing. It was pitch black, there was nothing down around her but herself. She felt like she was lying in her own corpse, a mangled and dismembered corpse-strewn around by a beast who needed entertaining. She began going mad, insane, crazy, any adjective to describe what isolation and absurd thoughts stirred in what little thought she had wasn't enough to do justice. She tried putting a hand in front of her eye to even try getting a glance at something, anything, at all. She couldn't see it even when she bumped her hand into the eye window panes. She tried so hard to see even her hand, and she couldn't. In a fit of insanity, she literally clawed out her window eyes-and enjoyed every moment of it. Because of her age, she was one of the first ships in the world to see, and her original eyes were on her conning tower right behind the second main gun turret. She eventually did try to claw out those eyes as well but being of an older method they were not able to be clawed out, instead, she just had massive trenches and pockmarks all up and down that armored face and neck.

n she wasn't driven to the point of self-mutilation she was crying, weeping, pleading, praying, and

regretting everything about herself and to be brought back. She tried her dammed hardest to manage a watch and keep some record of time but this was so rapidly turning into a failure she abandoned it, along with the hope of returning to the surface. She had no concept of time, no sense of direction, purpose, or meaning to anything. Instead, she could only mope in the past and self mutilate herself or feel herself wither away and old everyday functions disappear as she rotted and rusted on the bottom. Forgotten, and lost. Complete insanity hit her like waves the beach, coming and going in time. She never could tell if there was a set time between swings if it took longer or shorter, or what; she had no sense of time. In fits of madness, she would pick and scratch at her armor and decks, peeling away anything loose. All she wanted was to feel something again.

Over the years she forgot what it was to see, forgot what the light looked like, forgot what she looked like, forgot what air was like, the splash of water on her hull, the simple things in life had left her memory. She had no recollection of life before being sunk. Occasionally she would feel disturbances in the water and become suspicious of what's going on around her and would sometimes think that someone had come for her. At one point she remembered life afloat, more specifically when she was in love. He was so romantic, so handsome and attractive. They made great love when they were together. It made her remember all the things they good together and everywhere they went. Her most enjoyable memory was when the earthquake hit the islands, Fuso as well as Kongo, Nagato, Mogami, and many, many other Japanese warships, and ships in general, took relief supplies to the islands. It was her most proud accomplishment. It was made even better when her lover and she made love all night long, but when the memories came to an end she remembered that was the last time they made love and one of the last times they held each other. He died of illness in her sickbay less than a month later. Thus her little trip of happiness came to an end as guilt and despair took over again. She was crying alone in the pitch black again.

Her body was weak, she felt like she was slipping away recently, she lost all her hope and didn't want to deal with this anymore. All her emotional pain, all her physical pain, she didn't want to deal with it anymore, it never ended. She was thinking a lot about letting go, just going away for good. She partly wanted to go away and was partly scared, what was there after it? Would it really end? Would it be a better place? Would she really go to heaven? Is she a sinner? Would her friends be there? That last one really broke her down into a bawling mess. What would her friends think? What would her sister say? She wondered how she was doing, if she was alive anymore. She wondered if Yamato finally opened up to her sweetheart, if Nagato finally broke her dry spell and got someone. She hoped that bastard that broke her heart wasn't where she was going. She decided to postpone her journey, she didn't know how long she'd wait, but she knew she'd get to it eventually. Once she mustered the strength to do it and let go.

A short time later she felt a disturbance off to her port side, she grew suspicious as always but unlike every other gut feeling this one didn't go away. Her conning tower eyes were somewhat locked forward with very little ability to look port or starboard so she couldn't see the light approaching her. She felt a strange feeling on her side that blanketed a conical area of her side. Slowly the light elevated and reached her decks, at first it was a hazy glow on her decks that strained her eyes but captivated them. She was laser-focused on the illumination of her deck even though it burned her eyes and gave her the equivalent of a headache. The light grew brighter and brighter, she could see the colors she had forgotten, they were green, tan, black, brown, grey, orange, and white but she couldn't name any of them, it was amazing! She vastly grew more and more excited to the point her hull quivered! Then it appeared, the raw light source. It sat above her second turret she vaguely remembered and peered down at her conning tower. She couldn't see herself but she was staring at the light directly with a gawking mouth and drooling like a primitive looking at a modern marvel, eyes dilated and locked onto the light. Desensitized to all proper interaction she reached out to the light and grabbed a hold of the submersible and pulled it close.

Thankfully to the crew of the submersible, this was only a drone sub, otherwise, they would probably be screaming and panicking as their sub was drastically whisked from where it sat. While Fuso wasn't being rough with the little thing she also wasn't being very gentle, either. She was entirely mystified by the simple light and didn't even put two-and-two together and think that someone came looking for her, but that is exactly what was happening. The drone was towing not only it's own connection cable but a radio cable to communicate with Fuso, all that was needed was for her to grab the cable with non-corroded metal. The team tried to get her attention by waving the arm and cable around but she was still fixated on the light, eventually caught on and waved the cable across the light. Her eyes caught on and trained on the black swinging slowly across the orb. Her mind sparked up a thought and took it in a hand, the end buzzed

and numbed her hand and it felt like pulses and communications of sorts. She noticed the more rust it touched the less she felt it so she took the end and slithered it into her mouth and working it under her tongue. Suddenly she heard voices, voices! She was hearing people talk to her! The camera on the drone watched her face brighten up like a star as joy flooded over her, it was finally all coming together in her mind what was going on. Someone was coming specifically for her! She cried tears of joy as she heard her name on the wire, they were calling for her to respond, trying to pry information out of her.

“Hold on, I need a moment!” She cried, she wiped away tears from the recessions in the armor where her eyes were fixed. “I’m overwhelmed with emotions!”

“Fuso, Fuso is it you? Are you Fuso?”

“Yes! Yes, I’m Fuso!” Her first thought was blurted out before they could say anything. “How’s my sister, Yamashiro?”

“Yamashiro?” There was a pause as she heard talking in the background. “Yamashiro is fine, she is visited frequently by divers. A deep dive for the experienced only but it is done.”

“Is she happy?” Again silence as background voices talked, they replied with uncertainty. Fuso asked about Nagato, Yamato, Kongo, and was depressed when she learned they all sank as well, but when she was told that Yamato and Nagato were raised and alive again, doing very well and were happy Fuso was elated with joy. She longed to talk to her friends again and begged if she could, and the Japanese crew on the other end said that she would but she’d have to agree to some conditions. But before she was read the conditions she asked about Kongo, she wasn’t mentioned. There was no pause here.

“We’ve never found Kongo.” Fuso was silent, Kongo was very close to Fuso and Yamashiro, because Kongo didn’t have sisters, just failed attempts at sisters. The fact that Kongo had never been found hurt Fuso as well, she was older and more lively than Fuso, she thought about what was happening to her and couldn’t even fathom how she was doing. It was time she decided on the conditions. She already knew she would probably agree to anything, she had already threatened her own life and gone insane many times over, it was all a matter of how bad she was going to be treated. She was read out this long list of terms and agreements where she kind of blanked out and looked at how miserably rotted she was, it was almost repulsive and was thankful that she couldn’t watch it happen to her. Once the list seemed to be dwindling to an end she paid more attention, once it was all over the speaker summed it up for her. “In summary, Japan is raising you and putting you back into service, you’re going to be upgraded significantly and act as a testing ground for future systems. Once you’re retired you’ll be put into a shipyard and converted into a museum for your service and live off of donations, being a museum, and maybe a few other means. Do you accept?” She was amazed, shocked, she couldn’t comprehend everything that she was feeling. She accepted as soon as she could croak a yes past her crying and the lump in her throat.

Redemption!

Reunion!

Work began on her to raise her once again, her stern section did drift away from the break up and sank in shallower waters, it was easier to find and salvage but worse off corrosion and stability wise. Her bow section was eventually raised and as the moonlight came back into her vision she openly wept in front of everyone, on her radio, thanking and blessing everyone who had helped her in any way. The first thing Nagato and Yamato heard of her on the radio was her pathetic whimpering and bawling, she didn’t even notice or care that they could hear her; Fuso kept bawling her eyes out over how beautiful the moon was and the glistening lights of the shore and ships all around her. Neither Nagato or Yamato suffered the same problems she did, Nagato could feel things around her and had many times talked to people and Yamato died, wasn’t alive for any of her time on the bottom. Fuso was completely isolated in a depth so dark that she was wholly blind and numb to anything around her. Workers noticed how mutilated she was, deep claw engravings and pockmarks littered her hull and superstructure, and a lot of them were so deep they had to be filled so she could be floated again, she punctured her own hull in desperation to feel anything. She [illegible]dn’t get herself together for the night nor the morning, it was the following afternoon she stopped [illegible]ulessly enjoying her surroundings and realized she’d been on a radio with Yamato and Nagato, and that

only brought more uncontrollable joy. She was able to at least communicate with them, the three were all excited to be talking to each other again. “Oh tell me everything! Everything I missed! I want to know it all!”

Yamato read from Hisashi”s book all the notes he took about life after Yamato’s sinking, every now and then Hisashi or Yamato or Nagato or Tyler would interrupt and elaborate on something of interest. They told stories of adventures and fun times but none of them mentioned Kongo. Fuso had to know what happened to her, when she asked Nagato piped up. She was very hesitant and unwilling, she said that Nagato was with Kongo when she was struck. She was struck with torpedoes meant for Nagato and she fell out of formation, they tried keeping radio contact with her but the last thing they heard was a call by the fleet commander announcing out an abandon ship. Then it was all silent as later survivors said she blew into two parts and sank rapidly. Nagato was in a painful memory. To bring up a lighter note it was Yamato and Nagato that pressured Japanese officials to investigate Fuso and Yamashiro for being raised. Fuso inquired more about Yamashiro and she was told that Yamashiro liked being down on the bottom, she enjoyed being a reef and attraction, so much marine life lived off of her she couldn’t see herself leaving. Fuso said that she’ll be able to get her up and out. Fuso was asked about being on the bottom and she almost broke down crying for not so good reasons. Fuso said it was torture beyond all belief, misery for no one to endure, and she admitted to almost killing herself to escape that hell. She did mention how at first she believed she deserved it but eventually she came to realize no one deserved that. Nothing did. Somehow that reminded her about her crew and asked how many were saved. Ten was her received answer.

She was silent again, she failed again. Guilt swept over her again, as she mentally slapped herself for her failure to let go of the boats. Yamato and Nagato sensed their friend in trouble and moved to tell her it wasn’t her fault, how hundreds survived the sinking but refused help, how many were cut down on the beaches by the natives and that they chose to die honorably. That made her feel somewhat less at fault but she was now angered at the waste of life she was, not her life but the waste of life her sinking was, pointless death and something that could have been prevented had her crew swallowed their pride and accepted her plea to find safety. Maybe then she wouldn’t feel so fucking terrible. She was pampered up back to a cherishable mood by Yamato and Nagato and she stayed this way all the way back to Kure, where Yamato was.

Yamato had a large smile on her bridge face and very large and perky eyes, her excitement to see Fuso again made her shine and glisten with happiness and affected everyone around her in a good way. But when Fuso saw Yamato it was almost the exact opposite. “No! Don’t look at me! Don’t look at me! NO! No! Please don’t look at me!”

“Fuso,” Yamato saw she was ashamed and grieved, Fuso had hundreds and hundreds of deep scars and wounds, her taboo trophies and her misery awards on display for all to see her disgrace. “Fuso you have no idea how happy I am to see you! I don’t care what you look like, Hisashi says I looked terrible as well! Don’t be ashamed!” Fuso tried to shun away in fear and cowered, even more, when Yamato described Fuso to Nagato so she could get an idea. The two of them said that they were very proud of her, proud that she stuck through the isolation and praised her for surviving all that time alone. They gave her the warm welcome she never thought of, the love she had abandoned, together again after the isolation. Once again Fuso’s friends bolstered her into her own self, someone that hasn’t existed in over seventy years. She thanked the two of them, her two friends with all she could. They talked even more and more about current events, about the United African Federation, what changes have come to Japan, how the world moved on, and what the world thinks of living machines like them. Fuso secretly felt a little stir deep inside her when she learned that the living machine people were more accepted and more humans have been finding love in machines and increased as she learned that the world had become much more tolerable of inter-racial relationships. While technically she wasn’t a race, more of a different species, she did align herself with the Asian “race” and culture, she was always interested in western people. Somewhat of a fetish or select turn on for her. She was drawn to them uncontrollably.

Fuso saw how ravaged her stern had been and realized how resilient her life metal was to the corrosion. Her stern was way worse than her bow, the mast was gone and the decks collapsed. She learned later that it sank and landed upside down which assisted with the collapse but in regards to the degeneration it was still much worse than her bow section. She was eased into a slipway near Yamato, they were very excited to see [illegible]econstruction. Fuso was briefed by Yamato and Nagato that she’d be asked what modifications she [illegible]d want during the reconstruction and the two gave Fuso multiple ideas they had gotten done and

something that they wish they had. Most of them were for utilities like cleaning, cooling her genitals, generals reach, and an ability to look all the way around her, but there was an impressive list they gave Fuso for the more.., fun things. They recommended multiple rooms outfitted with the ability to make love and cuddle, those rooms with a camera that has some mobility within the room, the cooling veins to be exposed for the sex organs-this made them more effective, less likely to cramp up, and when they were pinched the organ heated pleasurably and ramped up the feeling. That last part intrigued Fuso and Yamato equally. So when Fuso was interrogated for any modifications she presented them with the ones she liked and some other personal things that she wanted. She wanted her four 12,7 cm mounts to be upgraded and her radar sweep to be improved and modernized, she said she would like her battery of 356 mm guns to be upgraded to Nagato's 410 mm and her main battery fire control to be improved as well. She requested more usable and faster deploying life rafts and a whole reconstruction of her damage control and fire fighting systems. She demanded that her passageways and compartments be completely overhauled so it is easier to abandon her. She presented all that and the little things that Yamato and Nagato recommended.

She was later advised on all the things that passed the bosses and mostly everything she asked for was either already on the list or accepted. It was when work began she learned of the things that she was denied, the first thing she disliked was when her turrets were removed the central turret wells were also gutted and the surrounding areas also cut out. It was cut out because Japan decided that Fuso, and any other ships they raised of prior military service, were to be converted to accept the new Aegis system and be platforms for guided missiles. That was one of the things she protested, another thing was the overhaul and near removal of her pagoda style masts. All the platforms were removed and replaced with all sorts of radars, search, tracking, fixed, revolving, all new bells and whistles that overtook her iconic look and streamlined it into a more solid structure. Yamato said that she thought it looked good for Fuso, who was at the time getting her open bridge eyeglass replaced. Yamato described her new look to Fuso:

"So all the decks above your face are gone and it's plated solid. It has hexagon panels, looks like four, that encircle it. There is also some jutting antenna like posts for sweeping dishes and radar, it looks like you will keep your rangefinder and the old radar was removed and they put a mast in its place with many cool looking rods and radars, new radios and such. It looks more like my tower, actually. You even have the swept arms at the top with an observation deck right below the rangefinder. I think you still look like a hot woman to me." That made Fuso blush, she looked away and appeared to tend to the wounds she was healing naturally now that she was healthy. Soon Yamato announced that she was close to halfway through her pregnancy, and at the same time, Fuso was joined at last. Her innards were gutted and worked from there, installing all new propulsion systems and ventilation for the whole ship, new framework, piping, system control, and pump stations. Her central smokestack was rebuilt and in place of the searchlights were new Close-In Weapons Systems, designed to rip anything within a few miles a new asshole, her secondary battery of the 14 cm point guns in casements were all removed and covered over. Her four mounts of the five-inch guns were removed and in their place was a turret that was designed to be eventually outfitted to Yamato when she's called upon, it didn't look much different from the enclosed ones already on Yamato other than the fact that there is almost no manual input in the turret and the gunners' optics are now cameras and fixed tracking radar points. While her inner compartments were being furnished and tweaked her weapons systems and navigational computers were set up, she was amazed at what she began to feel as everything was powered up. She had a new gyro stabilizer connected to the systems that told her where she was, her rocking and swaying. She felt everything hundreds of miles away, while her radar was tuning she felt birds, birds! She felt the forests, the cars, planes, ships, boats, oh she felt everything! She learned that the system she was using was built and developed by the Americans based on the systems they used during world war two, and now Fuso saw why she lost, why the navy lost. There was no way she could run, no way to hide, and with the accuracy of the guns, she understood why she didn't stand a chance. She did notice that they weren't precise in their shooting, and she'd eventually learn why. Her construction halted with two superfiring turrets forward and aft holding two 406 mm guns with a caliber of 50, the guns that the Americans were putting on their new battleships during the war, and her two old mounts amidships were gone and had instead two massive wells with hundreds of missile silos. She was excited, she wanted to sail out to sea and test her systems but knew she had to get everything aligned.

She did set sail and leave the Kure slips and Yamato, waving goodbye to her home and friend and set sail with a small skeleton crew to go to the naval base at Yokosuka where American techs will be to align and tain her systems. The prospect of meeting Americans excited Fuso, she had all her upgrades placed and noping she could snag something fun to play with. It excited her, the thought of the taboo explorations

chilled up and down her keel over and over. She noticed that she wasn't overheating anymore and was much slicker, now all she wanted was some foreign meat to show her how they do it in the states. She soon arrived at Yokosuka and was entered against a pier surrounded by all new ships, all of them were so smooth and sharp! They looked nothing like what she had ever seen, only having one or two main battery guns and those guns were smaller caliber, she was staring in awe of these weapons of mass destruction. Hisashi told her like he did Yamato, he said every destroyer have more firepower than any battleship during the second world war. She was the most massive ship there and felt the smallest. She looked around and saw the two countries intermingled, Japanese colors amidst American colors and it made her feel unstoppable. She thought with America and Japan as allies they were giants and dared someone to step up and challenge them. She learned that recently Japan had earned their offensive arms back and was allowed to construct carriers and long-range missiles because up until then Japan had a non-aggression clause in their treaty that disarmed Japan of any munitions or weaponry used for mainly offensive purposes. That included battleships and carriers.

Very soon after being docked she switched crews where the arriving crew comprised of Japanese sailors and American sailors, she smiled and tingled everywhere very excited and yearning to have some fun. She felt them as they stepped aboard with their bags and gear and immediately started trying to scope out who she wanted to go for. She noticed rings on some fingers and dismissed them, she's not a dirtbag and felt some were big and ripped, others were tall, short, broad, thin, all shapes and sizes. She felt some women in the mix as well, she was stunned to learn that women were serving in the navies, on ships as well. One of the men coming aboard felt very different, very, very strange. He was average size but much heavier, not big but certainly dense, She was drawn to him because of that and that alone, of course, there were certain traits she was still looking for. She had narrowed the list down where he had to be able to keep it a secret, look decent, be enthusiastic, and have a fun personality. She decided she wouldn't settle on any of her clauses and hoped for more, however. She let them settle in and unpack before she did anything to test them.

Very soon after the original crew was all gone the new crew were instructed to acquaint themselves to the layout in the best way-cleaning the entire ship bow to stern. "Fucking shit" resounded throughout the crew as they grudgingly went off to go find something to clean. She listened in on conversations and gauged some personalities on them and how they interacted. She tried to see if anyone would ask the dense one about his condition but nobody did and they all seemed to notice nothing. She bounced around but kept drawing back to him for one reason or another. She picked up enough to know he worked hard and took pride in his work with good dedication. She began to like him, but had never seen him yet and hoped he was decent and that he could hold a secret. She noted that everyone started to wrap up their work and were relaxing, she hoped that she could see the dense one and talk to him. Just before people started changing in the berthing some higher-ups came around and rounded up a working party to make the decks clean, Fuso's aft decks are lower in the water and her new power-plant is strong enough to slosh some water up and onto the lowest weather decks. So dense man and some of his friends rushed out to get it swabbed and done so they could relax. There were three of them that got only one mop cart with three mops for the job and they hurried out onto the deck listening to their humorous talk. "You're gonna spill it!"

"No I'm not." The dense one said.

"Could you not spill it on my pants, that'd be real nice." The third one said, he was stout and had some water slosh onto his pant cuffs. They bicker until they reach the stern jack-staff and begin swabbing, they're gathered around the one bucket churning and sloshing their mops around trying to soak them at the same time, making sloshing noises and the slurp of plunging as the sticks are shaken up and down. "I don't think this is gonna work."

"Yes it will, I saw it in a video on the internet once!" The dense one said, the three laughed at the comment.

"Fucking Christ." The other one said, still dry and chuckling.

"It wasn't Christ but close enough." He retorted, compounding the laughter, Fuso got the joke at the first comment but the last one solidified it for her. She, too, laughed and giggled at the porn joke. She giggled and decided she was going to go for the dense man and find out if he's dense in all the right places. She

ᵗly thought to herself in the back of her mind 'jackpot!'

Fuso let them be while she figured out a way to meet him, how does she tell him she's alive? How'd she do it the first time? Damn, can't remember how. She had many difficulties thinking of how she did it in the first place, during her first cruise. She had forgotten how she was more accepted in the world and still feared an uproar. Right in the middle of her thought she lost track of everything and was surprised by slapping on her conning tower. She was shaken from her thought and she looked down and saw a man with a mug standing there looking right at her eye. "Hi!" She was completely stunned.

"Shit-uh, fuck!" She instantly spat out quietly, she was caught off guard, reeled onto her heels, it was the dense one talking to her! "Uh, hello there! Weren't you just working-somewhere, uh, on the fantail?"

"Yes, but they dropped liberty and let us go. You're still Fuso, right?"

"Y-Yes! I'm Fuso, so-uh, what's liberty?"

"It's basically free time. You speak English well, where did you learn?" She was stunned still, how did he know about her? What the fuck does he think of her? Is he single? He want sum fuk? What's his name?

"Hold on, who are you?"

"Don't try reading the name on my blouse, everybody else calls me a few things like Chad or Walter. I don't really care what you call me. Probably've been called worse."

"I'll call you 'Mitsuna Hito' then."

"Sure, I guess, so where did you learn English?"

"I learned it from Kongo way long ago. She was built in Britain and so she knew English. I had to help her with her Japanese." He nodded understandingly.

"Makes sense, so how do you feel?" He was really upfront about talking to her, she was not ready for this. How'd he know she's alive?

"So Mitsuna Hito how do you know I'm alive?"

'They told us when we got our orders."

'Oh, that makes things easy."

"Mm-Hm!" He was sipping his mug. His drink was dark like tea but it didn't look right to her.

"What are you drinking?"

"Sweet tea, it's good. Want some?" He offered her the mug, she accepted the offer and tried it. It was warm and as soon as she tasted it there was a gritty texture embedded into it and it was not the crisp bitter taste she expected. It shocked her and she spat some back out into the mug.

"THIS IS NOT TEA!" She proclaimed, thrusting it back into his hands. "That was disgusting! What's in there!?"

"Tea with lot's of sugar." He was looking down into his mug, her saliva had mixed in and turned it darker brown like dark coffee. "And spit."

"No, no, that is NOT tea! You don't know what tea is, do you?"

"No I said it was sweet tea, woman, tea with sugar. I know what tea is." He took a sip and nodded again. "Now I have sweet Fuso-spit tea."

' `te better than that junk!"

“Oh you wanna bet?” Immediately her loins started burning, she liked where this was going.

“Oh I’m sure of it, Mitsuna Hito, let’s bet.” He was drinking his strange drink still not sure what it tasted like. It was confusing.

“Bet what?” She thought about something before he could explain that nowadays it’s just an expression.

“If I taste better then, you tell me why you’re so different, why you’re denser for your size.” He was caught off guard and looked to his veins, he had very light skin and were clearly visible. His veins weren’t purple or blue, or even red, they were dark grey. All of them.

“You can feel that?” He whispered to himself, she heard. He shook his head guessing so and ran his hand through his thick and full auburn-red hair. “Uh, sure? I mean I would’ve told you if you asked but, whatever. And you? What if my tea tastes better?” The only thing she could think about was sex, how could she work herself into those pants?

“Well,” she stuck her tongue into her cheek bulging it, “what do you want?” She asked seductively with a little tongue flick across her lips. He sort of stared at it processing what she just did.

“Uh-huh, well,” he looked into his mug and swirled it, “I wanna go home but I don’t think you can do that.”

“No, no I can’t do that.” He nodded sadly and kept thinking.

“Well then if you don’t taste better then you tell me sea stories.”

“Alright, I was probably going to do that anyways.”

“Then we’re even! Great! Now I’ll get to asking around and proving you wrong now, nice meeting you!”

“W-Wait-!” She stopped him before he left with an arm. “What do people think of me?” He stopped, letting her hand hold his biscep firmly. He shook his head and shrugged.

“It’s a mixed bag, most of us are from other ships or have been waiting around for a ship. I got orders to you a long time ago and I’ve been hopping around other ships waiting for you to get here so I’m excited to finally be stable. I’m also very excited to be on a battleship, and one with quite the influence in history. But as for others, mostly happy to finally have our own ship, others are bored of it, many don’t really care, not too many negative complaints, but I dunno, you’ll just have to listen around. I’m pretty sure your Japanese sailors are honored to serve with you, wise and historical, a symbol of Japan, don’t worry too much about them.”

“So if I have a Japanese crew than why are you here, American?”

“Well, you have an American fire control system on you, and your Navy doesn’t have the crew with the job for it, so while they are trained we’ll be your crew. We are also here because you are being upgraded, not built off of the system, so we need to use our expertise to make sure you actually work.” He waited for her to let go of his arm but she didn’t. “So do you miss your midship guns?”

“I DOOOOO!” She whined and whimpered. He chuckled a bit.

“Don’t worry I miss guns, too, but you’ll soon fall in love with your missiles, big girl. I promise you that and I fulfil promises.” The prospect of making him fill dirty promises made her wet, very wet. She bit her lip and mesmerized herself in fantasy, rubbing his arm persuasively. The thoughts that ran through her mind made her ooze, made her moan, made her tremble, and made her body electrifying as Walter could feel through his thin sleeve. He was enjoying the touch more than he thought, it relaxed his body and made him feel drowsy and energetic at the same time in a nice blend. It ended up arousing him as it was probably intended to do, and as much as he would love to smash some Jap battleship vag he couldn’t.., yet. He
ъed her hand and suddenly couldn’t let go, she pulled him closer to her. He propped himself against
utting superstructure base and enjoyed the nerve massage while she lived out her fantasy. She was

bringing herself to the brink of orgasming by just thinking about sex, that is how dry she has been. She finished right before she came and broke off from her ride and brought herself together with heavy breathing and muttering to herself in Japanese. She felt him still in her grasp just slumped against the bulkhead and she blushed hard, feeling the heavy heat on her cheeks and felt hot and sweaty. She had just embarrassed herself-or had she? It seemed like he had fallen asleep. “Mitsuna Hito? You awake?”

He didn’t respond, he was limp but breathing steady, warm and alive to the touch. He obviously wasn’t dead. Her body and hormones were still in a sexual mood and she was getting more and more curious by the minute. She hadn’t felt a penis in decades! Her curiosity overwhelmed her mannerisms and she decided to sneak a poke or grope. A mischievous hand slithered its way from his arm to his calf, gently squeezing the thick muscle on the steely bone. His knees protruded proudly and firmly yet slid under her hand as it passed over. His thigh was exhilarating to her, she was almost there and it started getting warmer as she got closer to his crotch She could feel blood pulsing under his trousers as her senses heightened and her breathing grew faster as her hand crept towards his nether region. But just before she reached it, oh how close she was, he stirred and started moving about. She quickly yanked her hand away and back to where it belonged. He fumbled around and got up to check the time. “Have a good nap, Mitsuna Hito?”

“Yeah I did, you have fun beating the bean?”

“What?”

“Flicking the bean?”

“What-what the hell is that?”

“Rubbing one out, masturbating. You enjoy it, perv?” Fuso blushed hard and showed through her new paint that she was embarrassed, she didn’t know what to say, why she did it at all, she was embarrassed. He chuckled when she blushed. “Ah! Don’t worry about it, I mean, there’s like, forty people in one small room for months on end, don’t think they don’t do it a few times? It happens.” She cooled off a little bit and giggled a little. “Just remember, when someone walks in on you masturbating, you gotta look ’em in the eye and finish.” She smiled jokingly and locked eye contact with him with her joking smirk. “Fuck. Aight, make it fast!” He put his hands on his hips, squared off, and stared into her eyes with a super-concentration face. They sat like this for a moment and they laughed it off, she didn’t do anything and he knew she wouldn’t. He started back to the door and she stopped him again.

“Hey, Mitsuna Hito, we had a little saying, too. It was the fish will always burn later, the hand is never wrong.”

“What does that have to do with anything? It doesn’t even-oh, well, Palmula Handerson is clean.” She laughed again.

“Who?”

“Palmula Handerson,” he held up his right hand and waved, “she’s always there, faithful, willing, tight, loose, she’s whatever you want her to be. She even has her own facebook!” He was chuckling by the last sentence. Fuso got it and laughed along.

“If, ok, if you have Palmula Handerson by your side, who do I have?”

“Paulm Fingerton, he’s from Flickensburg.” She laughed more, these names were so stupid yet hilarious. “Ok, well, I’m done. I need to go get some rest.” Walter headed inside to get some sleep, leaving Fuso to think about what had just happened. She felt ashamed of herself and disciplined herself not to do that again. She tried to figure out what made her go off the rails so much that she masturbated right in front of him and went for his genitals while he was asleep. That was wrong of her. She figured that she probably should get off or be gotten off before she does something really wrong. Only a few hours pass before nightfall and around then is when Walter wakes up, instantly Fuso talks to him in his head.

’ ’d you sleep?”

“Wow.” He responded instantly.

“Don’t worry, you’re not crazy it’s me, Fuso. I can talk to you through your thought.”

“No, I know that, but wow, right off the bat. No easing into it, no warning, just boom! That’s how it is?”

“Yeah, yeah that’s how it is. Wasn’t it obvious?”

“Eeeh, nah.” He sarcastically retorted, “not obvious enough. Next time you should work on it.”

“Sure thing, so,” Her face turned into a naughty grin while she asked him the question, “uh, now that’s it’s dark out and you’re rested, you wanna do that taste test now?”

“I haven’t asked anybody yet, and besides I got shit to do in the morning, I gotta sleep some more while I can.” She knew him fumbling around was either because he couldn’t fall asleep again, or she had aroused him. “Fuck. I can’t sleep now.”

“Oh come on then! I’m sure I’ll tire you out! I promise you!”

“Oh really?” Suddenly she realized that this is what was making her so abnormal, this teasing build up. If she was going to get fucked then she’s all for it right now, but if not then this could be very bad.

“Walter I need to know something, this is serious to me.”

“Oh shit, what?”

“Are we actually doing this?”

“This?”

“Are we fucking?”

“Oh, no, not tonight.”

“Not tonight?”

“No, not tonight.” Her hopes were crushed a little, but he did say tonight.

“So if we aren’t doing anything could you not tease or play like that?”

“Yeah, sure. I won’t do it no more.”

“But you would do it? You said not tonight, not never.”

“Yeah, not tonight. But later? Possibly.”

“That’s all I needed.”

“Can I sleep now?”

“Yes.” There was a pause as he laid there staring at the bulkhead. “Need a lullaby?”

“Yes please.”

“Too bad.”

’ ɹn.”

She left him to sleep and wondered if he could be moved to one of her private rooms. She really liked where things were going between them and didn't want to wait for things to get intimate before moving him. She did genuinely like him, he was pretty funny and not afraid to speak his mind, something Fuso aspired to be normal, not just situationally. She tried to figure out herself where she stands in the chain of command but couldn't think of a good spot. The next morning she woke up Walter and asked him who she should talk to about her position. He said she probably would answer to either the Captain, the XO, or the CMC, those were her three options. She agreed to that and when the Captain was rung aboard that morning she followed him into his cabin and asked him herself. "Excuse me, sir, do you have a minute?"

"Fuso, right?"

"Yes, sir." He looked at his watch and in a little black notebook.

"Yes I have time, what do you need?"

"I have a few questions, sir. I'll start with the simple one, where do I fall in the command chain?" He sat down at his desk to think about that one, he ran down the list with her.

"Alright, well you are the ship, you were commissioned ceremoniously, so you're an officer. You don't run any divisions or workshops, not in charge of a field, yet, control them..," he put some effort in his thoughts, now, "uh, so you could be right next to the XO. Influential but not overriding her. For now, you're next to the XO. I'll shoot that question higher up, big Navy might want to answer that. Anything else, Fuso?"

"Yes, so if I wanted to move someone from their berthing to somewhere else could I?"

"Well, what's the reason? If it's because there's a problem with them being there we can do that, is there a problem among them?"

"No, sir, more the opposite. I want to move someone to one of my private rooms." The captain thought about what this meant.

"So, this is because of a relationship, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And they are in berthing, not a stateroom?"

"Yes, sir."

"So they're enlisted?" She didn't seem to know what that meant. "Enlisted as in they aren't an officer?" She quickly jumped over to Walter.

"Mitsuna Hito, are you an officer?"

"What? Uh, no."

"Thanks." She went back to the captain. "No, sir, he's not an officer." The commanding officer groaned with frustration.

"So I wouldn't have an issue with it if his chain were fine with it, and if it wouldn't negatively affect his performance. I know you can't really go out to town and find anyone, so I won't stop it, but there's strong policy against fraternization. Basically officers can't have an intimate relationship with any enlisted, unless it is prior service or commission. Say, if you were enlisted, then became an officer, as long as you both were recognized officially as a couple than it'd be fine, but you've been commissioned longer than he's been alive." He thought about how creepy that age gap was, left a sour taste in his mouth. "Realistically, it happens and it's not as enforced as long as the two are not in the same command, which for you is [illegible]oidable, that would probably ruin your love life if it was enforced on you." He thought long about it, [illegible] was sweating right now, she was hoping that her interest wouldn't be cut off. "Alright well I'm hesitant

about it. I'm going to ask the admiral about it, you go ahead and shoot it up his command, to see if they would speak out about it. If his divo or chief isn't happy with it, then it technically ends there before I can even hear about it. Nothing I can do there."

"But sir, you're the captain, he's under your orders."

"Yes, they are, but unless I'm informed about it and it needs to be done or is something of an issue, it doesn't really concern me." He got up to leave but closed the door before he left for one last comment. "But say if you can't move his rack there I don't think anyone would mind if he, say, slipped away for an hour or two on the downtime."

"Thank you, sir!" She left him to go do his business. She snapped back over to Walter and asked him who his chain of command was and where she could find them. He answered one at a time and once Fuso had tracked them down and gotten through the initial contact she proposed the question. Overwhelmingly the chain agreed that it either didn't matter to them as long as he showed up to work, and his Chief said he'd like it a lot if he knew where to find Walter at any time. The Chief asked if he could ask Fuso where he was at any time, she agreed readily. She conveyed her excitement to Walter and also warned him of her apprehension, if the Captain didn't get a good word back then he couldn't move.

In the meantime, however, he proved to her why the Chief regarded him so well, he worked hard on his gear, the CIWS, affectionately known as Sea-Whiz, but laughably known as 'The Bastard Son of R2-D2 and an A-10 Warthog.' Walter regularly says that he has anger-management issues and daddy problems. Another name she's heard is R2 with a hard-on. But being the Bastard Son entertains her more.

The Captain did eventually get a report back saying that it was fine for Walter to be moved and it solidified where ships like Fuso are on the totem pole Essentially she acts like a chaplain, she is a knowledge pool that can be referenced by anyone who needs it, and can speak to any crewman, officer or enlisted, in confidence. One note also instructed that affairs, even intimate, between ship and crewman, are not frowned upon and encouraged. Big Navy understood that her choices of flings or spouses are pretty limited, and agree that she should be free to engage in an intimate relationship with whomever as long as they can operate in a professional manner at any given time. Fuso assured the Captain that she can abide by the rules and pleaded that the Captain move him to the room. He was fine with it, but the last person that needed to give her the go-ahead was the Executive Officer, and he wanted to inspect and investigate first.

"This is the room?" The XO had just opened the compartment door and was surprised at how small the room was. Fuso had to tell him why it was special, why she wanted it to move Walter there, and where it was. She did not tell him anything else about it. "This isn't a room, this is a big closet." He stepped into the room and with one glance left and right saw everything in the room. The room was barely long enough for the built-in bed frame on top of two lockers on his left, at six-foot-three the man's hair was grazing the overhead, and on the right was a shallow closet-style locker. The room was painted, surprisingly, but it was a drab and dreary grey. There were a red light and a white light in a fixture above the bed, and that was really just about it. There weren't any pipes in the compartment that wasn't for Fuso's use but with a compartment so small really only that could fit-and barely. The XO finished his tour of the space rather quickly, and for the rest of the time he allotted he talked to Walter, and told him what he wanted to see every morning during inspections. He understood what the room was for and knew what would probably happen to the white sheets, so he said to Walter to double up on the linen and to change it to a clean set every morning. Walter abides by what the XO said to the letter and moved all his personal items to the room. Fuso was very excited.

The room was on deck one, that's one ladder down from the main deck, the weatherdeck, and was right next to the conning tower. His room did not have an adjacent head like most other berthings so he had to navigate his way back into his old berthing, which his division was responsible for and still had to clean daily, to shower. If he wanted to relieve himself he could go up a few decks to another head where it was just a toiletry. He made everything up nice and tidy and got all his things placed as instructed and relaxed. The workday had ended and his maintenance was done, he'd been released on liberty, and decided to break in the mattress and talk more to Fuso. She talked about how excited she was that they had a little room to be [illegible] together in, but her excitement worried Walter, they had grown pretty fond of each other as friends, [illegible]he had to break some news to her.

“Fuso, I can’t remember if I told you or not, but we only sign up for four or six years, I signed up for six.”

“So? That’s how it was in my day.”

“I’m hitting four right now.”

“Oh.” She realised what he was getting at. “Well, you can enlist again, right?”

“Yeah, but.., I was only put here, aboard you, for two years. We’re just here to make sure the guns systems from America work right. Then we go back to America. Not only that, but if I re-up, I’ll be going to another ship. More likely a shore command.” Fuso’s excitement was crushed. “You’re really fun to hang out with, I’d love to stay, but my whole family is in America, and I’d like to at least have my wife there.” When he said he wanted his wife in America it warmed her heart and shriveled it up, he had thought about staying with her in a real relationship, but knew it couldn’t be.

“Oh.” She was really sad, now.

“Hey, hey, gimme a hand here.” She reached down and he held it in his, “I’ve still got two years here! We can still do things, maybe it’ll help us with nabbing something better. Get us into the market again. Just don’t let things go too far. Sound good? Besides, you’ll always have me if you can take leave to America, and I’ll have you here if I get stationed here for shore duty, or just to visit.” She felt a little better as he caressed her hand.

“Two years is a while.” She began to get excited again, might as well start things off quick if it won’t be too long-lasting. “You wanna really break in the bed?” He thought about it as more arms and hands came down to massage his body and try seducing him.

“Well, not yet, Fuso. I still want to get to know you more before anything happens. I want you to get a really great vibe out of it. You will not be sorry, babe.” Babe? He just say babe? She was really excited about that, she nearly forgot about the whole talk that just happened because he said babe. He got up, got dressed while she slipped some looks at his nether regions to excite her sex. He was generally pale, fair skinned, and had thick auburn hair. He dressed in civies and said he was going out to town. He left and about two hours later he returned with a backpack full of goodies. There were some non-perishables, paper and pens, and some electronics. Walter was very excited, he pulled out all the electronics and started setting it up, a lot of stuff was from the mail. She watched him set everything up in a frenzy and she couldn’t help but feel so lost about what she was looking at. Once it was all set up he asked her for her coupling tendril, she shifted her vaginal tendril but he stopped her, so she brought down her second thickest tendril. This tendril contained various probes that were used to link her consciousness with his, or anyone else’s, and he held it tightly and told her that what he was about to do may be uncomfortable. He linked alligator clips with lables on the cables attached to probes on her tendril, and it was a pinching pain at first, but once they were all on he turned on a black box and the pain was gone, she was entranced in a whole new feeling.

“Now Fuso, what you are going to feel is very, very alien. You are being connected to the internet, through this game console, and it is going to be very weird and you will eventually be able to control it all yourself, but right now let me do it all.”

“Oh-okay….” She let him turn on a display and a hand-held remote and watched as things came up into her mind and sight. It was like an out of body experience, she saw a menu and movies in little squares here and there, in a background was a little blue woman glowing and standing on a pillar while a giant machine man in green and orange reached out to her. There was a square in front of it that had a title on it and that must have been selected because it looked like it had been pushed and a tone sounded as the screen blacked out. “So that was the game menu, Fuso, I could do a lot from there but I’m picking this game to play.”

“Why?”

“Remember when you asked why I’m so dense? Well, you’re about to meet mom. She did it to me.”

’ ’s in a game?!” Fuso was mind blown.

“No, she plays this game, I got her to play it. She likes it, ironically, she’s awesome playing as infantry, but as a vehicle, she can’t do anything. She sucks with tanks and trucks.” Fuso didn’t understand. “She can play with us basically like how two people can talk on a phone, and it’s called the internet. It allows many people to join together from all over the world.” He went on explaining more about it as the loading screen and cinematic played through her mind in that trippy fashion. Once everything had loaded the menu displayed and he explained to her how to use the menu while hooked up to it. “So you see that option, Server Browser?”

“Yes.”

“I want you to reach for it like you want it, just want it and go for it, will for it.” She did, she wanted it, she willed for it, and it selected. She was amazed at it.

“You do something?”

“Nope.” She wanted to see him and she saw him through the camera she had in the room, his remote was in his lap as he sat on the bed, arms crossed just watching his display. Her mind went back to the game. “Now do the same for favorites.” She did and again her will brought it to her, she was starting to like this. He had her go through the options and told her to go for the option labled ‘Hellbroom4_METRO_24/7’ and congratulated her on getting into her first server all by herself. She felt proud and blushed. In another menu, she was given four options and she chose the one labeled ‘ASSAULT’ and suddenly she was in a tunnel flooded a few inches with rubble and shoring all over it. She heard strapping sounds and suddenly human arms pulled up a gun with a scope on it. She freaked out.

“GAH! What’s happening!?” She heard more strapping sounds behind her and another human walked out in front of her and looked at her. It looked like some of the soldiers that were guarding her during her rebuild.

“Hey, Fuso! It’s alright.”

“Is that you?!”

“Yeah.” She was looking at the top of his helmet as he walked into her, his long gun disappeared at his side and a pistol came up with his arms. You’re an avatar right now, a human avatar.

“What does that mean?”

“Well you aren’t you in the game, you’re a person. That flickering line in the bottom right of your vision is your health.” She confirmed as she glanced in the direction. He proceeded to tell her what all the UI and HUD elements were on her ‘screen’ and what they meant to her. Next he explained to her that unlike him she could somewhat feel what her body was doing, and as he worked her through her new digital body she began to look around, move around, and interact with the game. She felt her actual body ghosting around her, it felt similar to wearing a Halloween costume and toting it around everywhere. For a short time it made Fuso’s mind ache and uneasy, but the longer she messed around with her digital form the better she felt. They messed around for about thirty minutes and Walter was now teaching Fuso how to aim and use her gun, she was really not a fan of direct lines of fire, she had never ever done that and pointing the gun right at the target was alien to her. When she was working on her shot group she heard more strapping behind her and felt the presence of another person.

“What? Who is that?!” She was uncomfortable and was nervous, and felt like she was going to be shot.

“Fuso this is Mom, Mom, my ship, Fuso.” There was brief interaction between them, they exchanged names and some of their history, forming a relationship between them. The three of them talked and Marion, Mom, gave some tips to Fuso about how to use her avatar, it had been done to her before. Fuso asked if she was using it now, but not, Marion was using a set up like Walter. About this time Walter got up to go eat chow, leaving Marion and Fuso in the game together,

“ how has he been?” Marion asked.

“He’s fine. He does his job well.”

“It’s just us here, how’s he really been?” Oh.

“I’ve been trying really hard to get him but I haven’t gotten anything! It’s frustrating, I didn’t think it’d be this hard to get laid.” Marion was giggling a little bit.

“He is reserved, real reserved.”

“Like shit, just stick it in, please!” Fuso seized up, was she really talking about this with his mother? “Why do you ask? Isn’t it, isn’t it just disturbing to ask that? About your kid?”

“Well he’s not actually my kid.” What?

“What do you mean by that? Explain.”

“I didn’t give birth to him, I was, god-mothered into it, so to say. I still mother him but it’s more adult guidance than anything. He was already pretty grown by the time we took him in.”

“So why is he so dense? Why is he changed?”

“So about that, he loves to play a game called airsoft, basically they run around with toy guns and shoot each other with small plastic balls; they don’t hurt much it’s just a sting, anyways he was playing airsoft one day and my husband went to go talk to him about something, I think it was about the car, and they’re standing out on the field and they see a massive deer out against the treeline. I was coming out to look at my garden and I saw them there. The deer bolts off suddenly and he collapses, folds up with a massive cloud of blood spurting from his outfit. A poacher had missed the deer and hit him just below the sternum. What happens next is a blur, I know that I was right next to him and changing him to try to save him, it’s all I thought about doing, instinct, while my husband was trying to tend to his shot wound. I have been through a lot in my time serving, but that was one of the scariest moments of my life.” Fuso didn’t know what to say, she was stunned, shocked. “Unlike my husband he didn’t scream in pain when I converted him, he was already gone.”

“So, how’s he here?”

“He had died but we revived him, one of his friends used my battery to jump-start him. It’s a miracle he’s alive. He still has a bullet in his body somewhere and that scar on his chest.”

“God damn.” She was silent, she wondered about Yamato, she died, she thought about what would happen to herself if she had died. Would she have been raised? Or just forgotten to time?

“So is he just not into you or something? What’s the deal?”

“He’s into me, he says he wants to do it right for me, but I don’t care. I just want it bad.” They moved on to talk about their wants and what it does to their sexual parts but cut it off when Walter came back. A game had started by then and it wasn’t just sitting in the server waiting for more players like it was earlier. Fuso went through an embarrassing baptism by game gunfire where she was a horrible noob.

She felt defeated at the end of the night, she felt that she was holding them back. Walter tried to tell her while she sucked she was getting better. It didn’t comfort her too much, she used it to try and get some dick as her ‘comfort food’ and make her feel better, but Walter said ‘not yet’ and he’d make it up to her eventually. They settled down for the night and slept away. She dreamt of getting some from him, but it transitioned into the story his mom told her, she had an eerie deja vu feeling with it.

They got underway the next week, and while Fuso was sailing through the Philippines sea Walter seemed very frustrated on his watch. His system had been very troublesome, Supply was being unhelpful, and two [redacted] technicians in his work center weren’t even aboard, one got pregnant and the other busted his leg so [redacted]one was quarantined to the hospital. He was in the work center, blue lit at the time, and he was sitting at

the monitoring console staring at nothing making sure it didn't break, again, and he was quite agitated. Fuso was playing with a little trinket she found lying about. She had given up on trying to get some from him, she'll just have to wait some more.

"Hey Fuso, hows it like out there?" He asked through his head.

"It's pretty nice, the seas are calm, the wind's calm, and it's nice and warm out. Fancy a stargaze?"

"Nah, I think I'd rather gaze at something else." Oh?

"T-There's not much else to look at." She giggled a bit. "What did you have in mind?"

"Ah, something special, something beautiful, something that needs a good polishing."

"Oh really? And how are you going to polish that thing? That oh-so special thing?"

"Like I polish anything else. I get a good slick coating on it and I rub it carefully, making sure to get every spot, all over, until it glistens in the faintest of lights. Along every edge, face, crevice, and protrusion."

"That sounds like something im supposed to do, I always thought I was supposed to polish something proud, big, strong. I want to polish something hefty."

"Sounds fun, hey, I've got an idea-"

"Let me hear it."

"How about we polish them at the same time? With each other?"

"I don't know, that sounds efficient, you aren't part of command are you?"

"Oh no, but for you, baby, I can be." By this time both were very aroused, and Fuso was nearly bursting at her welds with glee. Her ports instantly started oozing with excitement. As his watch came to an end and he was replaced Fuso was barely able to contain herself. She had been fighting with herself to restrain from touching herself so that all her lost could be released by another. He wove through the empty passages, lit only by red lights and the pearlescent glow of reflective tapes. Each step he took built up in Fuso and resounded through her hull like ripples on a lake, and when his hand grabbed the door leading outside, the door next to the conning tower, where her port that needed all that polishing was placed, she was biting her lip in anticipation. She was practically shaking with nervous excitement. She had opened her armor up to expose her port and when Walter saw the dripping ooze his lust grew, it shone in the moonlight, showing off a silver-blue sheen that stimulated him. He approached her port rapidly, but hesitated, he didn't know where to take this, how to proceed, he had insecurities. Fuso felt this resounding awkwardness in him, she helped him by gently wrapping around him a little, and moving him closer to her, placing him beside her port against her tower. Her armored body was warm to the touch, making her body much more appealing than the crisp, cold air. Her looming gun turret shielded them from the punishing wind and imposed a sense of surrounding into him. It comforted him, and her gentle caressing and sweet whispers to him encouraged him to love back, so he did. He placed his middle and ring fingers into her slit, softly spreading apart the lips exposing the sensitive clit and vulva underneath. To her moaning pleasure, he softly skirted his fingers around the lips, making slow, small circles along the way as if he was polishing it, this made her arms around him quiver, tighten, and grab at his genitals. Her breathing grew faster as he kept going, and her vagina, too, began to quiver and contract. More and more of her slick juice gushed out as her moaning pace increased and pitch rise. Suddenly she locked up and exclaimed as a jet of her cum squirt out through his fingers, her arms seized on Walter and her hull actually shook as the orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her vision had gone and her mouth was drooling, the squirt reached out halfway between the towers of the turret and her bridge, and her vulva had sucked Walter's hand in and the lips held it in place. As her vision came back to her all blurry and the tingly sensation zapped up and down her hull she massaged Walter and giggled with glee. It was her first orgasm in over 50 years. While she was recovering from blacking out

Walter pulled his hand out and sucked the juice off of his fingers, lapping it all off his hand.

“Mmm, I wonder?” He moved in front of her slit and knelt down before she could even recognize it his face was buried in her pussy and he was already licking and lapping and drinking her. Her eyes rolled back and she began drooling more, his ferocious lust and dirty desires had her brain dead like a zombie, her pussy used all its free range of motion to grind against his face as he ate it like an animal. He quickly pulled back and licked some off his nose. “Oh yeah, way better without the tea!”

“Fuck yeah! Drink up Mitsuna Hito!” She pushed him back in and resumed her zombified bliss. Her hand had finally gotten through his clothes and she started playing with his cock and balls, through the bliss she could only think about how hard his cock was, how she’d tighten up for it, how fucking big he’d feel, and about all the cum she was going to fill her creampie with. His vigorous work was very obviously one of passion and he brought her to her climax quickly and efficiently. Thankfully her explosion wasn’t as powerful as her first because this time Walter’s face was pressed against it, it squeezed some past the edges of his face but most of it painted his face and flowed out under his chin. By the time they had recovered his clothes were off and he’d gotten up to insert himself into her. “Oh fuck me good, Hito! Give it to me already!”

He slipped in easily and quickly. His eyes were closed as he pictured the look on her face, cues of her satisfaction came from her moans, gasps, and the feedback from her hands. He pictured her of how she looked in 1944, covered in guns and protection. He leaned against her conning tower, pressing his body against hers and pulled out slowly. He started getting a rhythm going and tired his best to keep his endurance but his dry spell was too long, in about a minute or two he couldn’t hold it off any longer. Although during those precious minutes he relished inside her, her plush, hot walls gently massaged his cock ad left it covered in its thick, slick, juice, while gentle quivers and contortions would grip him giving a short buzz of extra pleasure. Every time he would penetrate deep it got tight around his head and firm at the base of the helmet on the underside, which assisted in bringing him even closer to cumming right where it felt best. While he’d pull out a little suction tugged on him and forced her vagina to hold him back, as if calling him back inside again. When his climax did arrive it knocked him against her, he pushed his cock as deep inside as he could, right back into that marvelous hold, right up against her tower, and spilled his balls out into her depths. She withered in delight as she felt his semen pour out into her pussy. A wide smile stretched across her face and she was all warm and fuzzy on the inside-not just where his cum was, she felt worthy, sexy, and confident about herself again. She was still a good cock masseuse. She held Walter up against her body, running a hand through his hair and ruffing it up. Neither of them heard the other moaning their names, but it still encouraged them to keep going. The first thing said, and heard, was by Fuso; “I had fun, my little Mitsuna Hito, I enjoyed that.”

“Gah-uh!” He groaned happily, his doubts were put to rest with that. He wanted to make sure she got off and enjoyed the sex, he just wishes he lasted longer. “Yay, maybe next time I’ll last more than three pumps, huh?” She giggled a little and whisked him up to her lips on her conning tower. She forced him to kiss her, in a lopsided make out session where Walter was confused (French kissing isn’t common practice in Japanese culture) and the taboo rush excited Fuso. Once she was done making out she licked his junk from bottom to top, making sure to sneak her tongue under it all.

“Don’t worry, baby, I’ll get your sack time up.” She then hugged him again and put him down. While he dressed he asked her to change the bedsheets to the ‘dirty’ set, and she did because he was a mess of fluids, but didn’t expect anything else. Instead, he got in the room, changed pulled her thick love tendril down and cuddled it, inserting his half erect cock into the slit along the side while he kissed the slit on the end of it. This got Fuso whimpering and wet again.

“Alright, Fuso,” he whispered to her softly, “load me up.” Carefully she reached between his shoulder blades and inserted her connectors into the nervous system, carrying him into her mind again. There she was floating and he was in front of her hull, her size, he moved and leaned in from her port side and kissed her on the lips again. “Fuso, go back to your forty-four look.” She was still confused somewhat, she didn’t know what he was doing, why he was that big, or why he wanted her world war look, but she complied. Without even noticing she went from her modern day appearance to how she looked a month before she sank. AA gun mounts everywhere, sandbags all along the railings and blast shields, extra boats and cables were strewn about, and gone were the missile pods, the new radar-guided weapons, the new paint, all restored to September of 1944. He smiled to her and she had just then noticed that she was looking at him through her rvation bridge face, the one she clawed off, the one she hasn’t used since. He moved in and kissed her ، ع, embracing her hull in his arms. “You look much better, baby.” Suddenly she was flipped on her side

and he was rubbing her hull vagina with his cock head. Although on her side everything stayed in place, an alien feeling to her. The more he rubbed the more flush her face got, twisting into a pleasured zombie face again. She felt him grab her deck and thrust his cock into her, she whimpered and gasped as he penetrated deep. She could tell it wasn't real, but damn did it feel good! As he started pumping in and out she could feel more vigor from him as he wasn't tired after a long day or low on endurance. His only limits were set by his lust, how much did he want it? They were finding out the fun way. Her whimpering lengthened and her hull flexed with his smooth motions, he moaned back as she gripped him exactly how she did earlier. He suddenly picked up his pace and fucked her hard until she was screaming at him enthralled in ecstasy. She bore arms to wrap around his back as he smacked his crotch against her double bottom hull, creating stimulating suction on him that made her tighter and flex on him more. He certainly lasted much, much longer with this form. He lasted just long enough to vaginally climax her, she bellowed as she thrusted her hull into him while the orgasm hit her. Her motions broke his composure and he, too, came, pressing her hull against his crotch as he relaxed into her. The simulation that their minds catered couldn't recreate the cum they spilled, but nonetheless, it was still enjoyable, just not as enjoyable as their real sex could be. She thought that he'd wrap up here, she was panting and trying to catch her breath, but he aligned his body with hers and wrapped his arms around her hull again in an embrace and wrapped his legs around her stern. He gently kissed her belly, the keel section underneath the forward most turret, with his arms just behind her forward conning tower and over her third turret's guns, and his legs wrapped around the stern deck on the fantail. She just now felt how big he'd pictured himself to make her feel best. Feeling this small in comparison was strange and offsetting, but she quickly warmed up to the feeling and enjoyed it. She felt safe, happy, and loved. She wrapped her own arms from her hull around him, and they intimately made soft love in this lucid dreamworld they shared. They whispered their love to each other as he made his cock throb and pulse while she convulsed and stroked it internally.

Battleship, Gingyflame, Japan, porn, Sex, ww2
2 Comments

Hansel and Marion: Marion's Away

January 11, 2019 by Gingyflame

Hansel hung his apron on the coat hanger, put the bow tie in the pocket, and then took off his shoes. He walked into the main room and looked around, Marion still wasn't back yet. He looked at the watch and decided he'll put on dinner. He checked the fridge and pantry for food to cook with, it was a lot of vegetables and fruits from the garden and some slabs of meat. He thought he might make some corn beef stew with some mashed potatoes but couldn't find any corn. He groaned in defeat, he really liked corn. He was wondering what was in the ice chest when the phone rang.
"Hello, Walter residence, Hansel speaking."
"Hey honey, I'm still at Porsche's place. It's pouring here, I don't think I can get home tonight, honey. I'm sorry."
"Nah it's fine, just stay safe, baby, I've got it tonight."
"Okay, call me if you need anything."
"Oh don't worry we'll be fine."
"Do you need help with cooking? Make sure that the kids clean up, and uh-"
"Marion we'll be fine, relax, we're going to be having a good time. Don't fret it, I love you."
"Oh, I love you, too, Hansel! Good night!"
"Goodnight, baby." He hung up and turned on the range to heat some water. As he's chopping up the vegetables for the stew Hannah comes out.
"Dad, is mom still gone?"
"Yes, Hannah, mom's still out. She won't be home until tomorrow."
"Why? Where did she go?" She asked emotionally, Marion was never gone for this long, Hannah was scared.
"Mom is at Aunt Porsche's house. She just wanted to spend some time with her sister, that's all. Don't you ever want to spend time with your brother?"
"No!" She said sternly, "He takes my dolls! He doesn't share my dolls! And he's mean to them! Next time can mommy take him, too?" Hansel laughed.
"no, come on? He's not that bad, they're just toys to him, little action figures!"
"Barbie's not an action figure! He has his own action figures!"

“He just wants to play with his sister is all.”
“He doesn’t play right. He’s bad at playing.”
“Hannah you can’t be bad at playing, that’s nonsense.”
“He is bad! Barbie likes dresses, and to do her hair, and to go out to town with her friends, and to be a princess, all Tyler does is smash them together in a fight! That’s not how you play Barbie.”
“Hannah he isn’t playing Barbie, he likes wrestling, and fighting!”
“That’s dumb.”
“Hannah it’s not dumb.”
“I think it’s dumb.”
“Hannah it’s not that different from playing army, you like playing army.” She searched for something to say.
“Army’s different.”
“Sure Hannah, whatever you say.” Hannah looked over the counter to see a bowl Hansel was using to mix his ingredients and got excited.
“Oooh! Can I crack open eggs? Mom lets me crack open eggs! Pllllleeeeeeaaaaaase can I crack open some eggs, daddy?”
“Sorry, sweetie, but I don’t need eggs to make dinner.” Hannah was saddened by that, visibly distraught.
“Tell you what, after dinner, we can make some cookies.”
“Cookies!” Her face lit up and she bounced with excitement. “How long until dinner time? I want to make some cookies!”
“Maybe half an hour, then we can eat. What’s your brother doing?”
“Cookies!” She screamed and bolted off to her room. Tyler came out because he heard someone scream out ‘cookies’ and that grabbed his interest.
“Cookies?”
“Not yet, Tyler. After dinner, we’ll make cookies.”
“Okay.” He plopped down in the doorway to his room. The kids’ bedrooms were side by side, and in the corner of the house was the master bedroom. Exiting the master room the two kids rooms were on the right side, First was Hannah’s room, then Tyler’s room, then the main space and across from the bedrooms were the dining space and kitchen space. Next to the kitchen space and the main space was the human house built into the old hanger. It didn’t see much use other than storage and Hansel’s entrance. Hansel was the only one that regularly needed a bathroom, Hannah and Tyler didn’t inherit a digestive track, but did inherit their mother’s fuel lines and digestive system. So like their mother any fuel or food was broken down and burned up to grow or heal or energize them, the waste was expelled as their breath or exhaust if their engines were on. How their bodies used and produced energy was still not understood, all Hansel and Marion needed to know is that their kids needed to eat to grow. And eat they did.
Hansel wrapped up cooking and had the kids help him set the table, while they ate Hansel talked to them about what they were doing for the night, after they made cookies, of course. They didn’t have anything to do, it was pouring outside and their chores were done so they were just going to play with toys in their rooms. Hansel suggested something different.
“How about we camp out in the main space?” The kids looked at him funny. “We lay out there under blankets and tell stories?” They seemed to be getting around to the idea. “We eat our cookies in our tent and tell old stories, come on! It’ll be fun!”
“Okay, can we make cookies now?” Hannah asked.
“Not yet, you still have to finish your potatoes.”
“They aren’t like mom’s.”
“I know I’m not as good as her, but you still have to eat them. No cookies until you finish your potatoes.” She groaned as she stuffed a big chunk of potatoes in her mouth.
“Here,” Hansel said as he reached over and poured some stew over the potatoes on her plate, “mix them in with this, yeah,” he took her spoon and mashed it all together, “just like that! There! Now it’s better, that’s how Tyler ate his, and it’s all gone!” She took another spoonful of the mix and reacted better to it. Tyler had made a mess as he always does, no matter what food it is he’s mixing it together and eating it as fast as he can. Hannah likes to take her time, like Marion, and eat things as they are, Hansel’s the middle ground, some things he eats alone, others he’s always mixing. Soon dinner was over and Hansel has them wrap up their chores by doing the dishes while he brought out all the stuff for cookies. Hannah was very excited and instantly got to it, she had memorized everything she and Marion would do to make them and started telling Tyler to fetch this bowl, that spoon, this tray, which he had no clue what she meant. Hansel has the book open for cookies and was helping Tyler find his way around the kitchen. Hansel did almost nothing, Hannah was very good with her hands, Tyler was, well, good at grabbing things. Hansel just had to turn the oven on and set the timer.

“How long do we have to wait for the cookies?” Tyler asked.
“Fifteen minutes, then they have to cool.”
“Wow Hannah, you’re really good at this, what else do you know?”
“Not much, mom and I always make the cookies together, it’s the only thing I know by heart.”
“Alright so while these are cooking you two go get the BIGGEST blankets you can find! Oh and pillows and lamps, too!” They raced off to their rooms and to various closets to fetch the things asked of them. Hansel checked on the cookies and used the spatula to get them off the tray and onto a plate. The kids returned to the main space with blankets and mounds of pillows on their decks and Tyler had his old nightlight lamp that put stars and moons up on the walls and ceiling. Hansel got them in the biggest open space, right in front of the hanger doors, and showed them how to tie all the blankets together, and helped them throw the cover over them. The two kids raised their guns high to create an open space in the middle, and Hansel day in front of them to form a triangle. He passed around the cookies, which were very tasty, and told them all the *original* fairy tales, the ones with dark and twisted endings. They were a stark contrast and a shock to the children, who’ve been read the kinder ones, with happy endings. When Hansel began the first fairy tale the kids were disinterested, but when the story wasn’t going where they thought it was their attention honed in, and Hansel has grabbed it for the rest of the night! Against howling wind and heavy rain that added a layer of depth and synergy with his storytelling, Hannah and Tyler were invested in these stories, and they hung on to every word until the very last, when Hansel has run through every fairy tale he knew, which was a lot, and to his kids requests he told them some stories from his childhood. He told them about stealing some trinkets, selling them off, sometimes to the very people he stole them from. He told them how he bartered for his first car and explained how he smuggled himself into a flight school to learn how to fly and make good money for his family, at the time his father was crippled and couldn’t work. He relived a lot of good memories with them, and when he looked at the time he realized it was Saturday, at about 2:30 in the morning and the kids were very tired. He fluffed their pillows and put them to sleep right there in the tent, put the cookies out for Marion when she gets back, and made himself a little bed right in front of his kids under the blankets.
The next morning when the roads had dried up Marion hurried home, expecting something to be broken, on fire, or the kids at each other’s turret rings. When she opened the main doors, however, she was pleasantly surprised and overcome with relief. The door opening was loud enough to get Hansel up and he greeted her with a big grin on his face, full of pride in himself.
“Good Morning, Baby, we made you some cookies!”

Happy 2019! It’s been a while since I’ve posted, mainly because I’m lazy. :/ Oh well, I hope you enjoy this little exert. I’ll probably do a few more of these little things, they aren’t really important to the main story, just little bits that go into the life of the family. I liked writing it, and I hope you enjoyed it, too.
So because of some memes I got attached to Bruno Mars’s Treasure’s instrumental, I like it more than the original song to be honest. It’s just a nice little jam I put on to chill out.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HOnqr8ifta0

Bruno Mars - Treasure Official instrumental

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion
13 Comments

Hannah And Nikolai

August 31, 2018 by Gingyflame

This is not Hansel and Marion's daughter Hannah, no this is a Panzer 3 assigned to the eastern front and lasted until the end of the war. It's a little different in stance and storytelling, grimmer and darker than before.

Enjoy!

Hannah and Nikolai
Komvzvoda Nikolai Popov stirred his thick ration soup and blew on it gently, as cold as the winters were a scorched mouth is still very much unwelcome. He set the dish down on his table desk and pulled up his chair, hunching over so the steam rose into his dry and stiff face. It felt nice, a breath of hot, moist air ıing past his skin. He decided his hunger could wait no longer and began feasting upon this delicacy.

He heard the crunch of snow and dirt beneath heavy boots as a soldier stepped into the room and snapped to attention. “Comrade Komvzvoda, a report on the prisoners!” In his hand was a little leaflet of paper with scribbles and stains all over it. The soldier’s uniform was ragged and oversized, or at least it would seem, and his white coat had some blood stains, mud stains, food stains, shit stains, and whateverthefuck else stains all over it. There was also a black rimmed hole in the gut and one in the chest where Nikolai could see the brown cloth that made up his springtime uniform-that coat was stolen from the dead. The man was most certainly a man, his face was wrinkled and cracked, his gaze dreary and pale like the Winter sky, and his chin grey with dead and dying hairs. He wasn’t young like most soldiers barely able to grow a beard proper, he looked old enough to have fought in the revolution. One thing was for certain; he was much older than Nikolai.

“Good.” He stretched his hand out for the paper and beckoned for it, the soldier sluggishly stepped forward and handed the report over. Nikolai received it and dismissed the soldier. He put it aside and looked about, his office was a barely intact dining room of a German house in the rural outskirts of Passow. The windows were smashed in, the roof buckled because of a bombing, the corner was only half there, and the wallpaper was peeling and blowing away. No lights worked and all he had to read this letter by was an oil lamp and what poor excuse of sunlight bled through. He sipped up some soup and read the letter. It had the usual crap on it, weapons seized, number of men, number of children, the approximate age of groups, if they’re SS, Heer, or Volkstrum. This was mostly volkstrum but there were an SS squad and a tank crew. Interesting.

He read more about the tank crew and was reading it again and again, he couldn’t understand it. Things weren’t making sense, he kept going, again and again, thinking the writer just has to be illiterate of the sorts but it clicked. There was no crew, the tank surrendered, without a crew. He read on and it very clearly described the tank with moving eyes, a mouth, hands and arms, speaking German. He was astounded. There was a section describing what measures had been taken but he blew it off and went to go see for himself. He walked around the area searching for the prisoners and found the men, they were being searched and marched off with a light escort. Being mocked and harassed by comrades. He thought of their long, long march back to Russia. But he’s seen that before, where’s that tank?!

He searched all around until he found the Sergeant and questioned its location. The Sergeant said that the tank was escorted to the repair park for restraints. Nikolai made his way back to the mobile vehicle shop and saw it with his own two bewildered eyes. There was a German tank, a Panzer III, with bright green eyes and a scowl. It’s turret.., face.., had a human’s look of defeat, a pleading cry for mercy in its green eyes, and a quiver of fear along it’s back? He watched in astonishment as two soldiers were using chains field welded to a bracket to hold the gun elevated, there was a group unloading all the ammunition, and there were some putting handcuffs on.., hands? A confused but confident conscript was slapping heavy-duty handcuffs on snake-like metal arms with metal hands on the ends, they seemed to trace back to under the mudguards and behind the treads. Nikolai was amazed and couldn’t break his gaze away. He saw two T-34 tanks puppy guarding it with their guns trained on it. Once a series of braces and restraints had been placed on it the T-34’s started their engines and cables were attached to the T-34 towing eyes and the Panzer’s.

“Alright, you Nazi pig! Move your ass!”

“Bitte verletzt mich nicht! Ich werde es einhalten!”

“MOVE! MOVE NOW!” The T-34 in the rear rammed the Panzer.

“Nein, bitte hör auf!” The Panzer skirted off behind the leading T-34 off towards the Depot. From its voice, it sounded female. Nikolai took some interest in the tank, it’s not every day you see a living tank. Later that day he tasked a translator to interrogate the tank to learn more about it. The translator reported the tank’s model, age, gender, previous roles, and specialization. Turned out it was a Panzer III J with the Kwk 39 50mm, also called the ‘long fifty’ and was roughly 4 years old. The tank was female, and was once a battle tank in the east, but was quickly withdrawn and used as a training vehicle. Specialization wise she was useless. The best that Nikolai could think of was a practice target or a lab rat, maybe even a science project. Her fate was pretty bleak. Personally, the idea of himself taking her as a trophy interested him, it’d be much more impressive than a medal or cap or pistol. Maybe she’d be useful as a property keeper or a guard while he’s away. Later on, she might be worth a pretty penny, bail him out of work and into retirement. That was more appealing to him.

Later that night he heard feminine screams of pain and agony, learning in the morning that her gun breech was welded shut. Throughout the week Nikolai would be working and sorting documents and he’d occasionally hear the Panzer scream or cry or wail as various de-arming measures were taken like welding metal rods in place of weapons. But while he was working he’d also be pondering the idea of keeping it like ’ et, a living prize. He weighed the pros and cons and decided he would do his own inspection of her to _ what was the product he’d be taking. On a crisp winter morning, he stumbled through the snow that

accumulated and got to the depot where conscripts were digging out various tools and vehicles. He found the Panzer and scanned over it for details. Both her eyes were predatory in stance, facing forward like a wolf, placed on the mantle by the viewport covers and were glazed over with defeat. Her mouth was closed but her lips seemed to be pouting out below the gun mount assembly. She was staring at the cuffs on her wrists, her wrists were resting on her hood in the middle, below and in line with her main gun. In her boredom and angst, she was picking paint chips off her bow. She noticed Nikolai there and shut her eyes and quivered, thoughts of more mutilations swept over her. She looked at him with large and pleading eyes, but said nothing. As far as Nikolai was informed her mutilations were finished. He walked towards her, hands interlocked behind his back, and scanned her body. Immediately he noticed the gleaming silver edges of various nuts on her treads, probably where crews practiced tread repairs, and how worn the drive sprocket was. There were various points of minute corrosion but compared to their own T-34 tanks it was almost perfect. As he made his way down her chassis he noticed long scratches and more preserved areas of paint, probably where there were mounts for some devices, and very well maintained vents. He worked his way around to the rear and inspected the engine deck and stern, he closely examined the rear idler wheels and noticed the mounts to also be shiny and well polished from removals. The engine deck hinges looked loose and used, and the towing cables were stretched and frizzing. He worked his way around and noticed the gun restraint chain was looped around the commander's cupola, he hoped that didn't dent the shape. Metal rods were welded into the machine gun wells and there was a metal ball welded into the gun barrel, overall he was satisfied with the condition of the vehicle and figured she'd be a wonderful display. That night after an officer meeting he came up to KomBat Petrenko and pestered him about the Panzer.

"I am aware of it, yes."

"Well Comrade KomBat, I see no use for it, no orders pertain to its movement, and I wish to keep it personally as my trophy pet." KomBat Petrenko was a tall and robust man, aged to grey hairs and a gaze of sternest and determination, he brushed one half of his mustache and then shook his head.

"Popov I have too much on my plate to worry about this personal matter. I've been selected for the Kompolka, I'm currently working with transfer documents and arrangements. I have to select a new KomBat and it's between you and Totalv." Totalv was the other Komvzvoda in the battalion, Nikolai knew he hated German machines and knew he'd order it to be disposed of, like anything else his platoon captured. Nikolai wouldn't dare let him waste such a trophy. "I tell you what, I'm busy, so if you do become KomBat I'll sign off on whatever papers you send past me, the same for Totalv, I'll properly brief you two later, now let me be."

"Thank you, Comrade KomBat!" They saluted and parted ways. Totalv could not become the KomBat, at all costs. Nikolai pondered his options of ensuring his promotion while eating supper. He looked into his plate and his solution was right there! He quickly scarfed down his meal and went off to find a certain conscript he knew of. It didn't take long to find him, he was a very rambunctious and social guy with a very particular background. He worked with sickness and poisons. Nikolai pulled him to the side and briefed him. "Listen very closely, Comrade, I have a proposition for you. You mustn't tell anyone about this, at all, ever. If you do this task for me, I will see you sent to the rear, safely, and alive. Do you accept?" He pondered for a little bit, he was proud to serve his motherland honorably, but he had seen too much, and as of recently been having too many close calls. He decided that maybe this was his chance to survive and he took it. "Good, good. Very good. Now, here's what your task is: you will incapacitate Komvzvoda Totalv, whether he dies or is very sickly is no matter to me. I just want him gone. Do you understand?" He did, said he even had an idea, too. Four days later Komvzvoda Totalv fell ill with influenza and was barely alive. Medical tried their best to save him but the Winter was too harsh, and the sickness too withering. He died in his sleep not a week after. Nikolai was very troubled to see him have to die, but it was done. The next morning with no decision to make Kompolka Petrenko promoted Nikolai to KomBat. Nikolai wasted no time thanking and congratulating the conscript who poisoned Totalv's food, and conveyed his sadness of Totalv's death but ensured him that he would be sent home. Nikolai drafted up a document to transfer the Panzer over to himself and thought of a way to get the conscript out. After all, he might just talk to someone. About this time Nikolai had used a Nazi officer to maximum potential, being able to extract as much information from him as possible, and didn't feel like keeping him around. So like any reasonable thing to do with a Nazi he was going to kill him, but wait!

Nikolai hoisted the Nazi to his feet and pushed him to the door with his pistol. He marched him out, way out, out to the frontline while being very careful to follow his footsteps exactly, and marched him to the conscripts foxhole where he was on watch. He stood him over the foxhole, took the rifle from the sleeping
cript, and shot the Nazi in the chest. The shot woke the conscript with a sudden jolt, who's hand was
oy the blunt end of a rifle butt. Nikolai smashed his hand in, breaking and fracturing it. He knelt down

and helped the conscript and told him his plan. “This, this is Home!” He said shaking the conscripts shattered hand. “This will take you home! Now go! Go report to medical and say you shot this officer trying to escape!”
“But my hand!”
“He smashed your hand! Now go! Go!” He yanked the conscript up and pushed him off towards the small village. Once again, Nikolai carefully retraced and went back to his quarters, and slept soundly. In no time the conscript was sent to the rear and all the paperwork went through. Nikolai now owned that Panzer, but in turn, he had more time he had to serve with the military. He wasn’t worried, military life had been generous to him so far, and he’s been leading a charmed life.
The war had been slowing down, orders weren’t coming through, and so he spent more and more time inspecting the tank. He really liked the eyes, the Germans really put in the effort for her eyes. He was almost envious of her eyes, actually. He really noticed the fine details that the Germans put into their tanks, more comfortable, spacious, easy controls and smooth, the careful attention put in to every weld and facet. He was impressed. The Panzer seemed to be getting more and more desolate every day, he didn’t want her to try killing herself so he ordered some rations for it and to find her something to do, something that wasn’t digging graves for the dead. They made her clear snow off the roads and paths with a shovel, puppy guarding her again with tanks and anti-tank rifled soldiers. She looked a little better, she had something to do, some competition with herself to keep herself up. Soon it all started to thaw and spring arrived. Word came back that Berlin was under siege and surrounded. The war was almost over! Celebrations were had throughout the village, their battalion was being used as a flank guard from any resistance pockets and the war was ending, a premature celebration of what was certain to come. While everyone was merry and celebrating together, the Panzer seemed distraught and was locked up and all alone. Nikolai felt a little sympathetic towards it so he got a fresh bottle of vodka and told the translator to give it to her with the message “Congratulations! The war is over! A toast to peace!” He would do it himself but his new position found him up to his ears in paperwork and reports. He sat in his makeshift office where he had a view of the interaction, the simple gift and acknowledgement that she existed seemed to boost her spirits. Once the translator walked off the tank looked at the bottle and shot glass and put the glass aside. Then tipping up the bottle, taking a large swig. “Me, too, Panzer,” Nikolai said as he did the same.
Once the war did end and the dust settled Nikolai found he had time to go home but his term of service was not over. He decided he’d take the translator to help him get the Panzer on the train to take them back where he lives. He noticed the Panzer was hesitant to obey but did obey the commands translated to it. It was moved to the train and drove up a ramp and tied down. That evening the train set off for Russian lands. It was a few days later when the train arrived at Nikolai’s stop and they offloaded. Nikolai didn’t live very far from the train yard, very convenient in this matter, but it was just far enough to be secluded and for him to have a small farm. Well, he did have a farm but since he left it was neglected and destroyed and was now an overgrown entanglement of brush. The last order of the translator to the Panzer was to follow Nikolai’s car to a house. He said that she’d be taken care of, there. She followed the small car through dirt roads, open fields, and eventually into a wooded area where in the small clearing was a small wooden house and a good size barn. The livestock died long ago and Nikolai’s elder parents were moved to a city to live with more stable family. It was now just Nikolai, what’s left of his dead farm, and the Panzer. Nikolai pulled off to the side of the barn to park the car between the barn and the house, he got out and looked at the Panzer, she was watching him move like a fearful child, waiting to be scolded for their actions. He locked his gaze with hers as he closed the car up and moved over to the barn. Opening the doors he kept glancing back to ensure the opening was big enough for her, once he was happy the doors were open enough he looked inside, plenty of room for her to move around. It wasn’t a lot of room, but she could fit about two widths of her inside with a walkway between the two panzers. Thankfully it was only her. He stepped aside and looked over to her. “Alright Panzer go right on in.” She looked at him cluelessly. He rolled his eyes and pointed inside and at her, back and forth. “Panzer, go into the barn. Go.” She looked at him, the barn, back to him again. Not understanding or willing. He thought back and recalled some words that the translator used to make her move. He gave her a lot of attitude when he pointed to the barn again. “Los.”
“Da drin?” She looked into the barn nervous and anxious. Nikolai grew angry.
“LOS! LOS NOW!” He screamed at her, turning red with anger. She jumped back and whimpered as she scooted into the barn. He closed the doors behind him and watched her chassis shake in fear. She was trying to turn to look at him but he came to her. He sat against a wall by her side, where her turret was facing and calmed down. “Hey, calm down. I won’t hurt you. Just relax now that we are no longer enemies.” She looked into his eyes, they were calm and his face relaxed, it brought her down, too. They sat in silence with each [illegible], it got real awkward fast. “So, Uh” he cleared his throat, “what’s your name?” She obviously didn’t [illegible]erstand. He thought of a way to ask her and it came easily. He pointed to himself and said his name,

“Nikolai, Popov,” he pointed to her, she wasn’t entirely sure what Popov was so he started listing off known names. “Ioseph Stalin, Adolf Hitler, Winston Churchill, Ludwig Von Beethoven?”
“Hannah.” She replied confidently. He raised his eyebrows and leaned in for her to continue, she just repeated her name, Hannah.
“Hannah?” He asked for clarity.
“Ja!”
“Hannah, Hannah Hitler?” He tried implying her last name. She scowled.
“Nein, Hannah.” Nikola gave up and accepted her only name as Hannah.
“Alright, Hannah.” She smiled, her mouth led from the middle of the gap between the mantle and turret ring to the corners of the mantle bottom. Her eyes were gleaming with hope and made Nikolai feel pleasant. He loved staring into her eyes. Nonetheless, the fact that she was always having to look over her elevated gun gave the impression she was annoyed and couldn’t help but feel like she must be miserable. He looked up to the chain on her gun and decided he’d take that off of her. It’s not like her gun can do anything anymore. He got up from the ground and when he did his blouse raised up to show his leather belt and on it were the keys to the cuffs. Hannah noticed them. Her face turned into a beggar’s innocent plea-face while she stared at the spot she saw the keys on him. She followed his hip to her side and up as much as she could before he was behind her turret and fumbling with the chain. The conscripts had gotten it on good, it budged but only slightly. He stopped to catch his breath and decided to work smarter, not harder. He pulled the crowbar off her toolset and levied himself onto it under the chain. He bounced on it, wrenching the chain off where it shot up and flew into her gun barrel. Instantly he heard the sigh of relief as her gun depressed and the chain gradually slid off. He smiled with a sense of victory as he tossed the bar to the ground, following it with a grunting hop. He landed and the noise that they both heard over everything else was the jangle of the keys. He knew what she wanted. He rested a hand on the keys and played with them through his blouse while he contemplated the thought. Hannah was pleading with him to remove the locks, but he didn’t understand her pleas. What he did understand was the desperation in her voice, she was almost crying. He stood there for near ten minutes before shakily he moved to her hood. He steadied himself to give her the impression he was in control as he unhooked the bundle and found the key. He was trying not to but was sweating anyway as he glanced up at her face. She was looking at him, her mouth smiling and lips parted, showing him the back of her mouth, her eyes and, and eyebrows(?) were raised with hope. She just looked greatly amused. He looked back to her wrists, metal pins were welded just behind the cuffs so they could not slide off her wrists, his own forearms ached in the empathetic pain he wondered of. Jerking his attention back to her face he quickly sunk the key into the metal lock and turned it about, freeing her tremors and releasing a portion of her pain. The cuffs almost flew off as her hands and arms shot past either side of him. Instantly his heart raced and he readied himself for a fight. He turned to her and she was ecstatic, her eyes clenched shut and her mouth opens wide as she giggled with joy. He spun back around to her hands and saw them outstretched and quivering as she stretched them out. Slowly they swept back astern, gaining in speed as she moaned with pleasure.
“Oh ja! Oh danke! Das fühlt sich so gut an!” He relaxed and stood tall again, smiling to himself. Her eyes shot open and her arms farted to her sides, he heard a racket coming from her sides as her face looked at him pleadingly again. “Bitte, Herr, bitte entfernen Sie die anderen Schlösser! Bitte?” Nikolai eased over to her left side and traced her arm to more locks on her body. She had more arms pinned to her sides by bracket locks welded to her side. Her arms themselves were forced between her treads and her hull and evidenced that they did not fit comfortably there at all. He undid those as well, growing more and more hesitant as she grew more and more joyous. Once the locks were all off and strung out amongst the ground and her stretching was over, she turned to him, giving off an elated mood, and vigorously grabbed his hand and shook it. She thanked him in German and with a little bit of Russian she had learned herself.
“Woah, you’re welcome! You speak Russian?” She blinked confused by him but still overjoyed with her massive smile. “Guess not.” He went to the door but tripped over a lock. “Gah! Panzer!” She looked at him concerned, “Pick this place up! Put the locks away!” He pointed to the locks and chains and brackets and then to her. She seemed to understand and picked up the locks as he left to go inside the house.
Nikolai had three weeks of relaxation while his battalion was moved to the rear and placed back into a reserve status, so in the meantime, he talked to Hannah a lot every day trying to form some sort of language bridge between them. He treated her like a new dog, giving her thumbs up if his command was received well and thumbs down if it was not. Hannah had picked up the locks, and that’s how he started off training was with a thumbs up, and putting the term ‘clean up’ to it. Hannah learned quickly like all machines do, and while she needed this communication education and enjoyed doing something for once, she felt insulted by ’ lai’s treatment of her like a dog. She knew how he was treating her, she’s seen pet dogs. She was taught ‘ w, stay, no, eat this, go to sleep, normal stuff a dog’s trained to obey. Even though she was being

insulted all day, every day with this she still showed respect to him. She did notice that when she didn't do something correctly he was enraged and almost always yelled angrily at her with a red flushed face, but when she did things correctly he smiled and nodded, of course with the thumbs up. She was beginning to think that it might just be an exaggeration on his half to emphasize his control and that her actions were not acceptable. Although she thought otherwise, as well. Once there was a basic understanding of those commands he moved to the language half of it. He thought about words, phrases, and objects he'd command her to interact with and explained them to her.

"Door." He said, wrapping on the little side door that faced the house. "Door." He walked over to the main pair of doors that she entered yesterday. "Door!" He wrapped on it as well. She tried pronouncing it but incorrectly, he repeated the word slowly, annunciating until she was correct. He repeated this procedure referencing multiple examples for clarity, like wall, floor, roof, lock, doorknob, key, to lock, to unlock, barn, and a few tools. Once she had learned that, which was much easier to teach than the commands, he rested for the day and continued the next with more intricate commands. He taught her farming tasks, being that his farm was dead he needed to restart it, but he alone couldn't possibly do it before the season was over so he instructed Hannah how to do it. She was bigger, heavier, and stronger than him after all and had much more power behind her, even still she withheld that so she didn't break his tools. It took her most of the morning just to learn two tasks, and the whole afternoon to perform them. He didn't have an awful lot of farmland, it was very precious to her not to break the tools. Even still she cleared the weeds and churned up the soil. Nikolai promised her that evening if she did well and did it quick enough he'd wash her, she had to think about it, though. It'd been a very long time since she's been bathed but she didn't know Nikolai, really didn't even trust him. Ironic, she could kill him without a second thought and he can't do anything about it but she feared him because of trust and isolation.

One stormy night Nikolai shot out of his bed randomly, he was swamped with anxiety and nervousness. As he looked around his parent's old room for comfort he heard a metal ruckus coming from the other end of the house. It was loud enough to be heard over the downpour on the tin roof and that greatly concerned Nikolai. He jumped up and threw on his boots and an overcoat, grabbed his rifle and a lamp and proceeded to investigate. He proceeded out the door and left down the hall, passing by the other bedrooms and into the mainstay, he looked into the dining room but saw nothing abnormal. He went right into the kitchen, and as the noise grew louder it sounded like muffled cries and whimpers from the barn. He fetched a hat to shield him from the rain and exited through the kitchen door out to the barn. His boots sank to the mid-heel in the mud, a good sign for the field but not for his glossy boots he shined for days on end. Nonetheless, he pressed on, trying to keep the sucking and icky sound down as he came closer to the barn. The muffled groans drug on and restarted abruptly and at random while the metallic clang coming from the inside sounded like the far-off machine gun fire of the Dushkas.

Kak-kak-kak-kak-ka!

He fumbled with the lock and flung the door open, holding up the rifle and the lamp under the barrel. He searched around with the flickering and dim light but saw nothing but Hannah in shock and staring at him from the corners of her eyes. He took a deep sigh of relief and lowered the rifle. Her bright green eyes nearly shone in the orange light, as he looked into them he could see the glassy reflection of the lamp's oval glow. Behind that, he saw his shadow in the doorway. Her eyes were fixed on his and did not waiver, she didn't speak or make a noise, that clatter had ceased as well. He took another deep breath and looked at her darker grey mantle and faceplate, akin to the light he presumed.

"You alright? What's wrong? That was a lot of noise." She understood 'what's wrong' and 'noise' but not much else. She stammered out shyly and almost to herself a reply.

"Cold." He sighed and looked down, watching the rainwater drip from his brim to the hard packed dusty dirt floor of the barn.

"Alright, I'll be back." She didn't move or changed her startled gaze. He went back inside, put away the gun and collected the bed covers from the other rooms. Balling them up he charged outside and ducked into the barn, dumping the blanket ball into her arms. "There you go, it's all I can do right now."

"Thank you, sir." He stepped back as she took the ball and noticed that her hands are much brighter than her body, even in the poor light. He was tired and wanted to go back to sleep so he wished her goodnight and went back out, he stopped at the door before he closed it because he noticed that a cabinet was open. Huh. He went back into his house and left his muddy and wrecked boots at the doorstep. He'd have to polish them tomorrow, or she could. He thought he'd get her to do it as he laid down in his warm bed, hoping the rain didn't soil his other bedsheets. Why was her hand so shiny?

He woke in the morning and noticed it had stopped raining. He dressed and collected his boots, wiped [illegible] off, and noticed that they had no good polish on them anymore. He fished the little polish rag he kept [illegible].e heel out and took them to Hannah. She was still sound asleep and covered from barrel to tailpipe in

his blankets. He announced her name and woke her up. Issued her a good morning, and presented his drab boots to her with the cloth. “Hannah I want you to polish these, I’ll be back with my kit.” He handed her the boots and walked back inside, fetched his wax and a cup of water, and returned to her. She had already begun using the cloth provided to polish what was there with little circles using her two middle fingers. She was circling quite quickly and that alone was bugging them out nicely. Nikolai was impressed and simply left the kit on her mudguard for her to do her thing. “Uh, good! Very good! Polish them nicely and I’ll wash you clean today!” She nodded and replied ‘yes, sir,’ and carried on. He moseyed back inside the house and prepared his breakfast. Wow, she was really good with those circles.

Later on that morning, an officer friend visited the home. Nikolai hadn’t seen him since the end of Stalingrad and was very happy to see his old friend still alive. He welcomed him inside and offered him some drink, and as Nikolai opened his newest bottle of vodka his friend began the conversation.

“So I know you like the military and all but me? Not so much. I got out when they offered and now I’ve opened and registered a store of my own.”

“Where? Just down the road?”

“Oh no, it is in the next town down the railway, I was just hoping that maybe I could hire you to help Work there?”

“Oh no I’m sorry, I’m staying in for another term. Luckily my battalion is a reserves unit so I won’t have to do that much anymore.”

“I heard you were promoted?”

“You heard correctly.”

“Congratulations!”

“Yes,” he took a swig of his vodka, thinking about Toltav, “yes thank you.” He zoned out just staring at the white countertop under the light bulb. “Hey, would you care to sit down?”

“Yes, thank you.” They took their seats in the main space on a decorative couch. It had a light green base color on the cushions with brown-bordered white stripes running vertically, it had a maple wood finish frame cleanly polished with no blemishes on it. It was one of his mother’s most expensive chairs, their prized possession. They drank from their glasses and relived some war stories that helped them catch up.

Hannah heard the horse-drawn buggy clammer to a stop in the front yard, she heard the excited greeting and tried to figure out what they were saying but didn’t understand much. So when the door closed and the voices were no more she went back to polishing the boots. She had barely used the water and had finished the right boot nicely with a shine that not only acted as good as a mirror but almost glowed. She could see the streaks in her paint in the boot that’s how good it was. She declared the right boot to be finished for now and started buffing the second boot. She hadn’t even touched the wax yet but noticed a gash in this boot that the layers of wax already on it could not fill so she had to fill it with new wax. While using her favorite fingers to dig at the wax she remembered back to last night, and when she began applying the wax and buffing the boot she thought more about it. Polishing is a mundane task that lets you relax and think, not much else to do, honestly, so that’s what she did. She remembered the shock and what a jolt it was when that door crashed open. She swore that not even antitank guns made her that skittish. Of course, she was embarrassed, she did wake him up after all, and she hoped he wouldn’t notice the smudges on the blankets, and if he did, excuse them because of how dirty she was. She wondered what he did, what he thought of it if he knew. She glanced at the cabinet and paused, but continued on. She wondered who he was talking to. Sure enough, she refocused on his boots and noticed that she had replicated the same polish as before. She carefully set the boots on the bench and put the water next to the kit bag with the wax jar sealed and the cloth folded neatly in the bag. She figured that task to be complete and moved on to the next task of tilling the field for seeding.

Nikolai was listening to what the store would sell when his friend abruptly stopped and shot up. “What the shit?” He rushed to the window peering through the oncoming sunlight. “What the fuck!? Nikolai!” Nikolai stood up. “Nikolai there’s a Fucking Panzer in your yard!”

“Oh! Oh don’t worry about it.” He walked to the window. His friend was aghast and turned to him sharply.

“What!? WHAT!?”

“Calm down, it’s my Panzer, she’s very special.”

“She!?”

“Yes, special. What else do you call a living tank?”

“LIVING!?” He looked in disbelief as the tank spurted arms and used a hoe to churn soil paths neatly.

“Bullshit.”

“Oh no, she’s real and alive. Her name’s Hannah. We can meet if you want.”

’ ɪt sort of magic is this!?”

ɔoo,” Nikolai scratched the back of his head, “I can’t tell you. Nazi magic?”

“The Nazis were not animating tanks! No! No, no!” He was sweating profusely, he spun around to Nikolai and grabbed him by the shirt. “WHAT WAS IN THE DRINK!? WHAT IS IT!? WHY?” Nikolai was completely shocked.
“Nothing! It’s just vodka! I drank the same as you!”
“WHAT DRUG IS THIS!?”
“Alcohol! Nothing else I swear it upon my mother’s life!” Nikolai was thrown to the floor. He watched as his friend dug into his pants and produced a snub nose revolver and made haste out the back door. Nikolai chased after him. “HEY!” Hannah was startled by this.
“Goddammit!” She jumped off the ground she was so startled. She turned to see what was wrong when the man shot his whole cylinder into her armor. Instinctively she shunned her face away and threw up a hand to cover her eye while each of the six bullets bounced harmlessly off her armored body. The man pressed on loading more rounds into the pistol and as soon as he raised it to fire again Hannah’s arm shot out at him. Nikolai was about to scream when she wrapped the hand around the gun and crushed the tiny thing in her hand like it was an empty pack of cigarettes. “NEIN!” She boomed, ripping the gun out of his hand and throwing it to the ground. For the first time, Nikolai felt like his life was about to meet a messy end. He stumbled back and fell, as did his friend, Hannah reversed to him and grabbed his arms. “No! Stop! Go there chair sit!” She still had to learn some more grammar but the message got through. The man staggered back up and scurried over to a porch chair to breathe and realize he isn’t dead. Nikolai slumped in the mushy dirt and relieved his worries, Hannah came over to check on him. “Ok sir? Alright you?” She cradled him up out of the mud and picked crap out of his clothes.
“Yes Hannah, I’m fine,” He wriggled his way to his feet and told her to get back to work, “it should be alright now.” She got back to her duties, checking herself for any wounds. Only chipped paint.
The two men sat on the porch in silence. It was broken when Nikolai told him that she likes her Vodka straight. After that, he explains to him how he got her, what she does around here, and why he got her to begin with. His friend seems to warm up to the idea, or at least accept it, and heads home to, well to not be there staring at an abomination. Later after Hannah had finished filling the soil she asks what seeds Nikolai wants where. He takes her to the barn and starts rummaging through the cabinets. Hannah grows cold again and nervously peeks over to the one cabinet, wondering if it was all cleaned up. Nikolai gets closer and closer to it and Hannah got even more anxious, Nikolai had his back to her but could feel the tension she was creating. He got to the cabinet and opened the door, saw a lock, and immediately closed it again. “No, not in there.” He moved on and Hannah almost sighed aloud with relief. He found the bags of seeds, dried out but still good, and told her to take these existing signs, and instructed her what sign for what seed, and where it goes. She merrily bundled the seed bags with the signs poking out in an arrangement that he wanted, transferred that to her hood, and went off to seed the field. She rolled out and left Nikolai in the barn. He figured he should probably bathe her like he promised, and set everything up while she was out. He noticed that the bedsheets were dirty, but he blamed himself for it, growing angry at how stupid he was. Of course, they’d get dirty! She hasn’t been cleaned in months! Fucking idiot! He figured she’d clean them off while he washed her. She could do that as easily as he could wash a shirt he presumed.
That’s essentially what happened. Hannah came back and rejoiced when she saw all the soap and water with sponges and rags. She didn’t even care that she had to wash all the blankets, she was getting a bath!
Specifically, someone else was bathing her! While he was busy scrubbing her side she was soaking and kneading one thick blanket in the tub of water and pulled it out to check. She saw a massive running streak of silver goo and she hurriedly shoved it back into the tub nervously humming as her cheeks flushed darker in tone. She nervously giggled and glanced over to Nikolai, he didn’t notice. He was growing very angry at the mud that had gotten stuck in her road wheels and was about to burst into a fit when Hannah produced a specially made brush just for it, she demonstrated how it worked and handed it over to him while she made sure to wash those peculiar stains out. It took some scrubbing on both parts but sure enough, they worked through it and their tasks came out nice and clean. Hannah thoroughly enjoyed being cleaned, she especially took pleasure in her ass getting astern rubbing, on the under portion of it much dirt had caked on and took some old-fashioned elbow grease to come off. It was therapeutic to her, like a relaxing bath with warm soothing water and skin replenishing moisturize (I think that’s how it works) but literally lifting off the filth from her body. Nikolai got some pleasure out of it, too. There was clear evidence that his work was paying off, instant gratification, and it instilled some pride in him. He didn’t want his trophy to look like mud, he wanted it to shine and gleam to anyone that saw it. He also understood that he had to keep her happy and entertained, lest she decides to do her own thing and release her anger on him.
He finished cleaning her body off, making sure she was clean top to bottom, but he did not clean her belly,
’ ft her to clean it herself after she finished the sheets. He did inspect the sheets she had hung up to dry
. smiled at them, fond memories of his childhood flooding his mind. Mindlessly he told Hannah the

history behind these quilts, how his mothers had made them for generations, each unique to her and her family. Some had figured meant to be the current family, others about their lost members, others were pretty designs or a scenic view. He said that it'd take them roughly five to ten years to make them, all hand knitted on the downtime. He said his mother's quilt was on his bed at the moment. He didn't realize it but Hannah was picking up on a lot that he was saying. After Nikolai's stories ended he left her to her business and made supper. He only had a few more days before he had to report back for duty, and so the next morning he began full on language courses with her. The basics language that he had taught were much harder than these lessons, she picked them up with ease and the more lessons they got through the faster she learned. She was learning exponentially faster and the day before Nikolai had to leave he was able to hold a legitimate conversation with her about the tasks he wanted her to do. If she didn't know how to do something he could simply explain it to her and she'd repeat it back in a paraphrased version, displaying both her comprehension of Russian and what the task was. Nikolai was very confident with her and very boastful of her.

The plants grew well and the yard stayed tended, she acted as a groundskeeper and a property guard, shooing off hungry animals and mischievous teenagers. She would indulge herself in her alone time and savored the moments she deemed special and tried out new things to keep her busy and entertained. She did grow worried over the plants, Nikolai never taught her how to harvest them or store them, he said he'd be back in time to show her that and was very worried when the plump plants turned different colors. He did, in fact, return very soon. He was angry with how the plants had ripened early and she didn't harvest them, she pleaded she didn't know what he wanted and so he showed her. He showed her how to cut the fruit and vegetables off and where and how to store them. He was pleased in all other respects, the lawn was nice, there were no weeds, everything was flourishing, perfect! His only annoyance that he had to tolerate were some tracks she left from tending to the property, it was patches of dead spots in high traffic areas, he got over it. He cleaned her again, relaxed for two days, and returned to duty again.

The year passed by without any real issues. There weren't any remarkable events aside from the holidays and the special events like celebrations, parades, or government hosted promotions. Nikolai found himself as the leading officer for training programs. He was in charge of all special training done in his battalion including firearms drills, doctrine drills, government party training events that he and the Commissars would organize, and any new field training programs that came down the pipeline. It wasn't that bad. Nikolai in the latter end of the year began looking for a wife, he met one girl who seemed nice, but by the end of the year it didn't work out. The dawn of the new year brought with it another girl, they lasted longer but again it didn't work. But while his love life was going all around he continued teaching Hannah language and such, and she had become quite a master of it. She had learned Russian fluent enough to understand various dialects and accents of Russian. She had also become very masterful of her farming jobs and had learned how to best water and nurture the crops. This is something that took Nikolai years of teaching from his parents who had mastered it, the speed from which she learned it was very impressive. It struck fear into him, she was learning faster than any human he ever knew, he stayed up at night wondering how long it'd be before she began thinking for herself. While on duty one week he explored options and tools he could employ to keep him empowered and punish her if she fell out of line. As loyal and cooperative as she was he had to somehow set an example and show her that he was in charge. The leverage he was looking for came to him accidentally while cleaning, he slipped and the bar in his hand jarred its way into the mount for her wheel. She hollered instantly in pain and reeled back, he quickly removed the bar but threatened that he'd do it again should she misbehave. She understood and combed her mind to figure out what she did wrong.

Hannah had become more comfortable with her new life and would stretch out in front of the barn for any passer-by-ers to see her. It wasn't anything suggestive, she just sat out there resting and looking around. She would be bored and so she'd people watch, she was especially fond of one boy who ran around the road with a knapsack of sand, a stick, and a can he'd hit around. She never understood the sand. One person that she was very attentive to was Nikolai. She'd learn a lot about him. She also learned that his girlfriends only lasted at most five months with the average being just shy of four months. The time between girls lasted from two days to two months. But every time he'd get a new girl he'd show off Hannah to them, Hannah quickly realized what she was, a trophy. She never got why Nikolai took her until he started dating. He'd flaunt Hannah around like some great prize for his heroism and bravery. Hannah was nothing more to him than a working prize. At first, Hannah felt kinda nice that he revered her as a prize, then as time went on she realized he did revere her as a prize. Just that. This made those introductions torturous, Hannah felt like shit, like a thing. Her German peers treated her like a Comrade, they fought for her and she fought for them, ' Nikolai sees her like a fancy knife, a great display with some use in it. Hannah was sick of it. She saw the way to make it stop is if she made the new girl be the last one. No more new girls means no more

showing off, right? Yes. So Hannah, being a woman herself, decided to take those quirks that bug her about Nikolai and fix them so other girls don't have them, and they'll stay with him for good. She decided to act as soon as possible. And knowing Nikolai she didn't wait long. About four hours, actually.
"I'm done, Nikolai!" His latest girlfriend said storming out of the house. "You jerk! You can't be swayed! You stubborn ass!"
"HEY!" Nikolai chased after her, grabbing at her arm, the girl, Stella, maybe, shook him off and punched him in the jaw.
"Stay away from me! I've had it! You need to let go and relax! You know what? No. Nikolai, we're through. Stay in the Army with that stick up your ass! It's where you belong!"
"ALLA!" Woah, way off. "ALLA WAIT!" She was gone. While Nikolai got up and checked his lip for blood Hannah laughed a little bit. He spun around to her. "Something funny, Panzer?"
"Ja! You never learn, sir! It all ends the same way!"
"Oh does it?" His face was reddening with anger.
"You haven't noticed? Everything's nice until you move them in! Then, and then, ooh" she paused to laugh, "and then it's like a bomb! BOOM! It blows up!" Nikolai's face was almost as red as his bleeding lip. "I think you need some help, conditioning. I can help!"
"Help?" He sucked blood off his lip and spit out a red wad towards her. "I don't need your help!" He stormed inside and slammed the door so hard the doorframe shifted. Hannah laughed a little longer and composed herself. She really hoped he'd take her help. When Nikolai thought about what she said he realized that maybe she was right, he asked her for help the next morning.
She said that they'll take things one step at a time, first, they would work on his over-bearing nature. She would constantly remind him to relax as she acted like she would be doing something of her own, she would make suggestions, voice random opinions, and try to train him. After a while it was working, he wouldn't snap back with an objection nor would he interrupt her, as he previously would. This eventually would help him out in his career as well, and improved his effectiveness with training, taking in other suggestions that bettered the system. Even though he would be verbally lenient his posture and actions would act as a hindrance or would be dissuasive of her following through. She would call him out on this and nag him until he broke it off. Many times he grew frustrated with her and would challenge her in some way, and she would sit there and repeat "I'd leave," again and again. Eventually, his challenging dwindled off. As a test, she would try to say something he wouldn't like, and shouldn't like, and he would argue against it and hold his ground. She encouraged him to keep his character, and not to bend too much for someone. Her goal was to make him more compatible and compassionate, not spineless and without character. Eventually, when Nikolai found another girl to date it worked out a lot better, he had learned to trust her and was somewhat tight with her but wasn't overburdening. Instead, as his girlfriend would put it he was really attentive, very concerned with her. It was in his nature to have plans for everything and to know what's happening at all time, Hannah thought nothing of this, to her it was just who he was, his core character. She encouraged that and supported him. But the more that Nikolai thought about it, the more divided he was from them. One morning Nikolai was reading a book outside the barn, basking in the sun enjoying the springtime air. Hannah was cleaning her tools and randomly decided to test Nikolai, keep him sharp.
"Nikolai, I'm going out for a while."
"Where are you going?"
"I'm going to miss old lady's for groceries." Her example made him chuckle a little bit.
"Alright, oh and speaking of that remind me that we need some more meats from the store."
"Thank you." As she passed by him she uncontrollably and subconsciously kissed the back of his head. Instantly she blushed and realized what might happen she rushed back into the barn to tinker with her tools innocently as if nothing happened.
"Hannah," Nikolai got up out of his chair, she heard his footsteps move towards her. She was almost shaking and fearing with what was going to happen, "that's not a kiss." His head appeared under her gun and his lips met hers, encouraging a real and proper kiss between them. She was knocked off her feet figuratively, she was not expecting that but was way too happy to oblige it, and kiss him back. Her arms wrapped around him and held him close, and turned her turret to meet him more effectively. They held the kiss for a long time, but it didn't feel like it was long enough. When they drew away from their kiss they shared a massive smile. Later that night Nikolai had decided on this relationship, he wished his former girlfriend the best of luck, offered a long lasting friendship, and broke up their intimate relationship, and then when she had left he offered an intimate relationship to Hannah instead. She eagerly accepted. All that help that Hannah was giving Nikolai, they realized, was what Hannah valued and wanted, and Nikolai was happy to oblige to her
's.
ionship wise this was the most stable and rewarding one Nikolai ever had, every morning they were

eager to see each other, and every night they were heartbroken to separate for bedtime. Already holding a common ground, a pretense to this intimate relationship, having lived with each other for at least two years with fairly little conflict, they challenged each other and built each other, and were eager to grow each other, and so when things got sexual it wasn't too long after engaging in the intimate relationship. They had been teasing each other all day about it, and when the sun had set and the candles had been lit they finally let their lust free. Their play and seduction ceased just before they stripped Nikolai naked. "Wh-Why?"
"Nikolai, could..," she was blushing harder than she was a minute ago, "could you chain me up?" Nikolai thought about it, he wasn't too sure about the request, he wasn't sure how he was feeling about it but he did as she asked.
He opened the locker that had all that old gear from her capture, just laying eyes on it again spiked her adrenaline, her heart raced and her loins started burning. Those chains clanging, the cuffs clacking, the tools clicking, the sounds drove her mad. Every touch, the cold restraints on her wrists, the braces on her hull pinning her arms, the taught pull and strain on her gun, it all fueled her lust. His touch and play, his poking, finger dragging, licking her body with his heavy hot tongue, it made her very wet, so incredibly horny. To top it off she couldn't reach him, she couldn't touch him, he was right there, so close, but so far, she couldn't do anything but moan and whimper in agony, the agony of no control. Her drive skyrocketed as the tension and teasing continued, she teared up in joy and pain, a wonderful mix of emotions that just drove her desire to get wrecked, to be fucked to pieces. She wanted him so fucking badly, so painfully she craved him but couldn't have him yet. "OH DADDY JUST FUCK ME!"
For Nikolai, the return he got from her fueled his acceptance for this, with every arm locked down her enjoyment rose, and he knew that from her whimpering and moaning, the look in her amazing eyes told him how much she wanted him. With every addition to the restraints that look grew, the flame burned brighter, and his old controlling self came back with a lustful vengeance. Her pleas only encouraged his controlling self, it hastened his efforts, and he tightened the grips and holds on her, and made rounds after rounds on her, poking her, touching her, licking her, grinding on her, all just so he could hear her moans, her whimpers, her pleas, and her engine sputter like a sad car. He was so hard, so fucking hard. He wanted to absolutely destroy her, he wanted to rip her in half, knock her out, he wanted to fuck her until she couldn't fucking stand. But her pleas, no, no, no, this would not do. He disappeared to her anger to fetch some materials from the house. When he came back her barked orders at her. "OPEN that useless mouth you FUCKING SLUT!" She did as commanded, and he stuffed a wooden log into her trap and tied a thick rope around her turret to keep it in place. While fitting it he stared into her eyes and the lust he saw was rising, it was burning into him, it made their sex drives almost uncontrollable. "Yeah, yeah you fucking like that, don't you, WHORE?"
Her only ability to reply was a muffled moan and a sputter from her engine. Her body rocked back and forth, bucking up and down, her innards were churning with this denial of sexual pleasure, she felt like she was about to knock him over and grind her cunt all over his fucking body, later this, too would be addressed by Nikolai.
"You've been bad, bitch, you've been real fucking bad, bitch." He began undoing his belt in front of her. "I don't think you know just what we do to punish bitches like you." Her eyes shot open as the belt tail dropped to the dirt. He slowly walked to her ass end with the belt in hand. "Let me teach you what we do to dirty, rotten, useless whores like YOU!" He whipped the belt over and hit her on the ass with it with a loud crack! Her muffled mouth cried out in pain and pleasure, and her ass wiggled around to ask for more. He whipped her ass again, and again, each time drawing a muffled cry from Hannah and exciting them even more.
Hannah's bow dropped to the dirt and she sat there ass-up and backed up to him slowly, begging him just to fuck her sideways already, to fuck up her whole life. Of course, that was all muffled so he didn't her plea, just her cry. He walked back around to her front again.
"No, no I don't think that was enough for a whore as dirty as you!" He unbuttoned his pants and tore off his shirt. Her eyes rapidly scanned his body as it stripped down naked in front of her, he was only feet away but she still couldn't have him. She visibly shook as his pants dropped to reveal his meat before her. Her breathing was very heavy and labored, and her engine was humming loudly and enthusiastically. He marched to her and stepped up on her hood, knelt down and waved his huge, throbbing, hard cock right in front of her mouth. "Kiss it, SLUT!" She painfully tried to obey but the log was in the way, her tongue tried to force its way between the log and her teeth, but the harder she tried the more he laughed. She was crying at this point, he drug his finger through the tears and licked them off. "Mmmmm, tastes great!" He shoved his cock against the tongue pillowing out of the gaps and rubbed it all over her tongue. "How's that taste? You [illegible]ng slut! I bet you eat dick every day, don't you? So how do I taste? It better be fucking good." She [illegible]ned and agreed, his cock was wonderous on her tongue, she wanted to rip the log out of her mouth

and suck his nuts out of his dick like it was a straw! Her eyes rolled around in wonder, she wanted so much to happen to her, she really was a bad, dirty, rotten slut! He rubbed his cock all over her tongue, it felt so pillowy and amazing, the texture was overwhelming, and in a matter of seconds he was hit was a strong-ass orgasm that shook him. He came and shot his load all over her mouth, on the log, the lips, the teeth, the tongue. everywhere. It was a lot too, it looked like someone had emptied half a jar of mayo onto her face. She moaned and wailed.

Now it was time to fuck.

He silently recovered and stumbled back to her ass, dragging his hand on her side the whole way. She was eagerly waiting for it to happen, and she took excellent note of him as he got down and scooched his way under her, sucking on her armored ass for a moment. He laid there and admired her beautiful pussy lips, they looked so tasty, so plump, and so soft! He reached to them and spread them open, and peered into her depths with amazement. He smiled wide and was so happy to have a woman to himself, one so enthusiastic, too. Her depths looked like soft grey doughnuts stacked on top of each other, narrowing ever so seductively, and at the top was a tight little hole clenched shut. He knew what that was, they talked about it already, but in his lust he wanted to pierce it, to fill her up to her eyeballs with his cum. He ordered it to be brought to him, she hesitated but did it, and was not let down. He first rimmed it with a finger, then his tongue, and sucked on it like a nipple, gnawing on it tenderly and massaging it with his lips and tongue, then he sent that away and did the same to her whole vulva, she was eaten raw until she was tender and ripe. Her juices flowed like wine, but only better, and drove his desire to bury his cock in her for so deep not even archaeologists would be able to dig it out. He moved and played Ring-around-the-rosie using his cock on her vulva, and knew that the promises were going to be kept. He was going to spank and pound her clit with his nuts, he was going to punch pistons with his dick, he was going to break her suspension with his hips, and she was going to gush her juicy cum out like a goddamn waterfall. Without warning or indication, he shot his cock balls-deep into her pussy.

Instantly she felt every millimeter of him. She locked up and just took it, all the bucking and kicking and heeling she had done up to this moment ceased, and she held onto everything she could. Her torsion bars locked up and her whoring pussy clasped onto every thrust like her life depended on it. Her eyes rolled back into her turret and her mouth uncontrollably drooled as much as her pussy was. She could feel the effects of his manhood everywhere, every thrust cycled a piston in her engine, and every thrust smacked her clit-button hard with his nuts, and every thrust tested the composition of her suspension. In a way, he was living up to all his promises, maybe not literally but effectively it was certainly doing the job. She knew at that moment she had the perfect man for her, and he really knew just how to ‘rub her right’ and as the two of them fucked they enjoyed the moment. They enjoyed each other and let all their frustrations and lust out with this. And it ended up with a fuck session that lasted, from chaining her up to the final climax, almost three and a half hours. But in that time of them being balls deep, it was nothing but plushy hot, slick, wet, messy, dirty, nasty, rough sex. His massive cock pushed her pussy in and embedded itself onto its local memory so that whenever they fucked again her very vagina knew who was fucking it. They felt each other so sensually and sexually that they knew how close the other was to cumming, and Hannah won the record for cumming the most, she was played with the most. But ass his body grew tired and his ballsack was drying up he slowed to an eventual stop and rested there under her still buried in her magical and mystical pussy. He was covered in her juice and there wasn’t anywhere in her pussy that wasn’t the uterus or cervix that was not touched by his cock or not covered in his semen. The mess they made was a mix of both of their fluids, and neither had the energy to clean it, although by this time Hannah wanted to lick him clean, and he still wanted to drink the Nectar of the Gods, aka, her pussy juice.

They did cool off and Nikolai sheepishly climbed out and took out the log, and removed the cuffs. Instantly she wrapped around him and they made out until they fell asleep spooning each other. They slept like rocks, exhausted and unwilling to move away. In the morning when they woke up they found themselves in a sticky gross entanglement of each other. They cracked a few jokes about the situation and last night, and Nikolai undid some more restraints before getting himself cleaned up. He then filled up a tub to clean her off, too, making some dull remarks about how he’s already cleaning her again. She retorted she’ll make it worth it but he then complained about having to do it again, laughing it off. They had given in to their lusts and found themselves in a healthy and happy relationship where they never expected it. They made some decisions about how they wanted to explore their sexual pleasures, and about how they wanted to raise their family.

Fin Hannah and Nikolai

ngyflame, porn, tank
Comments

Hansel and Marion Ch 55

July 26, 2018 by Gingyflame

Big post! Big post! To sum it up this chapter roughly covers the point from the last chapter all the way up to the 90's. Now it's not everything, but it sums up some key points. Now this isn't the end of HaM in general, but this is the end of this era, so to say. They now move into the new age, the one we are in, and have to deal with a new generation and new challenges. Things should start coming into stronger effect and other goodies await.

Enjoy!

Hansel and Marion Ch 55

Hansel and Marion waited about a year before they tried for another baby. In this time they did some more thorough planning based off of what happened with Marion's pregnancy with Hannah, and they adjusted their lives to live with their newest addition to the family. In the time they planned and prepared they also took on house renovations, new technology was coming out and so Hansel and Marion worked on the side to incorporate these new inventions into their house. First was a new oven, it had a sort of grill on the top of it so it could cook soups and meats on the top while it baked bread, cookies, or whole chickens! Marion was very appreciative of Hansel's gift but she didn't use it very much until she noticed how much Hannah liked the cake she'd make. Hannah grew rapidly, in just that year they watched Hannah grow half her size bigger, and once eat a whole plane's wing from the junk pile in one sitting. Hannah's intelligence blew their minds, too, she was speaking basic words, both German and English, in a month, and she knew phrases in another month. Hansel would brag and boast about his new baby whenever he could, to Whacker, to his parents, to his sister, to the other tanks, anyone he could without breaking the secrecy of their existence. They loved Hannah so much, and whenever they could they showed her off. When Cindy saw Hannah she instantly took her as her sister, she tried to pick up her sister but after Hannah was picked up off of her wheels Cindy's eyes widened and her turret face flushed with exertion.

When Hansel and Marion did engage and commit to their second child it was much smoother than making Hannah. Marion's sexual urges and needs were dealt with better and yet Hansel only committed a little more seed than he did with Hannah. He was still extremely paranoid about hurting the baby, but was more accepting with sexually pleasing Marion. The time came a lot faster than it did with Hannah, which drug on for seemingly forever with her pregnancy, and when the time was approaching they were ready. All the steps had been made and all the questions had been answered by Hannah's coming. Their second child's birth, a son and still a tank like his mother and sister, was much smoother and less strenuous as Hannah's. With this birth Hansel's parents were here to visit, they had found the time and money to come over and visit America and visit their children and grandchildren. Mrs. Walter helped encourage and keep Marion going while Mr. Walter just stood off to the side completely entranced in wonderment, looking off past everyone. They did help clean the newborn, and wrap him up in cloth to keep him warm. His name was Tyler, and he made them just as happy as Hannah.

Hannah didn't meet him for a week, and when they did meet, Hannah instantly began picking on her younger brother, poking him in the loader's periscope discomfortably for which he grabbed her gun and pulled it around angrily. This began the long and predicted sibling rivalry. Other than the usual tease these kids didn't fight each other. Being so isolated from anything else they formed a tight bond. While they did have many chances to go out and play with the other kids on the bases they loved their vast yard to play in. Sometimes Hansel would take a week off from work to spend time with his family and whenever he did they played "Panzerwaffe" and they would hunt each other, make little forts, and try to beat each other in very competitive fashion during these war games. Most of the time they were pleasant and peaceful, but sometimes as siblings are they would fight or get emotional or get too rough with each other.

As a father, Hansel was supposed to be the discipline figure in the family, he made and enfored the rules and made sure the kids didn't act up. He would try his hardest but often times whenever Hannah or Tyler did act up they would shrug him off, so he got creative with his punishments, but sometimes it was Marion who had to set them straight. This was another reason Marion wanted a human child, she didn't like doing [illegible]and wished Hansel would do it instead. Even though both parents would be the hard one and the easy [illegible], it didn't affect how either child was raised well and they were respectable, hard working, with the same

values and morals of their parents. Hansel and Marion did well raising them. They were good kids, they really didn't act out much, Hannah was much easier than Tyler though, but overall they made Hansel and Marion proud, happy, and ever grateful of them. Most of the time Marion would teach her children math, grammar, reading, writing, science, and all of that sort of stuff, but when her limits of knowledge was reaching closer she decided to send them to school with the other kids on base. It was a long travel every day, one that she made with them every day, and this made their maintenance and upkeep rise.
Hansel was responsible for making sure that his family was mechanically sound, he did weekly checks on his wife and kids, checking their engines, liquid levels, and made sure they were oiled up. Whenever they hurt or felt bad he fixed them or did his best to remedy the pain. He made them linen skirts for their hulls so he didn't have to make like forty sets of side skirts for them, he rigged their drive wheels to their wheels with cables so they could move, and ensured that their wooden tracks fit right. They had gotten track and skirt and tool sets from the base, they kept a stockpile of these things for the living tanks and had some limited equipment to make replacement parts, for when the kids grew to full size. Early on Hansel and Marion tried to get some engine oils into Hannah, but she'd down the oil and an hour later she'd be sitting in a puddle of it. She couldn't seem to hold it at all. It wasn't until her engine fully developed after two years when she cried for oil again. They did the same with Tyler.
Hansel and Marion knew that their kids wouldn't be very socially adept because of how limited their social pool was, so they got their kids into a pen-pal group so they could practice speech, writing, and reading as well. Before their letters were sent Marion would proof read them for any classified material. It wasn't until the kids were a maturing age when Hansel and Marion not only gave them the Birds and the Bees talk but also explained to them that they were classified. Neither of the parents really talked much about their service, they did explain about the war and what happened, the crimes that Hitler's regime did, and why America was a good country. They enforced the concept that regardless of race or religion, a person is a person, and that you respect and treat them all equally. Hansel and Marion had seem some impressive feats and knew that no matter the background a human being is a human being. Their kids would ask about some stories from the war and Hansel and Marion would oblige them, but they never actively told stories. Some of the other tanks, however, told stories all the time. The kids loved going over to Frau and Canine's place (Canine's body was rebuilt and experiments were performed that reactivated him, to Frau's everlasting gratitude) for their war stories. the crew were seen as uncles and their wives as aunts, their kids as cousins, and thus all the tanks and such were all interweaved as family, one large family. Whacker and Shellproof visited often, and Adler, through them, also grew close to Hannah and Tyler. Shellproof was very fond of the kids and that made her push and beg Whacker for kids of their own, when that time did come they produced a human baby. Their kid made Marion rub it in Hansel's face, every time they visited each other Marion asked how they got a human kid, and would grudgingly look at Hansel when she recited Shellproof's answer, just to spite Hansel. Hansel would always sort of disinterest himself and look off, regretting his over cautious nature.
Times changed, the world Hansel and Marion knew was changing, and their kids were growing eager and anxious, in the late sixties news reports and footage on the new televisions showed American soldiers fighting in Vietnam, and this made Tyler want to go enlist like his father did before him, Hansel was worried about the fighting style he'd be facing. Betty and Banker had to serve in the Army through the Korean War and heard the scary stories of how the Koreans fought in the jungle. Marion was extra worried, she couldn't sleep through the whole night because of it. When he did turn 18 in 1970, they couldn't stop him from driving up to the base, and talking to a recruiter to get him in. Hansel and Marion supported and loved him, but they expressed their worries to him. While paperwork was going through and plans were being made for him Hansel had Tyler, Banker, Betty, Fritz, and a few other veterans gather around and talk to him about combat. They didn't sugar coat anything, they sat down, and told him what to expect, what to do, and what he will see. Tyler stood tall and said he'd be ready, but the hardened veterans couldn't help but look at him and see themselves, see the hundreds of new recruits, and see the boys that said that but never survived the first day.
The day came, Tyler's ship out date. Hannah poked him in the periscope one more time before she hugged him, then he embraced his bawling mother as she grabbed him in a vice grip. He assured her he'd do alright, he'd come back, and she begged him to. She begged him to keep his cupola down. Next he went to his father, who hugged him and shook his hand, wishing him luck. Tyler moved over to say his goodbyes to Fritz, who wanted to join up, too, to keep Tyler safe but he wasn't let in. Next he went over and said his goodbyes to family like Whacker, Shellproof, Adler, Jager, Mini, Kramia, Frau, Canine, Zwei, Betty, Banker, Erika, Inbred, and many, many more. Almost the whole base waved him off. One of the last people to say
bye was Devestator, he wasn't too close to Tyler, but when Tyler said his farewells to him he pulled
close and whispered to him. "Whatever you do, do not take advantage of any women over there. Do

not do it. It will be the guiltiest decision you ever made." Tyler wasn't sure what that meant but agreed to it. Before he left he went back to Hansel, Marion had to leave she was crying so much, and Hansel and him sat there in silence before he finally piped up.
"I'mma make you proud, father."
"You already have, son. I'm always proud of you."
With that, he left for refit and boot camp. Marion worried about him and had hundreds, thousands of sleepless nights and nightmares, she was going crazy about her baby boy off in war. She was glued to the radio and television, she'd keep every single letter she got from him on her at all times. She had all these luck charms she had and she prayed for his safety multiple times a day. Hansel was much more confident in his son. His son had thick armor, he was strong, he knew that he'd be fine. Did he ever get restless about his son? Definitely, he thought about his son every day. He just was less stressed about it. Hannah was attending higher education schools in history and engineering, and was helping her parents out by doing some more work around the house and yard.
Tyler's time at bootcamp was certainly strange, he was in a platoon of four other tanks, all new tanks, they were Patton tanks, all expected to make it through and get into their units in Vietnam. Tyler was not expected to make it. There were plans and measures ready to be made for if he made it, but they weren't committing to him yet. His Drill Sergeants were all Korean vets, a Sherman tank, Easy-8 model, and two Pershing tanks. They broke the recruits and shaped them into military material. To everyone's surprise Tyler was one of the best recruits they had. He out shined his peers with his dedication. He wasn't an exact copy of his mother, as it turned out his armor was generally thinner everywhere, his engine was stronger, and various parts of him were more flesh and less metallic, most notably his hands. His hands just looked like someone dipped a human hand in gunmetal paint. In other areas, like his manhood, he was also more human than say Fritz would be.
He wrote home as often as possible and wished that his parents could make it to his graduation. As soon as he could he made a phone call home, his mother's voice was the best thing he's heard in his life. This inability to get around the country made Hansel depressed, he decided to invest in some large equipment to get Marion around on the roads. Once he found some suitable equipment he began saving for it and made it his highest priority. His dreams of Rudolph were coming back, and things were making more sense.
Tyler's renovations were numerous, first off his gun was removed from his turret and sent home. That was a terrifying morning for his Mother, it's not a good thing opening a box and seeing your son's limb stuffed in it. Nonetheless his gun was the newest and best gun on a tank, the British made L7A3 one-hundred-and-five millimeter gun. It was a marvelous gun and one he grew to love the first range day he had. Another renovation was changing the engine, this was a much more complicated task, the transmission layout remained the same so that the strongest engine they had could be fitted into his aft end. It made him sick and uncomfortable for a month but after that his body accepted the new engine he also grew to love the extra umpf it had. Next was armor, his armor while thinner than his mother's was still on par with the M48 Patton model, but that was still inadequate for the newest rounds flying around. New and experimental reactive armor was put onto his hide to help mitigate the effects of this threat. His tracks were also overhauled and sent home, the tracks were replaced with more modern rubber padded tracks for better traction. He was a little cautious about the tracks but he made them work. Next was an overhaul of his optics, his crew dropped from five to four, as he would be the loader and assist a designated gunner with aiming. To his surprise the hull machine gunner would remain because of the number of infantry that is fought in the jungles. That makes another point that's changed, his machine gun ports are all rebuilt to carry either the .30 cal or the new 7.62mm M60 "Pig" machine gun. It looked a lot like the MG 42 his mother had on her. The last major modification he underwent was the replacement of his cupola, his old low profile hatch was replaced with the mini MG turret seen on the Pattons. He didn't like it, it jutted out and made him even taller, not only that but it was an annoyance to keep in line. Of all the changes he went through, that was the one he hated. Other than that it was just some changes in placement of gear, tools, and ammo. Extra fuel tanks were installed and his radio was upgraded. He went through some final training to get fully acquainted with the gear, was crewed by some new tankers, and they were shipped off to Vietnam.
Marion kept a very close eye on the mail when she got his letter saying he left for Vietnam. The mailman never even touched the box for years, she was always out there waiting for him to arrive. They got updates from him often, he has some close encounters, close calls, and got himself some tank kills. and he got himself some stories. He served his time and re-up'd for another term. He was eventually rotated out of Vietnam and was transferred state-side towards the end of the war, just as the withdraw began. He took a month of leave to go home, and surprised Marion with it. She went out to go get the mail and was ushed by her son Tyler, painted in olive drab with the US flag painted on his flanks. He made her jump joy and rush him into an embrace. She cried onto him and clamped him against her, weeping about

how much she worried and missed him. It wasn't for a solid minute until she noticed Tyler wasn't alone, she looked up and saw an American tank with the same gun smiling at them.
"Oh? Who's this, sweetie?"
"This is Queen, my girlfriend." Marion was very excited, she smiled to make herself as welcoming as a machine designed to kill and destroy can. It was a little bit easier than anticipated because Queen was also a machine designed to kill and destroy. Nonetheless meeting the parents is always awkward, and this is no exception. They conversed as they slowly made their stroll down the long driveway to the house. Her nickname was just Q, and Tyler and her had met just a few days after he arrived. She was an M48A3 version Patton tank. She was olive drab just like Tyler with similar company markings. After a long introduction Marion combed over her baby boy to see what the Army had done to him. She liked his new gun a lot, and his tracks, too, she expected the engine change and agreed that the cupola was a terrible and ugly thing. Q really liked her cupola. Both of them had scars all over them from the bush and combat, and there was rust in the skirts. While Tyler had blue eyes Q had light brown eyes, almost hazel, and she had a surprisingly cheery attitude for being right out of combat. Tyler was ecstatic that he was home again, and was very excited with how fast Q was accepted as family. Q and Tyler stayed together for almost the whole time they were home, they were inseparable and would be very on edge when not together. Marion had been watching the television because the news would broadcast footage of the war in Vietnam and it made her so terrified and anxious. She pried stories from Q and Tyler about what it was like, and from all their stores she understood why they never left the other's side. It seemed that they were never scared of anything but sinkholes, mud, and infantry ambushes. They never really feared enemy tanks, aircraft, or even anti-tank weapons, but ambushes in the jungle and being torn apart would keep them awake for weeks on end. Marion and Hansel sucked the life out of them while they were home, and Marion made all the food she could for Tyler, nearly every letter he sent home mentioned her cooking and how much he missed it. There time was too short it seemed, and the month of leave they spent home flew by and they rotated back out to Fort Knox. Tyler would be acting as a Drill Sergeant and Q would be a guard for the base.
Hannah was still in collage, using government funds that was granted to the tank children for their classified life style. She was still going for her history major but now it was going to be a Masters and not a Bachelor's. This would make her much more competitive in the job market. She was thinking about applying to a museum as an exhibit, she had heard that there were scenarios that relived battles from previous wars and she was interested in that as well. It was around '76 when she asked her parents some deep questions about their war, a lot of uncomfortable questions. They knew this time would be coming and had prepared themselves for it, they decided the best way to do this was to sit down with Hannah and answer every question she asked the best they could. It was a very dark, challenging, and uncomfortable time for them all. This was healthy for the two of them, though, it got a lot off their chests, acting as almost a therapy session for them. They would answer a question then spout on about something like betting on how long someone would live, joking about how someone died, how humorous some of the maimed were about their injury. They opened up a long suppressed can of memories and let these memories indulge themselves, the dark humor that got them by, the little things that kept them going, how they felt about everything initially, how they transformed, everything from politics to their favorite brand of canned beef. Hansel talked a lot about the prewar he grew up in, the hardships and chaos that led to his whole nation blindly following the words of a self described disciple of a super-race. He talked about the fanaticism that these people flocked too, and made sure Hannah knew the difference between the ideologies. He told her that when he enlisted and was commissioned into the Wehrmacht he rose his hand and vowed on the bible to be ever faithful to Hitler, and to give his life for Hitler, but when he was put into the American Army he raised his hand and vowed on the bible to uphold and defend the constitution. He emphasized that the Nazi party swore allegiance to a man, and the Americans swore an oath to a document of ideas, of rights. He could not convey to her how much that means to him now that he knows the aftermath, knows the impact, of these ideologies.
"When you see children hanging in the streets because they would not fight for one man.., you begin to question any faith you ever placed in him."
Hannah was satisfied with her answers, she enjoyed listening to her parents' stories. For her parents it uplifted a burden from them, they felt relieved and a bit more secure about their history together. Although they still tried to keep it away and move on as much as they could, they weren't as desolate as they once were when they did occasionally remember it, both the good parts and the bad parts. They used it to remind themselves where they came from and it realigned their virtues and values, they used it to make themselves better beings.One example was Hansel's refusal to grow much hair, he kept his hair well cut and sharp and his face clean shaven, most of his body didn't have hair and the parts that did were trimmed, too, Marion loved his hair and Hansel gave it more thought. He decided to grow his hair out some more and thrilled Marion, he grew at first a pretty pathetic excuse for a beard and mustache but eventually it

turned out to be quite nice. It wasn't full and thick like Whacker's, Hansel's was barely extending past his jawline, but it was enough to please Marion.
Eventually this led them to confront much of the belongings that they had sealed away in an outside shack. They brought Hannah out there and opened it up, Hansel pulled out guns, ammo, uniforms, trinkets, photos, and all sorts of relics they had. Hannah was enthralled by it all, she lost herself in the items, examining them and asking about their significance. She pleaded that her parents put up the photos they had, she thought that they looked lovely, and her favorite was a photo of a very young Hansel his sister in their school uniforms while sitting in front of the door to their home. She eventually pressured them to put up the photos around the house. Hansel was collecting various things to burn or destroy but Hannah stopped him and explained her reasoning, she said that eventually this all would be worth some money, some good money, and gave examples of items and their worth dating all the way back to America's slavery days. If there are components of slavery in the market that are valued at a pretty penny, she says that even the Nazi banner will be worth something.
Things got better, Q and Tyler got married and got a place in Florida, Hannah got her job finally as an exhibit and started looking for her own place, and in the mid 80's Whacker and Shellproof finally had a baby, a beautiful human baby boy. Once again Marion asked how they did it, and with that answer she glared at Hansel and told him that once Hannah's finally in her own place their having a human baby. Once she does move out in 1989 Marion pounces on Hansel, and gets him to start their next little one, a little girl they'd find out. When time came to name her, Marion remembered in a spark of brilliance what she wanted to name Hannah, and so they named their second daughter, their third baby, Jasmine. Jasmine Walter came into the world in 1990.
Fin Ch 55

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, pregnancy
11 Comments

Dear Elfriede

June 7, 2018 by Gingyflame

Dear Elfriede,

"Elfriede, oh you won't believe this, dear!"

"What is it, Mr. Hotchkins?"

"You've gotten a letter in the mail!"

"A letter?" She couldn't understand how anyone wrote her a letter, after all, she's a tank in a museum! "Well go on, who's it from?"

"I'm afraid I can't read the name in the address, these summer rains ran the ink." She scoffed.

"Typical. Alright then, open it up, read it." The man cut open the letter and removed the message, he began to read it.

"Oh it's in German, well my Germans not the best but I'll give it a go anyways!" He cleared his throat and held it in the light.

"Dear Elfriede,

It's been a very long time since we've been together, fifty years now, and to this day I still cherish the time we spent together, and I regret our parting on that dreadful night. It really was a shame. I often think of you, what might have happened had I stayed, would your fears be recognized? Would I be shot? Would I be barred? But mostly I think of what may have happened had we stayed together. Maybe we would be still
her, maybe we'd be wed, be happily married with children of our own. Maybe. Nonetheless, I can't say that parting wasn't fruitful, but Elfriede, Love, I still miss you. I may have been just a young, reckless boy in a

man's world, just barely old enough to be fighting, but you made it worth it. Because of you, and the fond nights we spent together in love, I left that war remorseful, not dismantled, and I left with my worst nightmare being that I left you to die out there. Well isn't it God's blessing that you didn't? I spent decades working with other record holders, diplomats, and counselors to track you down, to find out what happened to you. It was only a few years ago I learned that you were still around, and I'm writing this letter just after learning your residence. I do hope that you are in good repair, and I wish that I could see you once more. But that won't be, my wife died not too long ago, and I know I'll follow shortly. Elfriede, I just had to tell you one last time that I love you, and I know you cannot read this, and I pray to God, almighty, that someone reads this for you. I hope that you are happy. I love you, I miss you, and you are not forgotten, my love. I still remember your favorite story I'd read you, and I want you to know that I had two children. I had two children and I named them, for you, after your favorite book. Not only that, but my son has found love much like we did, and they have beautiful children together, Elfriede. I cannot express my gratitude enough.

Love, Walter"

Elfriede was very emotional, if she physically could she would be crying, decades of worry and wonderment were settled, she had her answers, but now she had even more questions.

"Elfriede you never told us you had a love interest!" She fought hard to form an understandable reply.

"I did, and now, now I still do."

"Oooh! Elfriede! He wrote his address on the backside! Do you want to-"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! I have so much I want to send him!"

"He mentioned your favorite book was the name for his children, what are their names, dear?"

"Hansel and Gretel."

Gingyflame, HaM
2 Comments

Titanic's Captain -Short Story

April 15, 2018 by Gingyflame

This is a little fiction about Captain Edwards J. Smith, the captain of Titanic when she sank. This whole interaction is fictional and there are no records of if the Captain believed any of this and the records regarding his fate are controversy. This is just my fictional take on him and his fate from the viewpoint of Titanic.

Nonetheless, it is her sinking anniversary, so I'm posting it today. Enjoy.

Bradley and Titanic were relaxing on this cool evening. The moon was low and full, the waters flat and ·eful, the sky clear and calming. They sat together in each other's arms. Violet was asleep, Britannic was b··ng repaired, and Olympic was probably off catching up on whatever she's been missing out on. Bradley

was enjoying the moment but something was nagging at him, it had been for weeks. It was something to do with Titanic and her famous voyage, so he tried not to ruin anything, but this just wouldn't stop nagging him. So he asked.
"Titanic, honey?"
"Yes, dear?"
"Ah, nevermind." He couldn't figure out how to word it.
"No, dear, what's the matter?" She thought it might be something romantic, something dreamy.
"Ah." He sighed. "So how did Captain Smith react to you sinking."
"Oh." She was disappointed, but not by much. She knew how he was. "Yes, Captain Smith." She didn't know how to explain it, so instead she offered to show him through her memory. Bradly accepted her request to have his answer. He joined with her and instantly was with her in a flashback-imagination trip. It isn't all that often that they do this but when they do conjoin their minds he takes no time to become a size enough to wrap his arms around her and hold her hull. As he pressed their bodies together Titanic played back her memory. Their bodies chilled to a near freezing temperature as they grew heavy, shudders and fear enveloped them and tormented their thoughts, but amidst all this Bradley knew this wasn't real, that this wasn't happening again. During these trips Titanic usually loses her sight and arms, and she does lose them in thought this trip as well, but Bradley's presence kept her demons at bay. His warmth on her hull, his imagined arms on her body softly stroking down her ribbed hull, his plush and hot lips planted in a kiss by her starboard bridge wing and kept her memories in check. She was still in control. Bradley was all sensual on her hull when he heard a strong voice echo in his mind.
"Titanic, this is my fault." Without even having to ask his lover knew and told him who it was. That's Captain Smith, dear. "I'm terribly sorry about this, -I, I wasn't quite right in my head. I just wanted to end my career off with a show, give you a good name, and then maybe we'd both get a good deal out of this, eh? But no. I shouldn't have been so demanding of you."
"Sir?" Bradly recognized that voice, that booming voice was Titanic's. The exact same one that he heard himself all those years ago on the bottom of the sea. Only this time her voice was more desperate; innocent in her tone of voice.
"It's too late, deary, I have messed up. There is no way to reverse this, Mr. Anderson has proved it. I just hope that this isn't your end, dear. You truly deserve much better than this." Bradly felt a large, warm hand on one of her engine command posts. Sensual rubbing to calm her down began as he spoke. "I hope that if this is the end you go to a better place, you're too innocent to know anything else." Bradley could feel the anger rising inside him, Captain Smith. "I was a damned fool! You didn't know any better-you couldn't have known better! So much had gone wrong for you to understand the consequences, and I should have guided you! But no, no like a damn fool I cast those warnings aside! I pressed on! I never should have! Damned hell, I should have stopped in Queenstown!" He stepped away from the instruments. Titanic was silent. "The only thing I can do now, like any respectable Captain can do is comfort you as far as my breath will take it. Titanic, if I failed to see you to New York, the least I can do is see you to the end." He paces around, he uncovered and rubbed his balding head with a clammy hand. "You're so young, so new, so fresh. Just a greenhorn, no experien
ce of yer own. Not an ounce of wisdom. So new you've not one barnacle on your belly. But me? Dozens of voyages. Dozens of voyages aboard dozens of vessels. Titanic, please listen here, if by some miracle you have another chance you be damned sure that no godforsaken captain of yours makes the same mistakes I did! For the love of god you set him straight! If there's another fire, another near collision, another warning of hazards, if your lookouts don't have their binoculars you don't move an inch. Promise me that, promise me you won't let someone like me ruin you again?"
"I promise, sir." The memory faded away, but Titanic kept them together in her mind, she told the rest of the story. He kept her company until the water was too much. The water flooded the room and before she could realize it he was gone not a trace of him was left. She couldn't tell if he'd been washed out or if he'd drowned right then and there. All she knew then was that she was one person closer to being alone. Bradley asked her not to let go, to let him hold her for the rest of the night. She was going to ask the same.
Fin
Today I got back from a trip to the battleship museum BB-55, USS North Carolina, AKA The Showboat. I have probably three hundred pictures of her, she's so beautiful. But if you guys want-or maybe I'll do it anyway-I can post up the pictures and a little run-down of the trip. She's really fantastic and one of my favorite museums to visit ever, if you are in the state you have to do it, you owe it to yourself. She is very affordable and very much worth it and more, with so much you can do you get more than your money's worth out of it. The gift shop may be pricey with some stuff but hey, when you've gone through her you'll be pretty inclined to support her. Take it from me I'm somewhat of a cheap bastard. She's in Wilmington, North Carolina, on a

little offshoot of I-74 I think, she's not hard to find and easy to access. Going through all her spaces might not be for everyone but I've seen very large and small people all over her so if you have the will there is the way. (so tempted to put da wae meme in there but I didn't, be proud pls) Anyways if you want more just ask!

Gingyflame, RMS TITANIC, side story, Titanic
1 Comment

HaM Ch 54 Hannah

March 24, 2018 by Gingyflame

This chapter is pretty short but one of the biggest events in their lives, everyone, meet Hannah.

Enjoy.

HaM 54

The room renovations were finished shortly before Marion went into labor. It was sudden and out of nowhere, she was minding her business outside, tending to some plants in her garden when suddenly she was slammed with a huge shock and convulsions inside her. Her first thought was the baby must've rolled onto something like her driveshaft, it happened before, but this was everywhere, this was something much more. She realized what this might be, still unsure, and crawls her way into the hanger house, dragging herself and the dirt and plants with her. She was breathing heavy and very fast, she needed help and called Hansel, trying very hard not to break the phone. The ringing phone made her 'head' throb with pain and she groaned as she felt her insides churning. Someone kindly answered the phone and politely asked who was calling.
"GET HANSEL WALTER!" The urgency in her voice was enough to panic the receiver and Hansel was very quickly, almost instantly, put on the phone. "It's coming! It's coming! It's coming!" Marion huffed out every breath, Hansel put it in full gear and threw down the phone and ran to get his things. He bear-hugged his bag, coat, and hat, and ran out the back to his car.
He had to pass the office on his way out and yelled as he left: "Gotto go! Urgent!" Roberson knew it was about that time and dashed to the doorway to call after him.
"Hey! You need help!?" Hansel didn't hear anything as he dumped the stuff into his car. He raced home as fast as the car would let him, and he slid into the driveway churning up the dirt path with his vicious acceleration and breaking. He threw the car into neutral and jumped out running to the open hanger door, he didn't notice anything. He ran in to the main space and up to Marion, she had drug herself to the phone and no further. She was there, uncomfortable but not in the amount of pain as earlier. Hansel spat out a thousand questions about how she was, how long she had, what she wanted, what he needed to do, and if he was too late. She told him she's alright, that she's in labor and that she must be very close to birth.
Hansel's mind settles and cleared and suddenly remembered everything he had forgot. He took in deep breaths to calm down and he turned back to his car to park it. He noticed all the mud and plant parts all on the floor that's he'd have to clean, he'd call the doctor and some help most likely, he'd call in to work to tell them what happened. His car had drifted into a tree so eventually he'd need to pop out that dent and clean up the scratch but everything else about it was alright. He parked it and went to call the doctor, the doctor said that Marion would have to give birth out there in the house, and would need some help to hold her up. Hansel tried calling some friends to see if they'd help and was able to get a few to help out.
He kept up with Marion and tried to keep her comfortable with ice packs, cool drinks, hand massages, whatever he could to relieve pain. She'd have flashes of contractions and then she'd be alright again, Hansel just hoped that help got here quick, before Marion tried pushing a baby out through the ground. Not too much help was able to make it but they were determined to make do with what they had. The only ones that could arrive on this notice was Mini, Shellproof and Whacker, Fritz and Jäger, Porscha, and unexpectedly Inbred and Erika showed up, Whacker got ahold of them and with this gang it'd turn out that they had enough strength to pick Marion up completely. Hansel thought that they would at least have to use the reinforced rafters and gantries in the ceiling to help but now that was just a luxury. They still rigged Marion's
end up with chains to the gantry and on the end were Mini and Shellproof, their engines had the grit to pick her up rapidly with Fritz, Jäger, Porscha and Erika picking her up off the ground where her lower glacis

was almost flat on the ground. All the people would be nearly under her waiting with a large dolly and blankets to catch the baby and get her out fast. They waited around all day for Marion to start giving birth, but all they got for the day were contractions and false alarms. And so, of course, the real thing happened in the most inconvenient timeframe when everyone was tired, bored, and absent minded. In the early morning hours of a new day, March tenth, Marion had the fiercest contractions yet, what normally starts as hard and labored breathing was instantly screaming, jolting everyone into action. Everyone quickly assumed their duties and knew this was it, Marion was screaming and hollering like never before and she was flexing her body to the point it groaned. Usually the shows go on about how she's cursing the husband for what he did to her but not Marion, she's been wanting this for far too long. She did scream about the pain but her drive was fueled by everyone egging her on, telling her how well she was doing and that everything was going fine. They kept chanting 'push, push, push' as the newborn slowly appeared.

The first thing to come out was a lot of goop, various fluids and materials fumed out and slipped to the ground, orange, grey, and brown colors. The first that they actually saw of Hannah was her exhaust pipes, bare and filled to the brim with placenta fluids, and slowly her stern eased out, stretching Marion's vagina to where Hansel felt uncomfortable, regardless he carried on with his task and grabbed his daughter to help the doctor guide her onto the pallet waiting for her arrival. Hannah's turret seemed to get caught on Marion and caused Marion to scream even more, the doctor took a pry-bar and eased the vagina over the turret, letting Hannah slip out almost instantly. As soon as Hannah was out the doctor took the cutters and snipped the umbilical cord and helped race Hannah out of Marion's way. All the tanks eased Marion down very, very gently and kept up the encouragement. Telling her it was beautiful and it was done, she did great and it all went perfectly. The doctor, Inbred, and Whacker were busy cleaning off Hannah's intakes, exhausts, and mouth before getting her to breath on her own. It took a vacuum and some squeezing from Mini to get her to breath, and once she did breath she cried and screamed like any other baby would. Hansel was awestruck. Hannah was beautiful, she was grey-pink and a little tiny Marion. Her eyes were obviously there but clenched shut. Her arms flailed around and reached out at nothing while her drive sprockets spun back and forth without any tracks to grip, her suspension bending up into her recess and pushing against the pallet. Her gun was recoiled and pressed down over her bow, and she had no skirts, cables, or tools. She was an ugly mess right now but the most beautiful thing in Hansel's eyes. He stood there unable to do anything but smile and cry, he admired his little angel forever. He was so proud, so happy, so overcome with emotions, he moved to her and knelt down, embracing his gooey messy baby in his arms and held it to her protesting. He drug her over by Marion so they could enjoy her together, their proudest moment, together. Marion was exhausted, she seemed faded from the endeavor and didn't look to be in good health. The doctor was focusing on Hannah and made sure Hannah was as healthy as can be before moving attention to Marion. Marion was being checked out by the doctor and the other tanks when Hansel noticed Marion was staring at the end of her barrel. She wasn't noticing Hansel or Hannah.

"Marion! Honey! Marion!" He got up and jumped to her side, "Marion, dear, look! We did it! You did it! Hannah! She's beautiful! Look! Look Marion, Look!" His voice was ecstatic, he was full of laughter and joy, he shook on Marion's side and pointed at Hannah, still flailing around and crying. Marion's eyes slowly shifted to Hannah. Her gaze was locked onto her. An arm fell out from under her skirt and Hansel jumped over to push Hannah up against Marion so she could reach her baby. Marion smiled wide and tiredly, she, too started crying and could divert her attention from Hannah. Sluggishly a tendril creeped out from Marion's bow and slithered up to Hannah's mouth.

"Hannah, ba-by! Mom's here, it's okay! It's okay! C'mere, ba-by! Mom will make it allllll better!" Her several attempts to feed Hannah were in vain. She gave up and left her tendril there on Hannah's deck and dozed off, weary and tired. Hansel was extremely worried for her and begged the doctor and Porscha not to leave, they didn't and stayed to make sure Marion would be alright. Hansel stayed up for the whole next day, not leaving Hannah and Marion's side for anything unless it was absolutely necessary. It turned out the others stayed for the night and weren't going to leave without giving a more awake Marion their congratulations. Hansel watched with impressive excitement as Hannah wrapped an arm around Marion's tendril and started drinking milk. Later when Hannah was asleep Marion woke up and Hansel instantly spat out everything in a wild blur, unable to control his excitement. Marion tried keeping up, but she was still loopy from her exhaustion and it was hard to concentrate and focus with all her hormones and emotions flooding her. She did pick up that Hannah had drank some milk, and that the others were still here. She could tell that he didn't sleep and didn't know how long she'd been asleep. She saw that it was about five-thirty on the clock, and the sun was setting. She silently smiled wide and brought Hansel close to her side, wrapping a tendril around his waist and clenching Hannah by her side, she looked at her family and felt the love fill her. She [illegible]ed the tired look in Hansel, the dried fluids on Hannah's deck, and the equipment still hooked up to her [illegible]nnoyingly. But she didn't care about that. She finally had her family, a family more beautiful than she

imagined, with love much stronger than she ever felt, and optimism shining down upon them.
“Hansel, you look tired. Get some sleep, now, I got her.”
“I might try.” He said leaning into her side, almost resting. The stir brought out all their helpers, they cooed over Hannah like Hansel did earlier, said their congratulations to the new parents and went home. Marion suggested he sleep again. “I don’t think I can! I’m so anxious! I’ll just roll around, baby!” She giggled and ran her hand through his hair, it was soft, full, and relaxing for both of them.
“I think you’ll sleep fine, babe.”
“I don’t want to go.” He said looking down at Hannah. Marion carted him up and stretched him out on her deck just ahead of her turret, she was turned over Hannah so he had plenty of room. She brought him up to her lips and they smooched good, and shortly after he started falling asleep. “I love you, Marion.”
“I love you, Hansel.” She hugged him tight and stroked his body, his arm, his leg, his hair, and just before he dozed off she said she wanted another one.

Fin Ch54

Hannah is their first child, she comes out about 7 and a half tons and is going to be quite the challenge for the new parents. Parenting is not easy, maybe natural, but this is certainly not anything close to Cindy. And yes, Marion will get another child.

baby, Birthday, Gingyflame, Hansel and Marion
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Mogami

February 26, 2018 by Gingyflame

Aka clutched the hearthstone medallion in her palm and held it close, she looked down at her guns which were quivering with fear. She gazed back out to the horizon and saw the ships off in the distance bearing the American Stars and Stripes upon their flag masts. She prayed they did not see her, she prayed they moved on, she furled her Japanese colors and left up the pure white flag to signal surrender. She also kept up signals that read peace and exemption from service. She prayed over and over again, watching for any signals from them. She was nearing Japanese homeland waters, she recently broke off from her mother, Mogami, and her fleet with reserve fuel tanks filled with her milk. While she was two years old and already weened off breast feeding, it was found that breastmilk was a more efficient way of feeding Aka. Her guns were barely five inches, not eight like her mother’s, she had no training on them but how to load, aim, and fire. No drills. No practice. No confidence. It was 1943 and the tables were leveling out, America was fighting back-and winning. Thus leaving poor Aka alone and vulnerable. Aka watched the ships closely, waiting for lamp flashes to call her, her heart sank when she saw flashes. These flashes weren’t from lamps however, these were gun flashes. Quickly she prayed it was at another warship, one she didn’t see or notice around her. But it was just herself against them. As the screaming shell noises passed overhead she shook. And as the massive plumes of water shot to the sky far off target, overshooting her, she wept and cried for help. On every radio channel she cried, she cried for help and mercy, begged to be left alone, but when another volley came closer she knew there would be no such thing. She loaded her guns and turned to fight. It was her, a child, against two of the most elite of the largest war machine in the world. She knew she would not float. She screamed as her guns roared in desperation, her shot group was terrible, and absolutely none of her shells even came within a mile of the two opposing her. The next barrage struck her, shearing, jarring, ripping pain hit her and she screamed again, tears pouring from her eyes. She felt water pouring into her and while she was water tight she couldn’t take much of this fire. She fired back with the same results. She cried for her mother when she watched the dozens of gun muzzles flare with bright fire. She screamed as the multiple sized ammunition sunk its way deep into her fragile hull and exploded. Her engines stopped working but she kept on, pushing and clawing and kicking her way as fast as she could away from them, they were faster and had longer, more accurate guns. She pleaded for her mother. But as she was continuously struck, repeatedly bashed, and tortured, all the while calling for her mother, the only thing Mogami could do was scream back.

!” Mogami was shaking and trembling, her whole entity shook so ferociously with such intensity she knocked her sailors to the deck, she actually had to fight to turn around and run for her daughter, she

threatened her own crew, those she loved, for fighting back against it. She screamed and hollered like a demon to be let free on the monsters attacking her blessed child. Her captain ordered the crew to prevent her from breaking off, they knew she could not help her daughter, too much sea to cover, and all she would do was sink, too. They didn't see the point in wasting two ships. But Mogami did, she hated every single one of them for their actions. She roared like a hell beast, and as she heard her daughter dying she damned ever member of her crew individually by name. She physically abused a few she could reach, many knew how to fight back and free themselves from her mechanical clutches and helped others out before she killed them. Mogami was literally seeing blood as she popped vessels in her eyes, she threatened to detonate her ammo storages if they didn't let her go. The captain called her bluff and it worked. "AKA! MOMA'S COMING, BABY!"

"MOMA!" She wailed in pain, her stern was blown clean off, she had no propellers anymore and was bleeding oil, milk, and blood in the blue ocean. Her vision was fading in and out, she looked back at the hearthstone once more while she still could, it had a polished silver outline in the shape of the Emperor's crest and in the center was a pinkish-red gem, engraved in it was her mother's name and birthdate: MOGAMI 14.03.34 she watched as her world faded away and turned dark with that hearthstone being the only thing in her memory. "Moma."

"AKA! AKAAAA!" Mogami continued trembling like a possessed creature until the next day, crying and screaming and hollering for her daughter's voice to return. Not a single soul missed her screams, not one person slept that night, everyone everywhere in that fleet heard her calls. No one would be surprised if the Americans that sank Aka heard, too. "AKA! AKA! MY BABY! AKA!" She disrespected her crew, damned them to the worst pits of hell regularly, occasionally she'd spit on her commanding officer when she had the chance, she would regularly try to kill her officers or sabotage anything she could. She made sure that life was a living hell for her crew at all times. She hated every single one of them, she hoped they burned! She would pray for their deaths aloud so all could hear her. It got so bad that the highest echelon of command heard of it and made plans to transfer crews to protect them. But every day she looked at her hearthstone, the one matching Aka's, it had Aka's name and birthday on it. Mogami would give anything in existence for her daughter back. Absolutely anything. Her honor, her dignity, her pride, her service, her sex, her engine, her guns, her fuel, her life, even her soul. She would give her soul to the devil in a heartbeat if he even mentions bringing her daughter back. She wouldn't hesitate to give everything for her daughter back.

The absolute and unrelenting hatred she had for her crew and officers persisted with her to the bottom when she was eventually sunk by scuttling. She had done a lot in her life but she was still a failure, as with many Japanese military designs of the era too much was asked for so little, and in order to make these demands many of Japan's numerous warring weapons had many flaws, Mogami was no exception. Though the failures built in to her she cared little about, she could overcome them, no her failure was in Aka, Mogami knew she should have been there, but wasn't. And while Mogami certainly felt an enormous amount of guilt the death of her daughter was more affiliated with anger and hate against the ones who prevented her from being with Aka. And as time went on while lodged in the seabed she didn't waiver in these feelings but neither side grew in strength. When she sank and when she was found she had the same feelings. So when lights swirled around her and she heard the voices of men she felt that fury build up and remembered her crew. Bastards, all.

"Mogami," a man started when the various cables were attached to her, he went on about who they were, who sent them, and why they were there. When offered to be raised she stoped them and said she needed closure, first, "closure on what, ma'am?"

"My daughter Aka, sank by America, about 1943." The whole crew in the ship so far above her were all puzzled, there was no record Aka existed above the surface, the only evidence was Aka herself and Mogami's hearthstone, both on the bottom.

"Aka?" The fact that nobody knew of Aka set off Mogami, her daughter was so little in the eyes of her superiors they didn't even care that she existed. Mogami's vision went to blood as she scolded and screamed at the crew and her own superiors, eventually she calmed down enough to give them the last known location of her daughter, Aka had given it to Mogami when she spotted the two American ships in [illegible]s to learn they were Japanese. From there she dismissed the ship above her, told them she would not [illegible]procate until she learned of Aka's fate.

The crew searched hundreds of Japanese records for an Aka cruiser and found none, but in Mogami's records they did find the reports of complaints by the crew and officers, and included in an investigation file was the reason Mogami turned so hostile. The record did mention that Mogami suffered a 'tragic loss' of some sorts and she blamed the crew. So her story was holding up to a degree, but Mogami said that Aka was sunk by Americans, who kept very reliable records, and when they asked to see these records they were denied. The specific records of the two ships possibly in the area, a Cleveland cruiser and a North Hampton cruiser, were classified for that whole week. Determined to find out some of the crew tracked down the surviving crew members of those ships who did share their stories. All of them lined up perfectly. The two American ships sank a very small cruiser that looked to be a Mogami class, the ship bore a flag of surrender and peaceful signals, but in fear of a Japanese Navy version of surrender-surprise-attacks the Japanese Army conducted the officers ordered fire on the cruiser. Their radars said the ship was close but being so small the gunners trusted the full size measurement and thus overshot. The cruiser's capacity to return fire was pathetic, they couldn't believe that was a Japanese ship. And as they learned later, it was a small child ship they sank, they heard the cries on the radio. The eerie and bone shaking screams of a child crying for her mother. That is why the records were classified.

The explorers gained some coordinates of the child and the two American ships when Aka sunk from a Quarter Master; the endeavor was etched entirely into his memory when he heard the screams, so strange. They hurriedly explored the shallow waters with sonar-that's how shallow it was-and a unique contact was found. Upon further diver investigation they found her, they found Aka. All attempts to contact her failed, and instruments read flatline. Aka was dead. A photographer snapped a photo of her hand, clenched in it was the hearthstone Mogami gave her. The team was in shock, disbelief, how could this happen? The remnants of Aka told a painful and brutal death, one that was prolonged and painful. Her stern a few meters from her rear gun turret was sheared off but most of her machinery remained intact. Various additions that used to be there by obvious mounting points was missing, later they learned that they stored toys, extra fuel and milk, a navigation book, and numerous flares. Her hull was missing whole external section of the bulge, outer hull sections, she had tons of indents and ruptures. Everywhere you turned there was evidence of pain and brutality. Their investigation was complete, they had the horrible truth to tell, and that's what they said to Mogami, the truth.

Mogami's deepest and strongest ethers of hope were crushed, her small flame was doused, her worst nightmares, deepest fears, and the truth she'd known for decades was true. There is no other way to describe her but crushed.

The team asked if she would be raised now. She simply said no, defeated, destroyed, and desolate of any life. She saw no more reason to live, nothing was left for her, no motivation, no aspirations, nothing. She began to let go as tears welted and bled into the seawater, she felt herself grow numb before losing all sense in her furthest portions of her body. A creeping blackness began encroaching on her as she slowly died off, the dive team's instruments read this, they were astounded by the readings, she was dying right before their eyes! Quickly they began recording absolutely everything they could measure and record, from body temperature to the color of the metal. One person rushed up and asked her one last thing, they asked what her final request was.

"I just want to hold my baby one more time." But she knew she couldn't. "Moma's coming, baby."

She died shortly after. The whole process of her death lasted about seven minutes, just shy of it. The team was heartbroken. They reported their findings to the Japanese representative, Japan got back to them that they had no other interests at the moment, and wished the explorative team good luck in raising the first living ship. Some of the divers recommended ships in the Bikini atoll, many of them were still in good condition and well charted, it wouldn't be an excellent example of deep sea recovery but it would be at least a demonstration. So while contacts and orders were made some of the team told the survivors of the two American ships the fate of both Mogami and Aka. It was a heart wrenching truth. Many of the crews took full responsibility and shame for it, and soon they put a notion forth to have Aka moved to be with her mother, resting together. It would cost millions but moving a ship from shallow waters to deep waters isn't unheard of, and is commonplace. So the crews set up funding accounts and fund raisers and Japan even chipped in to have its shores cleaned up. So the team eventually had the funds to move Aka next to [illegible]ami. All of Aka's remains were picked up and moved, everything they could find nearby her was moved [illegible]e Mogami and lowered down gently next to Mogami. Mogami's hull listed about thirteen degrees to

starboard in the sand with her bow wedges deep into the muck, so the crew had to gently move Aka around the far protruding mast and angle her under it, snuggly next to her mother. Once that was completed they placed an ornate plaque that read their names, birthdays, and death days. And one noticed that in Mogami's hand clenched to the base of her conning tower was evidence of her hearthstone medallion. There were some pictures taken, some prayers read, and a ceremony finished for them. At long last Mogami was reunited with her beloved daughter, Aka. The wreck locations were classified, nothing was published, everything about them was kept on the down low so they may Rest In Peace.

Years later the team revisits the wreck with a wreath from Hisashi and Yamato to find the two just as they left them except that their hands are clasped together, and in the hand that bind them together are their hearthstones, together again.

child, Gingyflame, ship
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Gingyflame – Page 2 – Titan Atelier

I'm back! It's been a *hot* minute since I've posted here. I've been quite busy. Storywriting has slowed a bit, I'm not bored, not at all, just busy. Trust me, there's a ton of content I want to put out but I don't have time for. I really hope you all enjoy this story about Musashi. The guy is Chad "Mitsuna Hito" from Fuso, and yeah I forgot how to spell his nickname. There a bit where it transitions to first person, I've been dabbling with first person writing more, I'll see how it's received here. I might stay third person or I might try some more first person stuff. Also, again, I reference WoWS because it's my favorite game and it builds a relationship between the characters. To each their own but WoWS is mine.

Nonetheless, I'll quit talking, here you go!

Enjoy.

Musashi

Musashi patiently waited for the lights to appear from above. The first time subs found her she was terrified, she didn't believe submarines could get that deep and instead thought a ship was sinking on top of her. The darkness bothered her little, unlike Fuso, and Titanic, she toyed with the darkness. She carefully studied the aquatic life and the deterioration of her body-and the lack of it at various places on her body. Yamato always teased Musashi about overthinking things and having a few screws loose, while Musashi wasn't exactly crazy, she wasn't normal, either. Musashi's keen awareness and analytical mind is what kept her afloat for so long during her last battle. She picked up on American strike habits and signs and use them to either dodge, disrupt, or mitigate their attacks. She knew she could not sustain such an overwhelming and long-winded battle, it wasn't what she was made for, so she tried to tank as much damage as she could, spreading out the loads to keep even, and coordinate her crew to prioritize certain damages. It worked, she survived their strikes and she alone took most of the attacks, which spared more fragile ships not designed to take such a ferocious beating. The only variable she overlooked was her crew's energy. By the end of the onslaught the majority of her crew were zombified, nigh useless. Her ability to remain afloat and stay on top of the flooding diminished. She asserted to the captain that she would not last through the night and recommended abandoning her. After much hesitation and persuasion he concured. She slowed down and helped get as many people top side as possible and insured everyone was off before she said her goodbyes, and waited to slip beneath the waves. She missed her crew very much, and learned that her beloved sister did not go down with such grace. The Americans, too, had learned quickly and focused their strikes on one side to upset stability and cause a roll. Not only that, Yamato face a force of almost double what Musashi did. Musashi was morally wounded when she learned of the violent sinking that took almost all of Yamato's crew. However, almost right after this news she was told that Yamato had been raised, and was alive and well, even had a family, Musashi rejoiced immediately after, asking if Yamato courted the navigator from Mogami, when she heard that Yamato married Hisashi, Musashi celebrated. She engaged in negotiations for her return to active military service that day. They went on for so long that it was continued over transmission cables. She assured she wanted her role to be a damaged sponge, well the representatives wanted her to be a command platform for combined operations. Both sides pressed hard bargains, eventually the Navy got their way, mostly. She had negotiated that most of her armament be set up in a defensive posture. This super-heavy defense ship would later dictate Kongo's reactivation for carrier defense. Flash forward a few months and Musashi is waiting to begin the recovery process.

Almost right on time she sees the lights shining down on her deck, she welcomed them and updated them of moved sediment she did herself to allow them better access to her wounds. Work began expeditiously and within three months she was breaking the waves again. The Sun warmed her body and the hot, humid air was extremely welcome. Musashi basked in the sunlight, unaware of her sister's presence just four nautical miles away. Musashi's lips curled into a wide smile just before she heard Yamato's cry. Once she did her eyes shot open and locked their gaze on Yamato. She was smiling, barring a lot of teeth, and waving at Musashi. The younger sister replied appropriately and waved back, as if she had seen Yamato 10 minutes ago. Musashi was pushed closer to Yamato and lines were being cast over to tie them together.

"Mumu!" Yamato exclaimed as she inspected her sister's multitude of wounds. "What did they do to you?"

"What they did to you," Musashi spoke calmly, "but everywhere." Yamato noticed she wasn't upset that Musashi wasn't spitting out words like Nagato or Fuso, or even that excited. This is exactly how Yamato remembered Musashi and she's very glad nothing's changed. Yamato was there to tow Musashi back to port, and to provide protection for the detail raising Musashi. Accompanying Yamato are four destroys, a frigate, and a destroyer-helicopter-carrier. Musashi comments how the fleet looks like a war time fleet, and Yamato explains that Japan, and most Western countries, are at war with the UAF. During the lengthy voyage home Yamato brought Musashi up to date on world history and politics, and right as Yamato finished, Musashi said something Yamato never thought she'd hear Musashi say.

"Yam, I understand you a little more now."

"Understand what, Mumu?"

"I would really appreciate the company of men right now." Knowing Musashi, Yamato initially thought she referred to a crew, but Musashi chooses her words carefully. Yamato knows she would have said 'crew'. Realizing that Musashi has taken an interest in the male sex, she presses on.

"It is very nice. What did you have in mind, Mumu?" Musashi is quiet as she formulas her answer. Musashi mutters 'man' to herself and details the thoughts and her head.

"A man with the male sexual organs, calming voice, one I can talk to about whatever I please. He's strong-willed and proactive. I'd like him to be truthful and understanding, it'd be amazing if we were both very observant and curious." Yamato was more interested in her sisters deep desires, the dirty ones. She listened to her sister's list and thinks it wasn't an absurd desire to ask that out of a man.

"So do you want a human or a ship?"

"I want a man."

"I know, just-" Yamato knows how to play Musashi's games. "-when you think of a penis," Musashi thought of the form of a penis in various positions and angles, "is it human flesh," she saw the penises turn human in nature, "or is it metal?" The penises changed to metallic members. Musashi replied:

"Either is fine. As long as it is his penis it is fine."

"Just a penis? Don't want it to work- you don't care if it cannot become erect?"

"I would prefer that it operated and erected, yes." Yamato was tingling, she was so excited and proud that her sister is starting to sexualize.

“So you want him to fuck you?” Yamato was eagerly waiting.

“I’d like to partake in sex with him,” Yamato scree’d with giddiness, “I’d like to experience what it is like.”

“How do you want it?”

“Want what?”

“How do you want to be fucked?”

“That’s a question I have for you, Yam, what is the best?” Yamato was growing annoyed a tad bit.

“Mumu, there is no Universal best sex, there are a lot of things that affect it.”

“Like what?”

“Moods, where you are, if either of you know what you want, what you know how to do, and that is just a few. There are way more things that can make sex great or under whelming.” Musashi picked her sister’s brain, learning as much as she could. Yamato declined to share the personal experiences with Musashi to try boosting her sex drive. Yamato still wanted to know what Musashi’s kinks were, but Musashi wasn’t even sure what she wanted. Yamato and Musashi talked about everything from being pregnant to how food taste, almost nothing was off limits for discussion. Yamato tried to pry Musashi’s fetishes and dirty desires from her thinking that Musashi was keeping them Secret, but Musashi didn’t know. Musashi was very interested in sex, she wanted to know what it is like and all but she finds sex to be dirty and I’m sanitary, she finds herself conflicted like never before, even doing herself to the bottom of the ocean for what she says the rest of her life was easier than this. Feelings and emotions bubbles inside her and made her uneasy, all the questions she asked Yamato about her feelings shielded on favorable answers.

They all eventually reach Japan in good time, it made Musashi very happy to see her homeland again. Yamato was untethered from Musashi but followed very close behind. Musashi was put into a dry dock with the sign ‘YAMATO’ adorning it. She instantly recognized it as her sisters original dry dock so long ago. As water was drained out and her massive weight was rested on wooden braces and bases her sister was moored in front of her. Musashi’s eyes combed over the masses of people that had gather to see her return home. The whole port was buzzing with commotion as thousands poured into see Musashi, they awed at her and Marvelled at how nice she looked. The celebration round down after dark, and that’s when Hisashi came home to Yamato with their baby boy. Musashi noticed an increase in age with Hisashi, but it looks at most a decade and not the scores it really is. Daichi, the baby, was a gorgeous little bundle, Musashi instantly loved how adorable he was. She looks forward to seeing him grow up into a handsome man. She wondered if they ever found out about Aka. Soon after Hisashi greeted and embrace Yamato she introduced Daichi to Musashi, Musashi convey how much she adored him and how excited she was to see him grow up. Yamato commented on her eager Ernest to see Musashi bear children. That made Musashi think about sex some more, she was ashamed of herself. Your model told her not to be ashamed, it’s normal. Musashi still bad old with herself internally. Your model talked of an American sailor on Fuso, and explained why he was on Fuso, and how much of a sweetheart he is. She told Musashi that they were deployed and would be back in a few months, Musashi asks how this pertains to her at all.

“Because, Mumu, I forgot to tell you the most important part of having good sex.”

“What is that?”

“Having a connection with them, when it is someone you really enjoy having around and Trust, someone close to you and really cares for you, it’s the best feeling ever. Not in your vagina, but everywhere else.” Massage she was physically confused, your mother didn’t even try to explain. “Don’t worry, Mumu, you’ll see.”

“How’s that?”

“He’s really sweet, just get talking with him and you’ll see.” Musashi tried to ask questions about him, all sorts of questions, frustrating Lee Yamato only had one reply: “Ask him.”

Musashi observed rehabilitation process and Tinsley, stunning the plans and people. She carefully studied and noted progress on her, just like studying and noting her decay. She remembered that and asked to speak to researchers on the subject, they gladly received her observations and implemented them into their database. Soon after that her turrets were pulled out and areas of her hull were gutted, including deck space for VLS weapons. Her whole was cleaned up and patched up nicely as well, her massive main battery turrets were being reloaded into place when Musashi saw something that resemble Fuso but she wasn’t sure. The ship moved across the bay and was hidden away until it came much closer and loom over the ships here. She didn’t look like her old self, but Musashi knew it was Fuso. Almost instantly she remembered the nice guy Yamato said was on Fuso. She was hoping he’d make an appearance sometime soon. She did not find it appropriate to talk to the workers and such a manner and patiently waited for someone to come find her. As she find out she didn’t need to wait long. Unknown to Musashi, Yamato had been talking to Fuso about Musashi coming up and the newfound sexual drive she has. Fuso figured Yamato wanted to set up Musashi with Fuso’s little Hitto. Reluctantly he agreed, Fuso had to do a lot of first waiting and reassurance with him. He wasn’t really going for an open relationship but Fuso figured it’d be nice for the girls who had no more roots and him to hook up every now and then. Hitto objective but the power of the woman overruled him. He’s still felt extremely guilty and wrong about it all, but Fuso seemed gung-ho for it, excited. Her only regret is that she had been building him up for a big climax, a huge one, she hadn’t let him bust and nearly 6 months. She was a bet that she wouldn’t get the fruit of her laborers, but at least it wouldn’t be wasted. That evening Musashi was looking at the equipment on the shore that was supposed to be installed into her when she heard and unfamiliar voice to her port side. “Musashi?” She looked over and saw a very white guy with bright Auburn – red hair. He already knew who she was.

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I didn’t like this set up. I thought I was just for Fuso, at first we were a relationship but realized I wasn’t going to be there for her very long and we transitioned into a FWB relationship, a very close and tight-knit one. Now all of a sudden I’m supposed to show Musashi a good time? Just like that? To me it feels wrong and unnatural. I want to go find Yamato to try and talk her out of it and back me up to get Fuso to stop as well. Fuso had already talked about getting me with her sister, Yamashira, but she’s not even raised yet so I didn’t think much about it. She knows I like all the IJN ships from WW2, she knows I’d love to lay them all, but I feel like I’m getting whore’d out. I don’t like that. I run through all my arguments as I mindlessly walk over to Yamato’s slipway to talk to her. Next thing I know I’m looking at a Yamato class in the middle of a deep overhaul and it is not Yamato. There’s only one other I know of and I mindlessly blurt it out in confusion. “Musashi?” Instinctively I look up to where Yamato’s eyes would be but it’s darkened out, I feel queasy, what if Musashi died, too?

“Hai!” A pleasant voice like Yamato’s responded, my eyes trail up the tower to the observation Bridge at the top and I see her brown eyes looking down at me inquisitively. I didn’t know there were eyes up there. I’m squinting as I look up to her and I block out sunlight from blinding me with my hand.

“Summemassen,” I say, “English? My Japanese is eh.” I wave my free hand in a so-so manner.

“Hai!” She exclaims. That’s still not English. “How is my Engrish?” Ah! There we go!

“Arigato Gozaimasu! It’s Rusty but you just need to practice. You’ll get better in no time!” I begin displaying the way the ‘L’ is pronounced so she picks up on it. Machines learn very fast.

“You are American, right?”

“Yes!” I remember her last interaction with United States affiliates, it was filled with great emotion like pain and misery. “I’m Chad, friend of Fuso! No hard feelings, right?” She scowled.

“No. I do not have a grudge against you.” Her tone shifted to one of a competitor. “Very well done, but the set up for attack runs was too rigid. I could see the attacks coming before they happened.vi hope you adjusted that problem since we are allies, now.” Hmm, I like her.

“I know that when it comes to formations we were much more stringent and disciplined than your pilots, but yes, we did loosen up our formations. I know your pilots were very well disciplined, too.”

“Hai, we were, both our strength and weakness. Our execution phase was much more flexible, but at many times your overall planning outmatched us.”

“We also out produced you with better weaponry where it counted.”

“I’m not familiar with much American weaponry of my time, please elaborate.”

I was about to begin but I guess she got tired of yelling and asked if I would mind coming up to the bridge to talk. I accepted and after a formal introduction of ourselves I came aboard. I got tired of standing out on the pier looking crazy. I’m used to climbing up endless laderwells but getting up to Musashi’s bridge, that’s some next level shit, goddamn. I get up to literally the second highest deck she has, her bridge, and she quickly notices I’m somewhat exhausted. She offers to tell her story while I rest. I happily agree and sit on the deck leaning against a bulkhead. She talks of her mission, their goals, and of the early problems that were had. Then she talked about her battle experience, this is where she notes the planes, their setups, and how poorly her air defense performed. She explained her thought process and how she calculated risks and such. I was amazed, she certainly uses her head, seems like a genius. She concludes the battle and rolls right into her faults. She brings up her poor air defenses, overlooking her crew’s energy depletion, no friendly air cover, and the simple fact of the shock of there being any US carriers left behind at all. She reflects on what she learned and how she expects to apply it and how it has changed her own doctrine. I love it, I think she’d really like a game I play, it’s my favorite. The way she observes things, learns quickly, and understands strategies, it’s how I play WoWS and I think she’d like it a lot, too. I don’t have my computer to show her, but I can tell her about it regardless.

“Musashi there’s a game I play, I think you would love, it’s by far my favorite game.”

“I enjoy games, is it one of those, those movie games I heard about?”

“It’s a *video* game, yes.” I talk to her about it, emphasizing it’s just a game and not realistic. She understood and wanted to know more. I’m really starting to like her. I tell her about all the mechanics in the game-and it gets deep and confusing at some points, but she understood my dumbass way of explaining it all and could even explain it back to me in her own words. Do you know how hard it is to find even people who play the game who grasp it’s concepts? To be this interested, let alone understand it? I talk about damn near everything and she’s picking it all up. I came here to try getting out of having to fuck her but I just might end up having kids with her.

We talk about the game, tied to real life, real life, real life combat for what turned out to be forever. Then she asks if I’m a history buff, which I am, so we talk about that forever, too. We talk about how much we enjoy learning, and what subjects we study for fun. What we study for a “quick fix” so to say. She says she studied English, flight, radios and their theories, which leads to Radar. I like learning about history, war, engineering, and radar. So now we’re talking about radar. It’s never ending. All of a sudden it’s 0330 in the morning and my phone is almost dead. I’m tired but I really don’t want to leave yet, but I gotta go! Damn these decisions! I decide to go rest, at least to get my laptop.

“Hey Musashi, I really have to go.” Before I can ask to see her sometime tomorrow she asks about it.

“Will you come back tomorrow? I haven’t told you what being Radiated feels like.”

“Yes, very much yes. Absolutely I will be coming back tomorrow.”

“What time?”

“I don’t know, actually. Let’s go for noon. Sound good?”

“Hai!” We wish each other farewell and a good night and I depart to get some sleep.

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Yamato had been carefully watching her sister’s expressions. She liked what she saw, but it never turned into the face of sheer pleasure that Yamato wanted to see. Either Musashi wasn’t amused or nothing happened. All throughout the night Yamato watched for Musashi’s face to relax into bliss but it didn’t happen. Just before four in the morning she saw him leave and walk down the shore towards Fuso. Once he rounded a corner behind a warehouse she asked Musashi about it.

“Mumu how was it? What happened?” Musashi had a huge smile as she looked over to Yamato, Yamato had never seen Musashi like this.

“I really enjoyed his company, Yam! We talked all night!”

“I see that, Mumu, did you two ever… y’know?”

“No we did not have any sex.” Yamato was let down, but also relieved. That explains why there weren’t any baby making faces. “He’s coming back tomorrow! I can’t wait to talk to him again!”

Yamato was excited, very excited. Her little sister was growing up! She hoped Musashi didn’t catch feelings for him. How hypocritical, too, Hisashi is the only man Yamato ever had and yet here they are with a kid. It seems to be the thing with many machines. However these were all people, men, assigned to them for a long period of time. Chad was neither assigned to Musashi nor in Japan for very long, not only that but his rotation period is coming up soon. When he got back to Fuso and told her what had happened she was both happy and upset. She just might

get her six months of compound interest after all! Chad's exhausted and goes up to his rack, on his way Fuso changed out the bed sheets to the fun sheets and undresses him. Links their minds together and slides her coupler onto him. While he sleeps they dream together and she gets all she wanted and more out of him. It was glorious.

He woke up and showered, dressed, and packed his backpack with his electronics and the souvenirs he promised to bring back to the Isobe family (Yamato) for Daichi. He kissed Fuso goodbye and grabbed a breakfast burrito on his way out. He stopped by Musashi to give her a morning greeting and said he had to stop by Yamato for a minute. While he was aboard Yamato, Yamato tried encouraging Musashi to lay him, Musashi deflected and instead asked Yamato why she was so adamant about the topic. Why can't Musashi take things at her pace, meet her own men and do it her way?

"Because, Mumu, I want to relate to you on a better, deeper level. I don't really have anyone to talk to about my family with, my man with. I want it to be with you. I don't like bottling up these emotions, I want to talk to you with deeper meaning." Musashi is very new to emotions, but she knew what this meant, she knows how much her heart was touched. Even though they were sister's nothing really bonded them together. Musashi had another question to ask.

"Why him? Why are you so adamant about it being him?" Yamato was silent for a minute as she was looking for the reason, herself.

"Well, I know him well, I only know Hisashi more than him." *How well do you know Hisashi?* Musashi thought. "The first time I met him was special, he had a friend with him whose great grandfather was aboard me and died in battle. He and his friend came aboard during a tour and they slipped away so his friend could leave an offering to his great grandfather. How well he knew his way around surprised me, they got all the way up to the radar room by this bridge before he was caught. Oh, Hisashi was pissed, but impressed, I thought it was sweet and got Hisashi to take them to the exact office he worked, and died. The offering is still there in the office, it sits on a desk in the corner. His great grandfather was Hisashi's superior, also a navigation officer. From there he was welcomed by me, and after time went on Hisashi befriended him, too. He'd go on long talks and explanations about this or that, he had so much knowledge when he spoke about it, he always reminded me of you." Yamato paused as she acknowledged what she had just realized. "I told myself that I didn't want you to 'catch feelings' for him, but deep down I want you two to make it work." For once Musashi felt empathy, a deep empathy, and flattery with Yamato. Musashi even sensed a hint of jealousy from her sister. Musashi for the first time ever didn't know what to say, or even what to do. What's the logical response? What makes the most sense? Where are the gains? Musashi didn't know. Yamato continued. "I want to see you happy, I want to see you emotional, I'm tired of seeing you blank and methodical. Mumu we're *living* machines, not just machines. We feel and think, love and laugh. I know you're not like the rest of us, you are barely like anyone, but I want to see my sister love and laugh like the rest of us, to smile like us. When I saw you smiling when you were talking to him I was.., I.., you don't understand what I was feeling, and I want you to know that feeling. You think too much, Mumu, I just want you to feel for once." Musashi was touched, she didn't know Yamato felt like that. Musashi didn't know where to take it from here.

"So.., you want me to have sex with him?"

"Mumu, I want you to love, do what makes you happy. I think having sex will help you unlock and explore your emotions and feelings, but do what makes you *feel* the best."

"Sex is dirty. I think it's filthy and nasty, so many germs."

"Then have him wash before you two do anything. Just get him as clean as you before you two have any fun."

"Clean as me? I'm filthy!"

"Not as clean as your hull, besides you can clean yourself out, too."

"How? With what?"

"Soap, water, like you'd wash anything else. I've got some good soaps I use."

"I've never washed anything." Yamato was shocked. "Never saw a reason to."

"General cleanliness? Upkeep? Maintenance? Seriously you've never washed? Disgusting! Musashi that's disgusting!" Musashi felt ashamed and started to look like it, too. Yamato liked seeing the emotion, but not what it was or why it was. "This soap's good. I'm giving it to Chad to run over to you. You're *going* to wash all your vaginas as soon as you get the soap. I'll even tell you how." Yamato looked disappointed. "Never bathed yourself? Disgusting."

Chad came over and must've known what the soap was for because the transaction was awkward. He hurried inside and up the endless ladders until he heaved himself onto the bridge. He set up his computer and such on a table nearby while Musashi learned how to clean herself. Yamato somewhat enjoyed seeing an awkward Musashi, it was funny. Chad set up his WiFi hotspot so his computer game had access to the online server's that hosted the game. Musashi was sure she'd learn what that meant in time. And in short time Chad explained it to her, very quickly she had developed an interest in the internet, too. Being a very observant person she usually doesn't keep her sights fixated on one thing for very long unless she's focusing on it intensely but for some reason she couldn't stop looking at Chad. She kept watching him work and move, she'd watch his face when he talks and his hands when they fiddled. She found herself inexplicably gravitated to him, and him being around was an uplifting feeling. Musashi was starting to figure out what was happening. Once Chad got his stuff set up he started the application and told her that they had to wait for the application to update. His eyes met hers and it was comforting, a very pleasant and comfortable feeling, other feelings were bubbling up, too. Letting herself explore and release these feelings was a wild ride for her, so much information was coming in to her that she didn't know how to process that she panicked when he wasn't looking at her. She desired him to be closer to her eyes, to her skin. She wanted to keep peering into his eyes, they're a blue-grey and looked like a swirling storm, his Iris possessed a white ring around the pupil to barricade it from the storm around it. Whenever their eyes met neither of them noticed her smiling, and that he was smiling back. She wanted-no, she needed him closer.

"Chad that's pretty far away, uh," she was awkward, her heart was a lump in her throat, and she was incredibly nervous. Chad picked up on what she wanted, "do you think you could move the computer closer?" He smiled.

"Yeah. I can move it here." He grabbed the table and drug it closer to her eye, each step closer made her heart beat faster and stronger. He set his stuff up right next to the bulkhead and pulled a chair up snuggly against the bulkhead. He was positioned so her eye was over his left shoulder and could see the computer screen. Comfortably he leaned back into her and rested his arm on the windowsill. Her smile had grown much larger. Yamato had been watching her sister's expressions closely and was wondering what all was going on in there.

"Musashi, Yamato uses her central bridge as her face, you use this one. Why?" It caught her off guard but she answered the best she could.

"Yamato likes being closer to the deck where she can see people better. I like seeing further out and all around me." He nodded and looked at her eye again.

“Has anyone ever said you’ve very beautiful eyes, Musashi?” He felt the temperature rise in the compartment as she blushed.

“No, um, no. No one’s said that to me before.”

“Have you ever seen your eyes before?” She stopped, she sorted through all of her memories but didn’t find anything about her eyes. Almost ashamed of herself she answered no. “Well,” he pulled out his mobile phone and switched it to the camera mirror feature, “here, take a look.” His hand reached out into the space, cautiously her hand took the phone and wielded it as a mirror. She was in awe, her eyes were similar to his but her base color was brown with highlights of hazel. She also had more rings in her eyes, mostly incomplete, it made her eyes resemble a cloudy Galaxy. “Musashi,” he said after he let her examine her eye for a minute. Her eyes darted to his and locked with his gaze, “I know eye contact is very rare in your culture.” She forced her eyes away but they came back.

“I apologize. For some reason I cannot look away.”

“Don’t worry about it, Musashi, in my culture eye contact is respectful, it means you care.” She blushed again. “There are many different things regarding our cultures.”

“Like what?” She asked.

“Well, we don’t bow to show respect, we make eye contact, physical contact between friends, loved ones, and lovers is encouraged, and for us a kiss is more normal. It’s not as meaningful as in Japanese culture, but it’s only shared between family and lovers, mostly.” Musashi radioed her sister quietly.

Yam! She exclaims hurriedly. *How do I kiss?*

I don’t know. She retorted. *Ask him*. Musashi whinned back in greivance, Yamato was enjoying this show.

“So-” she coughs up, “I’ve never, I, how do you kiss?” He chuckled, she felt ashamed and made fun of.

“I can teach you, want to know?”

“Yes!” She blurted. “Yes I want to know!”

“If I learned anything about you, Musashi, it’s that you love learning.” He got up and turned to her. “It’s alright, I’m the same way.” He clapped his hands together and rubbed them, looking her in the eyes. “Which one do you want to learn first?”

“Wait,” Musashi was stunned, “there more than one?” He looked concerned.

“Well yeah, there’s kisses, pecks, smooches and what’s called a *French Kiss*, it’s also called a tongue kiss, dirty kiss, or wet kiss.” He giggled and looked around for a moment. “I grew up also referring to it as face sex.” Musashi didn’t understand yet, but she’d look back and giggle at that name, too. For now she listened very closely. “The first three are general kisses, kisses you’d use for your family, friends, pets, favorite objects, stuff like that. Kisses on the lips are for love, like family and lovers. Other affections you kiss skin, like a hand, cheek, forehead, etcetera. A peck is just your lips, you can make a little noise like ‘mwah’ but you don’t have to. It’s a friendly kiss, mostly used for fun or appreciation. Then there’s a kiss, a normal, bland kiss. It’s like a peck but your lips are tighter and you suck through them a tad bit. It kind of makes a popping sound. This is more for family and lovers to show your affection is deep. The next two are almost exclusively for lovers. Smooch is a kiss but much more sucking, you can smooch your family but not on their lips, you smooch your lover on the lips. Here, I’ll show you a smooch to a kiss. Give me your hand.” With much excitement and her heart racing she placed a hand into his. His lips moved to meet the metal skin on the back of her hand. She felt his warm, soft lips gently Grace the back of her hand and kiss it, sending shivers up and down her keel. It made her hull feel wavy and excited. He said that’s a kiss and moved in again for a smooch. She noticed a definite difference in the suction, it energized and invigorated her, making her feel strange in select places and her draw to be closer to him heightened. “That was a smooch. The last one is the *French Kiss*, the most intimate kiss, reserved only for lovers.”

“So when do I use it?” He scowled.

“Anytime you two want, no special occasion, really. The kiss is just the most special.” He waved his hand and continued. “So this kiss is the most unique, you interlock your lips with theirs and you both extend your tongues into each other’s mouths.” She looked disgusted but intrigued. “But be careful, women seem to always complain that men use too much tongue, and, well, I don’t blame them. I want to get my tongue in there, but then again I want to get my tongue in a lot of places.”

“Like where?” She asked curiously, he frowned.

“Ah, I’ll explain later. The joke went over your head.” Musashi turned back to Yamato.

Yam! Where does he want to put his tongue? Yamato chuckled while she responded.

Wonderful places. Get that tongue! Musashi was frustrated but switched back to Chad. He explained that using the tongue in a kiss is very delicate and you should tailor it to your partner’s preferences.

“So that’s all the kisses. Now it’s just practice.” He looked at the computer screen, it was still updating. “Would you like to see some recordings I have of the game?”

“Hai!” He operated the computer and pulled up videos.

“Do you remember the game mechanics?”

“Hai! I remember the game very well.”

“Then sit back and enjoy, Musashi.”

“I mentioned the game to Yamato, she said she plays it, too, can you two play together?”

“Yes, and we have before.”

“Is she good at the game?”

“I can be honest with you, for someone who plays the game for fun and to entertain her baby, she’s better than most players. Not great, but better than average.”

“Do you have an honest measurement of your ranking?”

“I’m really good at the game, but nowhere near as godly as my friends are. Going months without playing also doesn’t help my skills.”

“How do you think I will perform?”

“You learn fast and you’re very interested in the game, you’ll be great at it.” His computer loaded the videos and he started them up. As the movie played he would explain his thought processes and what was happening. Musashi would offer feedback and he’d adjust her feedback to what was within the game’s limitations. He had hundreds of little clips from way back in the game’s development phase. He discussed how the game was constantly changing and he described what differences there were at various points of the game. Musashi was fascinated, his attention to detail matched hers well. She really enjoyed his presence. At one point she switches to Yamato and says: *I think I like him*.

Good. Yamato replies. *He’s a pretty likable guy*. Musashi didn’t think Yamato was getting how much Musashi was liking him. They went through dozens of videos, it was pumping then up. Musashi felt flattered when he showed her the video clips he had of her in the game. However, Musashi did not like the version she was in the game.

“Well,” he started, “to be frank you got shafted. That’s slang for getting a bad deal. They wanted to put you in the game, but they wanted you to be different from your sister. Yamato is as she looked when she sank, you are as you look when you were commissioned. Your AA is terrible, your dispersion is the same as Yamato’s, but your sigma is worse. That means your shots go longer or shorter more often. But you’re a tier lower with armor on your smokestack, and that’s about it for advantages. I play Yamato more than you because she has too many advantages over you. I’m sorry to say that.” He looked at her apologetically, she did seem a bit sad. “You’re still a good ship, Musashi. Soon you’ll be stronger than your sister in real life.” She was still a bit sad. He rubbed one of her window frames soothingly. “Need a hug?”

“Hug?” She looked to him questioningly.

“A hug, an embrace.” It makes you feel better.”

“A hug sounds nice.” He walked to a support stanchion in the room and wrapped his arms around it. He told her to wrap her arms around him and gently squeeze. She did so and her worries and anxieties faded away, her spirits rose higher and she smiled. Hugs felt good. She didn’t let go for a while, such a new and good feeling, she was quickly addicted to it. When she did let go Chad went back to the computer and asked if she felt better. She said she felt great.

“Good,” he says as he switches to the game loading screen and presses the orange PLAY button, “let’s sink some shit.” Musashi was excited, the game loaded and a movie of Nagato fighting American destroyers was playing. Chad pressed another button and it disappeared to another to another loading screen and then she was looking at a harbor, it looked similar to the harbor they were at now. A ship came up that Musashi was unfamiliar with, Chad scrolled through a menu until he found what he was looking for. He selected it and the mystery ship disappeared and then she popped up. She had a green camouflage that she never wore before and she was her 1942 configuration. Chad selected Co-Op battles and pressed the orange BATTLE button in the top middle of the screen. “Give me your hands.” Musashi was confused.

“Why?”

“You’re going to play.” She panicked.

“But I don’t know how!”

“I’m going to show you, trust me.” Cautiously she extended her hands to him, he examined them and put one on the ‘mouse’ and the other on the keyboard. He placed his hands on hers to guide her through the controls. The map she was on had huge ice formations as big as mountains! The match began and Musashi heard a very motivated voice Bellow ‘Sentou Kaist!’ He pressed her fingers to guide her through processes, his hands on hers, grasping her, it made her blush and feel comfortable. She wanted to hold his hands back. He wrapped up his instructions and let go. She wanted his hands back on hers. Soon reports of an enemy cruiser came up and Musashi trained her own digital guns onto target. Chad held the mouse and explained to her how the lead worked and set her up with a shot. He commanded to shoot it and she executed the order. All but two shells straddled the target. The two that hit had a ricochet and an over penetration. Musashi was happy she hit it, Chad cursed himself for poor aim. He guided her through a few more engagements before he let go and she ran the show. Musashi was nervous, very nervous, and desperately wanted to hold his hand again. Instinctively while she was playing a hand of hers came down and touched his. Carefully it wrapped around his forearm and their fingers interlocked around each other’s palm. Once she was holding his hand she was significantly less nervous and performed much better. Very quickly she learned the travel time for her shells and soon was lining up great shots. Chad encouraged her to play more games and she did so, getting better every time. She didn’t notice he was holding her hand, and it wasn’t until he went to send her to battle against other online players did she notice. Quickly she apologized and tried to bring the hand away, feeling quite embarrassed, but he asked her hand to stay. He liked it, too. She happily obliged him and kept the hand in place. She then ventured into the shit-show called Random Battles. Her first match was terrible, she didn’t know the map, how cancerous the team morale was, the places most ships go. Oh she was so ashamed. Chad laughed at her when she ate six Shimakaze torpedoes and sank. She was so upset. He walked to the stantion and hugged her again. He told her he didn’t expect much from her. He told her he’d show her how to play in randoms. He sat in the chair, setting himself up where she could see the screen and controls, and got her to wrap her arms around his torso instead of holding his busy hands.

He played his battles like he didn’t miss a beat. He taught her how to read the map and general strategies employed. She watched him work his craft and steamroll poor peasants. Musashi had a lot of catching up to do. At one point she felt he was just showing off when he predicted how the battle would go. She called his bluff. Then it all happened exactly as he said it would. She was dumbstruck. He told her he played this game way too much, but it’s worth it. He vowed that someday she would be able to do all of this. He told her not to ‘book it’ down one line but to learn how all ship classes play, do a bit of everything. He showed her some games in other ship classes and then stopped to eat some food. He took out four sushi/rice to-go patties and a little black block.

“Do you like music?” He asked as he unwrapped the first food wedge. His eyes met hers.

“Hai, I enjoy listening to music a lot.” He activated his phone and manipulated it’s features.

“That’s good,” he said as he slowed his manipulating to focus on searching the screen, “very few people don’t like music.” He found what he was looking for and pressed on it, jazz music started playing through the black box.

“Woah,” Musashi exclaimed, “the little box has music?”

“No,” Chad smiled, “the phone does, this box is just a speaker. The phone tells the speaker how to play the song wirelessly, similar to how radios talk, similar to computers on WiFi.” Musashi was amazed by the phone. “This phone can do more than you can imagine, that’s how much technology has changed since your time. I didn’t want to shock you with new music tastes, so I picked something with a blend of old and new.”

“Thank you.” She was enjoying the song, she encouraged him to play newer music and he obliged her. Her favorite was still American jazz, but classic rock was edging it’s way up there next to it. She absolutely hated the screaming music, and death metal, couldn’t stand to get through a song. Chad said it was an aquired taste. While they were listening to some soft rock, Chad still wrapped up in her arms quietly eating away at his food, Musashi brought up a topic that was chipping away at her mind. “My sister sent you here to have sex with me, didn’t she?” He didn’t even look up from unwrapping another wedge, he nodded in affirmation.

“Fuso, too.” He reached over and selected another song then turned the music down quiet. He looked up to her and adjusted to get cozy. “They were relentless, Fuso was, at least.”

“Is that why you came to me?” She expected to wait on a calculated answer but when it was immediate it caught her off guard.

“No. No I was actually going to Yamato to try talking her out of it, and convince her to back me up in getting Fuso to back off, too. I bumped into you first and I’m really glad I did.”

“Why?” He smiled.

“We were able to spark up a conversation like that!” He snapped his fingers together. “Not only that but we talked about things for fun that we can’t talk to normal people about. Musashi when was the last time you could talk about tactics and strategy to anyone the way you talked about it to me?”

“Only with the captain.”

“Because it was his job to use those tactics and strategies.”

“Yeah.” Musashi did enjoy the interaction she received with that conversation. Really just talking to him was exceptionally nice. She decided to get to the point. “So, Chad, are you here just to have sex with me?”

“No,” He said instantly, “I enjoy talking to you, if things head in that direction then so be it, if they don’t then oh well. I like spending this time with you.” It made her feel better, much better. She felt great, actually. She even blushed. “I definitely like you, and I want to spend more time with you.”

“I like you, too.” She was blushing intensely, Yamato could see the grey hue tint in her cheeks. “Does that mean we’ll have sex?”

“Net exactly,” he said seriously. Musashi sensed it was a learning moment and payed close attention, “sex, to me, is just something you do to get off if you don’t actually know the person. Sometimes you might not even get off. Sex is really only good, at least passionately memorable, when the person you do it with really cares and is trying to ensure you enjoy yourself, and you are doing the same for them. It makes every aspect of sex,” he paused to try finding the right multiplier, “just so much better. So I say to take your time to have sex, get to know them and really enjoy them. Try not to rush into things, I’ve rushed into things and from the bottom of my heart I regret it. Yeah I was virgin, sure I wasn’t that bad, but whatever, I regret rushing in to it just to get my rocks off. Now it sort of haunts me, wishing I did things better, did things right. Yeah I still find myself as a squirrel just looking for a quick nut. That’s natural. But I’m sure I’ll regret it more than I enjoy it. I regret not getting some in the places I’ve been, I get ragged on for it, my loneliness really, really fucks me up, too. I really start doubting myself big time. There are so many times I decree I’m not even worthy of happiness, but I know I need to hold out and keep going and working at it until it’s right. I see what waiting and making the connection rewards the participants with, and I want that. So, Musashi, don’t rush into sex for the hell of it, wait for the right guy and when he comes around and the time is right, do it. Go for it and do it all night. It’ll be a blast.”

“I want you to be my first.” He wasn’t ready to hear that, certainly not after his spiel. “I like you a lot, and when the time is right, I want it to be with you.” This is where his negativity and self-loathing come into play.

“I’m the only guy you’ve met, wait and meet other guys first. I’m sure there are better suitors out there.” If she had a head she’d be shaking it no. She grabbed his hands.

“See, Chad, I have talked to men before, a lot of men, all sorts of men. None of them were like you, none of them made me talk like you, none of them listened like you, none of them make me feel the way you do. None of them wanted to come back, at all, like you.” He’s heard stuff like this all the time before. Just one question pulls out how they really feel.

“Then why don’t you date me?”

“I want to.” His heart skipped a beat. Nobody has ever said that, he’s never gotten a straight answer before.

“Nobody has ever said that before.” He sat in silence trying to figure out what to do, they both were. “I, I like you a lot, Musashi, I want to spend more time with you.”

“I like you a lot as well, and I feel the same way.”

“Are you… interested in dating?” He looked into her gaze, heart in his throat, racing a million miles an hour.

“I very much am.” She answered calmly with a subtle hint of nervousness in her voice. Her heart was doing the same at Chad’s.

“So, it’s a done deal? Are we dating?”

“I wish to.”

“As do I.”

“Then I’d say we are.” Slowly they both smiled, silently they sat together in the tense atmosphere. “So what do we do now?”

“Nothing different, we’ll get more intimate over time. Just for now we chill out like we were before.”

“Hai.” He plops down in his chair and looks at his computer screen trying to decide if they talk more or play together. “Chad?”

“Hai?”

“Can I hold you?” She was a bit embarrassed and felt she had to explain herself. “Yamato says she likes holding Hisashi and that it makes them feel good.”

“Yes Musashi, you can ‘hold’ me. When we’re alone like this I’m always alright with it.” Musashi got excited and moved to touch him but

hesitated. She didn't know what to do with her arms and hands. It made him laugh a little. "Just do what feels right, let them go." Slowly she continued, starting at his chest, right under his arms, and wrapping around him downwards, weaving through each other. She got to his hips and felt it was a good place to stop, she had enough arm left to reach her hand into his. He seemed comfy and satisfied, relaxing into her grasp and held her hand with his left and manipulated the computer with his right hand.

She felt and explored his lively body. She felt his chest expand with every breath and noticed the steady beating of his heart. He was very warm and pleasant to hold. A perfect blend if squishy and firm. She could feel his ribs and hip bones while gripping his gut, it all soothed her and calmed her, she felt happier. His thumb gently rubbed across the back of her hand and he firmly grasped her hand convincingly. They were enjoying each other's company very much, the soothing and relaxing atmosphere helped them bond deeply. Musashi had a taste of his body and wanted to learn more, much, much more. She wanted to feel his face, legs, arms, butt, hair, genitals, and feet. Mostly his hair, very much she wanted to know what his hair felt like. She gave in to her curiosity and a hand touched his soft hair, but that wasn't enough for her. She dove in and felt his hair all around her hand and fingers. It was thick like a wall of rope but soft like a blanket, she loved the way it interacted with her hand as she moved it around. He smiled and laughed, noting how much she, too, liked his hair. Next she felt his arms and legs, they were meaty, a pleasant handful for her. Not as entertaining as his hair but it soothed her curiosity regardless. She knew his buttocks and feet were unreachable, and it'd be rude to jab her hand into his face. That left one spot, a sensitive spot, slowly she inched a hand down his leg. Her adrenaline was racing around in her. She slowly left the leg and moved her hand towards his crotched but his free hand snatched hers before she could make it. Darn.

"No, you can't do that."

"Why not?"

"It's an intimate spot, reserved. I know emotions are fairly new for you, but some things you have to suppress. You must have patience and discipline, and I know you have both. You'll get to know that spot very well in time, but not yet. Not now. There's a mood we'll feel and share, you'll know when, that's the time to touch there." She was frustrated but understood the reason. She withdrew her hand, curiosity raging at her. "You can still run around, just not there." She moved back to his hair, by sundown his hair would be a disaster but he didn't care.

They ended up watching a new movie about halfway through when Musashi wanted to see what there was about WW2. He started her off with his favorite movie, Hacksaw Ridge, it was an impressive movie on her, and when she learned that wasn't even half of what he really did she was even more amazed and astounded. Next they watched a movie that he'd been wanting to watch for a long time but couldn't find an English version of, Yamato. Musashi translated the movie instantly for him telepathically and was touched at how Yamato was still revered even in death. Then he put on Saving Private Ryan, and that's when Musashi's desires finally began boiling over. She'd been suppressing them until now, and she could hold off no longer. No matter how she tried to not think about it, it all came up again and the temptation was too strong. She gave in.

"Chad, can we kiss?" He paused the movie and looked to her. He was still wrapped in her arms and her hands were entangled in his hair.

"So either you're really excited about this, or," he gestured to the paused movie where a soldier was falling dead after being shot in the chest, "you're into some gruesome shit."

"Perhaps." He started to get up.

"I'll be honest, I've wanted to kiss for a while, now, too, but I know you're sister's watching. That weirds me out." He'd been wanting to kiss her and hold her, snuggle up with her and make her all warm and toasty inside but the hawkish eyes of Yamato they both knew were always watching unsettled them.

"Hai…" She felt the same way, and even if she asked Yamato to look away she knew Yamato wouldn't. Chad knew this as well. "But I really want to kiss you!"

"Musashi, you know that place in your head you go to so you can run through scenarios?"

"Hai."

"*We* can go there, together." Musashi's mind went blank, she tried to figure out how, and it was lost on her.

"How the hell do we do that?"

"You know the bigger tendrils you have? The ones with all the needles?"

"Hai." She pulled one out and opened it to reveal all the pins.

"That connects here on my neck." He turned and showed her the spot imprinted by Fuso. "I trust you. Go ahead and put the end here, I'll be okay."

He didn't mention the danger involved with it but his heart racing gave it away. Slowly, carefully, and nervously she did so, pushing the pins into his nervous system. He sat down in the chair and let go, releasing himself to her. He was standing on her deck but not human size, he was as tall as her tower, her conning tower was between his straddled legs. They recognized each other and smiled at each other, he brought up his arms and wrapped them around the back of her tower as he leaned in to rest his forehead on her 'forehead,' and they smiled at each other, she giggled softly. They could feel each other's hot breaths and radiating body heat. He squeezed her mentally, and while she didn't have anything around him mentally she squeezed him back physically, making him quite snug and comfortable. He didn't react to it, Musashi gained the impression he didn't feel it, and her curiosity once again grew.

"You ready, Musashi?"

"Hai!"

She was confident and excited, their hearts raced together as he drew closer. Neither agreed on what kiss was going to happen, but they already knew what to do. She watched his eyes close just before their lips touched, his head was tilted so his nose wasn't in the way and his lips settled onto hers. She, too, closed her eyes and felt much more intimate with the kiss. Gently he sucked on her top lip and she reciprocated on his bottom lip, he inched his tongue between the lips and she did the same. Soothingly their tongues caressed each other, sharing this moment with intense emotions. She felt her curiosity skyrocket and her drive to have him increase just as dramatically. Her intuition overtook her control and a hand physically reached between his legs and groped his genitals. She felt them liven up as her fingers meddled and rolled his member and testes through his pants. It grew much warmer and throbbed, twitching and growing. Musashi felt amazing, awesome! Her emotions were fierce and demanding. The pleasure she was deriving was inexplicable, no wonder Yamato didn't try to explain it! Yamato was watching, she watched as Musashi's face relaxed and softened to one of enjoyment. Yamato held her breath, it was happening! Musashi was

very much enjoying herself when Chad pulled away. Instantly her eyes opened and her face gave off the symptoms of withdraw and protest.

“Musashi, are you sure you want to do this?” He was vague.

“Do what, Chad?” Then she felt his hand grab heist between his legs. Both of her faces turned to resemble that of a guilty child caught red-handed. She didn’t know how to respond. “Do what, Chad?”

“Are you sure you want to have sex right now, Musashi?” She was quiet, her face searched his for an answer, she was locked up, overwhelmed. What does she say? What are the benefits? The drawbacks? Should she ask Yamato? Ask him? “Musashi, you think too much. Do you want this? What are your emotions saying?”

“I…” her emotions responded in pulsating unison, together, begging, pleading, saying that she wanted his fucking cock so deep inside her she could feel it between her yard-arms. “I really fucking want it!” Chad was surprised, so was Yamato. Musashi was so excited she said it mentally and physically.

“Damn! Well babe, I’ll do my best to make it memorable.”

She was thrilled, unprecedented excitement consumed her. He came in for another kiss, she reciprocated and felt him slide her hand underneath his underwear. Her bare hand felt his flesh throb and enlarge in her hand. His kissing grew in ferocity as Musashi felt the blood fill in his cock. Her many ports began tingling, getting hotter, and leaking. Once her hand was cradling his fully erect member he asked her where she wanted him, not sexually, but physically where is the port she wants to use. He asked it to also have a neural tendril as well. Musashi told him where it was and he smooched her one last time before he suddenly vanished from her sight. She felt him disconnect from her and fight to get up and go. She freed him and tracked him as he flew down the ladders to the central Bridge. His heart was pounding when he got to the deck, so much adrenaline was flushed through his body that he didn’t even notice any wear on him. Like a hungry animal he lumbered around looking for the space she told him to go, while he searched feverishly Yamato asked what was happening. Musashi said *‘it’s happening’* and Yamato’s mouth first opened wide, then she bit her lower lip that curled into a wide smile, the largest Musashi had ever seen, before Yamato looked away and her face disappeared. Her excitement was bursting out as Yamato shook Hisashi with her arms while he was feeding Daichi. He was completely out of the loop and very confused. Chad found the compartment with a bit more help and as soon as the hatch opened Musashi thrusted her port at him. He took it and asked for the neurologist tendril, where she placed it back into his spine.

“Alright Musashi, this is going to be intense, maybe even overwhelming, if you think it’s too much or you get uncomfortable let me know, okay? For now just sit back and relax. I got this.”

“Hai, I can undress you?”

“Go for it, babe.”

His jacket came off easy with the zipper, then she pulled his shirt off and from there he went at it. He always starts orally, it’s just how he is. His physical body propped up against her bulkhead as she stripped his pants off and explored his hot sweaty body. He held her beautiful and elegantly crafted vagina to his mouth and buried his mouth into its folds so soft, thoroughly enjoying himself as he sucked on the whole orifice and licked and capped at her clit. He continuously nuzzled and moved his face around constantly providing so much stimulation to Musashi that her vision blurred and her body felt out of touch for her. His tongue made laps around her vagina’s opening and would probe it’s depths. Suddenly she mentally felt the same thing with her hull port, placed between her two sets of propellers. Instinctively she turned her auxiliary rudder all the way over so his mental presence could reach her more comfortably. His mental arms straddled her wide and thicc hull, holding it tightly as he pressed himself against it, holding himself close with his legs as well. They were situated more towards the thinner bow and could reach up her hull side a bit. From two angles she felt him, his ferocious feasting shocked her core and overtook everything. All she could do was whimper and moan, entirely engrossed in these whole new feelings, such powerful sensations. Her ecstasy and dopamine was working overtime tonight like never before. His mouths worked in perfect tandem to where she couldn’t discern what was mental stimulation and what was real, she was in total bliss and relaxed into his passionate moves. Every one of his actions moved her, he could feel her shudder and moan with just a flick of his tongue, such power at the edge of his lips under his control, what a turn on. Her soft, hot, pollowy sex smothered his face and drew him in like an aluring siren, how other men couldn’t desire this feeling eluded his mind. For him this, too, is heavenly, while he might not be getting closer to climaxing, like he can feel Musashi doing, he is certainly receiving pleasure from this. Now only if he could be balls deep at the same time, that would make this perfect. With his mental head planted firmly between her propellers shafts he felt like she was holding him there begging for more, and with his body pressed against her body he received the warmth and feedback needed to fuel his lust, drive him harder, and devour her even more intensely. He did grow in intensity, a flurry on her vagina that rocked her world, and with his physical body receiving much stronger tastes and juices from her port it strengthened his drive and reinforced it, helping him maintain his ferocity. Actually drinking her nectar fueled him and drove him crazy with lust. He had to have her cum, there’s no other way. It really didn’t take long for her vagina to spasm and convulse, Musashi had never touched herself, and now under a barrage of his sexual and oral attention it had rapidly reached the boiling point. As her body gave off the tale-tell signs she was approaching her climax Chad went harder, he was going to make her first orgasm smash her. He could hear her start moaning and wailing, it grew louder and stronger as her vagina pulsated and contracted on his face-he was loving every bit of it. Suddenly it happened, the moment he’s been craving, the moment she’s only heard about, the moment Yamato’s been waiting for. She screamed as she came, instinctively she pressed her port against his face and held him against her-to which there was no protesting from Chad. He revelled in the moment and drank from the fruit of his labors, oh her delicious metallic nectar wet his gullet and hit the spot. She came for a good minute, screaming and shuddering from mast to keel, wheezing and quivering as she came down. She felt him gulping down her spray, it invigorated her and boosted her sex drive. That was amazing, astounding, she wanted to do that again! The amount of worshipping that went into her for that whole ordeal satisfied her, yet only stirred her thirst. While she poured out for him she moaned and felt his body. It was certainly hotter and sweatier, and now with quivering and spasming arms she stripped the rest of him naked and toyed with his cock and balls. She longed to bury him inside her and take every drop she could get, she knew the birds and the bees, she knew what could be done, and she craved every bit of it. She could hold off on the impregnation for now, but every thought that put her off from sex was gone, vanished, purged from her mind. She wanted to make him cum buckets like he made her do for him, she wanted to be up to her eyes in cum. Thinking of it made her mouth water and she licked her lips in a feverish dream. He pulled his face out of her port drenched in her, he had a huge smile on his face, his gleaming, shiny face. He looked into the mess he’d made with pride, his mental body still holding her and enjoying the dwindling spasms and twitches that still remained.

“How ya feelin’ Musashi?”

“Outstanding! More! Again! Oh fuck I want this dick!” He smiled, her booming voice and enthusiasm conveyed to him her sheer enjoyment.

“I’m always down for a feast, relax, my queen!” He went for more but she stopped him.

“No! I need your semen!”

“Huh?”

“I *need* your *cum*!” Her vagina was contracting and winking, as he watched her flexing his cock tingled and ached, it sure looked like fun in there. Her emphasis on his semen alarmed him.

“You aren’t trying for kids, are you.”

“No, no, not yet. MMMMMM!” She whined as she gently squeezed his dick in her hand. “I need some cum!” He smiled wider.

“You like it dirty?”

“Yeah!”

“You like it messy?”

“Yeah!”

“You want it sloppy?”

“Yeah!!!”

“Let’s make a fucking mess, then!” He got on his knees and held his cock up to her juicy, wet slit, nuzzling his head between the lips to circle the vagina.

“Fuck me! Cum in me! Flood me!” He teased her for only a minute, she wasn’t having any of it. Her whines and protests fuelled his lust and drive for her. He wanted to feel her cumming on him as much as she wanted to feel him flood her. Once she realized he was playing with her she sat on him herself and caught him completely off guard. Instantly he loved her insides. Right on the belly of his cock where the sensitive spot is ran two folds that put pressure on him perfectly. His eyes rolled and he almost fell on her. He held her against him, balls deep, together they moaned and shivered on each other.

“Oh fuck, Musashi you feel so good.”

“Mmmm! You feel so good, too!” A hand of her fondled his balls and massaged them. More of her hands and arms further explored his body, testing his muscles and composition. He focused on their mental bodies, he put himself behind her with her free floating in the void and admired the sleek contours of her hull and the boldness of her superstructure and weaponry. He grabs her aft end where the boat hangers are and pulls her up onto his lap, easing his throbbing mental cock into her soaking wet hull pussy.

“FFFFFuck yeah, Musashi… ooooohhhhh.” Her whimpers and shuddering signalled that his mental docking was working for her, too. As he thoroughly enjoyed her pulsating pussy and it’s heat he felt her cervix come down gently on him. Softly it sat on his head, not applying itself to break it’s seal, but not retreating either. “Musashi?”

“I want to feel you knocking on my door, I want to feel every thrust you hit me with.” That sounds hot as fuck to him. His cock flexes with desire inside her, she groans with his subtle movements. He decides he’s ready and gets back up into his stance to fuck her silly.

“You ready for this?”

“Fuck me, baby!”

His bodies both hold her tightly as he pulls out to the base of his head. His sudden desertion tugged at Musashi’s insides, emotionally, sexually, physically, and had her craving what was about to happen. Suddenly she blurts out a yelp and her eyes go wide as Chad slams himself against her. His instant presence filled her void and smashed against her cervix sending a shock through her bodies. His crotch slapped her clit and shocked that as well, while his shaft displaced her insides and heated her insides up. She felt a lot of power and lust in the hump, and rapidly he kept thrusting into her. She wailed and moaned, biting her lower lip as her vision blurred and her face furrowed. Yamato got a glimpse of Musashi’s face and knew instantly it was good, she forced her own gaze away and screed to Hisashi, who was trying to brush his teeth. He’s entirely unaware of what’s going on, just confused as fuck. Her pussy clung to what it could as he moved rapidly, she felt snapshots of his cock where she could feel veins, folds, textures, and the pulsating of blood surging through his cock. The snapshots blew up her lust and desire, she groaned when she got one.

All of her noises and body tremors fuelled Chad, he had to keep it up for her. She felt fucking amazing, a flurry of slick, hot, squishy-plush massaging muscles. She gripped him perfectly and her pussy naturally contracting would snatch him for a moment where he could feel her pussy almost vibrating on him. It’d lock him up momentarily but he forced past it, mentally he saw her sexy body bouncing on him with her handsome superstructure mesmerizing him and drugging up his brain. Physically her body provided the feelings and intense emotions that fuelled them, her slick insides excreted her lube that kept his crotch and stomach warm and happy. Looking down at his cock flying in and out of the artisan crafted pussy made him moan in pleasure as his cock tingle with excitement. Her mental and physical bodies getting fucked in unison from two angles accelerated her sexual pleasure, she was fluttering between a high and consciousness. When he slipped out she instantly cried out in protest. Whimpering as he put it back between her lips. He caught his breath and angled himself better so he’d focus her G-spot. He was excited for this, he could feel what just going straight in did to her, now he’s going to smash that G-spot and made her cum hard.

He started his onslaught and both of them immediately noticed the increased attention to her G-spot. She grabbed him and yelled, squeezing his body mentally and physically as she rocked and flexed with him. Her eyes rolled around freely and she could make up her mind on letting her mouth hang agape or biting on a quivering lip. He felt her insides convulsing much more intensely and ferociously, he felt her climax approaching as she went with the thrusts more sporadically as if she was trying to fight it. His tempo began breaking, too, he didn’t expect her to last this long, especially since she said she’s never touched herself- she slammed herself against him and moaned loudly as she came. Her wondrous pussy sent waves down his length and pumped out her cum, gush by gush, as her tongue fell out and her vision blanked. She was slightly giggling during her moaning. Chad wasn’t done there, oh no. He tried to keep fucking her during her orgasm but she latched on too tightly, he instead fingered her very bold clit and flexed his cock inside her. The clit rubbing did the most, and it was enough to make her shiver and convulse while sending waves down his meat. He was right on the cusp there, his cock was extremely sensitive to her, feeling all of her folds and jitters, and had him fighting to stay in control of himself. Just as she finished her massive orgasm he was ready to break, she felt him inside her feeling different. She noticed he was extremely tense and was almost shaking himself. She cupped his balls and toyed with them, hopped her pussy on him a few more times and he said he was cumming. She had a huge smile on her face, drool oozing from her lips, and she waited to feel him burst. His moaning turned to grunting and sighing and she felt his cock pump from the base up and ropes of his seed ejaculated out of him. She moved her cervix up to feel him launch it into her. Every rope he shot made her shiver with joy, thus encouraging him to deliver more. From the inside out she was hot and happy. Immersed in glee and pride. A whole swath of emotions overcame Musashi, once she felt Chad coming down she attacked him with arms, wrapping him up in a snug embrace.

“Huh, guess you’re feeling good, then, Musashi?”

“Haaaiiii!” She moaned as she held his cheeks and played with his hair. Good vibes flowed through them, they laughed and giggled together in a dopamine high. Their mental bodies laid together at first, but then he put himself in front of her eye level with her. They were breathing heavily and that was all that preceded their intimate and passionate kissing. She was still somewhat horny and fondled his cock and balls more. He let her play as he enjoyed her magnificent taste on his lips. She is so hot! Just thinking about her, seeing her in his mind having face sex with him, he quickly regained a sex drive and heard her making screeing sounds as she felt him inflate inside her. “Again? Again! Again!” Her excitement soared as he fully erected himself inside her.

“With that much excitement you’re going to run me dry, Mu.” He smiled, he was happy she was enthusiastic.

“That’s the point!” She cupped his balls and weighed them. “Gimme it all!” She took a more assertive approach and while she held him tightly she also humped him. He simply grabbed her physical coupler and her mental aft and melted away into her motions as she put herself into him and rode the Disco stick. Musashi slid on his long shaft sensually and enjoyed feeling every millimeter of it. She was starting to slow down to analyze it more but Chad grabbed her body and thrusted himself deep into her with a heavy grunt.

“While we still have energy let’s use it, next round we’ll get lazy and slow. Sound good?” She bit her lip and mhmm’d an agreement.

“Fuck me, Chad!”

“I’m gonna fuck the shit outta you!” Mentally he rolled her onto her side and physically he shoved her coupler to the floor and laid over it. At first she was uncomfortable but once she felt his cock pierce her lips again and his girth spread her insides out she relaxed. Mentally he held her as best he could while he pushed himself deep inside her, not as deeply as last round but he still got in a good way and rubbed her G-spot tenderly with his cock. Physically he laid on her coupler and wrapped his arms around her body and held her tightly. His member penetrated her and eased in convincingly. She felt his presence pincer her from two angles and again couldn’t discern from reality and mentality.

He began his motions, first tenderly to get a feel for her body, enjoying the supple and ample coos from her, then he picked up his intensity to drive her wild. Once again he was a flurry of motion, slinging in and out rapidly, making her vagina feel hot and tingly. Her mind couldn’t stop thinking about him, how awesome she felt, how in love she was. She cried out how in love she was and how happy she was and how great he was doing. She was fueling the fire and knew it, as he grew stronger and faster, rubbing her raw internally. She could no longer discern between thrusts and instead she was fed a constant stream of ecstasy as her mouth drooled for more. Her high and emotions went on a roller coaster, thrill and overwhelming emotion had her on a very wild ride. Chad was getting this feeling from her too, through their neural connection he was taking the same trip as her. He struggled to focus on keeping his barrage up with how intense these feelings were. Through their bodies pulses, waves, shocks, and frenzies of dopamine and the like massaged them and tamed their nerves into a bliss. Musashi suddenly remembered that she never closed the Gap and slapped her cervix back into place and instantly went brain dead as his cock head smashed against it with every thrust. This extra sensitivity was enough to make her eyes flutter and any attempt to speak a moaning wail of appreciation. Chad felt instant repercussions as well, his cock convulsed like it wanted to cum but nothing was happening, his moans grew stronger as well. Her arms and tendrils were flexing on him and feeling his body work. While his muscles burned from the taxing efforts he placed on them, her arms cooing and surrounding him made it all better, certainly worth it. As of right now the only words Musashi could competently say was ‘more’ and ‘love you’ and ‘hai’ and all else was indiscernible. So when she suddenly cried out she was close to the good part he was in overdrive. He groaned as he put all he had into smashing her G-spot for her grand finale. A hand of hers was messing with his hair and it ceased it’s play and started shaking like it was terrified on his head. Soon he felt her mental body flex and twist as she tried putting it off as long as possible, shortly followed by her physical coupler beneath him do the same. Her physical body creaked and strained until suddenly she snapped him against her pussy and shook violently. She screamed in delight and chuckled as her pussy vibrated and convulsed and frenzied on his entire cock. He felt her pumping out her extra lube onto his crotch. It was so hot! He planted his face against her coupler tendril as he relaxed into her and rested his weary body. He suddenly was hit with exhaustion as his burning muscles protested any more work. Musashi came for a solid two minutes or more, Chad was astounded. When she came down her vagina relaxed and felt like puddy, she was numb yet ultra sensitive, she loved it. She noticed he didn’t cum, she was upset, felt selfish. She decided she could do something about it and put Chad against the wall in a sitting position, he was still hugging her coupler fondly.

“You aren’t finished, are you, Chad?”

“I’m pretty burnt out, Musashi, I’m sorry, babe.”

“That’s not what I meant, baby.” A tendril spread his arms off of the coupler enough for her to comfortably and awkwardly try her best to hump him. He at first chuckled at her new it was for her, but he knew she just wanted him to get his second cumming, too. He grabbed her coupler and helped guide it for her.

“Yeah, like that baby, oohh fuck, yeah.”

Once she got the hang of it she took his hand off and held them in hers. He squeezed her hands tightly, she enjoyed the moment. She hoped she could pleasure him like he did to her. Feeling his body in her arms certainly made her feel warm inside, just like Yamato said. She started to feel hot liquids ooze out of his cock ever so slowly and it made her heart race, her excitement soared as she craved the salty icing. He withered in her grasp as she tenderly stroked him long shaft, she was getting enjoyment from this as well, but more from his reactions, she hoped this is what he was talking about. Her moaning was based off of his, instinctively to coo with him. His eyes were closed and he was only thinking of her, their mental bodies were much like their physical ones. Chad was in a sitting position with Musashi’s great hull riding his lap passionately. His mental self couldn’t stop looking at her aft, it’s curvature and sleekness, blending into bold and sturdy structure and width. He wanted to cream her badly, oh so badly. This lap ride is a dream come true for him, all he ever wanted. He knew after this he’s going to cuddle her to death. The natural progression of things. Her bold superstructure and impressive guns strewn about her 1944 configuration hull add that flair that drives his lust for warships. He loved how intricate these ships were yet how fluid and sleek and beautiful they remained. He wanted to make more of them, make so many more ships the fun way. Sadly, that’s only a dream. Nobody could support ship children, it’ll have to be humorphs. Oh well. If you’re wondering about what the obviously protruding rudders are doing, this is a mental stimulation, they just fold over out of the way.

She rode him for a while before she thought there had to be something else, too. She pressed herself against him and swayed around to find another angle, while doing this she noticed he writhed and moaned more. She could sense his satisfaction riding, she continued grinding on him, eventually adding in her steady, rhythmic bouncing. His head rolled around freely on his shoulders and his mouth sat open as he moaned. He was essentially high and she loved it. She was very proud of herself and tried to pick up her speed, which led to her over adjusting and popping him out every other turn. She slowed down and played this enjoyable waiting game. She cuddled him while doing so and was very happy and excited to feel his penis twitching and convulsing like his body. His moaning became agitated and his grip on her hands tightened. She picked up her pace with her bouncing, she put his head up so he could watch her work him. His eyes were locked on her aft bouncing on him, revealing his shaft before consuming it into her bliss again. He was getting much closer, she egged him on.

“Do it, babe! Cum! Cum inside me! I want it! Do it!” She practically begged him as she slid all the way down on him and massaged him with her muscles, or what control she had left over them. His face tightened as he held off the inevitable, and then as he bursts his face turns to bliss. He empties himself into her, she Yanks her cervix up and away and feels his hot seed chase after it. Her sexual pleasure heightened and she

shivered with joy as she felt his shaft pump and twitch inside her. A hand on his testicles felt them tingle and move as well. He unloaded into her all he had, and was quickly drifting off to sleep in her arms. She moaned softly as she felt his thick lavender coat her insides liberally.his mental body instantly laid across her freeboard and hold her best it could, she had started to get the hang of it, herself, and hugged him back. Snuggling up to him as he did so to her.

“You good now?” He exhaled in a deep breath.

“Hai! I’m very good now!” He wrapped his physical arms around her coupler and brought it close to his chest, only separated by her arms wrapped around him. “I love you, Chad!”

“I love you, too, Musashi!”

“When do you think we can have kids?” He was both pleasantly surprised and terrified

“It’d be a long while, Musashi.”

“I know.”

“I still want to get to know you more, and..,”

“You’re going to be leaving soon.” Her tone softened to one of sadness.

“Yeah, it’s why I tried getting you to wait for someone else.” Her arms retracted from him so her coupler could snuggle his chest and then she wrapped both of them together. He readjusted and laid down on the deck.

“I can wait, I’ll wait for you. I’ll happily wait for you.” He was touched, his heart burned.

“That means a lot to me, it really does Musashi. I can wait for you, too.”

“You are going back to America? To Virginia? Was Yamato right?”

“Yes, I’m going to Virginia.”

“What if I could come, too?” He entertained the thought, it made him smile, seeing her so close to home.

“Japan has no interest in that, but I’d love it. You’d be so close to my home.”

“Yamato said you tried dating Fuso, what happened?”

“Normally you don’t bring up exes, but this isn’t that bad. We had too many differences in our life paths. She wants to stay in Japan and doesn’t want kids, those are the big differences. I want to have my own family, and I want to stay close to my home in America.” She was playing with his hair.

“I love Japan, but to me it’s not my home, it’s where I love, what I love, but it’s not a place I’m so dearly attached to. I’d enjoy seeing America very much. With you there, it’d be my home.”

“And I know your stance on a family.” He smiled. So did she. They softly chuckled.

“Hai, so when would we start that?”

“Oh, I don’t know. When I can afford kids, when we’re together stably, maybe when we can settle down.” She smiled, a family of her own made her very pleasant inside. Her eyes closed and she smiled as she dreamt of it. “Again, that’s if we work out. If we don’t work, then, it won’t happen.”

“Okay, I can accept that.” She giggled. “You’re so tired, you want a bed?”

“You’re the only bed I need, babe. I’ll be fine.” He snuggled up to her some more and kissed the coupler. “I can’t wait to feel your lips with my own.”

“Hai, I look forward to it, too.”

“How do you feel?”

“Awesome, happy, warm and fuzzy, lovely. I had a great time. Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it, and believe it or not, it can get better.” She was breath taken.

“How!?”

“Your cervix is even more sensitive than your vagina, there’s that, but more so we make it better with our interactions. Cracking a joke, poking fun, teasing, there’s a lot we can do better. It all comes with time, is all. You’ll see, I’m excited to get there with you.” He noticed he was very rapidly falling asleep. Quickly he mentally kissed her goodnight on her lips sensually. She held his head to her tower and his body to her structure. Once they parted they locked eyes and rested their foreheads together, smiling.

“I love you.” Was all they said before he drifted off to sleep. She struggled to stay up after that. Yamato noticed they finished and tried to talk to Musashi about it.

“How was it? What did you two do? How do you feel? Are you happy? How did he do? How did you do? Are you going to be pregnant?” Musashi’s eyes fluttered and she smiled wearily.

“Yam, I,” she sighed deeply, “I love him.” Her eyes closed and she inhaled deep and full, easing her breath out slowly. She drifted off to sleep very shortly after. To Yamato’s frustration.

“Huh,” Yamato thought aloud, “did he dick her to sleep?”

Fin Musashi

The New Generation Chapter 9

June 15, 2023 by Gingyflame

Hello all!

Yes, I am still around. Life's been fucky. I'm sure everyone can agree, but I've not given up on story writing, but I have had a lot of writer's block and a lack of drive to sit down and put something on the computer. I still have tons of story ideas, but where I want to go with this story is going to need a lot of filler and development for a valuable impact on the stories I really want to tell. So to get things going I'll be going back to how I wrote the first bunch of installments of HaM. The chapters are going to be shorter, but hopefully more consistent and paced better. I felt like the pacing had been too slow, and was going to take me forever, so I'll try doing shorter chapters focusing on key points to the plots for the characters. With that said, here's chapter 9.

Enjoy.

TNG Chapter 9

Veronica watched and noted carefully what she saw as her white blood cells devastated Adler's blood. The process was much slower, almost lazy, as the two of them found that running the tests while the samples were chilled slowed the organisms down. In every year she's run, Adler always beats the red cells, and always loses to the white cells. She can say with confidence that biologically Adler is weaker than her. What drives her curiosity now is that she has never seen Adler sick, he says he's been sick twice in his life, but she's been sick plenty around him and he never caught anything she had. Once her test was completed she reviewed her notes and and turned to Adler, who was behind her as usual.

"No changes, Addy," she announced, "how's your test?" Adler had a test between infected blood and his blood. They were trying to figure out why he was so resilient to illness.

"I'm winning, no shocker, but when i sampled blood it doesn't test for the illness." She was puzzled.

"So, maybe you eat it?" He was also puzzled.

"But where would it go? I should still test positive." Veronica scratched her head.

"Maybe the virus falls off?"

"That's not how viruses work, babe." Adler scoffed.

"I'll wait for the process to finish and then I'll test all the blood, together." She nodded, still affixed on her bizarre idea. As soon as he collected all the blood from the tray she smeared test paper on the tray. He rolled his eyes, and groaned when the blood tested negative. Veronica took her test paper and examined it, minute color changes were present to indicate the presence of a virus. She shivered in glee. Adler was visibly frustrated.

"This doesn't make any sense. This is bullshit."

"Well, maybe the virus just can't cling to your makeup? Like, we know that it's biologically different, and has different properties than normal organics, maybe the virus literally doesn't have the ability to infect it."

"That doesn't make sense, your body defenses lose to the virus, but beat my composition. Why isn't the virus doing the same?" She pondered for a minute, looking at a magnet on his glacis plate. An idea cane to her, she grabbed the magnet and tossed it onto his chest, where it stuck. She did this repeatedly, then she

slapped it on her thigh, where it slid off. She looked at Adler with her eyebrows raised.

“I don’t think it’s too far fetched to think of something like this happening.” Adler was still visibly angry. “Here, babe. Viruses are very, very good at what they do, be a pathogen and infect organisms. They aren’t very good at much else, they have evolved for a millennia to do this one thing flawlessly… and remember when you told me that element one one four had to literally be dug out of the ground? Well, the virus evolved without you, so now that the virus has come to find you, now it has no way of interacting and infecting you. In fact, some trait about your biology actually repels viruses from your body, you can’t even carry it like other organisms.” His anger began fading.

“So, like, like how some animals from the Galapagos islands can no longer breed with similar species?”

“Yes! Isolated evolution drove them apart!” They smiled and giggled together. Adler’s hands snaked across her body and tenderly glided over her long legs, her hands similarly glided over his armored glacis and just under his turret chin. He brought her close to him and held her like a baby against him, they nuzzled together like a puppy to it’s mother. “I love your body, baby.”

“And I love yours. There’s so much to learn from each other.”

“Even when we built every part of you, there’s still so much mystery and knowledge to learn.”

“I think it’s beautiful, centuries of study and we still don’t know everything.”

“And perhaps we never will.”

“The world is beautiful, just like you.” She smiled wide and twirled her index finger under his chin. Her eyes examined carefully how his chin molded and deformed the rigid cast turret face to bend like her skin, it was such an incredible sight for her. She knows how it happens, more concentration of 114 in that part of his body, but it’s still amazing. Adler combed over her body, feeling her glistening skin with his hands, her gentle heartbeat and blood pulsing through her veins, her rhythmic breathing, how exciting it was to him. He loved everything about her, from her dependence on coffee to her bad puns, from her crazy morning hair to her bad knees, and everything in between. “I’m so happy that we get along better than my parents.” She chuckled.

“Zinc and steel get along better than your parents. How did they even get together in the first place? I mean, Germany and Russia hated each other. ” Adler looked away and nodded slowly. He didn’t like bringing up that part of his past. He didn’t like talking about his parents much, either, especially their relationship.

“Just know that I love you for you, for how beautiful you are. You amaze me every day.” He took her hand and kissed it.

“I love you, too, you big metal softie! C’mere.” He picked her up and held her tight, she wrapped her arms around his turret neck as best she could. In this moment he thought back to being a kid, just wanting his parents to love each other like they loved him.

1956

Adler sulked into his room to hide from his parents and their ferocious fighting. All he wanted to do was spend the weekend at Geoff’s house but his parents disagreed on the decision. Just like every time they disagree they start fighting, which turns into undermining accusations and insults towards one another. He went over to his toy figures of superheroes and began playing with them, tears silently rolling down his turret cheeks. His little stories and scenarios his action figure storylines would play out were always filled happy and loving parents, or stories where the parents come together after a life threatening situation. avorite superhero character was an alien adopted by loving parents who treated him like he was their

own son. Individually his parents loved him, whenever dad isn't around mom likes to hold him, kiss him on his cupola, was kind and quiet around. When mom wasn't around dad was hearty and caring, stern, of course, he held Adler to high standards of manners, but treated him very nicely and would teach him some cool tricks or talents, or told him a lot of jokes. The problem was when they were together, the atmosphere was always tense, mom was always angry and short tempered, dad was always on edge and anxious. Adler hated it. He envied the other kids and their parents.

The two of them loved Adler very much but they had very different opinions on how he should be raised, Devastator was a bit more free-willed with Adler, while Vitaliya was more controlling, a helicopter parent as it would later be called. Dev was confident in Adler's own abilities to act on his own, make his own decisions. He saw Adler as a smart kid- saying that he gave Adler some brains from the gene pool- while Vitaliya swears that he's going to get himself terribly hurt and make the wrong decisions. This is usually the gist of their points of view, Vitaliya says he's not ready for something while Dev says he should try it.

Adler had never been fully told by his parents that their first encounter was less than ideal, he'd heard enough nods and references in their arguments to figure out that they had fought in combat and his father won the fight and then did bad things to his mother, which is how he ended up in the world. Adler swears that if they didn't produce him like that, then his parents would probably be able to see ends meet and not let their differing opinions tear the family apart, but that's the world Adler dreams of, not the world he lives in. So here he is now, playing with his action figures, silently weeping.

The shouting abruptly ended and a knock rang through Adler's room from the sliding door. Before Adler could say anything it began to open, it was his father. He entered the room and closed the sliding door behind him, releasing a deep and drawn out sigh as he did so. He looked at Adler, he saw the tears in his eyes and the devoid look of sadness in his eyes. Even with an inflexible body Devastator could sense the body language was of anxiety, stress, and desperation. Slowly he inched over to Adler's side, there's not much room for them side by side and in a year or two Devastator doesn't expect to fit into the room like this anymore. They're snug against each other, with Dev's gun hovering over his son, he sees the toys in Adler's hands, he rests a hand on Adler's engine deck and sighs again, quietly.

"Whatcha got there, son?" Adler swallows to clear his throat.

"My action figures." There's still a lump in his throat and he sounds pathetic. It pains Dev to see Adler like this.

"Well son, your mother won't let you stay at Geoff's house this weekend, I think we could ask his parents if he could stay over at our house instead, how's that sound?"

"Okay, I guess." Adler was still choked up and sniffling.

"Does Geoff have action figures, too?"

"No."

"No?"

"No. He has toy trains instead." Dev chuckled.

"Trains? Like, like choo-choo trains?"

"Yeah." Dev laughed to himself.

"Well I think he should come here, and I think you should show him how cool your action figures are, then he'll play with action figures instead." Adler smiled a little, so did Dev. "So, what are your action figures doing, son? Are they, are they fighting?"

' right now, no." Adler explained his characters and their stories, it really pulled at Dev's heartpistons, he ed Adler on the deck, running his fingers through some of the filter grates as his son explained it all.

Dev, too, wished he was living in those storylines. When Adler finished Dev got really serious with him for a life lesson.

“Son, Adler, now, there are many good things in the world, and many bad things, too. People do many good things, and many bad things, too. You must be careful, though, you must think about your actions because people don’t remember you for good things, if the bad thing you did was really bad. People will remember you for the bad thing you did. For me, well, I, my peers, the tanks my age, they don’t see me, most of them at least, they don’t see me as a good guy, they see me as a bad guy, and I’m very ashamed of it. I’m very ashamed. You, you’re young, young and full of good,” he gestured towards the action figures, “good things await you in life, but you have to be a good person. See, I’ve done a lot of great things in my day, I’ve also done some terrible things, but all it takes is one thing, one really bad thing, and that’s what everyone knows you for, forever. You can build a, a million bridges! You can build a million bridges but if you burn one, just one bridge, you’re called a bridge burner.”

Adler sat still, processing what his father said to him. He sniffled again and wiped his faceplate. He muttered a thank you to his father, who sat quietly next to him, adoring his son. Dev tells Adler to ask Geoff at school the next day to see if he could stay the weekend at Adler’s house, Adler agreed. Dev milked every moment he could with his son, refusing to leave his side unless absolutely necessary, Adler was the only joy he had in his life. Eventually he felt his welcome had worn, and Adler should get some sleep for school tomorrow, so he wished him a goodnight, told Adler he loved him, and pried himself away from him so he could move about his own room. Once he left the room Vitaliya swept in to give Adler her goodnight kisses and wishes. Dev made himself cozy in the main space, while Vitaliya strolled by and entered the master “bedroom,” she sat at the door for a moment looking at Dev, figured he wasn’t coming into the room, and shut the door behind her.

The next day Adler asked Geoff if he could stay at Adler’s instead, and the next day Geoff said his parents said no. Adler was devastated. He was greatly upset when he came home, and in his emotional fury he blamed it on his mom and dad fighting all the time. He blamed his loneliness on them fighting all the time and that nobody wanted to be around them because they fought so much. Vitaliya was awestruck, never had Adler said something so hurtful to her. Dev agreed with Adler, he told Adler to play outside for a bit. Adler agreed and stormed away. Dev shut the door behind him and confronted Vitaliya, instantly declaring that Adler is right. On this rare occasion she agreed.

Dev sensed some vulnerability here so he used it to his advantage, he pretty much turned her arm into the small of her back and forced her to come to grips with Adler’s growing maturity. He argued that she always had others around her, and that he, himself, did as well. They “grew up” around others, but her desire to control him was stripping him of friends. In her emotional instability she began blaming herself, and Dev rode that wave until she agreed Adler should stay with Geoff for the weekend. Dev was now awestruck, he just got Vitaliya to agree with him, no yelling, no shouting, no threats or insults, just a conversation. Admittedly a one sided conversation, but still a conversation. He inched closer to her, and in good faith he outstretched his arms for an embrace, and she did the same. Suddenly they found themselves holding each other closely, she wept into his side where he brought her, and he squeezed her tightly against himself. It brought him to tears, too. They savored this moment, this rare moment together. They whispered sweet nothings to each other, and made their own plans for the weekend. They decided to try something new, something fresh, something to hopefully bring them closer together forever.

Adler came back in after a while, his tears had dried and he had accepted his fate when his mother told him he could stay with Geoff for the weekend. Adler instantly exploded with energy, leaping off the ground in excitement. Dev scolded him, telling him he’s going to shatter the floor like that, but Adler was too excited to care. Vitaliya told him his room had better be clean before he can go or it will never happen again, with uncontrollable energy he flew into his room and began the chore. Vitaliya smiled, Dev also smiled, seeing the joy in Adler’s eyes sparked a feeling they had never had before, they glanced at each other and locked each other’s eyes. “It was that easy.” Dev said to her.

“I guess so.”

[illegible]nt Day

Adler held Veronica tightly, she had fallen asleep on his glacis plate while watching a movie. Most of his childhood memories were painful, but some of them are good. He's grateful that they did get better over the decades, Veronica wouldn't believe how bad they used to be, but they would never mesh like Alder wanted, like Adler felt with Veronica. Maybe one day his parents will finally put the past away and learn to love each other for real, no façade, no forced love, genuine happiness. It will probably never come, but Adler dreams for that day. Sometimes he thinks back to when his mother said they were trying for another kid and wonders if that ever could fix their relationship. He was doubtful, and so far the attempts have been fruitless, but he hoped that one day it would happen. Then his fantasies he dreamt up wouldn't be fantasies anymore, and his superhero world would be realized. He quietly teared up at the thought and held Veronica tighter.

Fin TNG Chapter 9

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion
2 Comments

Distressed VIII

October 5, 2022 by Gingyflame

Hello! It's been quite a while… again, and I don't have too much to show for it. I wish I had more, but a mix of writers block, poor motivation, and life's gotten in the way of things. I hope I can start producing content more faithfully, but sadly I can't promise anything. Excuses aside, here's the next installment of Johnny and Tankovy's story!

Enjoy!

Distressed VIII

Johnny had trouble getting up the next morning, his body was demanding more rest but he pushed through the aching and griping body. He had to go talk to Tankovy about his plan, and he had to build a good reputation for her with anyone he could. The first thing he did after leaving his tent was go see doc, as he was instructed. There he was given paperwork that exempted him from duties and physical training while he was recovering from his ailments. The doctor mentioned that his leg isn't properly healed, but is healed enough to where it has to be broken again and reset, something that cannot be performed here. Then doc mentioned scarring around the legs and on his arm that looked like shrapnel damage. Johnny never noticed, it never really bothered him, he couldn't really see it in her dark cabin and when he was outside he had no reason to look for it. Doc said the X-rays didn't find any shrapnel, and since Johnny had no idea about it, Tankovy must have also removed all his shrapnel. The principle doctor was supposed to interview her to learn what she did to treat Johnny, and how she did it, and now he's going to inquire about all the damages she found on Johnny. He asked the doctor if it all would be going on record, which it was, and asked how it would affect the command's views on the Tank. The doctor asked why he was so interested in the tank, his kidnapper.

"Well, in the end I guess you could say the goal was worth it. We blew up a whole terrorist compound, she kinda got her freedom, and I saw more action than almost anyone here, technically. So I'd say it's a win all around, a fucked up win, but a win."

be, but do the ends justify the means? Reeves, that tank blew you up first, kidnapped you and held you hostage for damn near a year, then it forced you to comply in it's schemes, whatever that may have been.

Reeves, that's fucked."

"Maybe, but the tank's been through a lot, too, and is Russian, besides, *being blown up is just a fact of life in Russia-*" he put on his best Russian accent for his justification, it got the doctor to grin a little bit, "but really, she's been through some shit, betrayal, abandoned, stolen, lied to, assaulted, exiled, she's pretty rough around the edges. Things just don't work up here" he pointed at his head, "for her the way it does for you and me."

"So are you saying she's crazy?" Johnny shook his head.

"Nah, I'd say, desperate. I'd say she's distressed. Not thinking right. To pass time she'd tell me stories from her life, and it's been a long thirty years for her. Y'know?" The doctor nodded slowly, pondering it.

"When you put it that way, thirty years in the service, with how crazy the Russians are, I guess any line of irrational thinking is expected. So other than the shrapnel and the mind fuck, any other concerns you want to talk about?"

"Yeah I would keep breaking out in rashes but they'd go away after a few weeks, but come back a few weeks later. They're all gone now."

"That's probably from not bathing. How would you clean yourself?"

"Poorly." He simply put. "Like a wet rag every week. Very unpleasant."

"Clean water, I hope?"

"I don't know. She said it didn't come from the drinking water, that's all she told me." The doctor wrote down the fact and dismissed Reeves. He went straight over to Tankovy. He asked the Abrams guarding her if he could talk to Tankovy, the Abrams stared him down and warned him of no funny business.

There was two tankers going over Tankovy, poking at random bits and scrubbing corossion away, cleaning and preparing it nicely. What Johnny assumed was the new guy complained about having to essentially clean the prisoner's feet, and what was assumed to be his senior supervisor reminded him to stop bitching and work. Johnny ignored them and asked Tankovy how she was doing. She was fine, enjoyed talking to the guards if they entertained it. Many good stories were shared. Johnny let her know about the doctor's interview later and to think of good things to say. In a semi defeated tone she said she has nothing to hide. Johnny grew worried, she was not this deferated yesterday. He asked her what's wrong, what broke her spirit? She asnwered him in a low tone, almost under her breath.

"Last night I asked if I could become American, and the Abrams did not think so, nor did anyone else I asked."

"Why?" Johnny demanded.

"I think the Abrams said it best, he said that I'm still a property in America, and property has to be owned, property has to be bought."

"What? What are you getting at?"

"Sure, I may be Russian, and old, and plentiful, but I'm still valuable, I have quite a big price tag on me. I asked what kind, he said a millionaire's price. From there I figured out that while you're paid better than my soldiers, you aren't paid like millionaires."

"So what? How does that affect you then?"

"So what? Johnny you can't buy me out. I'm stuck with whatever the Army wants with me. If they don't [illegible]ght scrap me they'll just use me as target practice, test new guns, new bombs, then dispose of me like [illegible]." Johnny's heart turned black. "I should have just ditched you by the town and run." Johnny had never

felt guilty like this before, he, too, was crushed.

Six-Shooter patiently waited for the Major outside his office, the morning brief was just about to end and he had quite a lot to tell him about their new friend. The command staff dispersed to brief the companies and from there the platoons, and if by some miraculous virtue they're still paying attention, the squads, for the next patrol. The major smiled at the Abrams and greeted him before getting down to business. Six began his debrief with the Major, going over everything he learned about Tankovy, her history, her motives, her views on current events, overall who she revealed to Six. The Major was stoic, unmoved by anything. His steel-trap memory recorded all the details of the interview and began forming an image of who he thought Tankovy was. Six concluded that Tankovy is scared, depressed, and poorly motivated anymore. With all her ordnance removed from her possession she is no serious risk to the base or the soldiers.

"So, she did all that to go home?" The major asked, just to clarify.

"Yes, sir. That was her original intention. However, Private Reeves told her she could become an American, swayed her to not go back to Russia. She liked that a lot, and even asked if that was a possibility." The major shrugged.

"The articles forbid keeping war trophies anymore but nothing I've ever seen talks about talking tanks you dig up in the desert. I think it's above me on that."

"Sir if you mind, what are we looking to gain with a court marshall?"

"We're just trying to get all the facts, from there we'll see what happens. We know anything about Reeves? How's he taking to this?"

"He doesn't like the court marshall. He's very defensive of the tank." The major scoffed.

"Right now I'm going to chock that one up to Stockholm Syndrome. We'll get to the bottom of it." Six was still hooked on the idea that Johnny Reeves and Tankovy fucked, and he assumes it to have been a lot seeing how dedicated Johnny is to her, but he didn't dare mention it to the major. "So," the major began with a grin, "what do *you* think of her? Tickle your fancy?" Six laughed.

"Oh no, sir, she's not my type."

"Oh sure, you spend as long a time in this wasteland as you have I'd bet damn near anything with a pulse will get you going. You sure you aren't gay?"

"Hey now, don't get me confused with Rummi, he's the gay one, not me."

"Yeah, I know. I was just heckling you's all."

"If you're curious, sir, I'm into those civilian sedans, the smaller the better. Get me a nice Miata and have lots of fun with her, just pick her up and do all sorts of fun things, my god, that's wonderful!."

"Alright I didn't need to think about that, bit too much for me." Six was dismissed and he went back to his little corner to get inspected and worked on, but he had to wait for the new guy to finish up with Tankovy before he could be worked on. He took a nap to pass time and dreampt about being serviced by three very dedicated and thurough Miata chicks.

Rummi dutifully stood post over Tankovy. He wasn't as talkative as Six, but also wasn't tasked with digging into who she was. He watched Johnny and her talk for at least and hour, all while that poor dumb
vabitch Morales worked on Tankovy, cleaning her up all nice and pretty. Jervis, his supervisor, called for
ales to wrap up what he was doing and head over to Six's bay, they had shit to do on him and he was

more important than Tankovy. Before he left, Tankovy called to Morales and thanked him with genuine gratitude. Morales, being the new guy and thus the crew's bitch, was genuinely surprised and responded in kind, before trotting off grumbling about how only the prisoner's thank him for anything. Jervis heckled him for being a bitch and the day went on as usual. Shortly after Johnny also walked away to handle his business. Then it was just silence. Tankovy, Rummi, and about five other partly conscious soldiers sweating their balls off in full kit wishing they were doing literally anything else.

"You don't talk much." Tankovy said to break the silence.

"Nope." Rummi said bluntly. Tankovy sighed and thought of literally anything to say. She could talk to one of the soldiers but she found that the guy in front of her had mastered the art of sleeping standing up.

"What do you do for fun out here?"

"I play cards. And masturbate. That's it." *Flattering.* She thought.

"What's your favorite game?" She asked to keep something going.

"Rummi." He said.

"He loves it so much that's also his name." One of the more awake soldiers said.

"I've never heard of it. How do you play?"

"I don't have cards. I can't show you." Rummi blurted.

"Hey man, you don't gotta be such a dick, dude." The soldier said again.

"What's your name?" Tankovy asked him.

"I'm Xavier Brown, from Los Angeles, California. Who are you?"

"They just called me Tankovy, or Tank. I never really got a name. I'm from factory 183, in the Ural mountains, special projects division. If you ever meet another living T-72, we come from that plant." Rummi couldn't help but feel like a prick after that moment.

"Yeah, I'm from Kansas, there's a factory out there that just churns out live tanks. They named me Oscar, if I remember correctly, but in the army there's a tradition we got where the first crew names you, like for the deadmetal tanks, and they named me Rummi. They never knew my birth given name, I never told anyone." Tankovy was shocked, the concept of being *gifted* a name at birth was something she didn't think happened to anyone except people, and cats, and dogs. Xavier was also bemused.

"Oscar? What about you says you look like an Oscar?"

"Nothing, that's just what they called me."

"I'm sticking to Rummi." Xavier said, another soldier who was mildly paying attention nodded, then grinned.

"Oscar the grouch. That's where they got Oscar from!" Xavier laughed.

"Oscar the grouch! Even lives in a big can!" Rummi was tilted by that, he growled at Xavier, who didn't stop laughing.

"Why did you not take your name?" Tankovy asked.

"Tradition. The deadmetals aren't named until they get here, why should I be different?"

"Ah, because you are different. You're not dead, you live!" Tankovy exclaimed.

“Look, you have your traditions, I have mine.”

“Yeah he takes being an asshole as some sort of religious rite of passage. Fuckin dickhead.” The unnamed soldier said.

“Aren’t you the guy that owes me twenty bucks?” Rummi asked him sternly.

“I don’t owe you shit, *Oscar*.” Rummi began arguing with the soldier, Tankovy watched on with glee, excited that something was happening! Entertainment! At last! Soon she would be officially interrogated by some of the investigation team members, Johnny warned her, but for now, she was soaking up the show.

Fin Distressed VIII

female tank, Gingyflame, side story, tank
4 Comments

Distressed VII

April 30, 2022 by Gingyflame

Hey y’all! I have finally completed another distressed chapter! Hooray! I know I’m somewhat neglecting The New Generation, I know, but the storyline I have for it doesn’t seem like a good thing to pursue right now with what the world’s doing, everything being kind of sensitive at the moment. I will write it eventually, but for now I have a less touchy subject, and I’m happy to write and share that! So here you are, Distressed VII!

Enjoy.

Distressed VII

Both of them were terrified. Almost instantly they were separated from each other. Johnathan was restrained and a bag put over his head while they took him into a small office room on base and Tankovy was forced into the courtyard area on base. There was a much larger security force on Tankovy for pretty obvious reasons, all her infantry guards had anti-tank weaponry, and an Abrams was on watch around the clock. Explosive ordnance disposal teams supervised her careful removal of all her ordnance. She only had six anti-armor type rounds and eleven high explosive rounds, strangely, she only had fourteen propellant charges. Well, strangely to them. It was the three other propellant bags she cannibalized for the bombs they used to escape. She had a staggering eight full belts of HMG ammo plus what was left over in the bin, and she had seven belts of ammunition for her coaxial machine gun, that turned out to have a broken recoil spring and thus was useless. She was stripped of her roof machine gun against her pleas and bargaining to just hand over the bolt and firing pin, her vast collection of parts and electronics were confiscated, her stowage bins were emptied out and her main gun was chained down to her bow.

She was especially petrified, she didn’t have Johnny with her to comfort her or speak on her behalf, she was locked up and in chains by the Americans, she has been told nothing of her fate, they’ve asked her nothing, they took everything from her and they won’t tell her what’s going to happen to Johnny. She started to cry. It seemed she was being abandoned, she’s not going to see Johnny again, there’s not going to be a pleasant trip to America, no citizenship, no family.

No nome.

Johnny wasn't as terrified as Tankovy, in fact, he wasn't scared about his well being, but he was scared to death for Tankovy. He demanded that they get on and identify him already, he was repeatedly telling the other soldiers everything about him, who he is, his rank, what squad he was in, his social number, military ID number, his parents name, his home address, even his favorite meal to eat at his favorite restaurant, he just wanted them to let him go. It had been a long time since he had been back, long enough to where most of his friends rotated home. Some guys did know him and they barged in to see him, he recognized them and they would embrace and vouch for him. Eventually a Major showed up with a Captain and two Master Sergeants. They had a voice recorder, and a camera, why both is still unknown, and pads of paper and pens for recording. There were three gaurds, one being an MP, and a jug of water and a plate of crackers, that Johnny was nonstop munching on as food and a nervous tick. The entourage of men sat at the table across from Johnny. Then a Master Sergeant spoke, opening a folder and clicking a pen. The captain started the voice recorder.

"Private Reeves," he began, putting his glasses on, Johnny nodded, "It says here you were received by your unit in August of two-thousand and twelve, and you were reported missing in action in June of thirteen. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Master Sergeant, it was June tenth."

"Indeed," he says before continuing, "the report from your squad accounts you as the only loss, aside from a humvee and a flat bed. Did you know that?"

"No Master Sergeant, I was instantly knocked out by a blast."

"Yes, in the report it says a T-72 tank with eyes shot your convoy. Do you remember that detail?" Johnny pondered.

"Uh, no, Master Sergeant, it happened too fast." He gulped. "But, there was a tank. Yes." The officers looked at each other. The silent Master Sergeant nodded.

"Thank you Private, you said you were knocked out instantly?" Johnny nodded. "Alright, so can you recount for us the events that transpired ever since then?"

"Certainly, Master Sergeant…"

Johnny recounted his story, he was very calculating in his retelling of the tale, he left out the physical abuse that Tankovy would hit him in the beginning, he would emphasize how she treated his wounds, sheltered him from the terrorists, procured him food, water, attended to his waste for him and would perform physical therapy to keep his body as fit as she could. Then he went into detail on her escape plan and her motivations for capturing him at all, he emphasized that at no point did she place him in excessive danger or in way of certain death, that he himself took extra risks to sabotage insurgent materials, and that when the plan was executed she escorted him out of the hot zone and ferried him to the base. He mentioned that he was fed at least twice every day, which was all that she could procure, and that en route to base she exercised him to rebuild his physical strength. He left out absolutely every detail or hint at their romance and sexual activity. At various points the investigation team would stop him and ask many questions, be they strategic ones on enemy strength and resource procurement, tactics of evasion and camouflage for the assets, how he was feeling or even if wanted some coffee or a hot plate. At the end of the interrogation the staff welcomed him back and shook his hand, congratulating him on getting home safely, also for destroying a terrorist stronghold.

"Very good, son, very good. Now, let's get you to the latrine so you can clean up. We could smell your stank ass from three clicks out! You look like one of them motherfuckers, too! We saw you ride up and we were like 'ah these poor bastards have some big fuckin balls!" He laughed and stood up.

"Is there anything else, Private?" The Major asked as he stood up.

' sir," Johnny started, "that tank I came here with, what's going to happen to her?" The Major scowelled ' ooked to the captain.

“Captain?” The captain nodded.

“Private, we have reason to believe, and now evidence to support, that this tank was the one that fired on our convoy and abducted you. So we are building a case against the tank to hold a court marshall against it.”

“What?” Johnny asked.

“We’re taking it to trial.”

“But sir, I- I just told you everything we did.”

“And proved that it abducted you. You’ll be held as a witness to prosecute the tank. Don’t worry son, we’ll get it right.” Johnny was in complete disbelief. The staff departed, taking their things with them and leaving Johnny sitting there feeling terrible. His gut churned and he felt like he was going to vomit. One if the gaurds grabbed him and hauled him to his feet.

“Come on, Reeves, let’s go hose you down.”

Johnny was escorted out of the building and around to the latrines, a shack with shower stalls in it. He was helped to get naked and given soaps to wash. He enthusiastically washed himself, months of filth came off of him, the water was black with gunk. While he took his shower some fellow privates cobbled together an extra uniform for him. All his stuff had been sent home months ago. The boots were too big, and he didn’t quite fit the uniform since he was so frail now, but he could grow into it. Then he was sat down outside his old tent and everyone gathered around and recorded him getting all his hair cut off. Huge locks of hair fell in massive clumps to the sand. His magnificent, scraggly beard was cut away until it was short enough for a razor, his long head of hair chopped and dropped down to an even buzz cut, he brushed his teeth for the first time in months and realized he probably should get a medical check up, which is why he washed so enthusiastically, to wash off any signs of the two of them fucking. He was given food, which he consumed like a dog, then taken to the medical tent for a check up.

The medical team x-rayed his legs and performed a full body health checkup. He was underweight but fit, his teeth were terribly dirty but only one cavity had started forming, thanks to the Arabic diet being low sugar, and his legs were actually not completely healed. One leg was going to have to be broken again and realigned correctly. They admitted that while crude, Tankovy did a remarkably good job of nursing him. When Johnny heard that he begged the medical staff to put it on record wherever they can. He asked for a copy of the report for himself, if possible. Once this was over, about six hours after he was separated from Tankovy, he went after her. He found her locked down in the courtyard, and absolute miserable wreck. Her eyes were dim and dead, she was quietly sobbing, and she was radiating the feeling of depression. He started running towards her, ignoring the gaurds with the rocket launchers because he knew they didn’t care, and ran right up to her. He called out to her as he got close and she perked up, she grabbed him and hauled him right up to her side, smacked him good across the face, then held his head close to her. She cried harder.

“Johnny, I’m scared.” He tried to comfort her as much as possible, he told her that the two of them will never be too far apart, that the army isn’t going to kill her, and that the army still has a bed for the two of them. “How? Why? What are they doing? What’s going to happen to us?” Johnny looked her in the eyes and tried to tell her about the court case coming up, he had a huge lump in his throat. Its absolutely not what she needs to hear right now but she has a right to know. “Tell me! Please Johnny!”

“Tankovy…” he croaked “they want to court martial you…” she was horrified.

“What!?”

“They want to put you on trial for stealing me.” She was crying more. A main battle tank was crying in the arms of a foreign soldier. How low she felt she had fallen. “And that’s not the worst of it. They want me to
 against you.” She started bawling. She started smacking him more.

“You said we’d be okay! You said you’d stay with me! You liar! You said they wouldn’t lock me up! You said that they would help me! Fuck you! After everything we did!?”

She continued yelling at him, the soldiers around were very unsure of what to do. None of them had been to couples therapy-yet, and just stood there letting it happen, staring at each other. Tankovy wasn’t beating Johnny down yet, she easily could, but she still loved him, she hit him more so to emphasize her anger. Johnny was trying to calm her down saying how he’s putting her in a good light and that he’s going to do everything he can to save her. Tankovy was so upset she slurred her words and scolded him in Russian. Johnny didn’t even notice the two Abrams tanks behind him pointing their guns at Tankovy’s flank. The two Abrams sat there awkwardly as Tankovy and Johnny argued, they were rotating on and off the watch at that moment. The one oncoming turned to the other and asked “Are they a thing or something?”

“I-I think so,” the off-going Abrams said, “so from what I could tell he hooked up with his captor and now she’s angry that he abandoned her?”

“Bro she went out and kidnapped a husband.” He chuckled, putting on a Russian accent, “In Soviet Russia, mail bride order you!” That got the two of them to laugh. They sat there awkwardly again just watching the drama. It was the most entertaining thing to do on the whole fucking base. Sit there and watch a relationship crash. “I think she loves him.” Oncoming watch said.

“Why do you say that?”

“Well, he’s not dead.”

“Uh-huh.”

“She’s still holding him! If she didn’t love him and she was this upset he probably would have been popped like a bag of chips or hit so hard his head spins off like a top.”

“I can see that.” He smirked and looked to the other tank. “You think they fucked?” The other guy whistled and rocked forward and back.

“I dunno, bro. He *could* be into that, or *she’s* into it and trying to make it happen.”

“I bet you they fucked.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yup.”

“Whatcha bet?”

“I bet a whole case of monster.”

“I’ll shake on that. I bet a case of monster they *haven’t* fucked.” The tanks reached to each other and firmly shook hands as Tankovy pinned Johnny to her glacis plate and sobbed. He stroked her hand passionately to comfort her. “Russian tanks are really small, dude.”

“I told you, I told you a dozen times.”

“Okay mister *desert storm veteran*. Old ass fart.”

“I’ll still kick your ass.”

“Pshh, okay, gramps. Don’t get senile on me yet.”

`e she was still sobbing Tankovy released her hold on Johnny and told him he should go to avoid
ole. He agreed, reassuring her that he will do everything in his part to save her. Her eyes were glossed

over with tears and as they stared into each other he could see her desperation, and she could see his dedication. They parted after a moment and he walked away. One of the guards stopped him and asked him what happened out of genuine curiosity. Johnny wanted to get to bed so he briefly skimmed over the events, getting captured, being entombed inside her, recovery, they blew up a terrorist base and ran here. The soldier had respect and admiration for Johnny and sent him off to get some well deserved sleep. Being a nineteen year old kid the soldier told all the other guys the story.

Johnny laid down in his cot, the first bed shaped thing he's had for almost a year. It was strange to him at first, and his mind raced with cunning strategies and tactics to prop Tankovy up in the best light from a legal perspective. After twenty minutes he was out like a light, in the deepest sleep he's had since being knocked unconscious. Meanwhile the Abrams guarding Tankovy heard Johnny's story and also shared some admiration for the couple. He looked over her carefully, noting how poorly kept she was, bolts were rusty, her extremities were all beat up and rusty, too, she was filthy, covered in sand and muck, and her paint was faded and chipping. Now that he knew what company she shared he felt bad for her.

"Hey, ruskie, you speak English?"

"Yes." She replied quietly, afraid of what the male Abrams would demand of her.

"You need anything?" She was quiet, wary of a trap. "You're pretty fucked up, we've got wire brushes, we've got lube oils, we've got water, we could bathe you." She smiled a little, fond memories of her old crews pampering her flooded her, when they would take pride in her appearance. They used to comb over her, addressing the most minor of faults, rust, fucked up paint, dirt and mud. If she wasn't out on the field for exercises her crews usually kept her clean and good looking. Even her Iraqi crews kept her decently well cleaned. It all fell apart when Al Qaeda took her in, offering her a better life. She should have known that was a trap. They simply didn't have everything needed to keep her up like the last two militaries she was with. Some guys tried, but they could only do so much. This offer was like a ticket to heaven for her.

"I would absolutely love that."

"Okay, I'll get my new guy to do that tomorrow." Suddenly his tone shifted to a darker, intimidating mood, "But if you try any funny shit, I'll rip you apart piece by piece, you tracking?"

"I understand, comrade." The Abrams was a little giddy, she called him comrade.

"So, how'd a little tank like you end up in a shit-hole like this?"

"Well," she told him her story, like she told Johnny, about how she was part of the glorious Soviet Army, but when she was slated to be upgraded with new technology Iraq bought more tanks from Russia, and to save money the army sent her to Iraq instead of upgrading her. She served with Iraq until the Gulf wars, her unit was effectively obliterated and consolidated, but by then the war was over, and in the chaos a rebel band named Al Qaeda offered her a better life and opportunity to get back at the juggernaut countries that ruined her. In the moment she took it, but life wasn't great. She mentioned her maltreatment and how one of the leaders sought to use her for pleasure, and how that didn't go his way. The Abrams laughed at that, calling the leader fucking stupid for thinking that. She felt a little better, it eased the mood. She talked about wanted to break out and go back to Russia, and how if she tried to leave alone she'd effectively get no where, she wasn't allowed to go anywhere without a group with her, and didn't have much fuel to begin with. She needed to stage an attack to grab an American, hide him from the terrorists, and then use him to help blow up the compound to cause a big enough distraction to get away. Then she could be free to find a route back to Russia. The Abrams voiced his critiques of the plan, and mentioned his role in the Gulf wars. They talked about that for a few hours. At the end of the night she felt pretty comfortable with the Abrams, at least. The guards came and went, getting different pieces of the stories, some were pretty interested in them, others couldn't care less. Just before sunrise Tankovy asked the Abrams a question very quietly, so nobody could hear but him. "Do you think I have a chance at getting into America, to become an American?"

Gingyflame, tank
Leave a comment

Distressed VI

February 28, 2022 by Gingyflame

Hello again! Yeah, I know, two posts in 2 month's time! No really it's happening! I hope you enjoyed the last entry, here's part 6, I'm really enjoying these characters a lot. I know I gotta get back to the other stories, too, but hey, I'm gonna ride this wave as far as I can. I hope you enjoy the ride and the story as much I I am, if not more!

Enjoy.

Distressed VI

Tankovy stopped herself before entering the valley, in the valley was the village she snatched Johnny from his unit almost a year ago. It was still night time, another bright moon hung in the sky turning the landscape a hue of blue, like a cool sea the desert crashed violently against the jagged rocks that formed the cliffs and mountains. The sand piling up looking like plumes of water flung into the sky by their crashing momentum. Tankovy had never seen the ocean, but from the stories she's read, the likeness men have made like this, that's how she imagined it. She was also wondering how she would get across that ocean that separated America from Afghanistan, would she fly in a plane? Would she sail on a ship? Would she even leave, or will she be left in the desert again? Abandoned by those she trusted again. The thought pained her, she almost cried again. She shook off that fear and thought of more immediate matters, Johnny had eaten the last can of unspoiled food she had. She planned to get to the base in two days, now it's probably going to be three days because of their extended walk and other enjoyable pastimes. She stared at the empty can she had in her hand. *Damn humans! Why do you have to eat so much?* She knew that he was already thin and frail, malnourished despite feeding him all the food the Taliban gave her, he used so much energy just to heal his body he ended up losing most of his mass. He said he could go a day without eating but she was determined to at least feed him something. She figured that everything she can do for him can only make her look better in the eyes of the American army, so she was going to feed him. She was able to collect some money throughout the years here, what money it was or how much it was worth she had absolutely no idea. Her sense of monetary value was unfounded, she had never had to buy anything in her life. She knew it was late, it probably just turned into a new day, she didn't quite know. She fished the money out of her little collection bin on her turret and looked at it, literally her life's savings, amounted to a handful of coins and bills. She removed the few bits that were Russian rubles, and was left with even less material. She prayed it was enough. She set it aside in her hull, putting the rubles back in her collection bin, and laid down to rest. Suddenly she was hit with exhaustion and blacked out. When she woke up she found Johnny stretching and exercising beside her.

"What are you doing!? I have no more food for you, you can't waste energy like this! Johnny!" He was also just in his old underwear he's had for almost a year. She enjoyed his exposed body but the situation ruined any appealing factor it would have.

"I can't sit around and no nothing, I'll rot away. I'll be fine, Tankovy, I'll be fine." He continued jogging in place, wincing in pain at the exertion.

"Johnny you're going to hurt yourself, you're not healthy enough to do this! Please stop! Look, right in the valley is the town I found you in," he stopped jogging and looked at the valley's opening, "in that town we can get you some food. I have some money to buy something, I hope." He just stared into the valley ıtly. Tankovy pulled the money she set aside out and tried to show him. "See? It's not much, but it's all I have." She sounded defeated. Johnny broke his gaze from the valley and looked at the money and her, she

handed it to him, he counted it. “Is it enough?” She croaked.

“Yeah,” he said after hesitation, “it should do fine.” Tankovy saw the look on his face he tried to hide, she knew he was lying.

“It’s all I have.” She almost cried. His face curled into a scowl, she was getting upset.

“I’ll be fine Tankovy, I get up camping, I can go hungry for a day or two.”

“No you can’t! I won’t let you!” She was on the verge of crying. An idea flickered into his mind.

“Wait a minute, you still have something,” she was confused and offended at the conclusion she jumped to, “you have that gun, yeah?” She clung to her roof mounted HMG and her gaze paled.

“But I love my Dishka…” she whimpered.

“No. The other gun.” She grabbed her cannon and whimpered more. He rolled his eyes and slackened. “No, the other, *other* gun.” She was blank. “The AK.”

“Oh! Yes! It’s in the basket!”

“Well I don’t want it, do you?” She scoffed.

“I’ve seen thousands of these, I don’t give a rats ass for it.”

“Sounds like we’re going to make a shop owner believe in the second amendment.”

“The what?”

“Oh shit, yeah I gotta teach you all about that stuff if you’re trying to be an American citizen.” When he said that her spirits lifted, she even sat higher on her suspension, eyes illuminating bright blue.

“Well let’s go get some food then. Oh yeah, you’re gonna have to do all the talking, I can’t be seen by the locals like this.”

“Like what?” Before his eyes he watched hers disappear behind an invisible shutter, he suddenly couldn’t see her mouth either. He was startled. “Am I fucking crazy? Tankovy!”

“I’m still here, *чертов идиот*, I’m hiding.”

“Well you really fucking suck at it, I see you.”

“No my face, I don’t look alive, yeah?”

“I guess so.” He shrugged. “Whatever. How’s this going down?”

They moved into the valley, he wore some old clothes he had showing his American patch while he stood in the commanders hatch, acting like he was commanding a driver around. Tankovy paraded herself like she was just another tank, engine loudly rumbling, gun up high, machine gun backwards and pointing up to the sky, jerking around like some guy was struggling to work the tillers. Johnny jostled around, the AK was by his leg, just out of sight. The village looked like any other village he’d seen. Tan brick buildings with vibrantly colored rugs, ships, awnings, and decorations. There were a bunch of old cars down trodden and strewn about, children played in the streets and there were plenty of vendors in their stalls. Tankovy slowed and carefully watched the children, Johnny watched them, too, but also the men. He saw no weapons, he was more at ease. He focused on what they were here for and tried identifying shops for food. Eventually they stumbled across one, across the street from where Tankovy ambushed and kidnapped Johnny. He stopped ’ `nd climbed out and down to the ground, staggering towards the bearded man in the door.

“You speak English?” He asked the man, the man said something in Arabic and turned into the building, stepping inside. Johnny was very worried, he was visually anxious. Tankovy watched carefully, ready to pull him away at the first sight of trouble. The man returned with his father, he was obviously older.

“How do I help you?” He asked. Johnny was relieved.

“Yes, thank you, do you sell food here?”

“Yes.”

“Great, we don’t have much money, but we can also give you a rifle to trade for food, if you accept?” The old man nodded, turned to his son and spoke Arabic, who replied to his father.

“Show us the rifle.” Johnny nodded and trotted to Tankovy, hoping up to grab the gun. He showed them the gun, the magazine, and the ammo he had. The two men spoke to each other and nodded. “We accept the trade. How many meals? Three?” Johnny was going to say one, but figured it’d be better to take the three instead. He agreed to the three and asked for the food to be in paper wraps so he could take them and be on his way. The son went inside to make the meals, the old man got close to Johnny and spoke softly to him.

“What’s a American doing with a Russian tank?” Johnny was not ready to answer this, hes quick on his feet, however.

“We found it, took it for ourselves. Just trying to get back to base.” The man nodded.

“You have a big beard, son, how long have you had it?”

“Oh this? It’s nothing, I go a month without shaving and it’s crazy.” The man’s icy gaze pierced Johnny’s.

“It has been a very long time since I’ve seen a American with a beard like yours. A very long time.” Johnny grew anxious again, stepping closer to Tankovy. “You must have been around for a while, did you hear the big explosion the other night?” Johnny was very uncomfortable. The old man reached into his pocket, Johnny stared at his hand. Tankovy prepared to rip Johnny away and bolt. Her arm slowly slithered from behind Johnny towards him. The man pulled his hand out of his pocket with a challenge coin and a fist full of crumpled Afghanistan bills. “Keep the money, my friend.” He dropped the coin into his pocket before his son came out with three kebabs. Johnny recognized the coin and relieved all tension, he smiled and thanked the two men, shaking their hands. He took his food and climbed back onto Tankovy, shouting down into the empty hull to drive on. Tankovy spurred and jolted forwards like a lead footed driver, crawling out of the valley with Johnny on top. Johnny immediately ate one of the kebabs as soon as they got through the town, he offered some to Tankovy but she refused, he needed it way more than her.

“You should really try tasting stuff that’s not my cock or cum. I think you’d be a lot happier.” He was wolfing down the kebab in gulps. It was so good, way better than any MRE he’s ever had.

“I’ve eaten food before, I like kebabs a lot. Lamb’s pretty good, goat’s good, too. Chebueki is nice, mmm I *love* kotlet.” She wrapped an arm around his thin leg, slowly reaching up his thigh. He swatted her hand just before it got into his lap.

“Hey! We gotta get first. You said no more fooling around, remember?” Her guns slouched in defeat.

“да, I remember.” The distrust began brewing in her heart again. Johnny felt her mood shift to a sort of ominous gloom, he didn’t like that.

“Hey, remember when I mentioned the second amendment? Well, I’ll tell you about it, give you a little history lesson on America.”

ny taught her a rough history of why America founded and how certain events led to the formation of new country, he made brief, rudimentary explanations on the Declaration of Independence, the

Constitution and what it stood for, and the Bill of Rights, emphasizing the right to free speech and the right to bear arms and form militias. He did bring up more amendments, but his emphasis on the first two rights is what blew her away. It was a drastic contrast to Russia, especially Soviet Russia. In the between times of giving directions he taught her all he could, going over political parties, the national anthem, brief summary of how government works, emphasizing she really learn this so she can become an American and live with him. Every time he mentioned making her an American to live with him her heart would burst with emotion, every now and then tears formed. Her deep dark distrust told her he was really selling a lie, but her heart went with him. Johnny had a few friends that came to America as immigrants, he was familiar with the processes and tests they had to go through to become citizens. He thought that it was always funny how immigrants to America know more about America than most of natural born americans. He would tell Tankovy that soon she would also know more about America than most Americans and that filled his chest with fire, driving him even more to teach her.

For most of the ride Johnny sat in his favorite spot in the driver's seat. Tankovy liked him there most as well, she could peek down on him every now and then, holding him was easy, and he was closest to her tunnel of fun and frolicking. She held him tight and daydreamed of their future, she thought of luscious green grass fields, full and vibrant oak trees, she saw him there, clean shaven and healthy, and just when she thought about kids she didn't see any, her heart sank. She massaged his shoulders and brought it up to him.

"John, baby, what kids are we going to have?"

"Hmm?" He was confused.

"Kids, what kids do you want? W-we are staying together, right?" Small shrills of panic strung in her voice.

"Yeah we're sticking together, just, kids? I mean, well, we do get to choose the kids we adopt. I was an only child, always wanted a sibling. So two kids-"

"Adopt?"

"How else are we having kids? Tanky I can't get you pregnant. I'm not a tank… you know that, right?"

"Oh no, Johnny, I don't work like that-machines don't work like that, you can impregnate me, you can get me pregnant as fuck." Johnny panicked, thrashing in his chair.

"What!?" He exclaimed. "Tankovy I'm not ready for kids! Oh fuck!" She wrapped him up and forced him in the chair.

"No, Johnny, stop! I'm not pregnant! Stop! That's not how you impregnate me!" He calmed down a little bit.

"So what is it?! Can I knock you up or not?" He was terribly confused.

"My turn to teach you, baby. So yes, I have eggs, and I need sperm to fertilize them, yes, but your sperm will never reach my eggs without my help. You can pump all the sperm you want into me, from two loads to a gallon-"

"A gallon of nut? Goddamn, that's kinda hot I guess." She smiled and giggled, it did sound pretty fun, even it it was ridiculous.

"Sure, even a gallon, it won't reach my eggs. I have a cervix, like humans, but mine is sealed, you have to penetrate my cervix to let the semen in, otherwise, it goes nowhere."

"So, I was as deep as I could go, I didn't even touch it… is it some syringe shit? Am I breeding you like a race horse? What-?"

"I can move it, shallow, deep, I can bring my cervix so shallow I could almost kiss your balls with it."

.t sounds like fun."

“Oh fuck yeah it does. And I cannot wait for that day, you’re going to pump so much but into men I’m gonna get pregnant. I won’t get off of you until it’s done. But until that day, *or days*, we are safe.”

“Huh,” he said, “you’re a fucking cheater you are. You know that?” She took offense to that.

“Excuse me!?”

“You can fuck all you want and not get pregnant? No protection, no condoms, no pull-out. I can nut in you every day of my life worry free and not have to cut my balls off? That’s cheating.“ She relaxed after that, understanding his play. “I love you so fucking much. One helluva woman.” *Jackpot!* Tankovy thought to herself. “So, why is your cervix sealed?”

“It’s a vacuum inside. So that I can suck the semen from the vagina to the eggs.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I can practically suck your testicles dry through your dick.” He was near-instantaneously rock hard. He was in awe as he stared at her thick vaginal tendril between his feet. She smiled deviously. She slithered her drop-dead gorgeous pussy towards him and opened the slit with a hand. “Look baby, I’ll show you my cervix.” He stared at her vagina, he saw the walls change form and men’s when suddenly a tight hole came into view with very pronounced muscles encircling it, it was super tight looking. Looked like a tight flesh donut inside a looser flesh donut between thick sideways eyelids. He craved it on his lap, as she promised, kissing his balls. “But that comes later, baby,” she retracted her cervix into the depths again, “for now I’ll keep it right here, perfect fit for your big cock, baby.” A hand of hers glided over the large bulge in his pants where his erect cock throbbed. She licked her lips in anticipation.

“So what do you mean, what kids?”

“Depending on how much you continue to seed me through my pregnancy with result in different looking children. If you, say, one and done me, I’ll give you a child tank, he’ll grow up into a T-72 just like I am. If you inseminate me every night, though, I’ll give you a baby boy that’s human, like you. He’ll grow up to be a big strong man like you.”

“Is it one or the other?”

“No there’s a grey area.” He thought of monstrous machine men that looked like Transformers, cool, but not what he had in mind. “So let’s say I want a little… human… boy, if I miss one night because, say, I couldn’t get it up… what then?” She laughed.

“Its not that strict, trust me, I’m stricter than that. You just have to regularly supply me with more baby batter and I’ll whip up a beautiful baby for you, love. And I’ll carry all the children you want, I did have hundreds of brothers and sisters, after all.” She massaged his chest passionately. “I’m all about big families, baby.” She grabbed another kebab and put it in his lap. “Here, baby, eat up. You need it.”

He didn’t contest, he knew that by now they were getting close to the base. The roads started to become paved streets, still void of much around them, just the occasional house here and there. The sun was hanging lower than he expected it to, they must have slept in for a long time. He checked Tankovy’s gas and saw she was fine. He asked her if he could drive for a bit, let her rest, if that’s how it worked. She affirmed that if he drove she could relax and let the machine half of her take over, but she didn’t want to teach him right now, she wanted to get to the base first. There she’ll teach him every about her. He accepted the deal. He realized that maybe a random T-72 driving up to an active American FOB wasn’t a good idea, so he went into the turret basket to scrounge for stuff to make a white banner. He found what looked like an old white tank top and settled on it. He found a bit of string, too, but no stick. Tankovy said that in training exercises the Russians put flags on the antennas, so that’s what he did. He bent the antenna over and tied the shoulders to the wire, the string reinforced it. He eased it up to sit up high and it stayed on, flapping along in the wind. He silently hoped that would be enough to not get them smoked at first sight.

, ‹oo long after Johnny said he started to see very familiar ridgelines and geographic features, and not

long after, just as the sun started setting behind the mountains, they saw the base. Hastily they approached to get there before nightfall, just so they aren't taken as a serious threat. Both of them hoped it to be closer to mid day, because that's the worst time to attack, and the best time to identify them as surrendering. They were about three quarters of a mile when Johnny told her to stop and approach very slowly, so she did, her guns were high and u loaded, Johnny was exposed, wearing the remnants of his uniform, arms up and holding his military ID and his dog tags. They shouted at the base to get the guards' attention, sure enough it worked. Four Apache helicopter rose from behind the sandbag walls and circled tankovy, who stopped in her tracks. Then the gates opened and two Abrams tanks rushed out and got onto her 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock corners. Infantry squads stuck close behind the tanks, setting up firing positions and scanning for any other threats. This is the first time a tank has ever had the balls to roll straight up to the front gate of a FOB, much less to surrender. A team of grunt moved towards the tank, trying to stay on the flank, and ordered Johnny to slowly get down off the tank and lay on the ground. As he complied he remembered to tell her something.

"Oh yeah, Tankovy, those two Abrams are alive. Hands up, missy." As he laid on the dirt, hands behind his back still holding his ID, Tankovy slowly unveiled herself and stretched out a lot of arms, four from under the mud flaps, two from the commander's hatch, two from the gunner's hatch, and two from the driver's hatch. The face on an Abrams lit up in astonishment. The soldiers hesitated. Her 'throat' was dry, her voice coarse, she never would have thought she would say this…

"…I surrender…"

Fin Distressed VI

I really hope you enjoyed this insert, I had a fun time writing it. If you've got any feedback lemme know. Do you like the random inserts of different languages in their native writing, or should I keep everything in alphabetical forms? Like da instead of да? Or do you not care? Again, I hope you enjoyed! Take care, stay safe.

Gingyflame, Living machine, Story, tank
1 Comment

Distressed V

January 25, 2022 by Gingyflame

Hey y'all, it's been a very, very long time since I've posted anything, and it's been a very, very, very long time since I've updated this series. The past two years has been pretty rough for us all, but hopefully this can bring a little bit of joy and pleasure to your day. I wanted to thank you all for reading what I post, some of the stuff I've reread is pretty cringe, and I hope that every post I make is entertaining for you all, so here, after almost two years without a post at all, I present a dirty, smutty update for the Distressed T-72 and her "prisoner."

Enjoy.

Distressed V

Tankovy woke first, in her arms Jonny laid propped up in the chair, wrapped with a blanket and her loving embrace. She eyed him lustfully and passionately, enjoying his presence, his warmth, his gentle breathing ıis subtle heartbeat. She was really feeling sore in her hind quarters, but the aching felt good, she felt aıı ve again. She wasn't stiff anymore, she wasn't hopeless, desolate, or anxious. She was hopeful,

emboldened, and free! She thought about what Johnny suggested last night about moving to America, she had heard stories and tales that it's the land of the free, full of gun toting, big hat wearing, lively and bombastic people. She's sure her view is a stigmatized and stereotypical one, but it is where Johnny came from, and while she's not convinced if she truly loves him or not, he did help liberate her. Sure, his options were limited, but he still went with her plan and gave her one helluva night to remember. Her Soviet side kicked in, and she thought it could possibly be a trap to ensnare her, dissect her for secrets, or prosecute her as his abductor and captor. That terrified her greatly. Panic rose inside her. How could she trust Johnny? Deep inside her she believed him, she wanted him, but her mind refused to give in, a deep rift formed between her sides.

Johnny woke soon after Tankovy. Once he stirred awake and greeted Tankovy she began taking down the tarp and redressing herself in her skirts. He ruffled about her cramped interior and found a map, compass, and a few broken GPS devices. None of them worked of course, they were all cannibalized for parts. Tankovy said she knew where they were, and that she was going to go to the village she found him in for a reference point. He opened the map and she pointed to it, from there he could figure out where the army FOB is, or at least, where it was. Once she was all dressed up and packed they were ready to go. She lurched forward and began moving -without igniting her engine.

"Tankovy?"

"Yes?"

"How are you moving?"

"I can move around without my engine on, it's better for saving what fuel I have left. It's not very fast. I burned through a lot of gas when we escaped, I have to ration it now."

"So how fast can we go?" He looked at the gauges on her dashboard and the only needle he saw at a realistic reading was pointing just past 12.

"I'm getting about twelve kilometers an hour."

"So, what's that in American?"

"I think it's eight miles." He looked at the map and saw the village, then where he thought they were coming from.

"Fuck."

"Do not worry, Johnny, we will be there by sunset." She grinned and slid one of her hands under the blanket to grope his penis. "Besides, *that gives us a lot of time together.*" He smiled, grabbing her hand with his.

"Hold on now, what do I get to play with? I want to have some fun, too." He went to get up but she held him down. "Hey, there's nothing in there for me to play with."

"Oh are you sure about that?"

"Yeah, unless you just want to hold hands."

"Oh I'm sure there's something in there you'd *love* to play with." Between his legs a fat long tendril snaked up towards him, at first he thought it was a giant snake, but when it came into the light he saw on its tip was a slender vertical slit running across two thirds of the diameter. "Holy shit you have a cock?" She laughed.

"Oh, no! I only have *your* cock…" she squeezed his member and massaged it. "This, this is also to couple with your cock." Two of her fingers straddled the slit and spread them apart, letting him see into it. He saw her labia, her clit, the vagina and even a urethra… for some reason.

"You have… two vaginas?" He was confused. A hand of hers combed through his long hair, and ran

through his beard.

“Mm-hmm, I do. One in the back, and one inside. Look at it, look at me, look fun?” His cock was throbbing to life, slowly pumping and twitching to his full size. Feeling it all happen in her grasp made her vagina start to water. He eyed it savagely as beads of her juices formed and dripped out of her sex.

“Oh it’s so beautiful. Oh I want to have so much fun with you, baby…” His cock began to throb more, precum started oozing from his tip and creeping towards the belly of her cabin. Just looking at her open pussy made his cock tingle and heat, imagining itself buried deep inside her passionate walls. He reached for her sex to carefully coddle her and guide her onto his shaft when she smacked his hand away and an arm pulled his back. He was bewildered.

“Ah-ah-ah! Don’t you know not to distract the driver while they drive?” She hauled him to lean back in the seat but kept his gaze locked onto her damp pussy. A hand of hers slowly grasped his long shaft, encircling it methodically with one finger at a time.

“What? But it’s right there, babe, let me hold it, please?!” She moved herpussy closer to his cock, but just off to the side where she rested it on his thigh. Still she held it open for him to peer deep into her casm. “Why, Tankovy, why?”

“I want to have a little fun, y’know, and I think you’re a lot of fun.”

Two of her fingers wicked and tapped the tip of his cock, smearing his precum between her fingers and lathering it over his cock head. She switched her hand position to wrap all her fingers around his shaft and used her thumb to rub his dick’s chin like it was a Zippo lighter. She rubbed very roughly, inexperienced with the task. Johnny winced in pain, trying to push through it for her, but he gave in and griped about how rough she was and she softened up on him. Johnny appreciated it and told her it felt much better. She ran a hand through his long hair while massaging his balls and rubbing his cock, taunting him by gently tapping the clit on herself, leaking more at the lips. Johnny oozed more precum, and Tankovy rubbed it all over his shaft and greased her hands up with it, making her fingers slick yet sticky. She loved it, she oozed more of her juices and dreamed of feeling his cock deep inside her and absolutely filling her to the brim with his semen. She had to focus hard on driving to keep moving on. Johnny withered in her grasp and moaned, tenderly she massaged his body and cradled his balls, teasing him with her pussy dripping onto his cock.

She could feel his rigid cock begin throbbing and subtly pump, his precum was increasing in volume and his heart raced, she knew he was drawing to the cusp of cumming. She begged him to cum, she wanted to feel it in her hands. Her constant pleading and her passionate stroking brought him closer and closer to cumming, he chanted to her how close he was until he erupted. He quivered and moaned loudly as ropes of semen flung out from his cock onto Tankovy’s warm metal hand, she tried catching as much as she could. He huffed and puffed as he came down from his high, still orgasming as Tankovy meaded his meat and played with the semen in her other hand. She was giggling, feeling him cum like that made her very horny, much hornier than she already was. She had beaded his nut up in her hand when she brought it up through the open driver’s hatch and cleaned her hand with her tongue, lapping and savoring his seeds taste as she did so. Johnny was panting and heaving while his heart slowed and his cock began going limp.

“Oh no, not yet!” Her hand clenched his cock and her pussy came up close to his face, so close he could feel her intense heat radiating off of her slit. “I’m not done yet, so neither are you! Come on!” She caressed his manhood, both shaft and balls, while waving and wafting her slightly swollen vagina in his face, just put of his reach. “You smell that, Johnny? Do you smell *me?* Do you smell my *lust?* I’m a bitch in heat right now and I really need my fix! You think you can help me with that, baby?” He tried nodding but she held him back, he cried out in favor of helping her with her pesky troubles. “Good, very good. Don’t worry, my little hairy man, I’ll make you feel good, too.” She began rapidly stroking his cock, it had already returned to full strength, and slowly drew her pussy away with a wink. His cock was super sensitive and made him a lot more vocal about his pleasure. While he was being serviced by one hand, she fingered herself with one of hers.

Her pussy again rested on his thigh as they moaned and cooed together, trembling in harmony. Johnny [illegible]hed in astute wonder as she fingered herself, how beautifully her lips parted to accept the stimulating [illegible]iber, how sleek and shiny it was, almost like polished tin. He told her to also rub her clit, so she

conceded. Another hand came over the top to whirl around on her bean, instantly through the seat he could feel how crazy she was going. His own stimulation made his toes curl and fingers cross, his legs flex and bend, while his back rolled. Tankovy was rocking like a cradle on her suspension, desperately trying to force herself to keep driving on, her torsion bars trembled and bowed almost, her gun shook, her engine sputtered, and her pussy began oozing lubricants much more liberally. All she could think of was his cock ramming her, using her like the slut she is, making her his personal cum depository. She could hardly wait, but she knew she had to. She felt his cusp approaching through his cock fluctuations, and his moans became sporadic and heightened in pitch. Suddenly she stoped stroking him and let go of him, bringing him to the edge, but she didn't stop pleasuring herself. He protested her releasing him, he wanted to cum, too, but instead he watched, and drooled, as her pussy tendril flexed and bowed and quivered as more and more lubricant poured out. Suddenly she whipped her finger out and away and continued to furiously flick her bean until she came. Her orgasm clenched her vagina so fast and tight that Johnny could see it visually, and a spray of her lubricant hosed over him as she screamed and dropped to the sand. The whole ride was a blast for Johnny, even if he didn't blast, himself.

Tankovy pressed on driving, and once her orgasm had subsided she continued servicing johnny, edging him on two more times until she had enough. Just after his third edging, where she had been dangling her pussy over him, dripping onto him the whole time, she made sure he watched her count dive into his cock and slid him all the way inside, seating her lips to kiss his balls. His eyes rolled into his head, his whole body quivered, and even Tankovy gasped and fell to the sand. She was giddy after she tortured the both of them and finally unionized their sexes together. Both were drooling, both were feeling, and both realized how this was a perfect fit. His cock was just long enough to be pressing against her cervix, and her pussy was just tight enough to hold his cock inside her with authority and dedication. Tankovy wanted to hold him there forever, buried deep inside her and filling her void perfectly. His presence was unwinding her stress, silencing her woes, and filling her heart with love and affection. She needed him, undeniably. Johnny was likewise enjoying her embrace. He was so sensitive that he could feel the vibrations of the tracks on her wheels through her flesh, her heat soothed his whole body and her pulsing muscles grasping his cock sent waves of relaxation through his spine. Being inside her assured him everything was right, there were no problems, there was no conflict, they were one unit together. They mellowed out together briefly before Tankovy slowly drug her pussy up his shaft, exposing how she lathered his cock in a thick slime of her lubricants. Johnny was super sensitive to her and cried out in pleasure, seeing how dirty she left him made him rock hard and super horny, she couldn't see it but feeling his penis leave her created a longing desire to slam him back inside her, it felt wrong not having his cock take up all the space in her halls.

She cried out his name as the brim of his helmet seated itself at the opening of her tender, mushy pussy. He huffed out her name as he saw her hungry lips quiver on his meat. She elegantly slid herself back down onto him, seating her lips again at his base, kissing his testicles. Again he could feel her torsion bars buckle and the two of them momentarily dropped a few inches as they recoiled from the huge stimuli. Again she rested on his shaft before raising up, letting her heart cry out in protest of his absence, and sliding all the way down again. She continued this over, and over, and over again. The two of them begged not to stop, don't ever stop, neither of them wanted this to ever end. They wanted to love forever, but knew that biology had damned them, they would orgasm, and grow tired, and have to stop. They hated that fact, the end, but they loved the journey. The two of them couldn't see each other's drooling faces but they were imagining the pleasure on the other's face. Johnny's mouth wide open and his eyes rolling around in his head, Tankovy with her tongue covered in nut and her eyes crossed, pure baby-making faces. Like this they rode on for a few miles, whenever Johnny grew close to cumming he would cry that he didn't want to cum yet and Tankovy would stop riding him for a minute. Eventually she wanted his cum inside her, and she wanted it badly. Soon he began crying out again but she didn't stop this time, her strokes shortened as she kept his edge deep inside her, his moans grew louder, his twitching grew more ferocious, his cock pulsed and pumped with a mission. Suddenly he screamed out as he came, his orgasm hit him like a freight train and he spasmed out, gushing and shoot thick pumps of his sperm into her vagina. She had fully seated him then and entirely fixated her attention on him cumming inside her. She felt his cock pump and contract as it lobbed flops of baby batter into her, it hit her cervix, pressed against his tip, and ran everywhere. None breeched her cervix oriface, clentched shut naturally, but instead it first bubbled and pooled at the top between the cervix wall and her cock head, sealing it in as biology wanted it to do, but the pressure grew too much and leaks formed, his cum drained down channels in her vaginal flesh and in rifts between their ...es. She gripped the base of his cock as she wanted it all inside, but even then gaps were found and his ...nt white seed, now turned grey by mixing with her lube, eeked out and dripped around his balls and

between his legs. She was insane with pleasure as she felt his hot seed coat her insides, she wasn't done yet. She slowly and sensually stroked more, gentle, slow short strokes with her muscles clasping on him to push herself over and get off on his cock and cum. Johnny's body was shaking from sensory overload by this point. Thankfully it didn't take much for her hurts to churn and convulse like his, she again slid all the way down his shaft to kiss his balls while her gooey insides convulsed and twitched and leaked even more of its contents onto Johnny's lap. Neither of them noticed but she was pushing her nose through the sand and rocks of the desert, only a few torsion bars on her ass end could hold her up as she senselessly drove on.

They were high with dopamine as they lingered their way forward, huffing and moaning and groaning and cooing. Like a ritualistic trance they muttered their love and affection to one another, promises of never leaving each other, deep seeded love, bright futures and all the in-betweens filled the silence left without the vigorous Mac n cheese noises pilfering the air. Their hands gripped each other and their fingers glided over each other like ballet dancers, fluidly. They recovered slowly, eventually getting to about their normal states yet still interlocked at the hip. Johnny had long gone soft but Tankovy held on to him, either to cork herself or to keep him ready to go for another round as soon as Jr. down there felt he was ready, she couldn't decide which reason to claim. He asked for more wiggle room so she released some of her hold on his body, allowing him to stretch and contort around the little cabin space in her hull. He sat up, looking around outside, such a nice day, only about a hundred and ten degrees, but good cloud cover. Entering the shade of a cloud was seriously noticed and appreciated by them both. With Tankovy still on his lap holding his manhood hostage he noticed his balls weren't sweating themselves to death, she was actually keeping his junk cool, it had been so long since a feeling like this was had he savored it for all it was worth. They talked about sexual interests, because Tankovy didn't know what kinks meant. Obviously Tankovy really liked but, the taste, the feel, the juiciness, Johnny wasn't into tease-torture, but he felt like he could definitely do that again.

A few hours later Johnny wanted to stretch his legs, he wanted to walk with her. She didn't want to get off his lap, but gave in after promises of favors, and more big nuts. Johnny wrapped the blanket around his waist and climbed out, Tankovy slowed to a crawl so he could jump down and walk with her. He struggled at first, still trying to regain full motor control over his legs. Watching him struggle made Tankovy think that perhaps he should be walking more anyways. They held each other's hand and strolled along, for once taking in the scenery of Afghanistan. Vast mountain ranges of various colors, green and brown rocks climbing to the sky, a few were even snow capped, Tankovy talked about how she had noted every single detail of that valley she lived in for a decade, how she loved the vast sights she could see when she was let loose every now and again. She talked about how she was tempted to run away every time the Taliban set her loose like an angry dog. Johnny asked her why she never left during these trips, she said that she really didn't have anywhere else to go. She didn't want the life of a criminal, and she couldn't get back to Russia on her own. She'd have to steal fuel, or fight her way back, and even after all that, Russia sold her off to begin with, she didn't even know if they would even take her back. Johnny vowed he would do everything he could to get her back home with him. He told her he wanted her in America. Tankovy wept softly, nobody ever said they wanted her before. She let her deepest fears out after that, she talked about her trust issues, her fears of deception, her instincts fighting inside her and holding her heart hostage. She was scared, she was scared of America imprisoning her. Johnny took her hand in both of his and held it tightly as he told her that he wouldn't let that happen, he gave her his word he would do everything he could to keep her free.

"No more of that, now. Let's just enjoy the walk now, Tankovy." She perked up and they walked together, knowing it prolonged their journey, but they didn't care, they had each other. And privacy. The only problem was that Tankovy only had one more can of food for Johnny. They promised that they'd fuck one more good pounding, then as Johnny slept Tankovy would get as far as she could.

Fin Distressed V

I hope y'all enjoyed that. I think I may have caught my wind again, I'm already working on more posts, hopefully I can crank out an update to TNG, or really anything. I've dabbled in so many little projects but finished none of them, quite sad. Anyways, thank you for reading!

ıngyflame, Living machine, rule34, Sex, tank

1 Comment

The New Generation Chapter 8

February 20, 2021 by Gingyflame

Wow I am a piece of shit. Over a month between this chapter and the last, I have been writing but I can't seem to focus on one project long enough. Oh well. What's done is done, excuses, excuses. Anyways, here we go, Chapter 8! Yes, the featured image is of a Tiger 1, Chandler's tank is a King Tiger like Marion.

Enjoy.

TNG Chapter 8

Chandler toted his model Bismarck outside and past Marion's lively and vibrant garden to the "man"-made pond they had. At first it was a dug-out for the kids, but Marion liked how close it was to the garden and the family sealed it to hold water with clay. Now full of lilies and other vegetation, it didn't make for a good scene to represent the ocean as Chandler had hoped for, instead as he floated his model warship in it he thought of Bismarck steaming through murky Floridian swamps, helping Rudolph find an old friend. He watched his poorly painted boat rock side to side as he let go of it and sat back. It bobbed around as the water settled from the disturbance. Chandler was glad it floated upright, his last model would roll to the side every time he tried floating it. Bismarck floated super high in the water, though, unlike the real ship. It annoyed Chandler but it was an easy fix for him, just fill it with a ziplock bag of sand and it'll be just fine.

Once the water settled still he reached out to the little boat and grabbed the narrow stern, reeling it in like a spring-loaded car, and pushed it hard, but controlled, to sail across the pond to the other side. He watched little waves roll around and water break way for his ship. The way water and ships interacted fascinated Chandler, he was fixated on the lower hull the whole time. He ran to the other side and waited for the momentum to carry the model to him, so he could send it back to the other side. He did this all day. Marion came outside to tend to her garden and enjoyed watching him play with the boat in the pond. She looked up to the sky, it was a nice and sunny day, but true to Floridian tradition, dark clouds were gathering and could strike at any moment. She frowned, looking at Chandler who's boat had gotten stuck on a lily in the middle of the pong, and to the tank in the yard. Hansel said he wanted to work on that when he got home, she knew how excited her boys were to fix the tank, so she decided to go back on one of her early rules.

"Chandler!" She cried to get his attention. She looked to him and saw he was about to jump into the pond for his boat. She instantly switched gears. "Uh-uh! No! Do not jump in that pond!"

"But my model-!"

"No! Do not jump in that water!" She put her stuff down on her deck and started towards the pond. "I'll get it." Her long reach wasn't enough to snatch it so she grabbed a cleaning rod off her hull rack and ever so carefully she nudged the boat to the shore where Chandler fetched it. He came back to her and she took the model from him. "Hey, go set the tank into neutral."

"I think it already is."

"Okay, we're moving it inside." Chandler was surprised. Marion went behind the other tank and grabbed its stern end with her large hands and arms. She tried pushing it without her engine, being so used to moving the little lightweight cars. "Oh! Silly me." Her engine roared to life and she tried again, no luck. "Chandler set it into neutral!"

"It is!" He cried as he jumped onto the tank roof. "I just checked."

Marion tried again, Chandler said that the brakes were off, too. Only at full throttle did it slowly budge, and

after Marion had dug herself a little hole and taken a mud bath did she give up in frustration and tell Chandler that they were going to drive it in. They started it and drove it inside, just as it started to rain. Marion closed the hanger door and told Chandler to clean up the puddles and the mud on the ground. She broke off her tracks and left them by the door. She sat in the mainspace trying to decide whether or not to clean herself off inside or wait to do it outside on the concrete. Once Chandler had cleaned the mess he was rewarded with his model given back to him. “The first thing I want you to two to fix that drive train!” Marion commanded out of fury.

“To do that Mister Hansel said we have to take the turret off first.” Marion shuddered, she loathes the thought of that.

“Chandler, you can call him your father.” She said to immediately change the subject.

“I know,” Chandler said, he looked down at the model in his hands out of shame, “I’m not used to it, yet.”

“Well, you won’t get used to it unless you start.” She extended her arms out and looked at all the mud on her, her dissatisfaction was apparent.

“You don’t like being dirty… mom?” Marion scoffed and smiled.

“I personally don’t mind it too much. It’s your father who really cares. He’s very protective of us.” Chandler looked as she began running hands down her boxy metal arms to wipe filth away. “Do you like being dirty?” She invited to keep chatting, he doesn’t converse as much as she would like him to. “Boys your age should love playing in filth.”

“Sometimes, well, a little bit. If I’m too dirty I don’t feel good, but I like being dirty, I think it is a more real,” he struggled to find the right word.

“Personality?” She filled him in. He nodded.

“Yeah.”

“You certainly like playing in the dirt. What with all the little trenches you dig for your toy soldiers, always coming back in with black hands and fingernails.” He giggled, she always got on him for dirty hands at dinner.

“Mom, why didn’t you let me get my model from the pond? Is it because you think I’ll sink?” Marion slowed her cleaning down as she tried to think if she should tell him the truth or not. “I know Jasmine and mister-dad can’t swim anymore, but I can. I like swimming, too.” She shifted on her suspension and sighed.

“Yes, yes that’s part of it.” She admitted. “I didn’t know you could swim, Hansel can’t swim, he doesn’t know how, and we found out Jasmine is too heavy and weak to swim. I was scared you’d sink. Chandler, I really do see you as my son, so does Hansel.” He felt ashamed again. He apologized, she beckoned him over and sat him on her deck, taking the model to the side again. “You’re a smart kid, Chandler, with nobody telling you, you figured out that Hansel wasn’t always the way he is now. You’re observant enough to see the small differences-I’ve seen you studying their veins, they aren’t really human. They are! But, not completely. And, I did that to Hansel, we wanted to get old together, at the same rate, so I changed him into what he is now. It’s a terrible event to go through, I vowed to never do it again -but, when we adopted you, we knew that eventually we’d have to have this talk…” she cut right to the chase, she was unable to ease into it from there. “Eventually we have to tell you that you’re going to die well before us, unless I change you. That’s what I’m getting at, Chandler, I don’t want to have to bury you, so I forget you’re not like Jasmine. When you got older, we were going to ask if you’d want to be changed, too.” He was quiet, as usual, looking at his dirty kneecaps. “We love you, Chandler, we don’t want to see you for before us, sons bury fathers.”

“-In times of peace,” he added, “in times of war, father’s bury sons.” Marion wasn’t ready for that, she was shocked. “I know how it goes.” He looked teary eyed, thinking of death. Marion hugged him and slid him
r to her faceplate.

“It’s okay baby, I didn’t mean to upset you.” She ran a hand through his short hair, Hansel had recently cut it. “I miss your long hair, Chandler.” He shrugged. “So,” she asked, “do you like things a little dirty, or sparkling clean?” He shrugged again.

“I dunno. Dirty, I guess.” *‘That’s my boy!’* She thought to herself. She sent him off to play, fetched the buildable gantry for heavy lifting, and built it herself in Hannah’s room until Hansel got home.

When Hansel got home it was still raining and he had to know what happened when he saw Marion. She started griping to him about trying to push ‘*The Bitch’* as Marion had started calling it since then, and persisted about the transmission being stuck. Hansel believed her, it’s the most annoying fault with the cat tanks. Banker was always careful with Marion- it was usually her own doing that put her transmission at risk. Hansel fetched Chandler from his room and they changed into old clothes before they began working. Marion had decided she absolutely did not want to see the decapitation process, so the first thing the boys did was drive the tank into Hannah’s room under the gantry. They cut the engine and Hansel began explaining to Chandler what the plan was. To summarize, they’re first removing the turret so getting the tools and parts in and out won’t be as bad, then they’re going to put the hull on blocks, and since the wife is so persistent about it, the first thing to be overhauled will be the transmission. However, the way Hansel referred to the transmission was akin to a legend, a mythical monster, the boogie man…

“I’ll tell you the nightmare stories you may have heard are a bit exaggerated. It was a problem, but it was a known problem, and they did try to remedy it. Replacing the few parts that usually broke is actually very easy… if you have the parts, that is. Getting to it, now that sucks.” Chandler asked him what usually broke, Hansel took him to the front of the hull and drew three vertical lines with his hand just inside of the drive sprocket they were closest to.

“Oh wow! It’s right there!?” Hansel nodded.

“Mm-hmm, final drive. The problem is that we have to take the treads off, and the drive wheel, remove the cover plate and all the gears of the final drive. Then, because when they break they tend to spread metal flakes and dust everywhere, we have to clean ***everything***.” Chandler nodded, Hansel then pointed at the drive sprocket and slowly traced his finger towards the center of the vehicle. Chandler was horrified. “**Everything.**”

He told Chandler it might take them a month to get the whole thing cleaned, and not to worry about it too much. He reminded Chandler that first, they needed to get the turret off. Marion helped a little bit, mostly getting the gantry in the right spot and a turret basket holder set up for the turret to sit in. Once that was done and the boys were hooking chains up to the lifting eyes Marion said she had to start dinner and slammed the garage door shut so she didn’t have to watch. Hansel double-checked his work, and Chandler’s, then complimented Chandler on a good job and took him to the side where he was safe. Then Hansel went to the crane’s motor and turned it on. It warmed up and responded well to Hansel’s commands until there was tension on the chains. The motor cried and screamed terribly, Hansel slackened the chains and cut the motor.

“Why doesn’t Mis-mom like this part?” Hansel smiled.

“She hates it when I have to take hers off, that’s why.”

“Why do you take it off at all?” Hansel pointed at *The Bitch*.

“So if I need to, I can, and her turret doesn’t freeze, like this one.”

‘What do we do?”

“Find me a sledgehammer, and a metal pipe.” Candler acknowledged and went looking, eventually returning with what was asked for. Hansel explained what they were to do, go inside, Chandler holds the pipe to the turret ring and Hansel beats the pipe, and they got to it. They did one go around the turret, and tried again. ’ ‘n’t help. They did another go around and it still didn’t work, nor did the third go around. Now Hansel ` rustrated, and also referred to the tank as *The Bitch*. Chandler didn’t know ‘bitch’ in German, in fact, he

didn't know any German swear words. Hansel and Marion were very clean around their children, so this one word that both Hansel and Marion keep saying that Chandler doesn't know, after he's been taught the reference nouns, he figured it's a swear word.

"You're swearing, aren't you?" He asked. Hansel, bent backwards under the turret ring, his face flushed a brown-grey with blood and sweat, didn't care to be clean anymore.

"Yes. Your mother has affectionately started calling it *Die Hundin,* which means *The Bitch*. I think I will also call it *Die Hundin*. He went back to whacking the pipe with the sledgehammer.

"Can I?" He asked meekly, Hansel stopped.

"Well, that's its name now, you'd be insulting it if you didn't." He smiled at Chandler, who looked extraordinarily excited to call something a bitch in front of his parents. "This summer dad's going to teach you all the cuss words he knows without trying, and mom's not going to like it."

"Can we christen it?"

"What?"

"Christen the tank… Die Hundin?" Hansel chuckled.

"Sure son, we can christen the tank." Chandler was bounding with energy after that. Once they finished a fourth rotation Hansel took a break, meanwhile Chandler opened the door and passed by Marion on his way to the fridge. He opened it up, searched around until he found a grape soda, and took it to the tank.

'Hey, it's late, you can't have that!"

"Dad said I could use it!" She was delighted he called Hansel 'dad,' but… *use* it? The rear of the tank faced the three of them, Chandler stood between the armored cowlings for the exhaust pipes and raised the soda over his head. "We christen you… *Die Hundin!*" Marion's jaw dropped and Hansel burst into laughter as Chandler smashed the soda can into the cowling's upper lip. Soda sprayed and fizzed everywhere as the can ruptured.

"Excuse me!?" Marion blurted, making Hansel laugh even harder. "We don't talk like that!" Chandler turned to explain, soda spraying his outfit, but Marion didn't allow him the chance. "No! Absolutely not! No!"

"Marion, babe, it's alright." Hansel said, her glaring switched from Chandler to Hansel.

"No! Soon he's going to be saying all the other ones, too!"

"He won't know them until I teach him." She glared harder at him. He shrugged. "You're the one that married a mechanic." Using the supernatural powers that all mothers are bestowed, she amplified her glaring another magnitude. He shook his head and looked at Chandler. "Clean up your mess, don't leave it sticky, either." He tossed out the can and wiped up the mess, Hansel tried again. In the absence of the motor wailing Marion realized the turret was coming off so she squealed and covered her eyes. "Oops…" Hansel said as he realized he hadn't closed the door.

The turret creaked and groaned out of the socket. Chandler looked on with intense awe and curiosity as he could see the whole contraption easily. Once the basket was clean of the hull, Hansel told Chandler to crank the turret across the gantry. He approached the side opposite of Hansel and began, very quickly running out of breath. Still, he gave it his all, struggling and fumbling with it. He got halfway there and that was it, Hansel took over. Chandler's arms were pounding as he spotted for Hansel, once lined up the turret was set on the maintenance stand and the motor was turned off. "Alright, babe, we're done with the turret." She exhaled a sigh of relief and got back to making dinner, thankfully nothing burned.

' much does that thing weigh!?" Chandler burst out as he sat on the floor. Hansel scratched his head.

“I don’t remember exactly but I think it’s between twelve and fifteen tons.” Chandler was shocked. “Yeah, it’s very heavy. That’s a lot of metal, there.”

“Set the table, boys,” Marion called, “Dinner’s ready!”

The three of them ate a filling, delicious dinner. Marion excused the filthy boys of being dirty since they had just finished, it actually made her smile. Chandler tore into his food as fast as he could, but would pause and look at his hurting arms. Marion asked him how working with dad was, he simply complained that his arms hurt. Hansel looked at the treads, Marion noticed his gaze, and Hansel assured Chandler that the worst was yet to come. Marion grinned and shook her turret side to side. When dinner was finished Chandler expressed his wishes to just go to bed, which were granted-after he bathes. He trotted off to do so, happily. Hansel and Marion cleaned the table, Hansel inspected the tears on the turret and chassis while Marion loaded her new dishwasher. Hansel found that the grease was not only old, but it wasn’t ever rubbed in. All that was done was clean the old off and put the new on, the turret wasn’t spun around like it should have been to work the grease into the gears. He told Marion what he found, she wasn’t surprised. They wound down and went to bed, Hansel bathed and promised to one day make a shower big enough for both of them- a three decade promise. He returned to her as she laid down to relax and there he tried his luck with her. She wasn’t very receptive of him at the time.

“No,” she said coldly, still wrapping arms around him as he laid down, “I’m mad at you.” He flinched and snapped his fingers.

“Damn! Well, I figured. I thought I’d at least give it a shot.”

“Well then, was it worth it?“ She asked sarcastically. Hansel knew his answer, but he jogged his memory anyways. Chandler standing there with the soda over his head, *‘We christen you… DIE HUNDIN!’* Hansel chuckled.

“Yes, it was well worth it.” He laced his fingers between hers and kissed the back of her hand, rolling under the covers. “And I can’t wait to make you mad again!”

Fin Chapter 8

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, Living machine, tank
4 Comments

The New Generation Chapter 7

January 7, 2021 by Gingyflame

Hey guys, I know last time I said I’d try to post more regularly, and I’ve been a piece of shit at that. Sorry about that, times haven’t been the greatest, and writing isn’t a high priority for me. I’ll try to write more often but, I can’t guarantee anything. Anyways without any further delay here is the next chapter.

Enjoy.

Chapter 7

Jäger pulled the stew off of the range top and carried it to the table. Normally Fritz and her don’t use the but Edwards came by to catch up with them. Jäger made his favorite stew since he came by, and as he watched on while she pulled the top off the pot and dipped a large ladle into the broth his mouth watered

unstoppably. She scooped up a mighty size portion full of potato chunks, cabbage, pork, carrots, and peas and poured it into Edwards's bowl. He thanked her and waited for everyone to be served before he began eating.

"So, how's the yard, Ed?" Jäger asked him, he looked up from slurping on his spoon and answered.

"The yard's good, the trains are good." He quickly finished a spoonful before the next flurry of questions..

"Have you met any trains yet?" Fritz asked as he dabbed bread into his own stew.

"Yes, any to hitch to?" Jäger asked.

"You couple up to one yet?" Fritz snickered. Jäger grinned, too. Edwards had trouble swallowing his latest spoonful of stew because he chuckled too hard. Forcing his throat to cooperate he got his food down and clear.

"Oh there're some trains down there, mostly men. Most of them run more northern lines, one or two come down here to operate as thier mainstay, but very few are based 'round here."

"Ah, that's better than a few years ago." Edwards nodded, "But are there girls now? You did say mostly men."

"I did," he smiled, "there's one or two girls I've been hitting it up with."

"Ah-ha!" Jäger exclaimed. "Get 'em! See? Merging you was a good call."

"No!" Edwards leaned in and shook his spoon at his hosts. "Fuck the both of you for changing me. I could have married a nice woman and had a good life and die by now. I'm still angry at that." He sat back in his chair and ate more stew.

"We know," Fritz said as the bread dissolved on his tongue, "but admit it, it's been pretty good living this long."

"And-" Jäger cut in, "you wouldn't be getting with those nice train ladies you've dreamt about."

"But if it didn't happen I wouldn't have had to watch all my friends and family die in Germany." Instantly the mood changed. Jäger thought of Chandler and Irish.

"Yeah," she said, "you know that reunion we invited you to?"

"Yes, I remember. I was busy at the yards, unfortunately."

"You would've met a little Irish junior." Fritz said solemnly. Edwards seized up. Memories of Irish flooded back. He slowly put his spoon down.

"Irish… I've… I haven't thought about him in a long time." Edwards felt guilt and remorse for letting him go way back then. "I shouldn't have let him go."

"It's how we all feel." Jäger said, clasping the seat in her cabin that Irish used to sit in decades ago.

"You know," Fritz said, "I never knew his real name."

"Ian MacBrown, he," Edwards started travelling down memory lane, "he was half Scottish, and half German. His German mother took him to Danzig to grow up, he joined the Kriegsmarine to help pay for his mother and sister to move over to London where his father was a professor, where his family died in the bombing raids." The atmosphere was still and cold. "He had nothing left, so he stayed in, volunteered to go army and to the Eastern front just to die in battle." There was a long pause before Fritz picked up.

ے wanted to die he should have joined the U-boat corps." The dark joke broke all their composures and

they had a fit of laughter.

“Well,” Jäger said composing herself, “I guess in the end he got his wish.”

“Yeah I guess.” Edwards said, still chuckling. “He said that he regretted becoming such close friends with us, we somewhat ruined his plans of dying for a while.”

“I wouldn’t say that’s a bad thing.” Jäger retorted before she gulped down some more stew. Edwards shook his head ‘no’ and began eating his stew again, too. “I still hate her, that bitch. I hope she rusted to death in a ditch.” Jäger scowelled and ate more stew. Edwards shrugged.

“He seemed pretty happy with her.” Jäger glared at him, hatred glossing over her eyes.

“He was a jolly fellow, regardless of who he was with. That fucking bitch shit on him and treated him like dirt every day. Fuck her. I can’t believe he died for her.” Fritz shifted uncomfortably.

“Babe, I don’t think he died for her.” He looked over to Jäger to explain himself. “So say what you want, but he and I were in the running for you,” Jäger tried to play it down but Fritz persisted, “everybody knew it’d either be him or me-because I’m not fucking sharing.” Jäger got flustered.

“What are you trying to say?”

“I don’t think he thought he could make you happy. I think he was insecure.” Jäger blankly stared at him and slowly raised her eyebrows. She smirked and shook herself left and right.

“Sure Fritz, sure.”

“It’s what I honestly believe.” They looked at Edwards, who had just finished his stew. He just blankly looked back and shrugged.

“Would you like more stew, Ed?” Jäger asked him. He nodded and handed over his bowl.

“Yes, please, Jäger.” She filled his bowl for him and handed it back.

There was a bit of an awkward tension as the question floated around their minds, did Irish and Jäger ever bang? They moved on to other subjects and finished dinner. They cleaned up the table and dishes and started talking about television shows. Gameshows quickly dominated the topic and that reminded Fritz that one of the gamesows was about to come on. He separated to go look for the TV remote and while his tracks made a huge ruckas Edwards had to ask the question.

“So did Irish ever…?” He jerked his head towards the rear end of Jäger. She pursed her lips, glanced at Fritz, and then quietly nodded. Edwards slowly nodded, he wasn’t surprised, but more impressed it was only a rumor for so long. Jäger raised a finger up to her lips to keep it quiet, Edwards vigorously shook his head in agreement. They heard the iconic theme music of the gameshow and were distracted from the subject. Edwards liked that he knew for certain, but he was already convinced of it so it never bothered him. He’ll keep it quiet for the benefit of his friend’s pride.

Because they’re a family of tanks Jäger and Fritz don’t have much furniture, and even less for humans. Edwards stops by often and is very close with the couple so they cater to him, but not enough for a couch. He had to sit on Fritz to watch the TV in any lounging state. Jäger came up next to Fritz and leaned on him, just far enough away to keep her skirts from getting caught on his. He leaned back into her and held her the best he could. As they watched this popular game of hangman they chimed in with their ideas. They knew they wouldn’t affect it at all, but they begged with the players to call their ideas.

After the gameshow ended they turned off the TV and broke out the beer. Fritz and Jäger had absolutely no way of getting drunk off of the amount of beer they had, and neither would Edwards, but they drank anyway [illegible]wind and relax. Edwards brought up their daughter, Erin, and the couple talked about how she’s doing [illegible] and all. They said that her and Petre were looking to get their own place, but that was difficult for them.

They talked about how their jobs are long-distance support and that they are limited in job opportunities because they're tanks. Jäger and Fritz slowly turned remorseful, wishing that things were different for their kids. "Sometimes I wish Fritz was a human." Jäger said bluntly. "Or that I was human." Fritz nodded in agreement.

"I wish life wasn't so hard for Erin and Petre, they grow up watching all these movies about other human kids get to do and they can't do any of it." Jäger nodded.

"If Fritz were human, or if I got with Irish, I probably would have had a lot more kids." Edwards was sitting there awkwardly, looking at the amount of beer the two of them had consumed and he was concerned by it.

"Mini and Kram feel the same way for Petre." Fritz stated.

"They do. Our kids were born at the wrong time. We should have waited babe, I'm sorry I pushed you for a baby." Jäger said, rubbing his hand. He shook his turret.

"Jag, when would we have known it was the right time? Will it ever come?" Edwards intervened quickly.

"Well, Hansel and Marion pumped out two tanks, how're they doing?" Both Jäger and Fritz shook side to side.

"Tyler had to join the Army to get another life, and Hannah just got a job as a museum piece!" Jäger exclaimed. "There should be way more options for our kids. I don't want my baby to go off to war, and she doesn't either, but then neither her nor Petre can be in a museum. They're nothing close to their parents. If someone had no fucking clue at all, yeah, they fit the part, but anyone who knows even a little bit? Yeah, they'll be caught and be labeled frauds." Jäger held her mantle in her hands as she cried. "I fucked over my daughter."

"You did not!" Edwards said, sternly. "Trust me, I've seen kids who are way worse off than her. Have you ever seen children hopping trains trying to just find food? Have you ever caught any breaking into freight cars trying to steal food? Your child has a lover, loving parents, loving community, she has a job and is even concerned with looking for her own house! Jäger! Jäger look at me! Look at me!" She peeled her hands off her eyes and looked at Edwards. "Your daughter doesn't have as many options as I would, no, but she's not hopeless. She's not fucked, she's going to be alright. Both of you did good, and both of you did the best you could for Erin. Ask her how she feels about it next time you see her." Jäger sniffled but perked up. Arms shot out and grabbed a surprised Edwards, pulling him to her glacis plate. She hugged him with all her love.

"Thank you, Ed, I feel a little better."

"Glad I could help." Edwards squeaked. "Can I breath now?"

"Oh!" Jäger released some pressure so he could breathe again.

"It's not too late, yet." Fritz said as he glanced at the clock. "We could call Erin and settle it now."

"I would like that, yes." Jäger, still holding Edwards, backed herself over to the phone and called Erin's cell phone number. It rang a few times before Erin answered, when she did her voice made Edwards think back to her childhood, what a little hooligan she was back then.

"Hello, mom? Dad?" Jäger always used the speaker mode on the house phone, Fritz used the handset and pressed the earpiece to his mantle to hear and it always made visitors laugh.

"Hey, sweetie! It's mom, dad, and Eddie!"

"Eddie!" She squealed through the phone.

′ how you doing, champ?"

“I’m doing goooood! I got a job-”

“Finally!”

“-Shut! Up! Uh, so mean! How are you Eddie?”

“I’m good, hey, your mother has a few questions for you.” He glared at Jäger.

“No! I’m not pregnant!” Fritz belched a hearty laugh.

“We’ll see about that,” Jäger snickered, she really wants grandbabies, too, “no, Erin, uhm…” she looked very uncomfortable. “Do you feel happy, being a tank?” Erin was quiet on her end.

“I like it, yeah.”

“Do you feel like you’re limited, challenged, about work?”

“Yeah, I can’t do a lot of jobs but I’ve got choices. There’s stuff to do.” Jäger bit her tongue on her next question.

“Erin, baby.., do you feel like your father and I.., fucked you over?” Erin replied instantly.

“No.” Jäger spilled out tears anyways. “I’m doing alright, loving life, I’m happy. I don’t think I’m fucked.” Edwards asked a question next.

“Do you think you’d rather be human?” Again her reply was instant.

“Pssh! No!” Fritz laughed again.

“Eat shit, Edwards!” He belched.

“Whatever, you fat bastard!” Edwards shot back, he turned back to the phone and asked Erin to continue.

“There’s so much I can do that a human can’t. I’m way stronger than any human, super tough, I have a huge gun and armor, I’m faster, too. I’ve survived so many things that I’m sure would kill any human. I’m a fucking beast! Like, dad, who’s going to mug me? Who’s going to rape me? Who’s going to fuck with me? Who’s going to overpower me? Try me, bitch!” Fritz was laughing extremely hard, his suspension was rocking. He loved how proud and cocky his daughter was, she was just like him.

“That’s ma girrrrrrrl!” He bellowed.

“See Jäger? Erin’s fine. You didn’t fuck her over.” Jäger was smiling, sniffling, but smiling.”

“I guess you’re right,” she said, “if you two could step outside, I’d like to talk to Erin for a minute.” The men went outside, alcohol in hand, and kept up the chatter. Edwards wanted to see what Fritz really thought of Irish.

“Fritz, when you said that Irish couldn’t make Jäger happy, what did you mean?” Fritz nodded and gulped down his keg.

“Jäger is a very insecure woman, she’s riddled with self doubt and second guesses everything about herself, as you saw. Irish was very similar, it’s why they got along so well. Sure, they leaned on each other and helped each other out, mentally, but it wouldn’t last forever. What was going to happen is Jäger or he would end up slipping, and the other would end up slipping, too, then no one is standing and it’s a cesspool of pity. He saw that happen, I did, too. Now, I’m a hard headed, stubborn-ass bastard, mentally I’m great for Jäger. I’m the brick wall she needed that wouldn’t budge, never letting her fall. Irish knew that, he’d get me [illegible]lp Jäger out when he was out of ideas. Do I need her to set me straight? Absolutely. But the sort of [illegible]ority, mental fortitude, you could say, she needed to live a rather happy life was not going to come

from Irish. Irish is too selfless for that, he said he'd rather see his friends as happy as could be. That is the entirety of why I believe he left Jäger and I."

Edwards was quiet, he already knew what Fritz said individually, he had never pieced it together like Fritz had.

"Do you think he had to kill himself for that, though?" Fritz shook his turret as fast as he could.

"Oh no! He didn't kill himself. No, not his character. He hated the concept, now, I don't think he lived long after he left us. I think he was shot as a deserter. I just could never tell that to Jäger, it'd break her heart." Edwards nodded.

"So what do you think happened to E, then?" Fritz raised his eyebrow.

"Now that is my second idea of what happened to him." Edwards couldn't help but smirk. "Her whole toughness, cold attitude, it was all a charade. Mini hid his feelings better and we still knew he was faking. Her? No. Jäger hates her because she'd bash on Irish but so did you, and I, most of the crew, and she never noticed that Irish would bash back at E. I'm also fairly certain jealousy also played a huge part of the hatred, though. E liked the attention Irish would give her. She just didn't know how to get more from him." Edwards nodded, he could see it. "Personally, I think Irish and E would do great together."

"Why?"

"The same reasons why Jäger and I are great together." Edwards shrugged.

"So, that 'Irish Junior,' what's so special about him?" Fritz made a shrugging motion with his hands.

"I dunno. Jäger's quite superstitious- something else she picked up from Irish- and she believes that if you're wronged or murdered in a previous life then you're reborn or reincarnated, or some other crazy shit. I don't know. I don't believe any of it. The kid does look a little bit like Irish, though. He's no carbon copy, however." Just then the large garage door shuttered open and Jäger came out with more beer. She'd recovered her emotions and now just looked sad. She let out a loud sigh of despair as she closed the door and opened a keg of beer.

"Erin said no children were on the way." Edwards chuckled.

"That's it. I'm getting the two of them drunk and telling them that making babies is the best fun ever." Jäger said jokingly, but in a serious tone, now Fritz began chuckling. "I'm getting my grand-babies one way or another." Edwards wiped some beer spillage from the corner of his mouth and looked into the mouth of his empty beer can. "Oh, and Edwards, you're not safe from my wrath, either, I demand children from you and your train boo, too." He smirked.

"When that happens you'll be the first I tell, Jäger."

"Fuckin' better. They spend the rest of the night drinking all the beer they had and bullshitting with each other until dawn, where Edwards passed out in a poorly made bed until he cared enough to go home.

Fin Chapter 7

Gingyflame, HaM, ww2
2 Comments

The New Generation 6

November 28, 2020 by Gingyflame

Sup guys, I hope I can start putting content out more regularly than I have been recently, but life has not been a helping hand in that ordeal. Anyways, without further delay, chapter 6.

Enjoy.

Chapter 6

Chandler finished his homeschooling with Marion and was granted the summer off at around the same time Jasmine finished her freshman year. Jasmine had taken Chandler out to interact with people more his age a few times and tried getting him to make friends. He was always timid and awkward, not able to hold a conversation for too long, which frustrated the social butterfly. She talked to Hansel and Marion about it, saying that he'd rather be at home drawing or building stuff. They said he liked games, electronic and outside games alike, and recommended those activities to her but Jasmine said she didn't care to do that kind of stuff anymore. About two weeks after summer started Hansel grabbed Chandler and brought him to the porch with him to wait. Chandler had brought one of his model kit instruction manuals with him and was examining it tediously, getting bored and asking Hansel why they were waiting on the porch.

"It's a nice day out, I thought it'd be a good time to sit outside. Don't you think so, too?" Chandler shrugged. He put his booklet down and scanned across the yard, taking in the lush green grass, shady oak trees along the fence, and the gravel driveway that led up to the still noticeable dirt runway that used to dominate the property.

"It's a good day, relaxing." His imagination ran wild with events going on in his mind, using the scene for the setting of an epic battleground. "I wish I had friends to play with." Hansel nodded in agreement.

"I wish you did, too. Hey, Jasmine said you didn't talk much to the kids she showed you to, why's that?" Chad had to think about it, formulating his answer.

"They weren't interesting. They talked about stuff I didn't know about."

"Like what?"

"Sports teams, movie stars, singers. I don't care bout it much."

"You like stuff like tanks and planes more?"

"Yeah, history, too, like war history." Chad looked back at his model kit booklet, it was a model of the Bismarck. Hansel got it for him as a summertime project. "Mister Hansel, you said you had a friend on the Bismarck?" Hansel nodded.

"Yes, I did."

"How did you know him?" Hansel searched way back into his memory to recall the event, he smiled and chuckled when he did.

"Oh, oh I remember. We fell for the same prank. I was running late for school one day, I was maybe seven eight years old, I rushed to school, ran through the halls, bursted into the classroom and jumped into my

seat-and landed right on a thumb tack!"

"Ouch!"

"Yeah, big ouch! Everybody was laughing, I jumped out of my seat, hollering mad! I couldn't get it out and it started to bleed so I was sent to the nurse's office. Sitting in there getting his butt wiped clean and patched up was Rudolph, that's where I met him. He had sat on a tack, too, and both our butts were hurt." Chandler giggled a little bit, Hansel smiled and thought of all the fond memories he had with Rudolph. "So, Chandler, are you excited for school?" Chad shrugged again.

"Yeah, I want to make friends. I don't like homework, though."

"Nobody likes homework, Chandler, but you have to do it."

"I know," he whinned, "but it's stupid."

"No it's not!" Hansel said, just then he heard a truck rumbling down the road. "You hear that?"

"Yeah." Hansel could see Chandler's giant red hair spinning around as he searched for the sound's source. Meanwhile it occured to Hansel that he should probably get Chandler a haircut.

A huge, lumbering blue semi-truck roared through the trees that hid the driveway. A massive truck with a full cab on its back and hauling a thick and heavy trailer for a thick and heavy load. Bright yellow and black signs all over the truck screamed out 'OVERSIZED LOAD' and as the trailer was revealed from behind the treeline Hansel and Chandler could see just how big this load was. Even with a heavy green and retaining straps to mask the form both Hansel and Chandler recognized the silhouette of a King Tiger tank. With how big the semi-truck was, the Tiger tank still managed to dwarf the thing. Chandler remembered back to when he was told that a monster truck could beat anything -but a tank. Hansel was impressed that there wasn't any bluffing, the man actually had a King Tiger, and Chandler looked distressed again.

"Oh no, more family?" Chandler whined, Hansel chuckled.

"No, I hope not." They both chuckled a little. The giant truck's brakes hissed as it was brought to a stop a dozen yards or so from the house. "Come on, Chandler, let's go check it out."

"Yes, sir." Chandler put the booklet down and followed Hansel over to the truck. A man with a short grey beard and shoulder length brown hair climbed out of the driver's side. He was on the heavier side of things, but with his wrists and veins exposed Hansel saw no traces of morphing. He was completely human.

"Hi-ya, I'm Ted." He stretched his arm out to Hansel, Hansel stretched his arm out and they shook hands.

"Hansel," Ted nodded, broke from Hansel, and turned to shake Chandler's hand, "and this is my son, Chandler."

"Nice to meet you, sir." Chandler said and shook Ted's hand.

"Thank ya, boy. Up in the truck is my father, his name's Will. He's too old to really be here, but he wanted to meet y'all in person." Hansel nodded. The truck door began to swing open, hesitantly. Through the glass they could see a small man struggling on the door. "No, dad, stay up there! We'll come to you!" He turned to Hansel again. "Would'ya mind?"

"Not at all."

"Thank ya." Ted leads them to the passenger side of the truck and fully opens the door for his father. Will is a tired old man, stout and pale with deep eye sockets ringed with bags. Loose skin hangs from his chin and arms while thin stray hairs dot his mostly bald head. Hansel could tell Will was once a large muscled built for work. He wondered if this is how Meats looked like in his later years. "Hey dad, this here is er Hansel, and that's his little boy, Mister Chandler."

“Oh? Ah well, good to meetcha, my name’s Will. Y’all’ve met Ted, my son, already. I’d come down and shake yer hands but, uh, I’m old.”

“Yup, that’s fine Will. You’re worse for wear than I am, by far.” Hansel said, Will laughed.

“Yeah, age has not been kind to this old geezer.”

“How about the Tiger? How’s it holding up?”

“Better than me, that’s for damn sure. I should probably give you the run-down of it while I still can.”

“It’d be nice, but it’s not necessary. I plan on gutting it and rebuilding it with my boy, here.” Ted smiled.

“I wish we did that,” he said, looking at Will, “I was a snobby brat, never helped dad with it.” Will laughed.

“Even if you weren’t a brat you think I could take that sum-bitch apart? Maybe, I know it’d never get back together if I did!” Now Hansel smiled.

“Oh they aren’t easy! Not in the slightest!”

“Hell no!” Will responded. He shifted his weight around and looked back to where the tank was. “I could work on the engine, it’s a diesel, beefy one, too. The motors are good, I never had to worry about the transmission-luckily-but then again I only ran the thing once or twice a month for two ‘er three hours. The paint’s old but lead so, it’s still there, too. It was in a shed for most of its life, so it shouldn’t be too rusty. The seats are original, no floor mats,” the men chuckled at that, “but everything is more or less how I found it in forty-five. Oh! One of the fuel tanks is rusted through, don’t fill the port side one. Unless you like to smear diesel all over the cabin.” Chandler looked back to the house and saw Marion nosing out of the hanger door, but he didn’t see any eyes. He usually could see them, even from this far away. He turned back and couldn’t think about anything else. “Well, we should probably get it off the trailer, now. Ted, could ya, please?”

“Sure thing, dad. Would y’all like to watch?”

“Yes!” Hansel said enthusiastically. “Chandler would love to, here, Chandler, go on.”

“Yes, sir.” Chandler followed Ted over to the tank and helped take the tarp and straps off.

Hansel talked to Will about how things have changed over time for a little bit before he also went over to the tank to oversee everything. They did the usual start by hand cranking the engine and electrically starting the ignition. Marion doesn’t have to do that so Hansel almost forgot about it. Once the engine roared to life and was thumping steadily Ted moved to the cab, properly. Hansel noticed that this engine noise was nothing like any of the tanks he knew of. The cabin was like every other production King Tiger, which is not like Marion’s, this Tiger had the hydraulically assisted steering wheel while Marion had hydraulically assisted steering levers. Chandler noted and listened to Ted as he showed how to prepare, start, and drive the tank while they waited for the engine to fully warm up. He eased the behemoth off the huge trailer, using Chandler and Hansel to help guide him. From his vantage point Hansel could see the road wheels on the tank barely move when the weight was removed from them as the tank backed off, he suspected that the torsion bars had seized up and that they’d need to be taken apart, cleaned, and lubricated. As the tank backed off the trailer and moved around the truck Hansel carefully listened and watched it move. Aside from the torsion bars Hansel didn’t notice anything. Once the engine was cut Hansel told Chandler to inspect the insides of the cabin carefully and walked with Ted over to the truck to talk with Ted and Will.

Chandler did as he was told, looking and feeling around very particularly. He could feel the cold metal walls flaking their paint off, and large sprouts of early, fine rust forming and emerging. There was a lot of grease on the gears and mothballs placed in random spots everywhere. With the power off there was no lighting, so he couldn’t see any discoloration, but the leather seats felt like they needed to be tossed out. Looking out of the various sight glasses he saw the glass was hazy and dirty, it also smelled funny, too. He [illegible] to exit through the commander’s hatch but it was stuck closed so he climbed out of the loader’s hatch. [illegible]arefully climbed down and went to Hansel to report his findings. While he waited for Hansel to finish

talking he looked over to the tank, wondering if it was alive and just hiding. The base color was a dull earthy brown, it had thinned and blended with the red primer coat to be a mute color good for the mud of the Florida swamps. His mind raced with imaginations of what they would paint it to look like. Army green? Grey? A sandy yellow? Maybe look like Marion? What about the markings, like eyes, a unit, a cool logo or a scary monster? So many options crossed his wondrous mind. His mind wandered off as he thought about endless possibilities and he looked forward to making look good again.

Fin Chapter 6

Gingyflame, HaM, Hansel and Marion, tank
2 Comments

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